This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

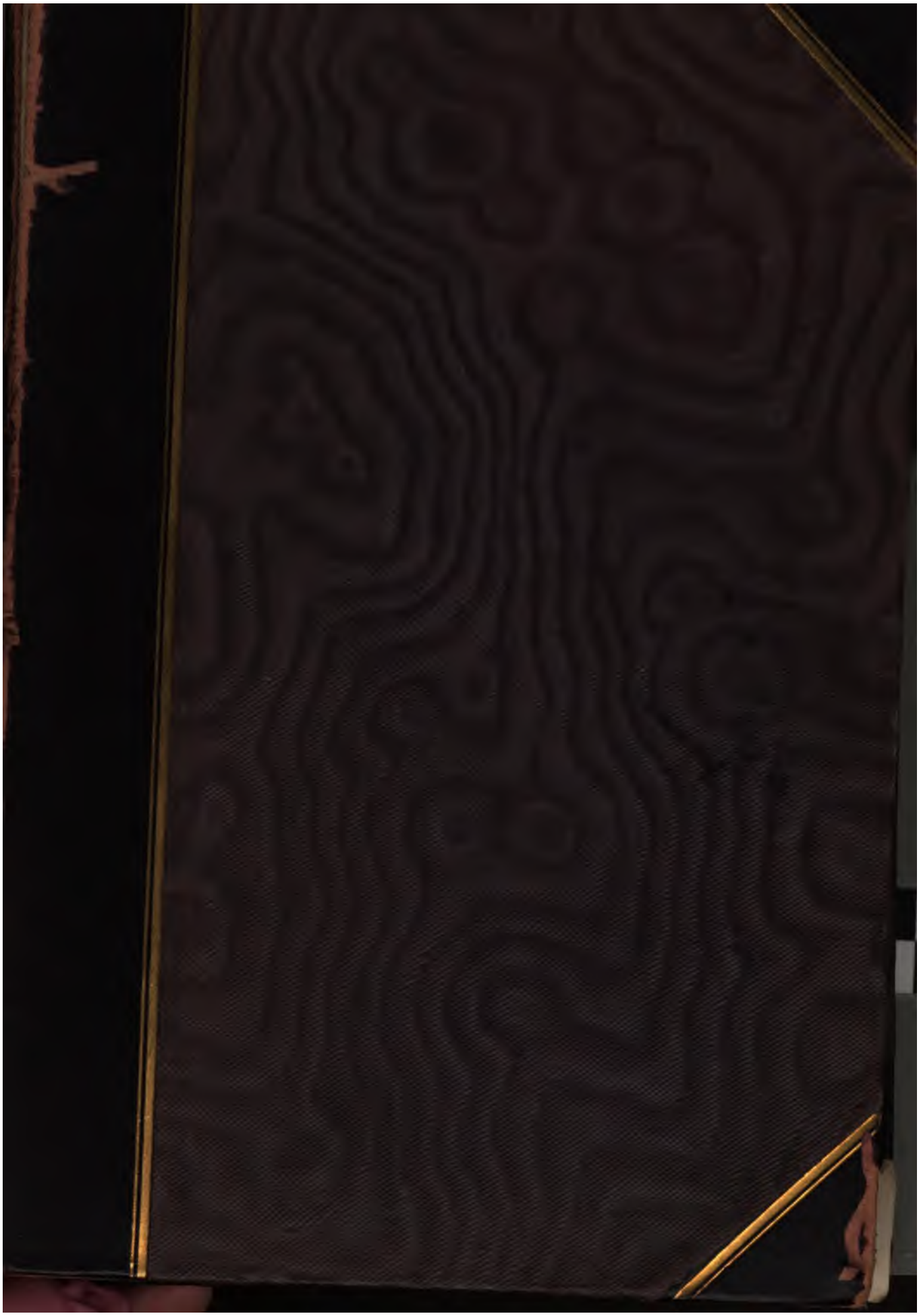
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Ref 1846 to 1856 13 Vols

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
ORGANIZED 1891
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME I.

Nos. 1 TO 26. JANUARY—JUNE, 1844.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDINBURGH;
AND WM. S. ORR & CO., LONDON.

MDCCCXLIV.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

STANFORD LIBRARY
JAN 18 1966
STARKE

052
C445
n.s. v.1-2
1814

INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND MORAL ESSAYS.

Page

Back Street, the, . . 354
Before and After Dinner, . 393
Begging, . . . 209
Benevolence of the Poor, . 13
Christening, Mrs Topper's Last, 149
Codes of Etiquette, . . 235
Dead Weight, the, . . 273
Did Shakspeare Visit Scotland? 257
Domestic Music, . . 65
Etiquette, Codes of, . . 235
False Positions, . . 241
First Lucifer, the, . . 401
Groans of the Internal Genii, . 97
House of Numbers, the, . 1
Never Waste Bread, . 342
No Person Unimportant, . 385
Notes on the Nose, . . 330
Opinions, . . . 193
Our Philosopher's Dream, . 313
Particular, the, and the General, 33
Poetry—What is it? . 321
'Save me From my Friends,' . 81
[Scholars, Sluggish]—The Dead Weight, . . . 273
Servitude, . . . 161
[Shakspeare]—Did he Visit Scotland? . . . 257
Spectacles, . . . 113
[Stomach]—Groans of the Internal Genii, . . 97
Story-Tellers, . . . 337
Three Days in Tipperary, . 305
What Does it all Come to? . 129
What is Poetry? . . 321

POETRY.

Adieu to Poetry, Lamartine's, 176
Angels, Footsteps of, . . 208
Bridge of Sighs, . . 384
Cameronian Dream, . . 185
Clarinda, Poems by, . 15
Dwellings of the Poor, . . 128
Dying Spaniel, the, . . 352
Evening, a Sonnet, . . 288
Footsteps of Angels, . 208
Gascon, the, . . . 201
Imitation of a Passage in Tasso's Amynta, . . . 201
Jean de Neville, . . 365
Jenny's First Love-Letter, . 144
Lamartine's Adieu to Poetry, . 176
Last Wish, the, . . 272
Life, Story of, . . . 336
Lounger, the, . . 155
Love and Friendship, . . 15
Love-Letter, Jenny's First, 144
Malbrough, Death and Burial of, 39
Mulberry-Tree, the, . 320
Naebody Kens You, . . 112
Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, 76
No! 61
On the Loss of my Child, . 15
Poems by Clarinda, . 15
Poor, Dwellings of the, . . 128
Railway, the, . . 224
Sea, Sounds at, . . . 400
Shirt, Song of the, . . 47
Small-Talk, . . . 96
Sonnet—Evening, . . 288
Sonnet to a Poetical Young Friend, 416
Sounds at Sea, . . . 400
Southey's Epitaph, . 80
Spaniel, the Dying, . . 352
Spring—a New Version, . 61
Story of Life, . . . 336
Tasso's Amynta, Imitation of a Passage in, . . 186
The Mulberry-Tree, . . 320
To a Wild Bird, . . 240
Tombstone, the, . . 25
Wild Bird, . . . 240
Wish, the Last, . . 272

TALES.

Basques, the, . . 277, 294
Crimson Damask Window-Curtains, by Miss A. M. Sargeant, 333
Eben Elshender, the Moor-Farmer, 358
Englishmen, the Mad, . 101
First Offence, the, . . 225
Governesses, Our, . . 179
Happy Valley, Legend of the, . 28
Heiress, the, . . 21
Help Yourself, . . . 359
Husbands and Wives, by Mrs S. C. Hall, . . 49, 70, 85
Legend of the Happy Valley, . 28
Legends of the Loire—Posthumous History of St Florent, . 389
Mad Englishmen, the, . . 101
Mrs Topper's Last Christening, 149
Offence, the First, . . 225
Old Tom Miller, a Suffolk Tale, 270
Oliphant, Susan, . . 117
Our Governesses, . . 179
Riga Robbie, . . . 199
Small-Faults Mar Great Virtues, 289
St Florent, Posthumous History of, 389
Tea-Rose, the, . . 37
Ten Pounds, . . . 165
Wedding, the, . . 194
Wives and Husbands, by Mrs S. C. Hall, . . 49, 70, 85

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

Bridgewater, Francis, Duke of, 407
Herschel, Sir William, . 391
Loudon, John Claudius, . 284
Maginn, Dr, . . . 92
Robertson, John Parish, . 10
Thorwaldsen, . . 344
Wallace, Professor William, . 317

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

[Abbot's Oak]—Jottings Respecting the Oak, . . 53
Accidents in Mines, . . 206
Advantages of Old Maidenhood, 138
Adventure at Leghorn, . 248
Adventure at the Siege of Manheim, . . . 141
Affections of Animals, 267, 300
Airedale Poet, Nicholson, . 76
Allotments, Artisan, . . 121
Allston's Aphorisms, . 111
Ameers of Sinde, . . 123
America, Journeyings in, by a Young Adventurer—
On the Way to Rochester, . 262
Rochester to Buffalo—a 'Break-Down,' . . 302
Toronto—Lake Simcoe—Settlers' Houses, . 327
Return through Canada—Emigration, . . 336
Niagara—Habits of Canadian Farmers—Conclusion, . 410
American Almanac, the, . 275
American Annual, the Gift, 6
American Borderer, Brady, 63
Ancient and Modern Inns, 155
Ancient Times, Domestic Entertainments of, . . 332
Ancients, Aqueducts of the, . 34
Anecdotes of England in 1843, 78
Anecdotes of Kissing Hands, 139
Animal Poisons, . . 157
Animals, Affections of, . 267
[Animals, Affections of]—Jesse's Scenes and Tales of Country Life, . . . 300
Animals, Language of, . . 99
Animals, Superstitions Respecting, ... 140
Aphorisms, Allston's, . 111
Apple-Tree, the, . . 188
Aqueduct, the Croton, . 19
Aqueducts of the Ancients, . 34
[Arthur's Round Table]—Jottings Respecting the Oak, . 52
Artisan Allotments, . 121
Ash, the, . . . 189
Ash, the Mountain, . 211
[Assurance, Life, Commission given by Offices]—A Dishonesty in a High Walk, . . 184
Astronomy for the Million, 204
Asylums, Night, . . 56
Authors, Decayed, Gratifying Facts Respecting, . . 48
Badger, the, . 488

	Page
Bain's Electro-Magnetic Printing Telegraph,	351
Bank Notes Invented by the Chinese,	298
Barthelemy, the Abbe, Arrest of,	394
Bayly, Mr Haynes, Life and Poetry of,	251
Beau Brummell,	379
Bethune on the Benevolence of the Poor,	13
Birmingham, Two Days in,	369
Black Poplar, the,	188
[Blackfeet Indians]—The Death Blanket,	373
Blindness, Remedy for,	3
Blois,	17
Bonaparte at M. Necker's, in 1790,	323
Book Titles,	221
Books, High Price of,	57
Brady, the American Borderer,	63
Bread, Never Waste,	342
'Break-Down,' a,	303
Bremer's, Fredrika, Strife and Peace,	213
Brigands in Spain,	14
Brilliant Career Interrupted,	315
Brummell, Beau,	379
[Buffalo]—Journeyings in America by a Young Adventurer,	304
Caen,	247
Canal Across the Isthmus of Suez, Proposed,	94
Carlyle's Advice to a Young Man,	239
Central Prison at Perth,	325
Chantilly, the Stag-Hunt of,	9
Cheering Sentiments,	95
[Chenonceaux, Chateau of]—Summer Loiterings in France,	55
Chinese, Facts about the, 339, 355,	376
Chinese, the Inventors of Bank Notes,	298
Chit-Chat, London,	366
Citation, the Last,	202
Combe, Dr, On Health,	77
Commercial Policy,	307
[Commission in Life-Assurance Offices]—Dishonesty in a High Walk,	184
Conversation, Social,	266
Corday, Charlotte,	125
Corday, Charlotte, a Conversation with,	238
Counter, Voice from the, 61,	109
Country Papers, Small,	121
Cowper's Cousin, the Rev. J. Johnson, Singular Marriage of,	138
[Cramp-Rings]—Medical Superstitions,	168
Cranberry, the,	58
Croton Aqueduct,	19
Danseuse, the,	31
[D'Arlincourt's Tour in Great Britain and Ireland]—The Three Kingdoms,	309
Day in St Andrews,	40
Death Blanket, the,	373
Decayed Authors, Gratifying Facts Respecting,	48
Dick's Sidereal Heavens,	204
Discovery, Geographical, in 1843,	364
Dishonesty in a High Walk,	184
Distress of the Country, Mr Laing's Prize Essay on the, 233, 254,	260
Domestic Entertainments of Ancient Times,	332
Domestic Music,	65
Dream, Our Philosopher's,	313
Duel, Night before a,	343
[Early Shop-Shutting]—A Voice *from the Counter*, 61,	109
[Early Shop-Shutting]—Occasional Note,	316
Economy in Keeping Company,	139
Educational Efforts, Separate,	104
Electro-Magnetic Printing Telegraph,	351
Elshender, Eben, the Moor-Farmer,	358
Emigrant Ship, Voyage in,	228
Emigrant, Word from a Returned,	127
Ethiopia, Harris's Expedition to the Highlands of,	196
Evils, a Choice of,	267
Exaggeration,	297
Factory Life,	397
Facts about the Chinese, 339, 355,	376
[Fairlop Oak]—Jottings Respecting the Oak,	53
Feet, the Secret of Warm,	266
Fisheries, Our,	223
Floating of the Person,	233
Fontevrault,	104
Food, National Prejudices Concerning,	91
France, the Royal Navy of,	381
France, Summer Loiterings in—Blois to Valencay—Selles,	17
Selles to Tours,	55
Tours—Mettray,	88
Saumur—Fontevrault,	104
Saumur to Nantes,	133
Nantes to St Malo,	173
Jersey,	177
Caen—Havre—Conclusion,	247
French Songs, Popular—Malbrough,	38
The Lounger,	154
The Gascon,	201
Jean de Nivelle,	365
Friendship's Offering for 1844,	25
Geographical Discovery in 1843,	364
Gift, the, an American Annual,	6
Good Taste Suppresses Mean Calculations,	138
Gordon, Duchess of, her Religious Feelings Geographical,	139
Governesses, Our,	179
Grant's, Mrs, Letters,	136
Griffin, Memoirs of a,	170
Grinders of Sheffield,	30
Guano, 135,	383
Guillotin, Dr,	218
Hands, Shaking,	267
Harris's Expedition to the Highlands of Ethiopia,	196
Havre,	247
Health—its Loss and Preservation Depend on Daily Conduct,	77
Health, Means of Improving,	399
[Herne's Oak]—Jottings Respecting the Oak,	54
High Price of Books,	57
Highlands of Ethiopia, Harris's Expedition to the,	196
Hill's, the Rev. P. G., Fifty Days on Board a Slave-Vessel,	152
Hint to Aspirants,	298
Hint to the Working Classes,	301
Hislop's, James, Life and Poetry,	185
Holland, Dr G. C., on the Grinders of Sheffield.	30
[Holly, the]—Legends Respecting Trees,	190
Holthaus's Wanderings,	73
Honour, Titles of,	26
Hood's Magazine—The Maison De Deuil,	190
Hood's Whimsicalities,	59
Horses, Means of Checking Runaway,	281
Humorous People,	286
Hydrocyanic Acid—a Remedy for Blindness,	3
Ideas of Nations, Parallel,	67
[Indians, the Blackfeet]—The Death Blanket,	373
Indians, the Ojibbeway,	122
Inns of Past and Present Days,	155
[Insurance, Losses by]—Loss is Loss,	281
Interment in Towns,	148
Invalid, Thoughts of an,	107
Ireland, Kohl's Tour in,	45
Italian, Recollections of an— 238, 243, 323,	394
[Ivy, the]—Legends Respecting Trees,	211
Jack the Giant Killer, &c. 67,	68
[Jasmine, the]—Legends Respecting Trees,	211
Jersey,	177
Jesse's Scenes and Tales of Country Life,	299
[Jesting, Foolish]—Humorous People,	286
Jocelin of Brakelond's Narrative,	181
Johnson, the Rev. J., Singular Marriage of,	138
Jottings Respecting the Oak,	52
Journeyings in America by a Young Adventurer—On the Way to Rochester,	262
Rochester to Buffalo—a 'Break Down,'	302
Toronto—Lake Simcoe—Settlers' Houses,	327
Return through Canada—Emigration,	386
Niagara—Habits of Canadian Farmers—Conclusion,	410
Kendall's Narrative of the Santa Fe Expedition,	346
Kindness, the Law of,	395
Kindness under an Unpromising Exterior,	138
Kissing Hands, Anecdotes of,	139
[Knights Templars]—The Last Citation,	202
Kohl's Tour in Ireland,	45
Kordofan, Pallme's Travels in,	405
Laing's Prize Essay, 233, 254,	260
Land, Improvement of Waste,	82
Language of Animals,	99
Last Citation, the	202
[Laurel, the]—Legends Respecting Trees,	212
[Lavalette, Particulars of his Escape]—The Three Kingdoms,	310
Law of Kindness,	395
Legends Respecting Trees, 188,	211
Leghorn, Adventure at,	243
Letters of Mrs Grant,	136
[Life-Assurance, Commission on],	184
Life-Buoy,	233
Life, Factory,	397
Life and Poetry of James Hislop,	185
Life and Poetry of Mr Haynes Bayly,	251
Life in Shetland, 145,	163
Life in the Wilderness of the West,	249
Liverpool and Leeds Polytechnic Exhibitions,	216
London Chit-Chat,	366
London, New Tricks in,	103
Loss is Loss,	281
London, Mr, Notice of,	54
Maidenhood, Old, Advantages of,	138
Maison De Deuil,	190
Manheim, Adventure at the Siege of,	141
Mania for Saxon Words,	232
Martineau's, Miss, Thoughts of an Invalid,	107
Means of Improving and Preserving Health,	399
Medical Superstitions,	168
Memoirs of a Griffin,	170
Men of the World,	413
[Mesmerism and Witchcraft]—New Explanation of Old Superstitions,	382
Mettray,	90

Page

Mines, Accidents in, . 206
[Misexpenditure of Means]—A Hint to the Working-Classes, 301
[Mistletoe, the]—Legends Respecting Trees, . . 189
Modern Instances of Superstition, 42
Monastic and Social Life in the Twelfth Century, . 181
Moon, Caverns in the, . . 293
Music, Domestic, . . . 65
[Myrtle, the]—Legends Respecting Trees, ... 211
Nantes, ... 133
Narrative of the Santa Fe Expedition, ... 346
National Prejudices Concerning Food, ... 91
Nations, Parallel Ideas of, . 67
Natural History, Sketches in—
Serpents, ... 115
The Badger, . . . 403
Navy of France, . . . 381
Never Waste Bread, . . 342
New Explanation of Old Superstitions, ... 382
Nichol's Contemplations on the Solar System, . . 292
Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, 76
Night Asylums, . . . 56
Nose, Notes on the, . . 330
Notes by 'a Constant Reader,' 265, 297
[Oak, the]—Legends Respecting Trees, ... 189
Oak, Jottings Respecting the, 52
Occasional Notes—
Artisan Allotments, . . 121
Brilliant Career Interrupted, 315
Dishonesty in a High Walk, 184
Effectual Means of Checking Runaway Horses, . 281
Floating of the Person, . 233
High Price of Books, . 57
House-Flies, ... 344
Loss is Loss, . . . 281
Mania for Saxon Words, . 232
New Tricks in London, . 103
Night Asylums, . . 56
Night Before a Duel, . 343
Separate Educational Efforts, 104
Shortening the Hours of Labour in Retail Trades, . 316
Silk-Manufactory of M. Stofella, 121
Small Country Papers, . 121
Spinning Out, . . . 185
Steam-Navigation, . . 232
To Prevent Vessels from Sinking, ... 281
Wages, ... 103
Ojibbeway Indians, . . 122
Our Fisheries, ... 223
Pallme's Travels in Kordofan, 405
Papers, Small Country, . 121
Parallel Ideas of Nations, . 67
Penn and the Indians, . 395
Perth, Visit to the Central Prison at, ... 325
Philosopher's Dream, Our, . 313
[Pitsligo, Lord, Story of]—Never Waste Bread, . . 342
[Playfair, Major, of St Andrews]—A Day in St Andrews, . 40
Poisons, Animal, . . . 157
Policy, Commercial, . . . 307
Polytechnic Exhibitions in Liverpool and Leeds, . . 216
Poor, Benevolence of the, 13
Poor, Condition of, in England, in 1843, ... 78
Prejudices Concerning Food, . 91
Prognostication, Weather, . 245
Recollections of an Italian—
Conversation with Charlotte Corday, ... 238
An Adventure at Leghorn and its Consequences, . 243

Page

Recollections of an Italian—
An Evening Party at M. Necker's in 1790, . . . 323
Arrest of the Abbe Barthelemy, 394
Reid, Dr D. B., on Ventilation, Warming, and Lighting, . 226
Revenez à vos Moutons, . 316
Riga Robbie, ... 199
Robin Redbreast not a Gentleman, 287
[Rose—Rosemary]—Legends Respecting Trees, . . 211
Royal Navy of France, . . 381
[Rue, the]—Legends Respecting Trees, . . . 212
[Safety Rein]—Effectual Means of Checking Runaway Horses, 281
Sanitary Condition of the Population—Interment in Towns, 148
Santa Fe, Expedition to, . 346
Saumur, ... 104
Saxon Words, Mania for, . 232
Schoolmistress Abroad, . 59
Scott, Sir Walter, his Tendency to Superstition, . . 44
Selles-sur-Cher, . . . 55
Separate Educational Efforts, 104
Serpents, ... 115
Shaking Hands, . . . 267
[Sheep, Return to Your]—Revenez à vos Moutons, . 316
Sheffield, the Grinders of, . 30
Shetland, Life in, . 145, 163
Shop Shutting, Early, 61, 109, 316
Shortening of the Hours of Labour in Retail Trades, . 316
Sidereal Heavens, Dick's, . 204
Silk Manufactory of M. Stofella, 121
Simpson's Lectures to the Working Classes, . . . 174
Sinde and its Ameers, . . 123
Slave Vessel, Scenes on Board a, 152
Social Conversation, . . 266
Social and Monastic Life in the Twelfth Century, . 181
Solar System, Professor Nichol on the, ... 292
Songs, Popular French, 38, 154, 201, 365
Spain, Brigands in, . . 14
Speakers Out, ... 138
Spinning Out, . . . 185
St Andrews, a Day in, . . 40
St Malo, ... 173
Stag-Hunt of Chantilly, . 9
Steam Navigation, . . 232
Stofella, M. Silk Manufactory of, 121
Story of a Young Officer's Wife, 137
Strife and Peace, . . . 213
[Stuarts, the Two]—The Three Kingdoms, . . . 312
Suez, Proposed Canal across the Isthmus of, . . . 94
Superstition, Modern Instances of, ... 42
Superstitions, Medical, . 168
Superstitions Respecting Animals, ... 401
Tailor, Wanderings of a, . 73
[Talleyrand, Tomb of]—Summer Loiterings in France, . 18
Telegraph, Electro-Magnetic Printing, ... 351
Texas, a Settler in, . . 249
Thoughts of an Invalid, . 107
Three Kingdoms, the, . . 309
Titles of Books, . . . 221
Titles of Honour, . . . 26
Toronto, ... 327
Tours, ... 88
Towns, Interment in, . . 148
Travelling in Spain, . . . 14
Travels in Kordofan, . . 405
Travels, Zig-zag, . . . 282
Trees, Legends Respecting, 188, 211
Turnbull's Operations on the Eye, 3
Two Days in Birmingham, . 369

Page

[United States, Financial Statement Regarding the]—The American Almanac, . . 276
Valencay, ... 17
Ventilation, Warming, and Lighting, Dr Reid on, . . 226
Vessels, How to Prevent from Sinking, ... 281
Visit to the Central Prison at Perth, ... 325
Voyage in an Emigrant Ship, by a Young Adventurer, . 228
Wages, ... 103
Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor, ... 73
Wanted, a Servant, . . 6
Warm Feet, the Secret of, . 266
Warning of Young Genius, 139
Washington Temperance Society, 95
Waste Land—Why not Improved? 82
Water, a Word on, . . 131
Weather Prognostication, 245
Wedding, the, ... 194
Whimsicalities, Hood's, . 59
[White Poplar, the]—Legends Respecting Trees, . . 188
[Windsor Park, the Queen's Oaks in]—Jesse's Scenes and Tales of Country Life, . . 299
[Witchcraft and Mesmerism]—New Explanation of Old Superstitions, ... 382
Word from a Returned Emigrant, 127
Word on Water, . . . 131
Working-Classes, an Evening with the, ... 174
Working-Classes, Hint to the, 301
World, Men of the, . . 413
[Yew, the]—Legends Respecting Trees, ... 213
Young Men, Advice to, . . 239
Zig-zag Travels, . . . 282

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Page

Æthiopia, Pigmy Tribes in, . 128
Age, Old, Duty of, . . . 80
Ancient Lunatic Asylum, . 256
Anecdote of the Peninsular War, 191
Anecdotes of Dr Lettsom, . 159
Anglo-American Intelligence, 320
Ant-Lion, Instinct of the, . 208
Anti-Crow League, . . 160
Apple-Trees, New Mode of Planting, ... 96
Arboretum at Derby, . . 416
Arctic Circle, Continued Daylight Within, ... 304
Atmosphere, Carbonic Acid in the, ... 288
Australia, Flowers and Fruits of, 352
Australia, Western, . . 207
Balloon, Copper, . . . 336
Begging, Tact in, . . . 32
Behn, Mrs Aphra, Anecdote Regarding her Novels, . . 112
Black Spots on Leaves, . 192
Burns, Treatment of, . . 256
Buttons from Clay, . . . 224
Carbonic Acid in the Atmosphere, 288
Ceremony, Value of, . . 416
Charges, Railway, . . . 80
Chemical Discovery, Interesting, 160
Chimneys, the Two Loftiest, . 16
China, Quicksilver from, . 288
Chinese Puffing, . . . 400
Cleanliness, Outward, . . 288
Colours, Selection of, for Dwelling-Houses, . . . 368
Cooke's, Captain, Cabin Kettle, 96
Copper Balloon, . . . 336
Crows, Reformed, . . . 80
Curious Indian Tradition, . 320

	Page
Daylight, Continued, within the Arctic Circle,	304
Derby, Arboretum at,	416
Dialect, the Scottish,	176
Difficulty and Perseverance,	159
Dignity of Labour,	32
Discrimination, Just,	160
Dish, a New,	64
Diving Bell, New,	384
Domestic Gas-Apparatus,	416
Drainage, Effects of, on Human Life,	416
Dublin Shoe-Blacks Sixty Years Ago,	176
Duty of Old Age,	80
Effect of Habit,	160
Effect of Manufacturing Pressures,	240
Encouraging Hints,	207
England, One of the Idolatries of,	287
Envelopes and Postage Labels,	400
Epitaph, Southey's,	80
European Journals,	256
Expenses of the Law,	224
Export Extraordinary,	208
Fantastic Conceptions,	64
Farmers, Hints to,	112
Female Soldiers, the Nizam's,	304
Female Wood Engravers,	16
Flowers and Fruits of Australia,	352
Follies of Mankind,	416
Fowling-Piece, How to Clean a,	208
French Savings' Banks,	192
Fresco-Painting, Improvement in,	64
Gas-Apparatus, Domestic,	416
Genius, Musical,	128
Glanders, Origin and Treatment of,	191
Glastonbury Thorn,	256
Glory,	16
Habit, Effect of,	160
Hint to Steamboat Proprietors,	48
Hints, Encouraging,	207
Hints to Farmers,	112
Hong Kong,	208
Hot-Bed, Novel,	64
Human Life, Effects of Drainage on,	416
Hurry, Living in a,	223
Ideas, Persecution of New,	352
Improved Morals,	112
Impurities of Water Corrected,	64
Indian Tradition, Curious,	320
Industry, Successful,	79
Insanity Cured by Mental Employment,	368
Instinct of the Ant-Lion,	208
Intelligence, Anglo-American,	320
Intemperance,	112
Interesting Chemical Discovery,	160
Ireland; Water-Power of,	64
Ivory, Vegetable,	192
Kettle, Captain Cooke's,	96
Labour, Dignity of,	32
Land, Waste of,	32
Law Anecdotes,	143
Law, Expenses of the,	224
Lead, White, Substitute for,	47
League, Anti-Crow,	160
Leaves, Black Spots on,	192
Lettsom, Dr, Anecdotes of,	159
Literature, the Line of,	80
Living in a Hurry,	223
Ludicrous Politeness,	143
Lunatic Asylum, Ancient,	256
Luther's Letter to his Infant Son,	304
Manners,	176
Mental Employment, Insanity Cured by,	368
Metallization of Wood,	415
Military Glory,	16
Modern Play Writers,	16
Morals, Improved,	112
Morals of the Restoration,	160
Motive Power of Niagara,	288
Music, Notes in, Analogous to Certain Colours,	64
Musical Genius,	128
New Dish,	64
New Diving-Bell,	384
New Ideas, Persecution of,	352
New Volcano in the Adriatic,	192
Niagara, Motive Power of,	288
Nizam's Female Soldiers,	304
Novel Hot-Bed,	64
Oak, an Extraordinary,	256
Origin and Treatment of Glanders,	191
Painting, Fresco, Improvement in,	64
Peninsular War, Anecdote of the,	191
Persecution of New Ideas,	352
Perseverance and Difficulty,	159
Pigeons, Passenger,	256
Pigmy Tribes in Æthiopia,	128
Play Writers,	16
Plough, Submarine,	208
Poetry of a Steam-Engine,	336
Politeness, Ludicrous,	143
Postage Labels and Envelopes,	400
Pressures, Manufacturing, Effect of,	240
Principles of Art applied to Domestic Use,	368
Puffing, Chinese,	400
Quarrels, Progress of,	16
Quicksilver from China,	288
Railway Charges,	80
Railway Charges, Rationale of,	414
Reason and Authority,	192
Reformed Crows,	80
Restoration, Morals of the,	160
Rules,	64
Rustic Simplicity,	239
Savings' Banks, French,	192
Scottish Dialect,	176
Secret of Success,	351
Shoe-Blacks, Dublin, Sixty Years Ago,	176
Simplicity, Rustic,	239
Slips of the Tongue,	240
Southey's Epitaph,	80
Sovereigns, Ages of Various,	64
Spider, the Weather Foretold by Observing the Habits of a,	207
Steamboat Proprietors, Hint to,	48
Steam-Engine, Poetry of a,	336
Stuarts, the So-called Last of the,	96
Submarine Plough,	208
Substitute for White Lead,	47
Success, Secret of,	351
Successful Industry of a Labourer,	79
Tact in Begging,	32
Tagua Nut, or Vegetable Ivory,	192
Tears,	159
Tongue, Slips of the,	240
Treatment of Burns,	256
Value of Ceremony,	416
Volcano, New, in the Adriatic,	192
Waste of Land,	32
Water, Impurities of, Corrected,	64
Water-Power of Ireland,	64
Weather Foretold by Observing the Habits of a Spider,	207
Western Australia,	207
Wood Engravers, Female,	16
Wood, Metallization of,	415

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 1. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1844. Price 1½*d*.

THE HOUSE OF NUMBERS.

Nature nowhere shows her partiality more remarkably than in the very different proportions in which she deals out the ever-succeeding new generation of our race amongst those who are to bring them up. Her average is ascertained to be four and a half children—for statisticians are Solomons in this respect at least, that they never scruple to halve a child—her average, I say, is four and a half children to each couple, and a very fair and reasonable burden this would make, if it were a uniform case, barring, indeed, that the half-child, even though not quite left without a single leg to stand upon, might be rather troublesome to set up in life. But anything like this happy medium—by which I mean four or five—is unfortunately not more frequent of occurrence than almost any other number under twice the amount. Nature, indeed, evidently despises the average of the statisticians. To some she gives six, seven, eight, and so on; to others, three, two, one. Nay, it is not uncommon for her—though this is what a friend of mine, who has twelve, never *could* understand—to give *not even one*. This friend and I once reckoned up above a dozen couples of our common acquaintance who were in this state of double blessedness; all of them professedly most happy and contented in their having been spared the cares, toil, and expense of a family, although vexed every day of their lives at the way in which their friends managed their young flocks, so different from the way in which they knew children *ought* to be managed; so that it might be said their only source of regret was in the accident which had placed the rising generation in the hands of the only people not qualified to rear them. But this again is nothing. The strange thing is, that nature should keep our dozen friends so perfectly exempt from their share of this duty towards society, while to others she deals such a tissue of issue, as make poor men think of such quotations as—

> "Another and another! Will they stretch on
> Unto the crack of doom"—

or of such venerable and veritable proverbs as, "It never rains but it pours," and all that sort of thing.

My friend—I may as well say at once that it is my cousin John Balderstone—sometimes groans under what he calls his visitation of children; but he is such a happy-tempered fellow, that I cannot doubt that his groans are much more in jest than in earnest. Indeed, I rather think he likes to have a joke now and then at himself and his spouse on the score, as he himself would say, of their score. For instance, he professes that they are pelted with children. He speaks of the *population* of his house. The very children themselves, he alleges, wonder at their own numbers. He had a feeling of alarm, he declares, at every fresh addition up to the sixth; but after that, custom hardened him a little; and ever since the eighth, he has been perfectly indurated. Mrs John, for her part, takes things quite as easily, being entirely of that quiet good temper which one somehow expects in a lady who has had a large family. John often raises a laugh about her anti-Malthusian qualifications, at which she only turns to him one of those placid smiles which speak so much more than words between such as are happily united, and then peaceably resumes her attention to a nameless little garment, which I half believe she has never ceased hemming for the last ten years.

One of John's jokes about his multitudinous state is, that he and other persons in the like circumstances are designed as beacons to give young men in their quadrilling days a salutary caution on the subject of matrimony—at least not to enter upon their matrimonial, till they are pretty sure about their patrimonial state. It is, he says, a kind of final cause for enormous families. Nature—so runs his argument—desires that the population should not increase too fast for subsistence. Were all families moderate in number, thoughtless youth might be encouraged to rush to the temple of Hymen in too great numbers. As a warning, she here and there plants a couple whom she oppresses with a burden of blessings absolutely overwhelming. Young men, seeing such a tremendous risk before them, think it best to keep cool, and go out to India. Syllogistic as this appears, I suspect it to be fallacious at bottom, for, as far as I can see, John and Susan are anything but miserable under their load. Whenever I happen to be in their house, I find it the seat of good humour and comfort; nor is there even more noise or confusion than (let me speak good-naturedly) is bearable. My reasoning rather is, that the polypedic state, as John sometimes calls it, is in itself an evidence (though the converse of the rule may not hold) of the presence of the chief elements of happiness in a house, as health, good temper, sufficiency; for it is never found in any station of life where these do not exist; so that the idea of its being a source of vexation or an oppression may be said to be self-refuted. And I think I shall be able to make good this point before quitting my pen.

John's own constant jocularity on the subject serves to convince me that he at least feels his charge but lightly. Spending a night lately in his house, and getting up rather early, I met him in the staircase, when he told me he would show me a sight. He then led me along a passage, at the end of which was an apartment which I recognised as the nursery, from the school-like murmur of little voices which proceeded from it. There, upon a long table, was ranged, in two rows, a series of shoes of almost all sizes, reminding me very much of the stalls for the sale of such articles second-hand, which are to be seen in the humbler parts of our city. "John, what a bill this speaks of," said I. He only laughed, and then led me to a window commanding a view of his washing-green, where I saw such ropefuls of little petticoats, and little stockings, as were perfectly bewildering. I held up my hands in astonishment: John only laughed once more. We took a short walk, and returned to breakfast, when my ears were saluted by a confused noise proceeding from a side-room. "What is that?" said I. "Oh," said he, "only the meal mob." The mystery and the phrase were explained together, when he opened a door and showed me a multitude of little

ones proceeding to plant themselves at a table on which was ranged a double row of dishes containing the porridge which may be said to form our national breakfast, while at each end stood a tureenful of milk, flanked by a pile of spoons. "Mob truly," thought I, as the creatures pushed about for their places, all eagerness to fall on; while two or three of the smallest, overset in the hurry, set up a squall, quickly stilled by the soothing care of the attendants, by whom these minuter fry were taken upon knee to be fed. Some ten or a dozen faces were now turned upon me with a comic expression, as if to inquire what I thought of the scene; nor could I help observing that the very same burlesque interrogation reigned in the blithe visage of my friend and host. "John, have you insured upon your life?" was my question as we left the room. "Oh, all right there, my boy," said he. No more passed. The humour and the wisdom involved in these few words were alike understood between us. Our own breakfast, at which Mrs Balderstone presided, all smiles and white dimity, passed as quietly as if there had been no children in the house, a fact which I could not help remarking; when the lady said, "Why, it would be grievous, indeed, if a large family were necessarily to insure that the parents were never to be free for one moment from its turmoils. A little management, where the means at all exist, should give them exemption at the times when it is desirable, and particularly when they have a friend living with them." "Yes," said John, "it is quite a point of pride with us that no one shall ever have occasion to say that we are bores with our children. If they are a cumber, they shall be so only to ourselves." These remarks piqued me into asking to see the family after the things should be removed; which, however, was no sacrifice on my part, as I am fond of children generally, and have a few friendships among John's in particular. "The first battalion might be enough," insinuated my friend, by which I knew he meant all down to a particular point where there was a gap of full two years, the only such interval in the family. "No," said I, "the whole regiment, since we are at it." "What, all my pretty ones!" cried he with Macduff's start; "did you say all?" "I have said," quoth I, carrying on the quotation. "My dear, shall we turn on the children just now? I fear it may be too much for our friend; but the blame be upon his own head."

Orders were given, and, in a wonderfully brief space of time, in trooped the whole multitude, all as clean and smart as possible, and all looking supremely healthy and cheerful; the youngest of all coming, like a postscript, in its nurse's arms, a minute after the rest, and looking with that I-don't-know-what-it's-all-about-ishness peculiar to little babies in the midst of a bustle. "Well, here you have the entire *school* of them," said John —"for I think this word far more applicable to a family like ours than it is to an assembly of whales." "Happy, happy, happy pair!" said I; "thrice happy and more, by which I suppose it may be implied that you have what might make rather more than three couples happy —mayn't it?" "To be candid," said John, "I could have wished *before* that the lot had been to be distributed amongst three or any larger number, instead of being concentrated upon one; but what I think *now* is quite a different question." Here I had him again for my argument.

It was amusing now to see how the multitude grouped itself out into separate parts, according to ages, sexes, and those peculiar ever-shifting associations of preference which exist amongst all children living together. A set of boys ranging from eight to thirteen got by themselves to a window, where they whispered, looked shy, and finally, when they had got a little confidence, burst into a great laugh. Two or three misses of similar standing ranged themselves modestly beside the maternal stalk, whence alone, it appeared, they could look at me with any degree of composure. But the drollest part of the business was the behaviour of a lot of very young female rosebuds, among which was included, as by some mistake, one very tiny boy—sing hey ho the wind and the rain. The foregone conclusion, as to the footing on which these creatures stood with papa, was quickly shown by the *abandon* with which they literally precipitated themselves upon him where he sat, the first in hand seizing him round the neck, and kissing him violently, the next seizing his arms, legs, and every other available part, while one left-over miss and the little boy could only crow outside the fluttering struggling mass, in hopes of finding an inlet to my good friend's person by and by. The whole scene reminded me very much of "Philoprogenitiveness" in the inimitable George Cruikshanks's Illustrations of Phrenology, where an honest Hibernian, stretched back in an armchair, is barnacled all over with little ones in a similar manner. Only a few murmurs of affected displeasure could be heard from John for some time; but at length, by dint of considerable exertion, he, Gulliver-like, emancipated an arm, by the gentle use of which he in time contrived to obtain at least the means of breathing freely, when he exclaimed, "Ye preposterous creatures, I declare I've spoilt ye all!" "So all the proper people would say, and probably do," said Mrs Balderstone; adding, "but I never can think *that* spoiling which gains the unlimited affection of one's own children;" and I could see a rather more than usual moistness in her eye as she spoke. As this was quite a sentiment of my own, I expressed my hearty wish that all young people could say they were spoilt in the same way. I was now told, what I could have easily surmised, that all the children of this family were regularly taken in charge by papa at about a year and a half old, and made his playmates till they were eight or nine, his whole conduct towards them during this period being so unreservedly on the level of their own sportive inclinations, that he became the greatest possible favourite with them. It was his system, as Dr O'Toole would have said. "Once let me persuade my children to love me," he privately remarked to myself, speaking for once in downright earnest, "and I'll defy them to be disobedient or vexatious. And to make them love me, what but constant kindness from me to them can be necessary? Depend upon it, sir, when parents are not objects of affection to their children, it is their own blame; for it is the nature of the relation to dispose the younger party to affection, and, if the means are taken at all, the result is certain." Alas! how much unhappiness arises from acting contrary to this simple philosophy!

As it was a holiday, and the children were therefore to stay at home, John expressed a wish to hear them sing some of their last-acquired songs. Accordingly, Mrs Balderstone, in her usual complying way, seated herself at a piccolo piano-forte which they keep in the dining-room, and accompanied a group of sweet choristers in several simple ditties, which, as they seem particularly well adapted for children, I take leave to recommend to family notice.* All, even to the youngest, were correct in tune; and though now and then a very little miss would contrive to wander half a bar astray in time, the general effect was delightful. "Quite an independent concert power you will have in your family-circle by and by, John," said I. "Yes, for a time it may be so," answered he; "but when the basses begin to go off to professions or colonies, I fear the tenors and trebles will sing rather small. However, don't let us anticipate evil." Dancing succeeded, partly elegant, partly grotesque; and such a blithesome floor I have rarely seen. But why protract a description which must have already convinced the reader that, in this instance at least, an enormous family is no evil. Suffice it to say, that I left my worthy cousin that morning with much more serious thoughts of Laura than I had entertained any time for the previous six months, and very much inclined to think that love and a flat (the

* They are entitled, Mrs Kingston's Vocal Music for the Young.

Edinburgh equivalent for a cottage) might do very well to begin with, always trusting that Providence would promote us in good time to a front door. How long this set of ideas is to hold sway over me, I could not take it upon me to say distinctly; but I feel them to be pretty firm for the present, and intend to ask the young lady to the exhibition to-morrow, which, as John would say, looks violently symptomatic. We shall see.

HYDROCYANIC ACID—A REMEDY FOR BLINDNESS.

In the summer of last year, while residing for a month in London, no subject of interest which the metropolis presents engaged so large a share of my attention as one which now, after considerable deliberation, I propose explaining to the reader of these pages, on the score of public duty. I allude to a series of personal examinations which I made respecting the validity of certain alleged cures and meliorations of blindness, performed by Dr Turnbull of Russel Square, chiefly by means of hydrocyanic acid. It is proper to say why an unprofessional person should have considered it at all necessary to devote time to the investigation of a subject of this nature.

The first time I heard anything of Dr Turnbull's operations on the eye, was through an article in the Literary Gazette of June 12, 1842, from which, on the credit of that print, and simply for the sake of conveying what appeared a piece of curious scientific information to the public, an extract was made into the present Journal (No. 546). There, in all probability, the matter might have rested, but for what seemed an unreasonable attack from a contemporary, calling in question the truth of the statements in the Journal, and protesting against the injury they were likely to accomplish. Having sinned in ignorance, if they had sinned at all, the editors of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal resolved to embrace the first convenient opportunity of investigating, personally, what was evidently a two-sided subject, and of forming their own opinion. No doubt this was a hazardous resolution, for, unacquainted with the state of ocular surgery, they might possibly be misled by appearances, and give credence to what was in reality a fallacy. Nevertheless, with a determination to exercise caution in a matter so intricate, to sift the evidence presented, and to judge only from facts, they hoped to satisfy themselves whether the allegations against them rested on a basis of truth or prejudice. This opportunity happily occurred, as has been said, in the summer of the past year, when one of the editors, the present writer, was for a few weeks in the metropolis.

To descend to the first person—One of the earliest of my movements after arriving in town was to wait upon Dr Turnbull and explain the object of my visit. This was no sooner announced, than that gentleman professed his willingness to give me every information respecting his practice in cases of blindness, to explain all that seemed puzzling or difficult, and to submit his patients freely to every sort of examination which I chose to institute. "What time," said I, "do your gratis patients attend?" "Thrice a-week, at nine in the morning." "Then I shall be in attendance at that time during my stay in London." I did so, and every alternate morning found me on my way up Tottenham Court Road, towards Russel Square, where the subjects of my inquiry were congregated.

The cases chiefly brought under my notice were those of from thirty to forty poor people, in different states of blindness, and whose condition I could progressively observe. Some of the cases were among those which had been already made known in the Literary Gazette; others were more recent. In either instance, the parties showed no reluctance to tell me the story of their maladies, and submitted with patience to my repeated examinations and cross-questionings. One by one they were brought from an adjoining room into the surgery, and operated upon in my presence. I shall here describe, as clearly as possible, the principle on which the doctor professes to act. Some years ago, according to his own account, having remarked that the eyes of persons who had destroyed themselves by hydrocyanic or prussic acid remained clear and dilated, he considered that the acid exerted a specific action upon the eye, which might be made available as a medical agent for relieving many of the diseases to which that organ is subject. After a few cautious experiments, he became assured of the truth of his conjectures, and began to apply the vapour of this powerful acid to the eyes of persons afflicted with blindness, and with surprising effect. As far as I have comprehended his explanations, the vapour acts both as a stimulant and sedative. By exciting the small blood-vessels to a great degree, the languid circulation is roused into activity; and nature, no longer shackled by the morbid affection, hastens to restore the organ to its normal condition, and *sight* is the consequence. Subsequent experiments showed to Dr Turnbull that the practice might be advantageously varied, to suit different cases, were he to employ other agents, as the vapour of chloracyanic acid, sulphuretted chyazic acid, and chloruret of iodine. Each of these, therefore, he now uses in a small phial with a glass stopper, and with a mouth shaped to cover the hollow of the eye. In the bottle containing the hydrocyanic acid, in order to prevent any dangerous consequences from accidentally spilling the liquid, he puts some pieces of asbestos to act as a sponge; the use of it is hence quite safe, care only being taken not to allow the patient to smell it. The same thing is done with respect to the chloracyanic acid.

Having received these preliminary explanations, it became important for me to understand upon what kinds of blindness the vapour of these acids might be most advantageously directed. The cases submitted to my inspection were various in their nature—opacity of the cornea, rheumatic ophthalmia, staphyloma, or projecting sloughed eye, amaurosis, cataract, and some others. On some of these the operations with the hydrocyanic acid and other vapours were, from what I could observe, more efficacious than others. The first case of more than ordinary interest which I shall mention was that of Diana Primrose. A number of years ago, as this woman told me, her eyes became afflicted with ophthalmia; they were swollen, inflamed, and so blind, that she could only distinguish light, and she required to be led by a guide; to aggravate her complaint, the eyelashes would grow no other way but inwards. The pains in her head were very severe. She attended several hospitals and institutions in the hope of finding relief, but without the least benefit. On one occasion, a surgeon cut away a portion of the upper lid of the left eye, and many of her eyelashes were from time to time pulled out. From less to more, the poor creature became a spectacle of horror to all who saw her; and her existence was a burden which she would willingly have resigned. At length she visited Dr Turnbull, who, by applying his usual medical agents, suppressed the virulence of the complaint; the hitherto refractory eyelashes began to grow as nature designed them, outwards; and now there seemed little the matter with her, except a redness of the eyelids, and a dimness in the organs of vision. She said she could now see

pretty well; she could read large print, walk about without a guide, the pains in her head were gone, and she was able to support herself by her industry; in proof of this, she brought forward a basket of coloured worsted articles, by the knitting of which she earns a livelihood. She expressed a lively gratitude for her restoration to sight, and the last time I saw her she was advancing towards a perfect recovery.

Of the cases of staphyloma, or projecting eye, with opacity of the cornea, none interested me more than that of a little girl, by name Georgina Larkins. This sweet-tempered child became blind when she was six days old, in consequence of an attack of inflammation. Referring to the professional history of her case, already before the public, it is sufficient for me here to mention, that all the ordinary means for restoring sight proved, in her case, unavailing; and that, in April 1840, she was brought to Dr Turnbull, a ghastly object—the left eye projecting to twice the natural dimensions, and of a general blue colour, with a white body resembling a mother-of-pearl button in the centre; while the right eye was white, without any appearance of iris or pupil. The case was as hopeless as could well be imagined, yet to it the doctor set with his applications, beginning by putting a drop of castor oil into each eye, and occasionally substituting for the castor oil the oil of almonds. By this treatment, in two months he diminished the size of both eyes, and so much decreased the opacity of the right eye, that the pupil made its appearance, and the child began to see, and to be able to walk alone. After an interval in attendance, caused by the doctor's absence from town, during which nothing was done for her, she returned in 1842, when the vapour of the hydrocyanic acid was regularly applied to both eyes. This mode of treatment still further reduced the size of the left eye, bringing it within the compass of the eyelids, and finally diminished the right eye to a proper size, besides greatly strengthening its power of vision. She had attended a school for the blind, where she learned to read raised letters by touch; but now that she is able to see, she reads equally well by the eye as the fingers. I tried her both ways, and think the eye had the best of it; she read passages in a volume which I took from my pocket with facility and propriety. While the right eye had thus far advanced, leaving comparatively little to be done to it, the left eye was gradually losing its whitish opacity; the blue pupil was shining out; and, supposing the cure to go no farther, the orb was becoming less offensive in its general appearance—a matter of some consequence to a face otherwise far from unpleasing. When I last saw this child, her health was greatly better than it had been in her days of total and hopeless blindness.

The removal of sloughs or opacities of the cornea was shown in various other cases; a person who had been blind in the right eye for twenty years, said he now could see with it. Many entered and left the room by their own unaided sight, who told me they could not formerly walk without a guide. At one time there used to be nearly as many "leaders" in attendance as blind people; now, few of these are required. As soon as one gets a glimmering of sight, he begins to act as a guide to others, and thus "the blind leading the blind" is no longer a mere figure in rhetoric.

That opacities in the external coating of the eye should be removable by a pungent and active vapour, is much less surprising than that such applications should at all affect cases of cataract, which resembles a pearly matter *within* the eye, and therefore removed considerably from the proximate action of the vapour from the acid. Several cases of this form of blindness were brought under my notice, as having been partially meliorated by the process; but, on the whole, I think the doctor was less successful in this department than in others. The cure, if it be possible, is evidently tedious; but as cataract is removable by couching, a want of success with the external applications is perhaps the less to be regretted.

Some cases of amaurosis interested me not a little. Amaurosis, it is proper to explain, is that form of blindness in which the eyes appear sound to an observer, but are really incapable of vision. The defect arises from paralysis of the optic nerve, or the branches of the fifth pair of nerves; or sometimes from disease of the brain itself. The restoration of sight in such cases, particularly if of a confirmed nature, has hitherto been considered hopeless by the profession. Dr Turnbull entertains a very different opinion. He believes the complaint to be removable by stimulating the nerves and the circulation in the neighbourhood of the eye. This he does in two ways; first, by applying the vapour of hydrocyanic acid to the ball of the eye, in the manner already described; and second, by the application of essential oils, diluted in alcohol, to the forehead; warmth, increased circulation, absorption, and action, are the consequence. By treatment of this kind, I found several patients so far recovered from their amaurosis, as to be able to read by sight any book put before them.

Sophia Brown, a milliner, told me she had been quite blind with amaurosis, and had been dismissed as past remedy by all the medical men to whom she applied. But by her attendance on Dr Turnbull for seven months, her sight is gradually coming back; she can now see objects, though not distinctly, and can walk without a guide. I left her with sight improving and general health greatly better. Sophia Townsend, who had been blind with amaurosis in the left eye, for which nothing could be done of the least value by the medical men in whose hands she had been, could now, after three months' applications, see so well with that eye, as to be able to read with it. To satisfy myself still further as to the possibility of assuaging amaurosis by the external stimulants, I sent for a person named John Plunket, formerly an attorney's clerk, who for several years had been so blind with amaurosis, as to be led about by his children. This man told me that his left eye had been destroyed by operations, and therefore Dr Turnbull addressed himself only to the right. By repeated applications of essential oils to the forehead, his sight in this undestroyed eye gradually recovered. This recovery took place four years ago, and his sight was still improving by weekly applications. He read a book which I produced, and is desirous of employment as a clerk. This was a very satisfactory case of recovery from amaurosis, but perhaps not more so than another, that of Eleanor M'Cartney, a poor Irishwoman in St Giles' workhouse, Holborn. Guided by Mrs Bailey, the respectable matron of this institution, I was conducted to the couch of this bed-rid pauper, whose neat and cleanly appearance, as she sat up in bed, bespoke a declension from better days. Eleanor told her case in few words. About the year 1829 she became quite blind in the right eye, and deaf in the right ear, from an attack of paralysis, in which state she remained till 1835, when Dr Turnbull, by his applications, restored her sight and hearing in a week, and she had retained both ever since. Mrs Bailey corroborated all the poor woman said. At my request she read a few passages with the formerly blind eye from a devotional work lying by her bed-side. This quite satisfied me.

In one of my latest visits to Dr Turnbull's, I saw for the first time a case of conical eye, a form of disease which I understand has hitherto been considered as incurable as amaurosis. In this disorder the eye projects to an obtuse point, with a brilliant speck in front, as if a small piece of crystal were laid upon the cornea. By the action of the vapour, the speck in this case was disappearing, and the sight coming back.

Sometimes I was permitted to see patients moving in the higher spheres of life; but their cases were usually of a more simple and less painful nature than the others. One of the most interesting of this class was that of a gentleman who complained of having ever present in one of his eyes a small speck, which marred the field

of vision. He mentioned, however, that there was no actual speck in the organ, that it was a mere spectrum, which, greatly to his surprise, had been impressed on the retina after he had on one occasion been looking intently through a telescope, in which a speck happened to be on one of the lenses. The mention of this remarkable apparition recalled to Dr Turnbull's memory some analogous cases which he recounted. "I remember," said he, "on the occasion of the annular eclipse of the sun a few years ago, that several people with weak and over-susceptible eyes, even although sheltered by smoked glass, received impressions which remained for a length of time. One gentleman called on me to say, that he could not, night or day, get the eclipse out of his eye. Wherever he looked, there the bright ring of the sun, with the darkened moon in the centre, was present. I could not, unfortunately, relieve him from his apparitionary tormentor, for I had not then discovered the mode of treatment I now pursue." This curious case of abiding spectrum was paralleled by another which was mentioned, that of a gentleman who, from having one day looked fixedly at a print of the Lord's prayer the size of a sixpence, received the impression of it on the retina, where, to his annoyance, it remained ever present to his sense of vision. After a little conversation on the cause of such singularities, the gentleman who was affected with the small speck was subjected to the ordinary applications; but having left town before any decided melioration was effected, I am unable to say what was the result.

Here my personal observations may be considered as having drawn to a close, leaving the conviction on my mind, that the account given of Dr Turnbull's operations on the eye was substantially correct, and that by means of the vapour of prussic acid, and other stimulants, applied in the manner I have described, sight will in many cases be restored, when, as I have reason to believe, all the ordinary forms of counter-irritation and stimulus fail. I can at least say, that in every instance I judged for myself, and entirely with a reference to the elucidation of truth. I took the histories of the patients from their own mouths, and have no reason to suppose they had any intention to deceive, or were themselves deceived by imaginary feelings. I could not, indeed, for a moment entertain the idea that they were anything but what they plainly appeared; persons for the most part in humble circumstances, eager to be relieved from a great bodily affliction, and thankful for the relief they had already experienced.

Having thus received what I believed to be the most credible testimony respecting the efficacy, and, I may add, the simplicity and safety of Dr Turnbull's applications to the eye, I felt satisfied that, in copying the account from the Literary Gazette, these pages had not been stained by giving currency to anything like imposture; at the same time, from the extraordinary unwillingness of the medical world to believe a single word respecting the powers of prussic acid to meliorate blindness, I deemed it necessary to be cautious in making any fresh statement on the subject. On my arrival in Edinburgh, therefore, after a journey on the continent in the interval, I submitted my experiences to a medical friend, Alexander Miller, Esq., fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, with a request that he would gratify me by giving Dr Turnbull's form of application a fair trial. Having kindly consented to my wish, this gentleman first tried the vapour of prussic acid in a bottle prepared by Dr Turnbull for the purpose, upon one of his patients, a boy, who was affected with opacity of the cornea in one of his eyes. Greatly to his delight, and mine also, and much more so to the parents of the child, the boy, after being blind, was restored to sight after a few applications. The following is Mr Miller's account of the case:—

32 Buccleuch Place, *Edinburgh, 28th Nov.* 1843.

My Dear Sir—Having, at your desire, undertaken to ascertain the effect of the application of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid in certain affections of the eye, I beg to furnish you with the results I have observed during the short time I have been engaged with this important investigation. The first case in which I employed the vapour is the only one that I will detail at any length, as it is much further advanced towards recovery than any of the others; in fact, the cure may be said to be all but completed. It was a case of opacity of the cornea. A boy, J. C., æt. 7, of a strumous habit, and of a strumous family, in the summer of 1842 suffered from an attack of small-pox, before recovering from which he was seized with measles. During these attacks both eyes were affected with inflammation, which continued more or less severe for nearly twelve months, notwithstanding the constant employment of remedies, the right eye suffering more than the left: when the inflammation at last yielded, it was found that no disorganisation of the left eye had taken place, but that the right one had suffered to a very considerable extent; the cornea was found opaque to nearly four-fifths of its whole extent, the greatest opacity occupying the centre, and gradually diminishing towards the circumference; the only part not affected was the margin, where it joins the sclerotic. The effect of this opacity of the cornea was to impede vision completely, so that the boy could not, with the affected eye, distinguish one object from another; all that he could do was to discern light from darkness. Such was the state of matters for months previous to the 1st October last, when the hydrocyanic acid vapour was first applied. This I ascertained from personal observation before using the vapour. The hydrocyanic acid was applied according to the method recommended by Dr Turnbull of London, and by means of the apparatus procured by you from him. The immediate effect was an increased secretion of tears, redness of the conjunctiva and cornea; these instantly becoming covered with numerous small vessels, the eyelids also participating in the redness, their colour contrasting strangely with the surrounding paleness of the face. The boy declared he felt no pain, only an agreeable sensation of heat was produced. The application of the vapour has been repeated every second, third, or fourth day, as it was found convenient, so that in all it has been applied about twenty different times. The change upon the cornea has been not only remarkable, but most satisfactory; the opacity perceptibly diminishing after every application, until there now only remains the slightest haziness, which I am confident will also disappear after a few more applications. There has likewise been a corresponding improvement in the vision. From being unable to distinguish the largest objects, he now can discern the smallest.

Besides the above, I have employed the hydrocyanic acid vapour in upwards of twelve other cases of various affections of the eye, but in none for such a long period. They have all come under my care during the last two or three weeks, and have the disadvantage of being of much longer standing than the one detailed, and must necessarily require longer time before the beneficial effects are produced, many of these being cases of from fifteen to twenty years' standing. Still, from the improvement observed in several of these, where the affection is opacity of the cornea, I feel confident in assuring you that I look upon the vapour of the hydrocyanic acid as a most valuable remedy in all such affections. With regard to its effects in other diseases, such as amaurosis, cataract, &c., I cannot, as yet, speak from my own observation and experience. As I have some cases of these affections under treatment, I shall be happy to communicate the results to you as soon as I have given the remedy a fair trial. One important fact which I have been able to establish is, that there is not the slightest danger attending the application of the hydrocyanic acid—providing due caution is observed in doing so—even in cases of the most delicate and feeble constitution; for a more unhealthy subject could not be found than the boy whose case I have described.—I am yours truly,

Alex. Miller.

After receiving such assurances, any hesitation to publish the result of my inquiries seemed to me unjustifiable and pusillanimous. I now, therefore, submit the foregoing statements, with a confidence in their accuracy; and shall feel gratified if they in any way prove the means of inducing medical men to examine, apart from all private or personal considerations, into the merits of the discoveries and applications in question.

W. C.

"THE GIFT," AN AMERICAN ANNUAL.

ANNUALS, as we have more than once observed, have had their day in England. The idea of presenting an elegant packet of literature, as a New Year's gift, was good; but, like most good ideas, was spoiled, partly from the general trashiness of the literature, and partly from being completely overdone. A few of the earliest annuals still exist—have become perennials—while the greater number have languished and expired. We believe not more than one, out of many "guinea annuals," now keeps the field, notwithstanding the great efforts to maintain the more expensive class in existence by dint of satin, gilding, and every other attraction—literary merit alone excepted. Nearly vanished from among us, this imposing order of books has apparently settled, at least for a time, in the United States of America, where several are issued at the approach of every winter. The Americans, however, find it equally difficult to inspire their annuals with anything like vigour. The gilding, the binding, and the pictorial embellishments are unexceptionable, indeed highly tasteful; but the literature, for the most part, is as poor and lackadaisical as that of their British prototypes.

The best conducted, as it appears to us, of the American annuals, is "The Gift," a handsome octavo, in cream-coloured and finely gilt leather, published by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia. In this production for 1844, among not a little that is wire-drawn and weak, there are a few prose sketches more than usually smart for an annual, because they are evidently derived from observations of real character and circumstances, instead of imagination or romance. Among these pieces may be instanced one from the pen of the clever authoress of "A New Home," and some other tales illustrative of the raw and odd state of society in the Far West. As perhaps not six of our sixty thousand readers are likely ever to see the volume in question, we offer this piece in a slightly curtailed form, and which may be entitled—

WANTED, A SERVANT!

"Can't you let our folks have some eggs?" said Daniel Webster Larkins, opening the door, and putting in a little straw-coloured head and a pair of very mild blue eyes just far enough to reconnoitre; "can't you let our folks have some eggs? Our old hen don't lay nothing but chickens now, and mother can't eat pork, and she a'n't had no breakfast, and the baby a'n't drest, nor nothin'!"

"What is the matter, Webster? Where's your girl?"

"Oh! we ha'n't no girl but father; and he's had to go 'way to-day to a raisin', and mother wants to know if you can't tell her where to get a girl?"

Poor Mrs Larkins! Her husband makes but an indifferent "girl," being a remarkably public-spirited person. The good lady is in very delicate health, and having an incredible number of little blue eyes constantly making fresh demands upon her time and strength, she usually keeps a girl when she can get one. When she cannot, which is unfortunately the larger part of the time, her husband dresses the children, mixes stir-cakes for the eldest blue eyes to bake on a griddle, which is never at rest, milks the cow, feeds the pigs, and then goes to his "business," which we have supposed to consist principally in helping at raisings, wood-bees, huskings, and such-like important affairs; and "girl" hunting, the most important, and arduous, and profitless of all.

Yet it must be owned that Mr Larkins is a tolerable carpenter, and that he buys as many comforts for his family as most of his neighbours. The main difficulty seems to be, that "help" is not often purchasable. The very small proportion of our damsels who will consent to enter anybody's doors for pay, makes the chase after them quite interesting from its uncertainty; and the damsels themselves, subject to a well-known foible of their sex, become very coy from being over-courted. Such racing and chasing, and begging and praying, to get a girl for a month! They are often got for life with half the trouble. But to return.

Having an esteem for Mrs Larkins, and a sincere pity for the forlorn condition of "no girl but father," I set out at once to try if female tact and perseverance might not prove effectual in ferreting out a "help," though mere industry had not succeeded. For this purpose I made a list in my mind of those neighbours, in the first place, whose daughters sometimes condescended to be girls; and, secondly, of the few who were enabled by good luck, good management, and good pay, to keep them. If I failed in my attempts upon one class, I hoped for some new lights from the other. When the object is of such importance, it is well to string one's bow double.

In the first category stood Mrs Lowndes, whose forlorn log-house had never known door nor window; a blanket supplying the place of the one, and the other being represented by a crevice between the logs. Lifting the sooty curtain with some timidity, I found the dame with a sort of reel before her, trying to wind some dirty tangled yarn, and ever and anon kicking at a basket which hung suspended from the beam overhead by means of a strip of hickory bark. This basket contained a nest of rags, and an indescribable baby; and in the ashes on the rough hearth played several dingy objects, which, I suppose, had once been babies.

"Is your daughter at home now, Mrs Lowndes?"

"Well, yes; M'randy's to hum, but she's out now. Did you want her?"

"I came to see if she could go to Mrs Larkins, who is very unwell, and sadly in want of help."

"Miss Larkins! why, do tell? I want to know. Is she sick again?—and is her gal gone? Why, I want to know. I thought she had Lo-i-sy Paddon. Is Lo-i-sy gone?"

"I suppose so. You will let Miranda go to Mrs Larkins, will you?"

"Well, I donnow but I would let her go for a spell, just to 'commodate 'em. M'randy may go if she's a mind ter. She needn't live out unless she chooses. She's got a comfortable home, and no thanks to nobody. What wages do they give?" "A dollar a week." "Eat at the table?" "Oh, certainly." "Have Sundays?" "Why, no; I believe not the whole of Sunday; the children, you know——"

"Oh ho!" interrupted Mrs Lowndes with a most disdainful toss of the head, giving at the same time a vigorous impulse to the cradle; "if that's how it is, M'randy don't stir a step. She don't live nowhere if she can't come home Saturday night and stay till Monday morning."

I took my leave without farther parley, having often found this point the *sine qua non* in such negotiations. My next effort was at a pretty-looking cottage, whose overhanging roof and neat outer arrangements spoke of English ownership. The interior by no means corresponded with the exterior aspect, being even more bare than usual, and far from neat. The presiding power was a prodigious creature, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and whose blazing face, ornamented here and there by great hair moles, spoke very intelligibly of the beer-barrel, if of nothing more exciting. A daughter of this virago had once lived in my family, and the mother met me with an air of defiance, as if she thought I had come with an accusation. When I un-

folded my errand, her *abord* softened a little, but she scornfully rejected the idea of her Lucy's living with any more Yankees.

"You pretend to think everybody alike," said she; "but when it comes to the pint, you're a sight more uppish and saasy than the ra'al quality at home; and I'll see the whole Yankee race to——"

I made my exit without waiting for the conclusion of this complimentary observation; and the less reluctant, for having observed on the table the lower part of one of my own silver teaspoons, the top of which had been violently wrenched off. This spoon was a well-remembered loss during Lucy's administration, and I knew that Mrs Larkins had none to spare.

Unsuccessful thus far among the arbiters of our destiny, I thought I would stop at the house of a friend, and make some inquiries which might spare me farther rebuffs. On making my way by the little garden gate to the little library where I usually saw Mrs Stayner, I was surprised to find it silent and uninhabited. The windows were closed; a half-finished cap lay on the sofa, and a bunch of yesterday's wild-flowers upon the table. All spoke of desolation. The cradle—not exactly an appropriate adjunct of a library scene elsewhere, but quite so at the West—was gone, and the little rocking-chair was nowhere to be seen. I went on through parlour and hall, finding no sign of life, save the breakfast table still standing with crumbs undisturbed. Where bells are not known, ceremony is out of the question; so I penetrated even to the kitchen, where at length I caught sight of the fair face of my friend. She was bending over the bread-tray, and at the same time telling nursery-stories as fast as possible, by way of coaxing her little boy of four years old to rock the cradle which contained his baby sister.

"What *does* this mean?"

"Oh, nothing more than usual. My Polly took herself off yesterday without a moment's warning, saying she thought she had lived out about long enough; and poor Tom, our factotum, has the ague. Mr Stayner has gone to some place sixteen miles off, where he was told he might hear of a girl; and I am sole representative of the family energies. But you've no idea what capital bread I can make."

This looked rather discouraging for my quest; but knowing that the main point of table-companionship was the source of most of Mrs Stayner's difficulties, I still hoped for Mrs Larkins, who loved the closest intimacy with her "help," and always took them visiting with her. So I passed on for another effort at Mrs Randall's, whose three daughters had sometimes been known to lay aside their dignity long enough to obtain some much coveted article of dress. But here, also, I was unsuccessful, and went my way, crest-fallen and weary.

Thus baffled, it was for rest more than for inquiry that I turned my steps towards Mrs Clifford's modest dwelling; a house containing just rooms enough for decent comfort, yet inhabited by gentle breeding and feelings which meet but little sympathy in these rough walks. Mrs Clifford was a widow, bowed down by misfortune, and gradually sinking into a sort of desperate apathy, if we may be allowed such a term; a condition to which successive disappointments, and the gradual fading away of long-cherished hopes, will sometimes reduce proud yet honourable minds. [This poor lady had come from England with a son, Augustus, and two daughters, Rose and Anna; misfortunes had reduced the family; and now Augustus was gone to New York in quest of employment. When I entered the parlour (continues the authoress), two sheriff's officers were in the act of putting an execution on the property; and when they had departed, I invited Anna to visit me in the evening. She came, and referred to my inquiries as to a girl for Mrs Larkins.]

"It was a lucky thought that struck me when you said Mrs Larkins wanted a servant. It flashed upon me that in that way I might earn a pittance, however small, on which mamma and Rose can subsist until we hear from Augustus. You see what these horrid debts come to, and we are absolutely without present resources. Ah, I see what you are going to say; but do not even speak of it. Mamma would rather die, I believe! Only get me in at Mrs Larkins's, and you shall see what a famous maid I'll make! I have learned *so* much since we came here! And I have arranged it all with Rose, that mamma shall never discover it. Mamma is a little deaf, you know, and does not hear casual observations, and Rose will take care that nobody tells her. Poor Rose cried a good deal at first; but she saw it was the best thing I could do for mamma, so she consented. She can easily do all that is needed at home, while my strong arms"—and here she extended a pair that Cleopatra might have envied, so round, so graceful, so perfect—"my strong arms can earn all the little comforts that are everything to poor mamma! Won't it be delightful? Oh, I shall be so happy! There is only one sad side. My mother will think—till Augustus returns—that I have selfishly flown from her trials;" and at the thought she burst into tears, for the remembrance of her mother's displeasure weighed sorely upon her.

The thing was settled, and all I could do was to procure the introduction.

Mrs Larkins was at first a little afraid of "such a lady" for a help, but after a close and searching examination, she consented to engage Miss Clifford for a week.

I left Anna in excellent spirits, and during several evening visits which she contrived to make me in the course of this her first week of servitude, she declared herself well satisfied with her situation, and only afraid Mrs Larkins would not care to retain one who was so awkward about many things required in her household. But she must have underrated her own skill; for on the Saturday evening Mr Larkins put into her hands a silver dollar, with a very humble request for a permanent engagement.

The spending of that dollar, Anna Clifford declared to me, was the greatest pleasure she could remember.

Strong in virtuous resolutions, Anna continued her toil, and the Larkinses esteemed themselves the most fortunate of girl-hunters. Anna's active habits, strong sense, and high principle, made all go well; and the influence which she soon established over the household was such as superior intellect would naturally command, where there was no idea of difference of station. Mrs Larkins would have thought the roughest of her neighbours' daughters entitled to a full equality with herself; and she treated Miss Clifford with all the additional respect which her real superiority demanded. It has been well said, that the highest intellectual qualifications may find employment in the arrangements of a household; and our friends the Larkinses, young and old, if they had ever heard of the doctrine, would, I doubt not, have subscribed to it heartily, for they will never forget Miss Clifford's reign.

Among the gentlemen who had been disposed to play the agreeable to Miss Clifford, was a certain Captain Maguire, an Irish officer, who had met her in Montreal. From Anna herself one would never have learned that her beauty had found a solitary adorer; but the tender and unselfish Rose could not help boasting a little, in her quiet way, of the triumphs of her sister's charms. She had thought well of the captain's pretensions, and rather wondered that his handsome person and gallant bearing had not made some impression upon Anna, who was the object of his devoted attention.

"But Anna thought him a coxcomb," she said, "and never threw him the least crumb of encouragement; so, poor fellow, he gave over in despair."

Now, as it would happen, just at the wrong time this unencouraged and despairing gentleman chanced to be one of a party who made a flying pilgrimage to the prairies; and being thus far favoured by chance, he took his further fate into his own hands, so far as sufficed to bring him to the humble village which he had

understood to be shone upon temporarily by the bright eyes of Miss Clifford. He went first to her mother's, of course, and during a short call, ascertained from the old lady that her youngest daughter was on a visit to us. The captain was not slow in taking advantage of the information, and he was at our door before Rose had at all made up her mind what should be done in such an emergency.

I was equally embarrassed, since one never knows on what nice point those things called love-affairs may turn. However, I detained the captain, and wrote a note to Miss Clifford. What was my surprise when a verbal answer was returned, inviting Captain Maguire and myself to Mrs Larkins's. There was no alternative, so I shawled forthwith; but I really do not know how I led the young gentleman through the shop into the rag-carpeted sitting-room of Mrs Larkins. The scene upon which the door opened must have been a novel one for fashionable optics.

Anna Clifford, with a white apron depending from her taper-waist, stood at the ironing-table, half hidden by a clothes-frame already well-covered with garments of all sizes. Mrs Larkins occupied her own dear creaking rocking-chair, holding a little one in her lap, and jogging another in the cradle, while blued-eyed minims trotted about or sat gravely staring at the strangers.

"Get up, young 'uns!" said Mrs Larkins hastily, as Captain Maguire's imposing presence caught her eye, and Miss Clifford came forward to welcome him. "Jump up! clear out!" And as she spoke, she tipped one of the minims off a chair, offering the vacated seat to the gentleman, who, not noticing that it was a nursing chair, some three or four inches lower than usual, plumped into it after a peculiar fashion, a specimen of bathos far less amusing to the young officer than to the infant Larkinses, who burst into a very natural laugh.

Miss Clifford meanwhile asked after friends in Montreal and elsewhere, and entertained her dashing beau with all the ease and grace that belonged to the drawing-rooms in which they had last met. It was most amusing to note the air with which Anna ran over the splendid names of her quondam friends, and to contrast it with the puzzled look which would make itself evident, spite of "power of face," in the countenance of her visitor. Never was man more completely mistified.

Mr Larkins now brought in a huge armful of stove-wood, which he threw into a corner with a loud crash.

"Will there be as much wood as you'll want, Miss Clifford?" said he.

"Yes—quite enough, thank you," said Anna composedly; "I have nearly finished the ironing."

At this the captain, with a look in which was concentrated the essence of a dozen shrugs, took his leave, declaring himself quite delighted to have found Miss Clifford looking so well.

We were no sooner in the open air than he began—and I did not wonder—

"May I ask—will you tell me, madam, what is the meaning of Miss Clifford's travesty? Is she masquerading for some frolic? or is it a bet?—for I know young ladies do bet, sometimes."

"Neither, sir," I replied. "Miss Clifford is, in sad and sober earnest, filling the place of a servant, that she may procure the necessaries of life for her family. More than one friend would gladly offer aid in an emergency, which we trust will be only temporary; but Miss Clifford, with rare independence, prefers devoting herself as you have seen."

"Bless my soul, what a noble girl! What uncommon spirit and resolution! I never heard anything like it! Such a splendid creature to be so sacrificed!" These, and a hundred other enthusiastic expressions, broke from the gay captain, while I recounted some of the circumstances which had brought Mrs Clifford's family to this low ebb; but as he pursued his trip to the prairies the next morning, without attempting to procure another interview with the lady he so warmly admired, I came to the conclusion—not a very uncharitable one, I hope—that Anna had shown her usual acuteness in the estimate she had formed of his character.

Perhaps the captain thought his pay too trifling to be shared with so exalted a heroine. But we must not complain; for his mistified look and manner at Mrs Larkins's affords us a permanent income of laughter, which is something in these dull times; and I have learned, by means of his visit, that there is one really independent woman in the world.

As levying day had come before it was expected, so selling day, the time so dreaded by the affectionate daughters, came duly on, and no tidings yet of Augustus. Many letters had been forwarded to his address in New York, and no answers arriving, the anxiety of the family had been such as almost to drown all sense of the hopeless, helpless destitution which now seemed to threaten them. Being alone at this time, and wishing that whatever it was possible to do might be done properly for Mrs Clifford, I took the liberty of sending for a neighbour, that is, a country neighbour—one who lived "next door," about four miles off—a gentleman well versed in the law, though not practising professionally.

Mr Edward Percival, this friend of ours, came into this country—then a land of promise indeed—some seven years since. Having inherited a large tract of wild land, he chose to leave great advantages behind him, for the sake of becoming an improver, a planter, a pioneer—what not? [By the aid of this obliging young person the selling day was staved off, and Mr Percival, unknown to the family, started off in search of Augustus—found him ill, but contrived to bring him home.]

While Augustus was gaining strength, his friend made the discovery that he was in pressing want of an assistant in his business. He had great tracts of land in far-away counties, calling for immediate attention; there was a great amount of overcharged taxes, which must be argued down, if possible, at various offices; he had distant and very slippery debtors; in short, just such a partner as Augustus Clifford would make was evidently indispensable; and Augustus got well.

Anna had come home to help to nurse her brother, but with such positive promise of return, that Mr Larkins did not go girl-hunting, but mixed griddle-cakes, and dressed the children unrepiningly during the interregnum. When Augustus recovered, the secret of the weekly dollar was confided to him, and Anna prepared for going back to her "place." The brother was naturally very averse to this, and laboured hard to persuade her that he should now be able to make all comfortable without this terrible sacrifice. But she persisted in fulfilling her engagement, and, moreover, declared that it really was not a sacrifice worth naming.

"Look at your hands, dear Anna!" said Rose.

"Oh, I do look at them; but what then? Of what possible use are white satin hands in the country? I should have browned them with gardening, if nothing else; and when once Uncle Hargrave's money comes, a few weeks' gloving will make a lady of me again."

"But Mr Percival, I am sure——" Rose tried to whisper, but Anna would not hear her, and only ran away the faster.

By and by Uncle Hargrave's legacy did come; and whether by a gloving process or not, it was not long before Anna's hands recovered their beauty. Mrs Larkins lost the best "help" she ever had; and Anna at length told all to her mother, who learned more by means of this effort of her daughter, than all her misfortunes had been able to teach her.

The legacy, like many a golden dream, had been tricked out by the capricious wand of Fancy. In its real and tangible form, far from enabling Mrs Clifford to return to city splendour, it proved so moderate in amount, that she was obliged to perceive that a comfortable home even in the country would depend, in some degree, on economy and good management. Certainty being thus substituted for the vague and glittering phantom which had misled her, and helped to benumb her naturally good understanding, she set herself about the work

of reform with more vigour than could have been anticipated; and an expression of quiet happiness again took possession of faces which had long been saddened by present or dreaded evils.

Strange to say, Mr Edward Percival, by nature the most frank, manly, straightforward person in the world, seems lately to have taken a manœuvring turn. After showing very unmistakable signs of an especial admiration of Mrs Larkins's "girl," he scarce ventures to offer her the slightest attention. At the same time, his interest in the ponderous mamma is remarkable, to say the least. Hardly a fine day passes that does not see a certain low open carriage at Mrs Clifford's door, and a grave but gallant cavalier, handsome and well-equipped, soliciting the old lady's company for a short drive. This is certainly a very delicate mode of mesmerising a young lady, but it is not without effect. Anna does not go to sleep—far from it; but her eyelids are observed to droop more than usual; and choice flowers, which come almost daily from the mesmeriser's greenhouse, are very apt to find their way from the parlour vase to the soft ringlets of the lovely sleep-waker. What these signs may portend we must leave to the scientific.

Mr Percival came from the very heart's core of Yankeeland, and he has been four years a widower. These disabilities have been duly represented to Miss Clifford; nay—I will not aver that they may not even have been wickedly dwelt upon—thrown in her teeth, as it were, by one who loves to tease such victims; and I have come to the conclusion, which Anna herself suggested to me the other day, hiding at the same time her blushing face on my shoulder, after a confidential chit-chat—"There certainly is a fate in these things."

THE STAG-HUNT OF CHANTILLY.

Partant pour la chasse—What a host of recollections of old pictures are called up by these words—what reminiscences of old chansons no longer sung! The very thought of the bluff knights going forth in a spring morning dressed in antique guise, with attendants holding leashes of hounds, and huntsmen galloping their horses through far-winding glades in the greenwood, is quite refreshing in these painstaking and right-orderly times. The *chasse* is evidently settling down into the things that were; it is heard of in all its glory only by tradition. The world is too busy for it. The necessity to make, sell, and live, is too urgent to allow of "any such nonsense."

Of late, the royal house of Orleans has made the attempt to revive *la chasse*, as well as to introduce into France *courses des chevaux*—in plain English, horse-races. A kind of perception that a people do not "get on" the worse for being now and then amused, and allowed to kick up the heels of their mind, is apparently at the bottom of the movement. Any way, there the thing is. Chantilly, celebrated in its day, and still one of the prettiest places in France, distant about twenty-five miles from the capital, has been constituted the head-quarters of the revelries, which partake of something like the old *chasse*—horses, hounds, men, dogs, and a great deal of racing and chasing quite to one's heart's content. To see one of these affairs is worth going a great many miles; but there are other inducements. Chantilly was once the seat of the Dukes of Condé, and the splendid stables alone belonging to the domain, somewhere about half as large again as the national gallery, and six times as splendid a monument of architecture, are themselves worth travelling that distance to see. They are at the back of the town, facing the *pelouse*, or vast turfed plain on which the races take place. Covering an extent of ground almost as great as Buckingham Palace, with their lofty windows, elegant cupolas, vast courts, spacious riding-schools, their poetry of the middle ages, their association with the days when Dukes of Condé were dukes indeed, their long train of chivalric recollections; with all this, they present rather the appearance of superb mansions than of stables for horses. Enter, however, the great gateway in the *façade*, and as soon as you have recovered from the feeling of admiration which the grandeur of the interior building excites, look to the right and to the left, and you will soon perceive that you are in a stable, and nothing but a stable, though one of no ordinary kind—racks, mangers, stalls, and all other appliances being on the most splendid scale. The spectacle makes one almost feel that it is a pity to see such marvellously fine accommodations for horses, while the peasantry around are not one-half so comfortably lodged. We are, however, not to moralise, but to recount facts. Of the palace in which the Dukes of Condé lived, the revolution spared but little. Only a fragment exists; but the beautifully laid-out gardens, the forest, and many other things which yet remain, tell what Chantilly once was. Chantilly, as a town, is nothing—it has but one real street, one church, one hospital; its long street runs at a right angle to the high road to Paris. Its hospital is a rare old building; its church is pretty and curious.

I was present at the first race and at the first hunt which took place at Chantilly under the auspices of the present dynasty, and never shall I forget the bustle, the activity, the fuss, which for one good month prevailed, nor the anxiety which pervaded the minds and bodies of the inhabitants. I saw all the preparations, the hopes, the self-importance of the little town, and, as a good Chantillian, I joined in their anxiety; I felt, I appreciated the honour that was about to be done us. First, the *maire* called meetings, which were attended, as was fit, by all the great people of the town. What was decided on at these meetings, since nothing ever came of them, no one ever knew. Then, rooms were cleaned out, closets were called bed-rooms, and a universal rise in rent took place. Then came the horses and the jockeys, and this flurried our hearts considerably. Hunters and hounds without number next made their appearance; every hour brought some new arrival. Never since the palmy days of the Condés had so much of horse-flesh and of the canine race been seen in these parts. The bourgois were in ecstacies. And then the carpenters; for six weeks they worked most gloriously, most indefatigably, at the grand stand, the little stands, and all the stands, which were of course so called because everybody sat in them. The royal stand was of course the great thing. It was a model of art; about as big as a moderate-sized opera box, with coarse red cloth inside, plenty of paint out, a profusion of Dianas and Nimrods, and nymphs and satyrs—what could be more elegant? The little boys and girls, and many of the big ones too, were lost in admiration.

The day at length came, but not the king. There were, however, the late Duke of Orleans, the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale, but papa didn't come; and we had Fieschi to thank for that. A profusion of English, of Italian, of Spanish, presented themselves; and also a Russian nobleman, who, taking a whole stand to himself, enlivened the race. But the people came in thousands and tens of thousands. From Paris, and from every town, village, and hamlet, within fifteen or twenty miles, came men, women, children, on horseback, on assback, in carts, on foot—never had Chantilly seen such things before. A race-course three miles round was densely crowded with people in dresses of every character and colour; a mile of carriages—of course more than half English—drew up in front of the stands. Then there were the soldiers: true, they seemed to have borrowed all our cab-hacks for the occasion—but never mind; they were soldiers in earnest, and they knocked the people about, and trod on their heels with so good-natured an air, one hardly thought them the body-guard of the first king in Europe. The races were, in themselves, ridiculous to one who had seen Epsom or Newmarket. English horses were excluded, though English jockeys were not. We shall, however, spare the details. Suffice it to say, the day passed over

gloriously; the people were delighted, and returned home, doubtless to talk over the event for months.

On the morning of the next day I rose at six, mounted my gray nag, and started for the meeting. I was not the first in the field. The street was already crowded; horsemen, pedestrians, carriages, hunters, hounds, ladies young and old, ugly and pretty, English and French, in satin shoes and in sabots, were hurrying along. The scene was admirable. When I reached the *pelouse*, which lies between the town and the forest, it was dotted over with anxious sight-seers. Here and there a red coat and white shorts, or a black or a chocolate coat and white shorts, proclaimed one of the *élite*—some Parisian exquisite, or St James's lounger, moving faster than ever he did in his life before: the royal hunters, in their superb liveries of red, and blue, and gold, with their enormous French horns and hungry hounds, were trotting across the plain. A barouche—then a britska, followed. After them, perhaps, came an old woman on a mule, a pretty girl upon an ass, a boy and a pony, I on my Rozinante; carts and carriages, horses and asses, horsemen and horsewomen, all tended one way, and I was not singular. It was to the *Place de la Table Ronde*. This spot is a central opening in the forest of Chantilly, to which some dozen roads tend. The Place is extensive, and in the middle is a large round stone table, of one solitary slab, quite Egyptian in size, and quite a curiosity in its way. Round the open glade were ranged hundreds of carriages; fresh ones were every moment arriving from every avenue, each of which, as the eye fell upon it, appeared a living stream. It was a lovely beginning; a stag-hunt extraordinary. Horsemen caracoled, hounds growled, the hunters used their long whips, the round table—at least the dense crowd on it—hallooed, while others, more prudent, sat down and devoured their breakfasts.

A loud shout rent the air. It was the royal dukes arriving with a gay cavalcade. They were fine young men, and particularly the late Duke of Orleans; and when they came up to where I was standing, were chatting in most excellent English with a titled representative of our aristocracy and sporting men. I forget his name. The crowd shouted again; the ladies stood up in the carriages and waved their white handkerchiefs and equally white hands—the princes bowed, smiled, and then—went off at a full gallop, followed by the whole multitude—carriages, carts, mules, horses, asses, footmen! After what? The deer had been started. Knowing well, by the official programme, where the deer was to be driven to, I did not follow the motley multitude; but, striking a line through a narrow path of the forest, made for the fish-ponds. A few minutes, however, brought me once more in contact with the crowd. It happened that two deer had been started; one set of hounds took after one, and one after another. The hunters too, of course, also separated, and so did the carriages, the mules, the satin, the *sabots*, the asses: not relishing the kind of sport, I followed neither. A leisure ride of half an hour brought me to the fish-ponds, and here again were the people. The ponds are situated in a deep and picturesque valley, surrounded on all sides by the thick forest. Along every slope, on every side of the valley, were parties of men, women, and children, eating, drinking, laughing, talking, chatting, and wondering when the deer would be driven to the water, and who would have the honour of putting his *couteau de chasse* into him. Such a stag-hunt had never been seen before. The forest resounded with cries, hallooing, shrieking, laughing—every shade and variety of the human voice. I rode round the valley, crossed one of the many dams which separate the ponds, and passed the time examining the several features of the scene.

An hour or two passed by. The whole hunting cavalcade, carriages, horses, asses, mules, footmen, men, women, and children, dogs and hunters, all came to the fish-pond to lunch at the chateau *de la Reine Blanche*. But not a deer was to be seen or heard of. The fact was, the crowds of people crossing, recrossing, treading, throwing up the dust with their heels, quite broke the scent. The dogs were running hither and thither. "*La! voila.*" "*Non! la voila!*" In a word, every one had seen the deer every way, and noboby could find it. Meanwhile the princes, who, it seemed by their appearance, had not over-heated themselves, took it very coolly, and, with the whole multitude, went to lunch. It was evident that the chasseurs, racers, or whatever they may be called, did not care a sous about the game. It was only the pleasure of the excitement, the gaiety, the hilarity of the thing. In this view of the case they were real philosophers. If roistering, and laughing, and exercise do one good, then they deserve all praise, for they had them to their heart's content. Nor was the light-hearted run-a-foot part of the concern a particle less benefited. Yes, there is often much good in a good stirring laugh and a run on the green sward. Having at all events procured a famous appetite in their gambols, all, from the royal duke to the humblest garçon—there being no distinction in the matter of stomachs—sought to appease it. But the *Reine Blanche* had not anticipated so much custom. In a quarter of an hour everything eatable, everything drinkable, had disappeared, and yet half the mass had tasted nothing. I had been wiser than the generality, and fortunately possessed a few sandwiches and a small bottle of wine and water, with which I solaced myself, and was happy in affording a few mouthfuls to a lady who seemed almost ready to expire with exhaustion. The general want of provisions damped the ardour of the sportsmen. The people, the dukes, the dogs, the hunters, having nothing to do, returned to their chase, but in vain; and about six o'clock gave up and returned to Chantilly to enjoy a grand banquet, where, doubtless, they were more at home than with the stag-hounds. The Russian prince, however, as soon as the forest was clear—determined not to be defeated—started with his fresh pack and a few friends, and at nine brought the head of the deer in triumph into the banquet hall. Thus ended the first stag-hunt at Chantilly, which no one remembered better than I, and the fair and hungry lady. Good reason why; she is no longer a spinster, and I—— the reader will guess the remainder.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN PARISH ROBERTSON.

Particular circumstances enable us to give a sketch of the life of a man extraordinary in many respects—John Parish Robertson—who died on the 1st of November last at Calais, whither he had gone for the benefit of a mild climate. This individual, it will be recollected, returned to England a few years ago as ambassador for some of the South American republics, a function to which he was chosen on account of the remarkable talents and energy which he had shown in that part of the world in his capacity as a merchant: singular to tell, he had left his native country, only a few years before, as a boy, without either money or friends. A career distinguished by so extraordinary a circumstance cannot, we may well suppose, be without some interest.

The father of the subject of our memoir was at one time assistant-secretary to the Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh: we remember him in the decline of his days, a clever, lively, quaint old man, with a strong spice of the good breeding of the old school, which gave at once limitation and point to his many humorous sallies, and made him the delight of listening youth. The mother of Mr Robertson was Juliet Parish, daughter of an eminent Hamburgh merchant of Scottish extraction. John Parish Robertson was born either in Kelso or Edinburgh, and educated at the grammar school of Dalkeith. While he was still a boy, his father was obliged, on account of bad health, to resign his situation in the bank, and enter a mercantile house

at Glasgow. Commissioned to visit the river Plate for business objects, he took his clever boy along with him, partly for the sake of his company, and partly with a view to introduce him to a mercantile career. They were together in Monte Video when it was occupied by the British under General Whitelock in 1806; and Mr Robertson used to say that his first appearance in public life was as a powder-monkey, having been put to the business of handing out cartridges during some of the military operations of the place. On the cession of this city, Mr Robertson senior sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, but sent his son home by the shortest road. The boy had now, however, imbibed a taste for foreign mercantile adventure; and before he had been long at home, and while still in his fourteenth year, he resolved to start anew on his own account, by a vessel bound from Greenock for Rio Janeiro. When he had paid his passage in this bark, he found himself in possession of two guineas, and one of these he thought it as well to send back to his mother, who he thought might need it more than he, as his father was still absent.

The humble duties of a clerk at Rio and on the river Plate brought Robertson on to near his twenty-first year, by which time his abilities and good conduct had gained him the confidence of several influential persons. He was now enabled to proceed in the capacity of a mercantile agent to Assumption, the chief city of Paraguay, a country of great resources, but at that time, and for many years after, prostrated under the eccentric tyrant Francia. Of his residence there, and all that fell under his notice, including an interview with the tyrant himself, he afterwards presented a faithful account to the world, in two works entitled *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Francia's Reign of Terror*. Being compelled by Francia to leave the country in 1815, along with a younger brother who had joined him, he sailed with the remainder of his property for Buenos Ayres, but was stopped by accident at Corrientes, and induced to remain there for some time. This part of South America was now under the control of a mere master of brigands, by name Artigas, who plundered the poor estancieros, or farmers, at his pleasure, and was indeed rapidly reducing the province to a desert. The circumstances which detained Mr Robertson were as follow.

He was one evening sitting under the corridor of his house, revolving what slight accidents among these marauders might give his body to the dogs, and his property to the winds, when he was accosted by a tall raw-boned ferocious looking man in gaucho attire (that is, the attire of the shepherd chiefs of these plains), with two cavalry pistols stuck in his girdle, a sabre in a rusty steel scabbard, &c.; unkempt, unwashed, and blistered to the eyes; and who, with a page or follower entirely worthy of himself, rode up to his very chair. Mr Robertson expected that these would speedily be followed by others, and, in short, that the period he had expected was come. This, however, proved a friend; an *Irishman* of the name of Campbell, originally bred as a tanner, afterwards a soldier, who, having remained in the country when it was evacuated by the British, was at this time in possession of a command under Artigas, and for his desperate courage much esteemed by him. To Mr Robertson's astonishment, this man, who had previously seen him in a very critical period of his history, a prisoner in the camp of Artigas, but who was now his friend, the moment he had heard of his arrival from Paraguay, under circumstances of misfortune which were perfectly known to him, had conceived a plan of operations for their mutual interest. "There is not an estanciero," he said, "that has the courage to go to his own estate, or to peep out of his own window, unless he knows I am out to protect him; nor is there a gaucho among them dares to interfere with them, knowing I *am out*. I know you have the control of large property here, and that you are endeavouring to convert it into produce to take to Buenos Ayres; but you will never get all you want, till you command my humble abilities. Therefore let me go out and scour the country with your money, carried by Eduardo (his follower); and I promise you, that in a year the hides of 50,000 bullocks, and 100,000 horses, shall be sent here or to Goya" [a port about 150 miles nearer Buenos Ayres]. "I don't want much salary," he continued; "I like the occupation. Give me 1200 dollars a-year [about L.250] for myself and Eduardo, and I am your man. I want nothing for my expenditure either in food or horses; my friends are ever too happy to see me, to admit of remuneration for either."

In conclusion, this bargain was struck; money to a large amount was from time to time intrusted to this man, and he always faithfully accounted for it. He made many large purchases, and as honestly paid for them. The Messrs Robertson found the business so profitable, that they at last invested L.5000 even in the wagons and bullocks necessary to transport their merchandise. As the people came to their abandoned and miserable-looking establishments, Campbell and his men would set about helping them to put their farm-houses into repair, to get their corrales, or pens for cattle, made good, to collect some milch-cows and horses, and to gather together a flock of sheep from the peon's huts scattered about. He would here procure from some village a carpenter to mend doors and set up wagons; and there he would engage to send carts of our own to take away produce. He aroused the small towns and villages, as well as the estancieros, from their dormant state into an active pursuit of business; and, in short, under the protection, as it may be said, of this admirable fellow, and the enterprise of these liberal and adventurous men, the country, as if by magic, started into new life and prosperity. Messrs Robertson, however, were induced by prudential considerations to wind up the business after a year, and retire to Buenos Ayres. Campbell soon after sunk into some obscure situation.

In 1817 Mr Robertson returned to Scotland, at once to revisit home and establish more extensive and intimate relations with it, having left his brother and a friend in charge of matters in Buenos Ayres. He was now received by his grandfather (by this time in splendid retirement at Bath) as a worthy scion of the house. He in due time settled at Liverpool, for the purpose of establishing connections there and at Manchester; and he added Glasgow, Paisley, and London. In the end of 1820 he sailed again for Buenos Ayres, but destined for Chili and Peru. He effected settlements in those quarters also; and thus, as he states in the last of his "Letters on South America," their connection extended "from Paraguay to Corrientes, from Corrientes to Santa Fe, from Santa Fe to Buenos Ayres, and round Cape Horn, and across the Andes, to Chili and Peru." In fine, in the autumn of 1824 or 1825, this still young man landed at the port of Greenock, which he had left about eighteen years before with a single guinea in his pocket, with claims and assets to the value of L.100,000; in a ship chartered for his sole use, and with the character of political agent and representative in this country of several of the South American republics.

It is truly painful to think that this well-gained wealth and distinction was to be of brief duration. He had established himself in London in connection with some of the first merchants there, and was prepared to carry on South American business with new spirit and new means, when the wide-spread ruin of 1826 involved him, and he was compelled to return to that country to attempt the recovery of some part of his fortune. Baffled in this object, he returned in 1830 comparatively an impoverished man, and finding that he must wait in the hope of better days, he quietly entered himself a student in Corpus Christi college, Cambridge, in order to effect an object he had long contemplated, that of making himself a scholar. It was an odd resolution in one approaching forty, but not unworthy of an enthusiasm which had already in another walk led him to such brilliant results. He did acquire, in three years, much scholarship, but it was at a cost somewhat

too great, as afterwards appeared. Mr Robertson, it may be remarked, though under the middle size, was originally of a robust frame of body; but he had undergone, in the course of his adventurous career in South America, much fatigue and hardship, and some flesh and spirit-shaking trials of no ordinary kind. While still a youth, he had had many long journeys on horseback across the Pampas and the Cordilleras, and in various other directions, in pursuit of business objects. On one occasion, in ascending the Parana by navigation, he had had his ship and cargo seized, and himself carried before the brutal Artigas, who was about to shoot him, when his brother arrived, and successfully interceded for him. The writer of this has seen a small prayer-book belonging to him, in the fly-leaf of which he had written a prayer in contemplation of immediate death on this occasion. Then he had seen the fruits of all his toils reft from him in one moment, and himself reduced from something like greatness to penury: few pass altogether unaffected in health through such calamities. The addition of severe study was little needed to endanger the constitutional health of this remarkable man. So it was, however, that he found it necessary to retire from college sooner than he intended, and seek for new vigour in a beautifully placed cottage in the Isle of Wight.

Here, for about a year, he was chiefly occupied with his endeavours to obtain an arrangement of his business affairs. The necessity of seeking for bread then (1834) brought him to London, where for some years more his pursuits were almost solely of a literary kind. Besides publishing the two works on South America which have been named, he contributed many papers on similar subjects to the magazines, and thus contrived to realise some moderate gains. More recently, he gave the world a work entitled *Letters on South America*. Another comparatively recent event of his life was his marriage to a young lady who loved him solely for his own sake and "for the dangers he had passed." He contemplated, we believe, a third series of South American Letters, but death has stepped in to baulk the intention.

Such is, we fear, a very imperfect outline of the life of one of those men—the guiltless Napoleons of common life—who occasionally start from obscurity under impulses given to them by Providence for no mean purposes. Robertson was, we think, altogether a remarkable man—a merchant while yet a boy—a political figure of considerable importance while little above thirty—afterwards an accomplished scholar and litterateur, and all this without anything like the basis of patrimony or education—all the product of his own innate energy and genius. His first independent act in life stamps, we think, the moral nature of the man as pure and genuine. It never was belied by any subsequent act. His courage and coolness in the most trying situations could not be exceeded; and as his means increased, so did his liberality to his family, and to all having claims upon him.

His enterprise, and the soundness of his judgment in that enterprise, were equally conspicuous, though ultimately baffled by misconduct, not so much in individuals, as in states. He was the first to open up and to establish a considerable intercourse with Paraguay; and though himself extruded from that country, the intercourse he had established he still kept up. The extent of his transactions at Corrientes, and the consequences to himself and the country, have been in some degree indicated. Upwards of one thousand bullocks were at last daily occupied on land, and several ships on water, in carrying on the business of which he was the head. He and his brother not only repeatedly rode along great part of the distance from Corrientes to Buenos Ayres in the course of that business, with the rapidity of couriers, but they established a regular courier, perhaps the first and only one ever established on the banks of the Parana. As the voyage up the Plate and Parana, by the usual mode of tracking the vessels, was in the last degree tedious and expensive, Mr Robertson, at his own expense and risk, introduced steam, having sent a steam-vessel from this country under the command of a friend. Agriculture on a proper principle being almost unknown in those countries, Mr Robertson purchased an estate of many thousand acres within twenty miles of Buenos Ayres, and introduced on it a colony of Scottish agriculturists, with all their implements and habits, including the schoolmaster and clergyman. The moment he could calculate that the republics of Chili and Peru, or even their principal cities, would be open to British commerce, he followed in the wake of the conquerors, who were his particular friends, and established a trade on the most respectable scale; and finally, though he left a trade established, and warehouses stocked with every requisite for its continuance, he was himself so prudent in his selection of customers, that on leaving those establishments to come and serve the republics in which they had been set up in this country, he did not leave three thousand dollars due to them in any direction. Wherever he saw an opening for industry, thither he went; and wherever he went, he organised a trade; and not merely with a view to the present, but also to future times. All his plans will yet pay, though not to him; and they would have paid him, but for a perversity in the states which he sought to benefit, that astonished and disappointed every one taking an interest in their affairs, as well as himself. Even his estate of Monte-Grande, which, as a model introduced for the benefit of the republic, much more than of the individual, should have been held sacred, was profaned and almost devastated by the barbarous followers of the wretches contending for political power; the trees on it being broken down for fire-wood in some of their senseless contests, and the walls of the gardens and houses used as fortifications. Yet notwithstanding all these injuries, personal, and, it may be said, public, and although he has related traits in the persons who have successively risen to power in those states, which seem to stigmatise the people, yet he has never written of them in any other than a spirit of the greatest impartiality and even tenderness.

Mr Robertson's features were not fine, but they were manly and pleasing. In business he was grave and decided, but business over, he was all cheerfulness. Being imprisoned with his brother at Corrientes by some worthies who had mistaken their power, he turned their prison into a ball-room, as is related by his brother, not in the way of bravado, but to make his more unfortunate companions temporarily happy. Being stripped of everything, even his linen, by the soldiers of Artigas, and an old soldier's coat thrown to him in lieu of all, he was still cheerful; and whenever, on his visits to this country, he could strike up a dance instead of indulging at table, he was ever ready to do it. His wish to diffuse more lasting happiness was not less. A friend in Liverpool having lost his all, Mr Robertson, without being solicited, but asking what would assist him, gave him L.2000. A friend of his father in Edinburgh (when he required a friend) having expressed a wish to carry out some improvements on his estate, which required a similar amount, Mr Robertson gave it. His liberality in encouraging useful enterprise has been already mentioned; and, in short, what he acquired by skill as a merchant, he used with munificence as a man. Of all the sums so bestowed, it is believed he lost little; his losses proceeded from the faults of states, and not of individuals.

As a writer, we think Mr Robertson's style is singularly clear and strong; and as he wrote mostly of what he had seen, his descriptions are in the last degree graphic, as well as entertaining and useful. He sometimes fails in humour—in serious matters never. His conversational style was good; and having travelled far, and read and thought much, and mingled in almost every variety of life, his opinions were always ready and sound. Had he lived to write more variously, he would have attained a higher place, because in that

variety would have been displayed the extent of his information and his sagacity; and even in the peculiar path he had chosen, no one who knew him doubts that the concluding portion of his labours would have been the most valuable.

BENEVOLENCE OF THE POOR.

[The following paper, by the late Alexander Bethune, the enlightened and pure-minded Fifeshire peasant, seems to us of considerable value, from the presumable truthfulness of all that is stated in it as fact. In this character it is of consequence, we think, as a report on the economy, circumstances, and feelings of a portion of the humbler classes; that subject which is now everywhere engaging so much attention. At the same time some abatement must needs be made from Bethune's remarks on the affluent classes—a subject on which the poor man is generally as much a visionary as the rich man is about the poor, and from the same sad cause—ignorance.]

To become rich is evidently, with many, the sole aim and object of their existence. With the single idea of *riches*, they seem to associate comfort, consequence, "space in the world's thought," and all that is worth following after. Yet the rich rarely fail to tell us of the miseries they endure—of the accumulation of care, and the increase of anxiety, which fortune inflicts on them. The poor would be rich, while the rich indulge in day-dreams about the happiness of the poor. Both are perhaps deceived by appearances. That the rich are so, might easily be proved. Many of those evils of which not a few of the rich complain, might be entirely cured by a better acquaintance with those of that class which they deem so happy. How would it alter the ideas of those who murmur over imaginary evils—those who never knew what it was to encounter a real hardship, or meet a real misfortune in their lives—were they only subjected for a short time to live and labour with the poor! The lady, for instance, who frets and supposes herself perfectly miserable, because she has been disappointed in her expectations of being invited to this or that party, or because some part of her dress does not become her well, or because twenty other things, which might be mentioned, are not within a whole hair's-breadth of what she would have them—what would her feelings be, were she to take a scanty breakfast at six o'clock in the morning, travel two or three miles, and turn out by seven to spread manure, not with any instrument, but with her delicate white fingers! Shrink not from the loathsomeness of the idea—to spread dung with her fingers, in turnip or potato drills, till six in the evening; and should her strength or dexterity prove less than that of her companions, to have her ears assaulted with the oaths and upbraidings of a heartless wretch, whom his master keeps for the purpose; and to hear herself called upon to "get on," in language with which no writer would blot his page! To add to the discomfort of the scene, a wet day may be supposed, and the possibility of returning home drenched to the skin at night, to an extinct fire! To deepen the picture yet another shade, think of a woman supporting herself and a child, or, it may be, two, upon the eightpence or tenpence a-day, which is the most this drudgery will produce. Say not that this is too dark a picture; its darkness might be deepened by many shades, and still the depth of those waters, through which many a poor man and woman must wade, remain untouched. Yet distressed, pinched, and scorned as the poor often are—great as are their privations, it is surprising how much they often do for each other. Here the comparison between poor and rich is very striking. When the wealthy impart their guinea to relieve distress, they probably give but a five-hundredth or a thousandth part of their revenue. The poor in serving the poor frequently give the last mouthful of food which they can call their own. Surely this is benevolence with the least imaginable tincture of selfishness.

These desultory remarks were suggested by an incident with which their writer lately became acquainted. At a short distance from his place of residence stands what was once a little lonely farm; but the land which belonged to it being taken in lease some years ago by a neighbouring farmer, the offices were fitted up for dwelling-houses, and are now inhabited. Past it winds one of those broken, uncouth, and ill-conducted roads, which, half a century ago, were all our fathers had to travel on. This road is now little frequented, save by the ragged boy who takes it for *a nearer cut*, or the wandering beggar, who, finding it difficult to supply his wants and procure quarters near the highway, where his trade is overdriven, strikes off into remote and secluded districts, where he has fewer competitors, and the people are more willing to bestow an alms.

Along this road, a few days ago, came a man, a woman, and two children, the youngest of whom, a suckling infant, she carried in her arms. The man was middle-aged, the woman apparently still young; and want and privation were pictured in the faces of the whole. The man entered the first house he came to, while the woman—she was his wife—with the children, remained at the door. Here the family were in moderate circumstances, and comfortable for their station. He asked and obtained leave "to light his pipe." The pipe was empty; and after several unsuccessful attempts, it was given up as hopeless; but there appeared in his manner still a wish to linger. He was, however, told that *he must go*, and went. When he came out, his wife and he exchanged hopeless looks, and their heads dropped heavily on their bosoms. They then proceeded to the next door, and stood before it for a space, like people seeking the means of escape from some terrible calamity, or trying to muster courage for some desperate attempt. At last the man entered as before, and again he asked and obtained leave "to light his pipe;" but again the pipe was empty, and his attempts to light it unsuccessful. This was the house of a widow, whose husband had died about a twelvemonth before, leaving her in very poor circumstances. Beside her, at the time, sat a woman, by courtesy called the wife of an invalid, whose earnings for many months had only amounted to a few shillings. Infamy, it was said, was attached to their connexion; and this the world had not failed to visit on their heads with something worse than neglect. Here, however, the unfortunates were destined to find better fortune. After the pipe-lighting had proved utterly unsuccessful, the wife and children were kindly invited to "come in and rest them." Their wants were inquired into, and commiserated. Let pleasure-hunting pomp blush to hear what follows. Neither of the two, without the assistance of the other, could supply the wants of the strangers. The one had a small quantity of milk, which had been the gratuitous gift of a neighbour to herself; the other had a scanty store of meal, which she had probably purchased with her last shilling; and by laying their slender means together, they contrived to set before the hunger-bitten travellers a meal—their breakfast. It was now almost noon. This unwonted kindness drew forth their story.

The man, according to his own account, was by trade a dyer; and after having fallen out of employment, and exhausted all the means he could think of for procuring it, he had quitted his home in the expectation of finding, if not work, at least food for himself and his starving family. But he had not been bred to beg, and could not ask it. With his wife matters were still worse. She was even ashamed to have it known that they were in want. The pipe-lighting had been often tried, and with various degrees of success. Sometimes it produced an inquiry if they had got their breakfast or their dinner; sometimes not. And on the previous night, after all their endeavours to procure the shelter of a house had failed, after they had preferred the request at every door they came to, so long as they could find a door open, or any one awake to listen, supperless, and wearied out with travelling, they had made their bed

beside a hedge, with the sky for curtains and a covering, the mother keeping her infant warm in her bosom, and the father doing his best to preserve animal heat in their other child. Thus they passed the night. As morning advanced, and early risers began to stir, they resumed their comfortless wanderings, in the hope that some one would offer them that bread which they could not muster courage to seek. But there are seasons when Fortune seems to set all her powers in array against the victims of her wrath. The pipe-lighting, and such other simple stratagems as they could devise, had all failed, and they had travelled, faint and fasting, till they found a morsel where this narrative found them.

When the cravings of nature were satisfied, and this simple story told, they parted with a few homely but heartfelt expressions of gratitude, a tear, and a promise if, should it please God that they should ever meet under a reverse of fortunes, they would not forget the kindness they had experienced beneath that humble roof. "While there is life there is hope," saith the proverb; and it is well for the poor that hope seldom abandons them. When friends have proved false, and fortune hath forsaken them, in the abyss of misery they cling to it; it cheers them with a meteor-light amid the storm; props them with its illusions when about to fall; leads them with a steady hand over the precipice of despair; nor ever leaves them till the mortal sweat is on their brows. And even then, when "earthly hope" is at an end, how often doth that other spirit, with eyes fixed above, support them in the last agony, and paint a smile on their countenances in that fearful struggle, when death is fast winning the victory.

In the habitation of comfort, and comparatively easy circumstances, the wanderers had not been offered even a seat, while in that of penury, and all but absolute want, they had found pity and kindness, and the means of prolonging life for another day. It is thus the obscure and indigent help each other along on "life's thorny road," while the poet drivels nonsense about the "happiness of humble cots," and the philosopher amuses himself in his study with fine-spun theories for bettering their condition, and the political economist tries to persuade them that poverty would constitute a perfect paradise if they would only do as he bids them, little knowing that they do all they can, and probably a great deal more than he would do were he in their place. Let them continue to do so. Let them nobly do their duty, heedless though the hero's idol—this world's fame—should never smile upon them. Though the splendid gift and the liberal donation may be far beyond their reach, let them offer the voice of consolation and the friendly hand of assistance wherever these may be required. Let them cherish benevolence to each other, and those kindly sympathies of which they often stand so much in need. When misfortune bears down its victim, or when the constitution is labouring under the attack of disease, and physical strength decays, then the perceptions often become quicker, and the senses more acute. The sufferer, whether from mental or corporeal pain, looks, as it were, into the very soul of those around him, and reads their thoughts without the assistance of their words. He who now writes, when his pulse beat feebly, and the tide of life seemed to ebb in his veins with every passing hour, has felt soothed by a look of sympathy, when he turned away with loathing from the cold inquiry and the offered gift. And when weakness pressed upon his frame, and pain preyed on every nerve, he has gathered fortitude to bear it from a kind word, the tone of which told from whence it came, when the lecture of the learned comforter, though it vibrated in his ear, left no impression on his heart. To the sympathies and the kindness of the poor he owes much, and he is proud to acknowledge it. Though the rich may pass them by with little pity, or abandon them to their fate, let them not abandon each other. Though obscurity may darken round their deeds, and oblivion wrap their names when they die, man's praise is but little worth, and fame is both fluctuating and perishing property. A nobler reward awaits every truly virtuous action: even the wish, where the power is wanting, will not be forgotten. Let them remember what a greater than the greatest upon earth said of the mite which the widow cast into the treasury. Let them consider that there is an eye on them which seeth not as man seeth—a Power above them, by whom justice cannot be partially dealt—a Judge before whom they must appear, who reckons not of men by the garb they wear, or the property they possess, or the professions they make, but by their thoughts and actions. Let this consideration stimulate them to do their duty; and let this, with the unsullied pleasure which always flows from a consciousness of doing good, be their reward when it is done. And, if it could serve as a prompter to patient perseverance in well-doing, let them be told that there are among the learned and the truly great men who take an interest in their welfare, hearts which pity their distresses, and hands which would not be slow to record their virtues, were they only known.

BRIGANDS IN SPAIN—PLEASANT TRAVELLING.

The following account of an incident of travel in Spain, characteristic of the state of that unhappy country, has lately appeared in various newspapers. It purports to be a letter from M. Tanskie, correspondent at Madrid of the *Journal des Débats*, Parisian newspaper, describing a journey he made a short time ago from Madrid to Bayonne.

"I have just made acquaintance, in a manner somewhat dramatic, with the ladrones of Old Castile, who are a sort of *juste milieu* between the robbers of Andalusia, who pass for being the most *cavalleros* (gentlemanlike) men, and those of La Mancha, who are justly branded as the most savage and cruel. After the new arrangement of the post between Madrid and Bayonne, the mails had been several times attacked by brigands, particularly soon after leaving Madrid. The government thereupon had the coach escorted by detachments of cavalry as far as Buitrago, and also certain stages between Aronda and Burgos; but they are not a sufficient protection. In fact, it was at two and a-half leagues from Orando, at eight in the evening, that the mail in which I was a passenger was stopped. Two of the brigands seized the leading postilion, and pulled him off his horse. Four others, two on each side, came to the carriage, and called upon the coachman and the conductor to come down. I was in the *coupe* with M. Mayo, a young Spanish advocate. The courier and a student were in the interior. We were not suffered to alight, and as we were all unarmed, we could not have made any effective resistance. Indeed, had any one shown such a disposition, the rest would have prevented him, because, in that case, all would have been murdered. Sometimes the robbers burn the coach and all the luggage, in the hopes of finding among the ashes such money and valuables as remain concealed.

After binding the hands of the postilion and driver behind their backs, they led the mules and carriage about five hundred yards off the road, on to the fields. There they made us all four get out, and then tied our hands behind our backs. The captain of the band, who was the only one on horseback, dismounted, and called upon us, in bad Castilian, to declare what money we had, and where it was, adding, that if we did not tell the truth, we should be victimised. He interrogated us with all the acuteness of the most experienced commissary of police, frequently changing his tone and accent. Who are you? whence do you come? where are you going? were questions put to us; and if we had had the misfortune to belong to any place near the haunts of the brigands, or had happened to know the person of either of them, we should have been inevitably assassinated. In fact, only three months ago, a poor postilion was killed by these brigands near the same spot, because he happened to be acquainted with one of them.

They inquired of us whether we were Englishmen or Americans, for if we had been, they would have completely stripped us; the Spanish lower orders of people imagining that the clothes of all the English and Americans are stitched with gold thread. Our interrogation finished, we were made to lie flat on the ground, with our faces downwards. This done, they plundered the coach, throwing

down all the trunks and packages. Knowing that they could not get mine open without breaking it to pieces, I looked up and told them that I would open it for them, and give up to them all the money it contained, if they would unbind my hands, for they had drawn the cord so tight that I was in great pain. They consented, and brought my trunk to me. The money they found in it did not satisfy them. They left me in the hands of one of their band, a young man between twenty and twenty-two years of age, who continued to search my trunk, while an older and fiercer brigand watched my every look and gesture, with his carbine levelled at me. The young man, although he made use of the coarsest oaths and other expressions the Spanish language could furnish him with, was not so savage as the rest, and this was evidently his first expedition. He carried neither carbine nor sword, and the only weapon he had was a Catalonian knife stuck in his belt. Everything he saw in my trunk caused him surprise and wonder. He asked me to tell him the use of each. On finding some rosaries, he exclaimed, 'Ah! you are a priest?' I told him no, but had bought the rosaries at a fair in Madrid as curiosities, and that they were of no real value. He, however, with great devotion kissed the crosses suspended to them and the other emblems, but finding they were of silver, he broke the string, letting them all fall to the ground. He carefully picked them up, and again kissed each cross and emblem, but at the same time renewed his oaths at his own awkwardness. He secured these and every other thing he thought valuable between his shirt and his skin; but my clothes and linen he put into a large sack, which appeared to be the common receptacle. I had also some small knives and daggers. He asked me what I did with them. I told him they had been sold to me as having been worn by the *Manolas* of Madrid under their garters. At this he laughed, and throwing two of them on the ground for me, he put the rest into his private magazine.

I hoped to make something of my young brigand; but while I was talking to him, the captain came suddenly up and struck me with violence on the back of the neck with the butt end of his carbine, saying in a furious tone, 'You are looking in his face, that you may be able to recognise him!' He then seized me by the right arm, while another took my left, and they again bound them behind my back. In my bad Spanish I assured him that I was a foreigner, but they threw me down upon the other passengers. I fell upon the driver, who was literally sewed up in two or three sheep-skins, with the wool outwards. I took good care not to stir from this position, for the ground was saturated with the snow which the sun had melted and brought down in streams from the Semo Sierra. By this probably I escaped the fever which attacked the student from Tolosa, who lay in the water more than an hour. When the brigands had secured all they thought worth taking, the captain remounted his horse, gave the word of command, and they all retreated. My young robber, in passing by me, put into my fastened hands the padlock and key of my trunk, and threw over my head a peasant's cloak.

After remaining some time recumbent, the postilion, whom the brigands had released before leaving, unbound the conductor, and thus one after the other we were all set at liberty and upon our feet again. The wind had scattered all my papers and books; my first object was to collect them. The postilion and coachman set to work in the meantime to take up such of my linen as the robbers did not think worth carrying away, but I begged them not to put themselves to so much trouble, and thus secured myself a change on reaching Bayonne. I also recognised in the hands of some of my fellow-travellers a sheep-skin I had been advised at Madrid to furnish myself with, a silk handkerchief, and a cap, which I claimed, and which served to keep me warm while crossing the plateau of Burgos, which was covered with snow and hoar-frost. As to the cloak bequeathed to me by my young thief, the conductor claimed it as his, saying that it was the custom of the brigands thus to cover those whom they had robbed, to prevent their seeing what direction they moved off in. This rather lowered in my estimation the gratitude I owed to my young thief.

On arriving at the small village of Orquillas, about half a league from where we had been stopped, a different scene awaited us. The courier and conductor, to account for the delay in the arrival of the mail at Irun, thought it necessary to apply to the local authorities. We were all shown into the venta of the village, which consisted of little more than a kitchen within four bare walls, in which a young girl endeavoured to make a fire with some damp weeds and roots of trees, which sent forth a vile odour and a thick smoke, which filled the place, and set all our eyes weeping. The alcalde soon made his appearance in the venta, with the *fiel de fechos*—a species of *escribano* or registrar—accompanied by some peasants with guns in their hands, representing the national guard. The alcalde gravely seated himself by our sides on the wooden bench. He was about sixty years of age, clothed in an old cloak in rags, without any shirt; but *en revanche* he wore in great pride, a little tending to one side of his head, what was once a hat, but was now without any brim or top to the crown. The escribano was younger, but apparently more intelligent. He wore a peasant's dress, but had on also a pair of boots, a cravat of red cotton, and a hat entire in all its parts. He placed himself behind a table close to the alcalde, taking from his pocket pens, ink, and stamped paper.

The national guards were in jackets, and shod with *abarcas*, or square pieces of leather, fastened to their legs by long scraps crossed over them. The legs themselves were naked; and very few, if any, wore shirts. They looked upon us with a sort of contemptuous consequential smile. [Our depositions having been taken, the escribano gave orders in the name of the alcalde to the national guards.] He sent four of them in pursuit of the robbers, as he said, and four others were to accompany us. They loaded their muskets before us. The escribano pulled out of his pocket a handful of small pistol balls, and distributed them to the men, who put several of them into their *trabucos*.

The ceremony being finished, the alcalde rose up solemnly, took off his hat, the escribano did the same, and recommended us to follow his example, and swear that our depositions were sincere and exact. We obeyed, and repeated after him the oath usually administered in courts of justice. [We were now favoured with a little brandy, by the politeness of the postilion, having no money of our own: it was very acceptable, for we had tasted nothing for fourteen hours, and were very cold.] We then set out with the four national guards, and at the first stage some cavalry soldiers were added. Thus, when we had nothing to lose, and when we were in a fit condition to brave all the brigands in Spain, we travelled along escorted like princes, and fed at the expense of the *mayoral*, who at every inn stood our guarantee as far as Irun."

POEMS BY CLARINDA.

[CLARINDA (Mrs M'Lehose), whose correspondence with Burns we lately noticed in the Journal, was the authoress of a few fugitive pieces of considerable taste and beauty. The following from the Appendix to the "Correspondence" will, we have no doubt, be read with pleasure.]

ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Talk not of Love! It gives me pain—
For love has been my foe:
He bound me in an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in wo!

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was formed to prove—
The worthy object be of those,
But never talk of Love.

The "Hand of Friendship" I accept—
May honour be our guard,
Virtue our intercourse direct,
Her smiles our dear reward.

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought,
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

ON THE LOSS OF MY CHILD.

Does Heaven behold these sadly-falling tears,
Shed by a mother o'er her darling child?
Ah, blasted hopes! and heart-distracting fears,
That fill my breast with frantic sorrow wild!

Yes, Heaven beholds; from thence the stroke descends,
And Heaven alone can heal the wounds it gave.
Oh, Thou, who dost afflict for gracious ends,
Lead my sad soul to scenes beyond the grave!

'Tis there alone all tears are wiped away;
There death-divided friends shall part no more.
Oh, Thou Supreme! whose years know no delay,
Teach me thy dispensations to adore.

Weekly Chit-Chat.

Play writers have now-a-days no pleasant duty. They must compose pieces not so much for the purpose of "holding the mirror up to nature," as to suit the fancies of actors, a thing about as ridiculous as would be the writing of books to suit the taste of compositors. In a late article in Mr Jerrold's Illuminated Magazine, an ideal author, Mr Delawhang, who writes a play called the *Road to Riches*, submits his production to the manager of one of the metropolitan theatres, and receives it back along with the following characteristic letter:—"My dear Sir—We are all of opinion that the third act of your drama must be transposed with the first; because Mrs Z—— (if she *is* to play your heroine) will not consent to appear in the dress you have described, after Miss Q—— has already been seen by the audience in a similar costume. This is imperative. You must, my dear sir, if you wish the piece to *escape failure*, which now-a-days means *great success*, cut down your low comedy part. I acknowledge it is cleverly written, but it interferes unpleasantly with Mr ——'s character, and he *must* be the feature, or he will not act at all. The part is too funny; you can reduce it to a mere walking gentleman. You can throw the jokes into the bit you have written for the second bailiff, which is short enough, and he is never on in Mr ——'s scenes. The supper and champagne you have described in the second act must be entirely omitted. In these times of theatrical economy, the management cannot afford any expensive extra properties; you can speak about them, which will do just as well. I agree that it will cut out some very brilliant dialogue—but what are we to do? I would advise you, in a friendly way, to alter the title of your piece, and simply call it by the name by which you have designated the character intended for Mr ——. It will be quite worth the while of your music publishers to give the twenty guineas to Mrs Z——, if she *will* introduce the song you have pointed out. She objects to sing it for less. You must concede all these matters, or the play will be laid aside; for I understand that the reading in the room was *wholly ineffective*. Yours most sincerely, ——. P. S. Send it altered in the morning."

Female Wood Engravers.—We are glad to see, by announcements in the newspapers, that a class for the instruction of young women in wood-engraving has been lately established in the government School of Design, Somerset House, London. No doubt there will be many competitors for instruction in this elegant art; but we should recommend no lady to think of applying herself to it, who is not already a proficient in drawing, both of figures and landscapes; for before the wood can be cut, it must be drawn upon, and therefore to be able to draw the subject with taste, is a matter of first importance; while taste in cutting, so as to bring out the true meaning of the lines and touches, is at the same time indispensable. With a preliminary knowledge of drawing, we should have no fears of soon seeing ladies attain an eminence in this lucrative and respectable profession; with ordinary diligence, they could at least very speedily rival the bulk of the persons who now profess to furnish wood-engravings for books. The publishers of the present sheet, who expend several hundreds of pounds per annum on wood-engravings for their works, have all along experienced the greatest difficulty in procuring the species of cuts which they require. A want of a thorough knowledge of drawing they feel to be a chief source of the difficulty.

Glory.—Mr Allen, in his work descriptive of the march through Scinde, presents the following scene, a fine comment on military glory:—"The entrance to the pass would have formed a fine subject for Salvator Rosa. The sun had not risen, and the gorge looked dark, gloomy, and threatening. I was between the quarter-master-general's party and the column; consequently, there were but few people, and one or two officers scattered about. The craggy and fantastic rocks towered almost perpendicularly on both sides, many of them quite so, to an enormous height. The foreground was occupied by the skeletons of the ill-fated troops, with the larger forms of camels and horses. The gray light of morning scarcely allowed the eye to penetrate the pass, which appeared entirely shut in. Large carrion-crows and vultures, with flagging wings, were soaring heavily overhead. As we entered, the ghastly memorials of past calamity became more and more frequent. It is impossible to estimate their numbers, but the ground through the whole length of the pass, about five miles, was cumbered with them. Some were gathered in crowds under rocks, as if to obtain shelter from the biting wind; we could conceive what it must have been in January, for such was the intensity of the cold, that we were almost all compelled to dismount and walk to keep life in our limbs, and the water froze in icicles on the legs of the horses. I counted in one place twelve skeletons huddled together in a little nook. Some, from their attitudes, appeared to be those of persons who had expired in great agony, probably from wounds. Most of them retained their hair, and the skin was dried on the bones, so that the hands and feet were little altered in form. Some were still covered with fragments of clothing, and here and there the uniform was discoverable. The horse and rider lay side by side, or men were seen clasped in each other's arms, as they had crowded together for warmth. One spot, where the pass was almost closed by rocks projecting from either side, was literally choked with the corpses of men, horses, and camels. It appeared as if a tremendous volley had been poured among them, or that the delay unavoidable in passing so narrow a gorge had caused them to drop from cold. A small ruined building, on the left of the road, was quite filled with dead bodies."

Progress of Quarrels.—The first germs of the majority of the disunions of mankind are generally sown by misconception, wrong interpretations of conduct—hazarded, very possibly, at moments of ill humour—and the whisperings and suggestions of suspicion, aroused, perhaps, without any cause. The mutual coldness often turns, at first, upon paltry trifles; this feeling is then strengthened by absurd reports and statements; the effects of accident augment the evil. At last the false pride of neither party will give way; each must first see the other humbled; and thus, those perhaps who were completely adapted to mutually esteem and treasure each other, and possessed the means of rendering to one another essential services, part from each other's company in aversion. And does a mere trifle—for everything temporal and earthly is such—merit being the cause for rendering mutually our lives so bitter in every way? [Every reader can put this question to himself.]—*From "Hours of Meditation," by Zschokke, a German writer.*

The two loftiest chimneys in the world are those belonging to Messrs Charles Tennant and Company of Glasgow, and Mr James Muspratt of Newton, Lancashire. That of Messrs Tennant and Company is 436 feet, and that of Mr Muspratt 406 feet in height. The latter, however, is wider, and contains three millions of bricks, being a third more than what is in the former. We believe chimneys equally high are raising in other parts of the country.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

THE present, as it will be perceived, differs in size and appearance from the previous numbers of the Journal. The cause for this alteration will be briefly explained. Throughout the twelve years' existence of the work, its large size was the subject of constant complaint, which increased latterly in force, as the inconvenience of such bulky volumes in a library was more and more felt. We long resisted the demand for a change, from a dislike to give the least disturbance to the arrangements of a publication which had experienced so singular and unvarying a prosperity. At length, however, when on the point of completing the twelfth volume, we concluded that this disinclination on our part ought not any longer to stand in the way of the general wish of our readers. The present number, therefore, the first of the thirteenth volume, has been issued in a royal 8vo. size, and for convenience has been entitled the *first of a New Series*. By this alteration the Journal will in future range with CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, and PEOPLE'S EDITIONS.

As the object of this change is simply what has been stated—a mere matter of convenience, deemed likely to be agreeable to our readers, and for that reason possibly favourable to the interests of the work—we hardly feel called upon to make a single further remark on the present occasion. It may only be proper to say, that the Journal, in this its new size, contains precisely the same quantity of matter as formerly, that every other arrangement connected with the work remains unchanged, and that we contemplate carrying it on with, if possible, increased zeal and assiduity, as a miscellany of instructive and entertaining reading for all classes, and as an instrument for promoting the great cause of popular education.

A General Index for the preceding twelve volumes of the Journal has been prepared, and may be had along with any odd numbers to complete sets. W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 2. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844. Price 1½d.

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

BLOIS TO VALENCAY—SELLES.

The sun never shone more brilliantly on the bocage and vine lands of France, than it did on the morning of the 8th of August, as our voiture, hired for the occasion, wended its way along the capacious bridge over the Loire, towards a scene of beauty and historical interest which I was desirous not to pass unvisited. We were now on our way southward, having resolved to make a detour from the valley of the Loire to that of the Cher, and to return again at a point where fresh objects of attraction presented themselves.

It was not without regret that we bade adieu to Blois: kind friends had rendered our short stay agreeable. We had interchanged thoughts with one who looks cheeringly on man's social advancement, whose mind is not bounded by the mean or trivial circumstances which surround it, but looks abroad over nature's great common for subjects whereon to settle. Whether from this extrinsic circumstance, or otherwise, I felt that Blois would form a pleasant and convenient resting-place for migratory English. True, the streets are, for the most part, narrow, ancient, and steep, but there are many good houses in the upper environs, and also many very agreeable resting places on the vine-clad slopes which unbosom themselves to the broad river beneath; and what scene of earthly beauty to compare with that on a calm summer evening, from the bosky terrace-like gardens, the moon travelling across an azure firmament resplendent with stars, and shining in glittering pageantry on the far-winding Loire. The rides around this ancient city are also beautiful; not open and dusty highways, but generally paths of the best order through patches of forest and orchard, or past neat villages, hamlets, gentlemen's seats, or other tokens of a dense and respectable population. The peasantry, and humble classes generally, as I was informed, are among the most orderly, and therefore most comfortable in France; their dialect is also better than in most other parts, a circumstance readily traceable to the long residence of the court in Touraine, and the many persons of influence who have country seats on the Loire and its environs. I cannot easily forget the happy appearance which a number of villages in the neighbourhood of Blois presented on the Sunday evening which I spent in this part of the country. Neatly dressed in their somewhat peculiar costumes, men, women, and children sat in tranquil enjoyment at the doors of their cottages, or on banks by the wayside, under the shade of apple trees; while at one place, on a secluded patch of green-sward, a party of youngsters, of both sexes, were dancing to the merry strain of a rustic violin.

Along one of these highways we were now advancing. Our path lay, for a number of miles, through a forest, into which, as there was no bounding-wall or hedge-row, our eyes were able to pierce for a considerable distance. For miles no living thing was to be seen, save an occasional *cantonnier* at work on the roads, or the child of a woodman carrying a few fallen twigs to a distant cottage. As the day advanced, the heat became intolerable; the flies darted in myriads at every accessible part of our unhappy horses; and to save them as much as possible from their tormentors, Jean, the driver, clad them from almost head to heel in boughs of vines and other green plants, reived without mercy from the adjoining thickets. Here and there were large open tracts of land from which the corn harvest had lately been reaped, while the produce was in the act of being driven to the villages on low and rudely constructed wagons, drawn by bullocks, or horses and mules. In a few places the reapers were still busy; and here, for the first time, I saw in France more than two or three persons at harvest-work in one spot, thus indicating a greater than usual scale of farming operations. We likewise passed, in the course of the day's journey, several flocks of sheep under the charge of shepherds, feeding on the herbage they could pick up in the stubble fields and on the sides of the highway. They were, as usual, a long-legged breed, dirty, and lean. In my various excursions through the country, I have never been so fortunate as see a respectable flock of these animals. Judging from what has fallen under my own notice, I should say that the sheep in France are reared in small flocks, of from a dozen to a score, on the grass by the sides of the highways. Doubtless, however, there are tracks of country in which a superior system prevails.

The villages we passed through were of the usual dull aspect, though clean and resplendent under the bright noonday sun. The first and last house in each, as I had occasion to remark elsewhere, was marked by a small blue painted board inscribed with the name of the department, the arrondissement, and the canton, with the number of kilometers to the chief lieu. Such town sign-boards are common in other continental countries besides France. We likewise observed that each village was provided either with a *poste aux lettres*, or a *boîte aux lettres*. I think it will not be uninteresting to say a few words in explanation of the difference between these two kinds of establishments.

In France there are 2846 cantons, each provided with a post-office, or *poste aux lettres*, and in some cantons there are two or three, or more, each of course managed by a keeper or director, the majority of whom are females. The total number of these post-offices is above 4000, and connected with them is a corps of about 9000 letter-carriers, a number of whom also are women. In all this there is nothing remarkable; the singularity is in the establishment of subsidiary receiving boxes, or *boîtes aux lettres*. England has nothing to show of this kind. The *boîte aux lettres* is simply a locked box with a slit for the admission of letters, fixed on the gable of a cottage, on a wall, or on a post, by the wayside. Placed in a situation convenient for the neighbourhood, it receives all letters brought to it, and is cleared regularly of its contents by the letter-carrier in his rounds. The letters being taken to the nearest office, are there stamped and taxed, and forthwith distributed. These boxes cost nothing for management, and are a great accommodation to the country. In England, such conveniences could not be trusted in

the open highway, which is a misfortune; but one, at least, might receive the shelter of every parochial or district school-house; indeed, properly followed out, twenty thousand letter-boxes might, on this simple plan, be scattered throughout the hamlets of the United Kingdom, at the merest trifle of expense, and excite probably a vast increase of correspondence as well as of revenue.

Let us now proceed on our journey. Our voiture has reached the valley of the Cher. The country, which has latterly been bare tilled land, is now more green and woody. Selles, an aged town, placed on the left bank of the river, from which it receives the name of Selles-sur-Cher, is before us, and is speedily reached by crossing an old stone bridge. Having stopped for about an hour to rest the horses, during which we had an opportunity of walking along the pleasant banks of the Cher, which is here about the size of the Tweed at Coldstream, we were again on our journey towards Valençay, a place at a few miles' distance, which it was our object to see, returning thence to Selles for the night. Valençay we reached about three o'clock, on an exceedingly beautiful afternoon, and cost us upwards of an hour in the inspection. The country here is still more woody and irregular than upon the Cher; and we can fancy, from its patches of oak forest, its long avenues of trees, its old walls and mansions, that aristocracy has for ages been the presiding genius of the locality. As our carriage ascends the small eminence on which the town is situated, we feel assured that we are approaching the house of a great man, for there it stands, a fine old chateau of the renaissance period, commanding a view of the country around.

This, then, good reader, is the Chateau de Valençay, a half-castle half-palace, erected principally in the reign of that palace-building hero, François Premier, from the designs of Philabert de l'Orme. We alight, walk to the arched portal, and are admitted by the concierge to the court behind, where a projecting wing of the building of the era of Louis XIV. is now pointed out. Beneath this projecting portion of the building is an open arcade with pillars, intended as a promenade in wet weather, and from this arcade do we enter the hall, whence from suite to suite of chambers, below and above, are we conducted over the whole house. Who resides at Valençay, or what is the object in visiting it?

Valençay offers one of the best existing specimens of the ducal chateau, with its terrace-like gardens, avenues, bowers, and enclosures—but only exteriorly; for the house is altogether furnished according to the modern French taste. Inferior, however, as respects internal antiquity to another chateau which I shall afterwards describe, it is in the present day an object of interest, from having been the property and country residence of Talleyrand, and the place where he spent the latter years of his life. Here, also, as some readers will recollect, Ferdinand VII. of Spain was confined from 1808 to 1814 by Bonaparte. At the time of our visit, Valençay had no inhabitant, but everything in the establishment was complete, and precisely as Talleyrand had left it. The large salle, to which we were first admitted, is elegantly furnished, and decorated with full-length portraits of royal personages, gifts to their late owner. Among these are pictures of Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and his queen. The more private rooms on the same range possessed also some fine modern portraits of statesmen and others; but these interested us less than two other apartments, likewise on the ground-floor, which had been used as the study and bed-chamber of Talleyrand. Everything remained as if prepared to receive him. In front of a chair were his shoes, large, clumsy, and made of softish leather; one being suitable for a deformed foot, with steel supports and bandages for the leg. On a table adjoining lay three canes, with convenient handles to lean upon in walking. And in the centre of the floor was a table containing the whole apparatus for writing—pens, wax, paper, and at least a dozen seals, some of them the size of a tea-cup. On a writing book, in the midst of this array, lay his spectacles, through which the eyes of their owner had taken their last look. In the dressing-room were two glass cases placed against the wall, and in these were displayed the magnificent laced robes, stars, and orders of the ex-minister, or, as one might almost call them, the theatrical properties which had for half a century figured in the shifting dramas of the French court.

On the floor above, we are first led through a long gallery with smooth oaken floor, and embellished on the side opposite the windows with various portraits of distinguished members of the Perigord family, some of which were of considerable antiquity, the family, during the middle ages, having possessed the dignity of sovereign counts within their domains. Besides those paintings, there are numerous prints of crowned heads and statesmen of the last fifty years. The library, which is dispersed in the gallery and in an adjoining apartment, is a vast collection of books, consisting chiefly of ancient Latin and modern French authors. Among the whole, we observed only two or three English works. How thoroughly does difference of language separate countries distant only a few miles from each other!

We were conducted to a still higher floor in the chateau, consisting, however, only of private apartments, and thence were led to a turret at one of the exterior angles of the building, from which we had a charming panoramic view of the beautiful country around, with the town of Valençay adjoining the palace grounds on the east. It was now time to leave the place of Talleyrand's abode while living, and to pay a visit to that in which his mortal remains have been consigned to wait the final doom.

It was market-day when we pushed through the crowded streets of this neat little town. The *Place* was strewn with vegetable produce; countrywomen in their bright-coloured costumes were busy exposing their wares to the purchasers; and over all was seen the cocked hat of a gendarme, preserving order by his magisterial presence. By the politeness of this functionary—whose friendly advances, however, one is never altogether sure about—way was made for us across the Place, and we found ourselves in a narrow tributary street at the further corner. Here was pointed out to us a plain mansion within a bounding wall, as the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in the chapel connected with which Talleyrand has found a tomb. We entered the little chapel, which was situated on the right-hand side of the court in front; it was, appropriately, as silent as death; a single nun, in her black attire and white coif, alone knelt in mute and diligent devotion before the only altar. It was certainly rude to think of disturbing such orisons—what plea of curiosity could entitle any vagrant foreigner to intrude himself on a scene so tranquil and holy? Yet what will an assumed plea of necessity not dare or overcome? The nun must be faced. And, after all, there needed no great degree of courage to address her. She was a meek quiet person; one of those gentle beings in whom we could imagine all vestige of earthly passions had been extirpated. A whisper of a few words, in which the fair devotee might gather the almost anticipated sounds—*étranger—tombeau de Talleyrand*—raised her from her devotional posture. Without uttering a word in reply, she walked out of the chapel, but immediately returned with a bunch of keys. Where there was any door to open, I could not conjecture; for in the walls of the chapel no outlet, except by the entrance, was visible. Our doubts on this point were soon at an end. Proceeding to a part of the floor immediately in front of the altar, the youthful nun withdrew a piece of carpet, disclosing a wooden trap-door, which she lifted and removed. A heavy iron door now made its appearance, and the nun applying a key to the lock, it was ready to be lifted by a ring. As I stooped down, and raised upon its hinges this very ponderous iron trap, exposing, at the same time, a dark gulf below, the scene with Aladdin and his inhuman

uncle over the cavern of the wonderful lamp came across my memory, the present appearance of things being not very dissimilar; only that, instead of a magician, there was a simple-hearted nun with a rosary at her girdle; and for Aladdin, there was an impertinently curious traveller, who, with the partner of his journey, had come so far from the banks of the Loire to view a few objects of something more than local or temporary interest.

'*Descendez, Monsieur, s'il vous plait,*' said the nun; and now looking intently at the dark opening before me, I perceived it contained a flight of narrow stone steps, down which I cautiously groped my way to a depth of perhaps twelve feet, when I found myself on a stone floor, on which a gleam of light fell from a distant window. Going forward in the direction of the light, I was led into a chamber partly beneath the altar, and to all appearance partly below an open ground beyond the chapel; for the light came from a species of skylight in the arched roof overhead. The vault, when I had time to examine it, seemed to me about twenty feet square. All was cold, dry, and silent. And so, said I, as I looked around, and recognised through the gloom the few objects which the place contained, this, then, is the tomb—the *domus ultima*—of the renowned Abbe de Perigord—the Bishop of Autun—Citizen Talleyrand! Within a niche in the wall opposite the entrance is placed a large dark-coloured stone sarcophagus, containing the coffin and remains of the great man, as is indicated by an inscription on its side —'*Ici réposent les cendres de Charles Maurice de Perigord, prince de Talleyrand,*' &c., with the date of his death, May 20, 1838. On the floor on each side of the apartment are ranged several other sarcophagi, containing, as is seen from similar inscriptions, the remains of members of the Perigord family; none, however, of any antiquity; the whole place, indeed, having the air of a modern creation.

There was little time to moralise in this place of tombs, fruitful as it was in associations connected with modern history; so we left it to a reign of silence which would not, in all likelihood, be broken till the visit of some equally intrusive tourist. The iron and wooden doors were lowered, the pious nun meekly resumed her kneeling attitude, and, dropping a few coins into the *tronc* at the doorway—an Englishman being never able to divest himself of the idea of paying for his freak—we departed. In the evening, we again sauntered along the green banks of the Cher, in the neighbourhood of Selles, whence we proposed on the morrow to pursue our way by Chenanceaux to Amboise.

THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

On the 14th of October 1842, the city of New York held holiday—and well it might; for on that day, for the first time since its foundation, did its inhabitants enjoy the blessings of a cheap, copious, and permanent supply of pure water. Hitherto, that essential requisite to existence was obtained from pumps and drawwells; now, it flowed through their streets in the form of a fresh and sparkling river, spread out into extensive lakes, gushed forth in every square and park, and disseminated itself in living rills of health and comfort to the remotest alley. The accomplishment of such a purpose was, in truth, a triumph worthy of a civilised people—a feat more glorious and enduring than the squandering of ten times the amount of capital in gunpowder and bayonets. Those who are accustomed to sneer at the 'utilitarianism of the age,' may regard the watering of a city as a mere ordinary incident, a fit enough topic for the newspapers and small-talk of a week, and nothing more; but to the individual who can take an enlarged view of human progression, and who knows how much of public health, comfort, and prosperity depends upon a plentiful supply of pure water, it will appear in its true light as a great national achievement. In such a light was the completion of the Croton Aqueduct regarded by the citizens of New York; and, viewing it through the same medium, we proceed to lay before our readers some account of this magnificent undertaking, as gleaned from a recent American publication devoted to the subject.*

Like most modern cities which have rapidly increased in population and importance, New York, so early as the end of last century, began to feel the necessity of a plentiful supply of pure and wholesome water. As with most modern improvements, too, depending upon the consent of the many, there was a world of preliminary palaver and delay. In 1774, when the population amounted only to twenty-two thousand, the necessity began to be felt; in 1799, it was the subject of much talk, and even consultation, with engineers; and again, in 1822, after a lapse of twenty years, a committee 'sat upon' the subject, obtained a survey, drew up a report, and had the same approved of. Still, however, nothing was done; the inhabitants of New York continued to drink impregnated waters when they could obtain them; when they could not, it is humorously supposed they betook themselves to 'gin-sling.' In 1824, the yellow fever committed fearful ravages; being all the more severe, that the inhabitants had not the indispensable element of cleanliness to abate its effects. This roused the authorities to a keener sense of the importance of water; hence 1825 and 1826 are remarkable for the number of speeches, reports, prospectuses, &c., which the water-question gave birth to. Still, there was no actual movement. In 1831, a new committee talked of 'more decided steps,' and besought the municipal authorities 'no longer to satisfy themselves with speeches, reports, and surveys, but actually to raise the means and strike the spade into the ground.' These, it must be confessed, were bold words; but they brought no water. However, a more urgent monitor now appeared; and in 1832 the plague of cholera ravaged their filthy and unwatered city. This so stirred the inhabitants and authorities to a sense of their danger, that the latter now set about in absolute earnest to remedy the defect. Surveys and reports were executed anew; and after a few more last words and deliberations, the work was commenced in reality. In May 1837, the spade was struck into the ground; in July 1842, the waters of the Croton traversed the aqueduct, and in October of the same year were distributed throughout the city of New York, whose inhabitants hailed the event 'with unrestrained enthusiasm and joy!'

How this result was accomplished, at what cost, and with what success, we shall now endeavour to describe. The modes of supplying modern cities with water are either by means of Artesian wells, by pipes which conduct and distribute some distant spring, or by the engine pump applied to the water of some river, if, luckily, such a source be available. The aqueduct, upon its ancient and gigantic scale, is rarely if ever resorted to, and herein consists the novelty and interest of the mode adopted by the city of New York. An aqueduct, in its primitive sense, means simply a *water-leader*, a familiar instance of which is afforded us in the common mill-course. The water is diverted from its natural channel at the requisite height, and then led along in an artificial course to the point desired. Now, this artificial channel may be simply a ditch, or it may be constructed

* Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct. By F. B. Tower, of the United States Engineer Department. New York. 1843.

of solid masonry; it may be open or covered; it may wind along the sides of hills, so as to preserve the proper level, or it may be carried straight forward through hills and across valleys. The ancient aqueducts of Rome were generally constructed upon the latter principle, being carried through heights by tunnels, and across valleys and rivers upon arches—the arched portion of the structure originally giving the name of *aqueduct*, just as the range of bridges which carry a railway across a valley are termed a *viaduct*. The ancient principle was that adopted by New York: the Croton river is dammed up near its source, its pure and undefiled waters are conveyed in a channel of solid masonry through hills by tunnels, over rivers and valleys by arches or embankments; and after a course of forty miles, administers to the health and comfort of four hundred thousand human beings! The reasons for adopting this species of structure are obvious: an open canal would have been liable to receive innumerable impurities from the *wash* of the country: a closed one not only prevents waste by evaporation, and preserves cleanliness, but adds to the strength and durability of the structure. The inequalities of the country between the source of the Croton and the city of New York were such, as entirely to preclude the idea of a plane or continuous water-course, and the question to be decided was—whether the laying of pipes, or the construction of an aqueduct after the plan of the ancients, would be more economical, efficient, and permanent? After due consideration, it was decided in favour of the latter: and now for Mr Tower's details.

Beginning with the Croton river, we are informed that its sources are principally in the county of Putnam, at a distance of fifty miles from New York. 'They are mostly springs which in that elevated and uneven country have formed many ponds and lakes, never-failing in their supply. There are about twenty of these lakes, which constitute the sources of the Croton river, and the aggregate of their surface areas is about three thousand eight hundred acres. From these sources to the mouth of the Croton, at the head of Tappan Bay in the Hudson, the distance is about twenty-five miles. The country bordering upon the Croton is generally elevated and uneven, not sustaining a dense population, and cleared sufficiently to prevent injury to the water from decayed vegetable matter. The river has a rapid descent, and flows over a bed of gravel and masses of broken rock. From these advantages, there is good reason to suppose that the water will receive very little impurity from the wash of the country through which it flows, and there is no doubt that the sources furnish that which is peculiarly adapted to all the purposes of a large city. The water is of such uncommon purity, that, in earlier days, the native Indian gave a name to the river which signified *clear water*.'

Again, as to the flow of water into the Croton, the capacity of the fountain reservoir, the discharge of the aqueduct, and the sufficiency of supply, we are presented with the following details:—'The medium flow of water in the Croton, where the fountain reservoir is formed, exceeds fifty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours, and the minimum flow, after a long-continued drought, is about twenty-seven millions of gallons in twenty-four hours. The dam on the Croton river is about thirty-eight feet above the level, which was the surface of the natural flow of water at that place, and sets the water back about six miles, forming the fountain reservoir, which covers an area of about four hundred acres. The country forming the valley of the river was such as to give bold shores to this reservoir generally, and in cases where there was a gentle slope or a level of the ground near the surface of water, excavations were made, so that the water should not be of less depth than four and a half feet. The available capacity of this reservoir, down to the level where the water would cease to flow off in the aqueduct, has been estimated at six hundred millions of gallons. Could we suppose that the Croton river will ever, in any season of drought, fail to furnish a supply greater than would be carried off from this reservoir and the reservoirs at the city by evaporation, we have still a supply of water which would be sufficient for one million of inhabitants during the space of thirty days (estimating the amount necessary for each inhabitant to be twenty gallons for every twenty-four hours). But we may assume the number of inhabitants at present to be one-third of a million, and therefore we have a sufficient store of water in this fountain reservoir to supply them for the space of ninety days, in the emergency before supposed. In addition to the quantity in the fountain reservoir, we have sufficient in the reservoirs at the city to supply one-third of a million of inhabitants for about twenty-five days, at the rate of supply before-mentioned. Thus we find, should such a limit as we have supposed ever happen to the supply from the river, the season of drought cannot certainly be supposed to continue during the length of time (about four months) that would be required for the present population of the city to exhaust the quantity in store when all the reservoirs are full. The minimum flow of water in the river, where the dam is constructed, has been stated to be twenty-seven millions of gallons for every twenty-four hours. This would be a sufficient supply for one million of inhabitants; and should the population of the city increase to one million and a half, this supply, together with the quantity in store, will probably be sufficient during any season of drought. There is, therefore, no fear in regard to the supply for the present, and should the time arrive when the city will require more than the present facilities afford during low stages of the river, other streams may be found which can be turned into the upper branches of the Croton, or into the aqueduct along its course. Other reservoirs may also be constructed farther up the Croton, to draw from in seasons of drought.'

Such are the wonderful capabilities of what may be termed the 'feeders' of the Croton Aqueduct, which is calculated to discharge no less than *sixty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours!* Some idea of this magnificent supply may be formed from the fact, that the daily consumption of the principal London water companies (eight in number) amounts only to *twenty-one millions of gallons*. Of the architectural structure of the Croton Aqueduct, it would be impossible to convey any clear idea without the aid of sections and diagrams. A general sketch of the undertaking may, however, be presented. As already stated, the fountain reservoir covers about four hundred acres, and is formed by a dam thirty-eight feet in height, thus creating a source one hundred and sixty-six feet higher than the city of New York. At this dam are sluices or gates for regulating the discharge of water, and of course under the superintendence of a competent manager. The interior of the aqueduct is, throughout, of an arched or elliptical form, founded upon hydraulic concrete, built of squared stones, and finally lined with brick prepared for the purpose. In crossing flats slightly below the intended level, it is raised upon solid embankments; in crossing valleys or rivers, it is supported upon arches; and in passing through hills, these are tunneled, to admit the masonwork of the aqueduct. Roads and other thoroughfares are of course left unobstructed by the erection of bridges, just as they are in our country when a railway is laid down. As the magnificence of aqueducts depends upon the height and number of arches requisite to carry them across valleys, it may give some idea of that under consideration, when it is stated that Harlem river is crossed by fifteen arches, seven of which are of fifty feet span, and eight of eighty feet, the greatest height being one hundred and fifty feet from the foundation to the top of the mason-work. This, it is true, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the aqueduct, but there are other bridges and embankments of no mean magnitude, the design and construction of which do credit to American engineering. No essential change occurs in the form of the channel-way from the fountain reservoir on the Croton to the

receiving reservoir on the island of New York, a distance of thirty-eight miles, except in crossing Harlem river to reach the island, and in passing a deep valley on the island, where iron pipes are used instead of masonry, to provide for the pressure consequent upon a depression from the regular plane. Thus the course of this artificial stream may be said to combine two principles—that of the ancient aqueduct, and a descent and ascent as in ordinary pipes. Should it ever be resolved on to remove the tubes from these depressions, and to substitute arcades to maintain the regular inclination of the channel-way, a second tier of arches will be required in crossing the Harlem river, and a bridge of great elevation to span the ravine on the island.

Having, by the means now described, reached the receiving reservoir at the rate of one and a half miles an hour, the surface-level of the water is still one hundred and nineteen feet above the level of mean tide. From this it is conducted (a distance of two miles) to the distributing reservoir, where the surface-height falls to one hundred and fifteen feet, this last being the height to which the water can be made available in the city. The receiving reservoir covers about thirty acres, and contains one month's supply; whilst the distributing, which is entirely built of stone, is four hundred and thirty-six feet square, forty-five feet deep, and contains twenty millions of gallons. This last reservoir may be considered the termination of the Croton Aqueduct, and is distant from the fountain reservoir forty and a half miles. The whole cost of the work was about 9,000,000 dollars; and adding to this the cost of pipes, and arrangements for distributing the water in the city, it will make the total cost of supplying New York with water 12,000,000 dollars, or about *three millions* sterling.

Commenting on the comforts and blessings of this supply of pure water, Mr Tower remarks, 'the time is not far distant when New York will regard it as a treasure which was cheaply purchased, and will proudly point to the noble work which she has achieved, not only as an example of her munificence, but as an illustration of what art and science can accomplish. With cleanly streets, and the public parks beautified with the fountains which send forth cooling and refreshing vapours upon the air, the citizens will forget to leave the city during the warm months of summer; and the sea-shore, the mountain tops, and watering-places, will fancy their beauty has faded, since they cease to be visited. But health is no less promoted by the internal than by the external use of water; and it is to be hoped, that but a short period will elapse before free baths will be provided at the public expense for the use of the poor, as well as the public generally. Daily ablution should be regarded as necessary as daily food or sleep. * * The lime contained in the previous well-water rendered it inapplicable to the purposes of brewing, tanning, washing, bleaching, and many other processes in the arts of domestic economy; and, we believe, the calculation would not be found extravagant, if we would say that, by the use of the Croton water, 100,000 dollars would be saved to the inhabitants of New York in soap and soda, and an equal amount in tea and coffee. To this may be added the superior cleanliness of the streets, the diminution of danger from fires, and the consequent reduction of the rates of insurance; the improvement of the public health, and the consequent saving in medicine and physicians' fees; the increase of working days, and the extension of the average period of working ability among the labouring classes; and lastly, the moral and intellectual advancement of the entire population, attendant upon the improvement of their physical condition; each of which is not an unimportant item in the aggregate of public prosperity and happiness. The value, however, of an abundant supply of pure water to the city of New York is not to be estimated by dollars and cents; if it were, it could be easily shown that it has not been purchased at too dear a rate, even were the expenses attending it increased to double the actual amount.'

Having thus gleaned the above sketch of the Croton Aqueduct from Mr Tower's 'Illustrations,' which form a very handsome pictorial volume, we shall take an early opportunity of presenting our readers with some account of the aqueducts of the ancients—adverting to the defective system of watering, sewerage, and ventilation, which prevails in most of the populous and commercial cities of the present day.

THE HEIRESS.

A VILLAGE TALE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.*

One of the prettiest spots in Woodfield was the old market garden. It was situated in a warm sunny angle, where three of our bowering lanes met, near the ruins of St Edmund's Abbey. It was unlike any other garden of the kind I ever saw; the old mulberry and pear-trees, and espalier apples, whose golden fruits might have tempted wiser nymphs than Atalanta, were evidently relics of departed centuries. I think they must have been planted by the dainty monks of the adjacent monastery, or at any rate grafted from their ancient stock, for, with all our horticultural improvements, we get no such apples now-a-days. Their very name bespake their origin. The Abbot's Pippin they were called. That abbot was a man of taste, I'll warrant him, from whose pet seedling first sprang this spicy family. His name is forgotten—his grave is unknown; but these pippins are a perennial monument of his good deeds, in introducing so excellent a stock of apples among the East-Anglian orchards. The thyme, the fennel, the red sage, and many a flaunting marigold, are still to be found in the green lanes near to the mouldering line of broken arches which formed the boundary of St Edmund's Abbey, indubitable landmarks of the ancient herbarium from which the cowled physicians of the olden time concocted the simple medicines for the village poor, as well as for the petty suzerain of the manor. A hardy race were both the peasant and his lord in those days, when health might be extracted from herbs of grace and flowers of the field, and none ever received such a thing as an apothecary's bill to raise their spirits after a long illness.

The market garden of Woodfield, when I first remember it, was rented by a widow in the decline of life, who with her grandson occupied a low substantially-built cottage, with Flemish gables and ancient carved casements, which formed the tenement belonging to the garden. Old Aggy Durrant, as she was called, was not a native of our county, though she had married a Suffolk man. The Woodfield peasants regarded her as a sort of foreigner, saying, 'She came out of the shires, and was not one of them.' The Suffolk peasantry have the most singular dislike to the natives of any other county than their own; nor will they, if they can possibly avoid it, accept a service in any division of England that bears the termination of shire. 'No, ma'am, I can't think of going into the shires,' is the reply of these determined clingers to native scenes, and oft times to native miseries; but why the idea of a shire should be so displeasing to our worthy East-Anglians, I never could make out. Certain it is, however, that the *South folke* are a peculiar people, having very few affections to bestow on strangers. Old Aggy had lived long enough in that cottage to have insured a local settlement in any village, one would think; but no, she was among the people, but not of them. Her accent betrayed her northern origin; her manners and customs differed from theirs. 'She neither ate hard dumplings nor white bacon, which made it plain she came out of the shires, and was not one of them.'

* Printed five years ago in a periodical work of limited circulation; now reprinted at the suggestion of the authoress.

The gossips complained that no one knew anything about her, except that she did not manage her garden like other people with proper straight walks and squares of cabbages, squares of potatoes, and squares of other kinds of garden sauce (the name by which the Suffolk peasants class vegetables, when they speak of them collectively), like people who pretended to get their living by selling their garden produce; but she had flower-beds and borders, and winding walks, like *serpents*, with boweries at the corners, and arches made with climbing plants running over strings and bent sticks. Even her scarlet-beans and her peas were set out to look like some out-of-the-way fancy, all denoting the pride and ambition of this strange old woman with her popish name. No one, in reality, had less of these unpopular qualities than poor old Aggy Durrant. She was the meekest and most benevolent of living creatures. Very liberal halfpennyworths and pennyworths of small fruit did she dispense to her juvenile customers; and if she heard of a sick person having a craving desire for fruit, the first gatherings of her strawberries, her cherries, or her plums, were freely accorded by her, without a thought of payment.

Much as the picturesque arrangement of old Aggy's garden offended the bad taste of some of her invidious neighbours, it was always a favourite resort on holidays or summer evenings for young persons who wished for quiet enjoyment, a pleasant walk, and a cheap feast, or at night by a little improving conversation with the amiable mistress of this village Eden. Many a spare hour have I spent in acquiring a little of her practical knowledge in floriculture and *herb-ology*, for Aggy was learned in the virtues of plants, from the oak to the house-leek. She could distil simple waters and compound rare ointments for curing burns, blisters, and chilblains, and concoct draughts for the relief of coughs, colds, and many other of the maladies to which the poor were subject, and she never made any charges for her simple medicines, unless to those who could well afford to pay her. The squire's lady and the young ladies at the hall were great customers to Aggy Durrant for her double distilled rose-water and elder flower-water, and the apothecary himself privily purchased her mint-water, and gave her extensive orders for her healing ointments, though he told every one that 'she was a shocking old quack, and ought not to be encouraged.' He was her best customer, nevertheless, and never ordered conserve of roses, conserve of hips, or currant-jelly of any one else.

Some people fancied Aggy Durrant must be growing rich, as she had so many ways of getting money; but her profits were too small, and her charities too abundant, for the acquisition of wealth, and all her savings were employed in the education of her orphan grandson George. Till he was twelve years of age, the boy had no other instructor but herself, and it was evident that she understood enough of the rudiments of learning to have enabled her to keep a preparatory school; but Aggy Durrant was of an active turn, and preferred her miscellaneous employments to the sedentary business of tuition. When George, to use her expression, 'got beyond her in his learning,' Aggy Durrant astonished and offended all her neighbours by actually sending him to a boarding-school kept by a worthy curate in a neighbouring town. As soon as this fact transpired, Aggy had an influx of customers-extraordinary, who came—it being winter-time, when no cheap winter-fruits were in season—for pennyworths of raddish seeds and cabbage seeds, and pints of peas and beans, as an excuse for catechising the old lady on the subject of her grandson's departure from Woodfield, and her reasons for sending him to Scrapton school.

Aggy had a quiet laconic way of replying to cross-questioning, that might have baffled the most impertinent barrister on a country circuit. 'So you have sent George to boarding-school, Mrs Durrant?' began the baker's wife.

'Yes.'

'Why, that will be a great expense to you?'

'I fear it will.'

'They say you mean to make a parson of him?' pursued the persevering querist.

'I cannot *make* parsons.'

In common with many others, I always suspected the widowed Aggy had seen better days. One day I told her so. She turned her mild eyes expressively upon me, and replied with impressive brevity, 'I have.'

As I was not actuated by the intrinsic spirit of vulgar curiosity, which led our Woodfield gossips to pry into the affairs of their neighbours, I made no other comment upon this rejoinder than a look indicative of the interest I had always taken in Aggy Durrant, from the days when I used to coax our nurse to let us spend our half-holiday pennies in buying strawberries or cherries from her garden. Not but that we had strawberries, cherries, and all other fruits in their season in our own garden almost *ad libitum*, but we did not think our fruit half so delicious as that which old Aggy gathered for us, and it was such a treat to sit in her jessamine bower to eat it, and to look at her flowers and learn all their names, and whether they were to be propagated from seeds or slips, and how to make floral pyramids by training major convolvoluses up strings pegged in a circle, and then all knotted together to a tall lath in a central point.

Years passed away, leading us from infancy to childhood, and from youth to maturity; but though time had wrought so manifestly with us, we perceived no particular change in Aggy and her garden. She had never altered the fashion of her garb—the garb of widowhood—though sometimes, when she attended her customers in the garden, she now covered her closely-drawn cap with a black hood on chilly March days, an indication that she began to shrink from the sharp east winds; but her figure was unbent, and she was always to be seen on Sundays in her accustomed seat in the village church, with her substantially bound book of common-prayer and bible, both of a venerable appearance, and dignified with silver clasps. Like Aggy Durrant, they too had seen better days, and like her they did not appear older than when first I remembered them. It was in the widow's grandson that the only remarkable change had taken place. The curly-headed schoolboy had become a sedate and somewhat sentimental student. Aggy lamented that she could not send him to college; not that she breathed such a word to her every-day customers, who would have laughed the idea to scorn, she only whispered the regret to me, 'that she had not made an effort in the first instance to get him into some public school, where he might have earned a scholarship.'

'Perhaps,' said she, 'I have been too proud in dreading to encounter a denial, yet for his sake, I ought to have applied to my kinswoman; she could have got George a presentation if she had pleased.'

'Can she not now stand his friend in allowing him a maintenance at college?' asked I.

'Ay,' rejoined Aggy, 'if she please, but I do not feel disposed to ask favours of those who scorn me.'

The widow drew her hand over her eyes, and remained for some minutes in deep but silent communings with her own soul, and then, after a long pause, she said, 'No one can be competent to offer counsel in this matter who is not acquainted with the real circumstances of the case, and there is no reason why I should conceal them from a true friend. In my early life I was one of those unfortunate individuals who have no settled station or place in society. Left an orphan at so tender an age, that I scarcely have any remembrance of my parents, I was brought up in the nursery of a proud and wealthy family, to whom I was, it seems, distantly related, but never otherwise acknowledged than as an object of charity. I was what is called a *humble* dependent; that is to say, a servant without wages—a creature with all the artificial wants and wishes belonging to a lady, without the slightest means of gratifying them. I was the lowly companion of the only daughter

of the house, a spoiled and wayward girl about my own age, to whose caprices I was compelled to conform myself with the submission of a slave. I sometimes thought of the difference in our lots; but when I perceived how greatly my cousin Leonora was hated and feared by every living creature, except her parents, I did not wish to occupy her place, for her haughty and irritable temper rendered her a more pitiable person than myself. When Leonora had been presented at court, we had many gay doings at the hall, but the only share I had in them was to assist in the preparations, sometimes in the housekeeper's room, sometimes in the conservatories, and occasionally in the decorations of the saloons. I was at that happy time of life when occupation of any kind was pleasant, and I preferred anything to the weariness of being confined to Lady Wendover's dressing-room day after day, engaged in the drudgery of a dressmaker's assistant, under the superintendence of the lady's-maid, for whose blunders or negligence I alone was considered responsible, and was hourly exposed to revilings on my awkwardness, uselessness, and ingratitude. I longed for something in the shape of independence; but, without a connexion or friend in the world, how was it possible for me to escape from my Egyptian bondage? It was only in the gardens that I enjoyed freedom and repose from insult. I was passionately fond of flowers, and I had acquired a trifling knowledge of botany from my cousin's books, and assisting her in acquiring her lessons. But Leonora was not fond of study, and deputed the arrangement and classification of the plants to the gardener and me. William Durrant was a well educated young man, with a very fine person, engaging manners, and habits of a more refined and intellectual character than those of the steward or any others of the retainers of the family. He was a farmer's son, and never associated with the other servants. He treated me with a degree of respectful deference which I had never before received from any living creature. There was a sort of silent anticipation of all my wishes in everything he did; and as my wretchedness within my gilded prison-house increased, the dearer to me became the hour which was spent by me in collecting the flowers and evergreens for my daily task of dressing the vases with which the drawing-rooms and boudoirs were decorated.

I was never permitted to mix with the high-born guests with whom these splendid apartments were occasionally thronged, and if I by any chance encountered any of the gentlemen in my walks, I was regarded with looks of insolent curiosity; and at length I was insulted with a proposal of a dishonourable nature from one of the visitors. I indignantly applied to Lord and Lady Wendover for protection; and her ladyship observed, that "the boldness of my deportment must have invited such overtures;" and added, that "I was the offspring of a mis-alliance, and appeared disposed to disgrace the noble family in a greater degree than my mother had done." With a heart ready to burst at the injustice and cruelty of this treatment, I resolved to eat no longer of the bread which was so often steeped in my tears. I went to the housekeeper to announce to her my intentions of seeking a service, and asked her assistance and advice; but Mrs Shadwell was drawing up the programme of a large dinner that was to be given that day, and besought me not to tease her with such nonsense. I went to my cousin Leonora; she was practising a difficult piece of music for the evening display, and sharply reproved me for interrupting her. There was not one creature within that house who cared for my misery. Within an hour I had turned my back upon it; and, passing through the park gates, I took the road to the nearest town. When I had proceeded about a mile on my way, I was overtaken by William Durrant. He was much agitated, and asked me whither I was going. I replied, "To seek a service."

"Where, and with whom?" he demanded.

I told him, "I should inquire for a place in the town to which I was bending my steps."

"Pardon me," he replied, "if I tell you that it is impossible for any one in your situation to obtain what you seek."

"Why not?" I exclaimed; "I am young and strong, can work well with my needle, and am possessed of some useful knowledge."

William shook his head, and proceeded candidly, but respectfully, to point out to me those obstacles to my project which my profound ignorance of the world had prevented me from anticipating. No respectable family would receive me without a recommendation from Lady Wendover; and the manner in which I was quitting her protection would cause injurious reports and surmises to be cast upon my reputation. I burst into a hysterical passion of weeping and wringing my hands, and exclaimed, "What am I to do?"

"Return to the hall before your absence can have been observed," said William.

"That were only to expose myself to fresh taunts and insults more cruel than I have yet received," sobbed I.

"If," said William, "I might dare to ask you to partake of the humble home and true heart which I could offer, I would maintain you cheerfully with the labour of these hands, and shield you from all unkindness; no tender flower should be more fondly cherished, and more carefully guarded from the withering cold or scorching heat than you should be, if you would condescend to be the queen of my cottage, the partner of my life."

Till that moment I knew not how dear to me the man was who thus wooed me in the manly sincerity of true affection. I had no parents to outrage, no sisters to injure, no brothers to offend by a lowly marriage, and without hesitation I signified my consent to his proposal. We then returned to the hall by different paths; he to announce his intention of quitting Lord Wendover's service in a month, and I to endure with patience my trials till my affianced husband had made his arrangements for our union, by taking a small farm in his native county, Suffolk, and employing his savings in stocking it, and furnishing a house for my reception. When this was done, he returned to claim me, and, to the unspeakable indignation of my noble relations, I became his wife, and never for one moment repented of my choice.

In the active and endearing duties of conjugal and maternal ties, I enjoyed for many years as much happiness as can ever fall to the share of frail mortality. *Those* were my better days, and I bless God that I have seen them; for the memory thereof is sweet to me. My son, who had married an amiable young woman, died of a fever; and his wife did not survive the birth of my grandson George. This was a sore trial to me; but a sorer came when my manly true-hearted husband was called hence, and I saw him laid in the green churchyard, beside the grave of our only son. The lease of the farm fell that year; and for the sake of that young child who had been so solemnly intrusted to my care by his dying mother, I roused myself from the indulgence of useless sorrow to struggle for his maintenance. It was in active occupation that I found my surest cup of forgetfulness; and in the midst of my sorrow, I did not feel half so forlorn as when I sojourned in the stately mansion of my proud kindred, as a despised pensioner on their stinted bounties, without a defined duty or a reasonable object in life.

It is now twenty years since I hired this pretty cottage, and undertook the cultivation of the market garden for the support of my orphan grandson. He early manifested abilities of a superior order, and inclinations that made me desirous of obtaining for him the advantages of a liberal education; and having done all that Heaven permitted me to place him in a sphere where his talents might have fair scope, I cannot help regretting that I cannot do more. Sometimes my thoughts have wandered to my kindred, but nearly five-and-forty years have elapsed since any intercourse has taken place between us. Lord and Lady Wendover have long been dead. Leonora married a gentleman of equal fortunes

to her own. Like me, she has been a widow for upwards of twenty years, and might assist my youthful descendant if she would, but my experience of her haughty and capricious disposition in early life has hitherto withheld me from applying to her.'

I represented to the venerable widow the possibility of advancing the interests of her grandson with a powerful relative, who was at present unconscious of his existence. That consideration prevailed with her; the letter was written to the Honourable Mrs St Maury, and posted; but no answer was vouchsafed. Aggy Durrant expressed neither surprise nor disappointment; she knew the nature of her she had addressed too well to expect any favourable result; and after a fortnight of anxious hope and fear on the part of the young student had worn away, she took him by the hand, and repeated the words of the poet Gay—

> Were I to curse the man I hate,
> Attendance and dependence be his fate.

George blushed deeply, and his grandmother continued, 'You will never find your way to college by watching the postman, my boy.'

'Then I must seek some other path to reach that goal,' replied George.

A few days after this conversation, George Durrant obtained an engagement as tutor to a baronet's son, whom he was to accompany to Eton. Old Aggy considered this engagement as a stepping-stone to learned fame and honourable independence. She preserved her usual quiet course of active useful occupation. She reared her cabbages, her peas, and cauliflowers, as usual; retailed her strawberries, her cherries, her pippins, and pears in their season; she mentioned the name of her haughty kinswoman no more; and if she thought of her, it was only with a feeling of satisfaction, that George Durrant was in a fair way of obtaining a scholarship at Oxford by his own honourable exertions. Several terms at Eton passed before George was able to spend a vacation with his aged relative; and then he came full of joy. The wish of both their hearts was accomplished—he was to accompany his pupil to Oxford. Old Aggy now began to busy herself in preparing linen and other necessaries for his use at college. Some of her purchases at the neighbouring town were wrapped up in an old Morning Post, and, as she unfolded it, her eye was attracted by a familiar name, and she read, 'Died, on the 28th of May, at Wendover Hall, Yorkshire, after a short illness, Wendover St Maury, Esq., the grandson and latest descendant of the Honourable Leonora St Maury, the only daughter of the late Lord Wendover. It is said that the numerous estates of this ancient family will be inherited by a distant relation in humble life.'

Aggy Durrant glanced at the graceful figure and ingenuous countenance of the last scion of the haughty line of her maternal ancestry with a trembling feeling of delight, as the stately old hall, in all its solemn grandeur, and the widely-extended domains of Wendover, returned to her memory; but she spoke not to him of the change in his prospects, for she knew the vanity of youth, and the deceitfulness of the human heart, and dreaded lest the anticipation of his future greatness should have an injurious effect on his character. He went to Oxford, and returned no more to Woodfield till he had taken his degree. Old Aggy was a proud and happy woman on the following Sunday, when she entered our little church leaning on the arm of the youthful bachelor of arts. The mother of Cardinal Wolsey never felt greater satisfaction in the academic honours of her learned boy, than old Aggy did on this occasion.

That week a letter sealed with black arrived at the Woodfield post-office, directed to Mrs Agnes Durrant.

Aggy trembled and turned pale as she extended her hand to receive it. 'It is to announce *her* death—the death of the lady of Wendover Hall!' she said as she broke the seal. She was mistaken; it was from the lady herself, requiring her immediate presence at Wendover Hall with her grandson, and inclosing a L.50 note for the expenses of their journey, which the Honourable Mrs St Maury requested might be respectably performed.

The gossips of the village had almost given over wondering at the unaccountable proceedings of old Aggy Durrant; though they continued to cabal together when they met at the town well, and other places of public controversy, at her unreasonable conduct in persisting in bringing up her grandson for a gentleman; 'and the worst of it was,' some of them said, 'that he had actually been taken for a gentleman by the whole village before they traced him to old Aggy's cottage, and then people guessed who he was.' But even those praiseworthy members of the community who attended to their own business rather than to the doings of their neighbours, were filled with surprise one day on seeing a post-chaise drive up to old Aggy Durrant's door. At first it was supposed to contain some gentleman or lady, who came to purchase choice plants or roots of Aggy. But no—it was 'the Scrapton Angel post-shay,' and had certainly been ordered for the said Aggy's use. Aggy herself appeared, clad in the unwonted grandeur of a new black silk cloak and bonnet, trimmed with crape. She was attended by her grandson, the young Oxonian, who, with an animated countenance, assisted her to enter the vehicle, then springing in after her, took his seat by her side. The Scrapton Angel post-boy cracked his whip, and the real *po-shay* with its freight rattled up the turnpike-road, with all the Woodfield imps scampering after it, in hopes of catching a stolen ride behind. 'It was very evident that old Aggy Durrant was somebody after all, and had gone back into the shires again,' the neighbours said, as they gazed at the cloud of dust by which the progress of the Scrapton Angel post-chaise might be traced for a quarter of a mile on the turnpike road.

In due time the travellers arrived in Yorkshire; and at the last stage, they found the Honourable Mrs St Maury's carriage and four, with two out-riders, waiting to convey them to Wendover Hall. I will not describe the mingled feelings with which the eyes of the widow of William Durrant overflowed as she raised them to the once familiar home of her childhood, and memory brought back the rainbow lights and shades of years long past away. Her reverie was, however, interrupted by an immediate summons to the presence of the lady of the hall. Leaning on the arm of her grandson, she followed the servant to the state saloon. In the ante-room through which they passed, all the servants and tenantry of the Wendover estates were assembled, who saluted them with profound obeisance as they proceeded to the saloon, at the upper end of which, clad in the deepest mourning, and supported by pillows, sat the fast fading Leonora St Maury, reposing, as it were, on the awful threshold of that new and untried state of existence to which she was rapidly passing.

When her visitors were announced, she arose from her crimson velvet *fauteuil*, and taking the weeping Aggy by the hand, saluted her by the name of 'Cousin Agnes;' and leading her into the ante-room, she presented her to the assembled tenants and dependents as the heiress of Wendover Hall, and their future lady.

'My time here is short,' she added; 'I have survived my last descendant; and when I am gone, the law of entail will vest the succession to the land of Wendover in the person of my cousin, Agnes Durrant, widow, the granddaughter and representative of my father, the late Lord Wendover's only brother, the Honourable Josalin Wendover. The heiress of the hall had never heard so much of her pedigree before, and now it was too late in the day, as she afterwards observed, to be of much importance, unless for the sake of her youthful descendant, George Durrant. The Honourable Mrs St Maury, before she died, exacted a promise from him, that he should take the name and arms of Wendover. She expressed much satisfaction that her cousin had given

a suitable education to the heir of their ancient house. And old Aggy has lived to see the boy for whose support she had tilled the market garden of Woodfield called to the House of Peers by the style and title of Lord Wendover, of Wendover.

'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING' FOR 1844.

This has always been one of the most respectable of the annuals, and it seems destined to be amongst the latest survivors of the class. The volume for this year —much larger than it used to be a few years ago—possesses all that elegance of pictorial embellishment, typography, and external decoration, which fits the annual for a Christmas present; and, what we are more interested in, the literary matter is generally good—for which the names of Mr Procter, Mrs Hall, Mr Leitch Ritchie, and Miss Toulmin, are, indeed, a pretty fair guarantee.

There is a paper on the Bonkah, or dandy of India, by Captain Bellew, which contains some remarks that strike us as flowing from a mind of a more philosophical cast than is generally found in the ranks of light literature. 'Society in some parts of India,' says Captain Bellew, 'and in other countries of Asia, particularly among the Mohammedans, appears to be much in the same state of advancement in most respects at present as was that of our own country in the days of Harry VIII., or of the miscalled "good Queen Bess," when my "grave Lord Keeper led the brawls." Masques and mummeries delighted the full-grown babies of the age, and "fayre savages covered with ivy" spouted nauseous flatteries by the hour to kings and queens—when, truly, "who peppered the highest was surest to please;" when men of the greatest minds, crushed by the dread of irresistible power, licked the dust which tyrants trode; when heads rolled for words lightly spoken, and fire and fagot were the "sovereign'st thing on earth" for nonconformists and the cure of error; an age in which men were always either playing the fool or playing the devil, and yet, strange to say, amidst whose moral twilight arose those two great burning and shining lights—a Shakspeare and a Bacon.

War pageantry, costly habiliments, splendid attire—all that dazzles the eye—superstition—childishness—sycophancy—astrology—puerile conceits—inflated language—a vitiated taste, and a great esteem for wisdom and learning, with very imperfect notions of both, constitute in so many words the prominent marks of their stage of progression. In the mail-clad Indian chieftain, armed in proof from top to toe, on his barbed steed, snorting and caracoling, as if proud of his burden and of his glittering housings, I have sometimes fancied myself looking on a Marmion or a Surrey, or perhaps some fiery Hotspur of an earlier age. When accompanying the Thakoor, or village lord of Rajasthan or Bundelkund, with hawk and hound, on his sporting excursions in his rumnahs or preserves, or, seated in his castle or barree, amongst his retainers, his family priests, and his minstrels, the feudal baron or wealthy franklin has risen to my mental view. In the gray-bearded ministers of kings and princes, with their wise saws, sage counsels, unworthy flatteries, and excessive deference for legal power, I have fancied that I looked upon the exact prototypes (saving a slight difference of hue) of the Burleighs, the Mores, and the Cromwells of yore. Conversing with the moollahs and holy men, I have thought that I recognised the reasonings and exact constitution of mind characteristic of our Cranmers, Jewels, and Latimers, or the sapient Jamie himself. I have heard the privileged jester crack his jokes in the presence of the prince, where others were respectfully silent; and in many a dissipated young Mohammedan bonkah, lisping his Rindie Bolee (literally, woman's language), have imagined that I saw a Sir Piercie Shafton, or such a one as he who "smelt so sweet, and talked so like a waiting gentlewoman," to the grievous annoyance of the choleric Hotspur. *Similar states of mental progress produce similar fruits*, which are modified by religion and climate. What is the Durgah of the Peer* but the tomb of the saint? who can fail to perceive the palmer in the hadji or pilgrim journeying to Mecca, and in the moollah or fakeer and his rosary the monk and his beads? The same insecurity of life and the same barbaric magnificence prevail in the East as so long reigned in the West. Chiefs and their feudal tenants abound, whilst a country studded with castles and strongholds betokens a weak executive: in a land where each petty chief bids defiance to his liege lord, the blessing of order must be unknown; and these things bring Europe of the middle ages, with some few points of difference, most forcibly to the observant mind.'

As a pleasant contrast to the above, we add a snatch of humour from the pen of Miss Camilla Toulmin:—

* * *

'I sat down to rest on an old tombstone,
By grass and wild-flowers all overgrown,
But through wild-flowers and grass I was able to scan
The legend it bore, which thus began:
"*In memory of a darling wife,*
The joy and solace of my life,
This stone is raised by him who now,
Longing, himself awaits the blow
When death shall kindly lay him low;
For death, so cruel to divide,
Alone can place us side by side.
Also in memory of"—was underneath;
But here the weeds had formed a sort of wreath,
So that I could not see
The village poesy;
Although I knew it then
Turned to that "*best of men*"
Himself, who doubtless followed to the grave
The lost and loved his anguish could not save!
I should have said
That at the head,
Where was recounted this sad tale,
A stooping figure seemed to wail,
And with one wing was clearly trying
(A stony wing not meant for flying)
To wipe away the stony tears
That, after five-and-thirty years
(So from the battered date appears),
Still coursed adown the stony cheeks,
Whose many weather-beaten streaks,
Neighboured too by a broken nose,
And loss of fingers and of toes,
Proclaimed that either rude old Time,
Or Slumberwell's ungenial clime,
Had shown but small respect to one
Who through all trials still wept on.

Mine was a kind of waking dream;
And while I pondered, there did seem
A sort of radiance to gleam,
Which I could plainly trace,
As it did quickly chase
From the stone angel's face
All signs of wo;
While there did grow,
Curling the lip the while,
A most indubitable smile;
And but a minute after,
With smothered laughter,
The bruised and broken thing,
Still resting on one wing,
Bade me in voice, though low yet clear,
To tear away the weeds that grew so near:
Murmuring the while, "Ah! when *she* first lay here,
He used to come and water with a tear
The earth that covered her—even me he'd grasp,
And wreaths of flowers around me clasp;
He *said* he envied me, that I should ever be
Near the sad home of his dear Emily:
Yet somehow, after a few weeks were gone,
He used to leave me very much alone;
The flowers he twined around my urn
Were faded quite before he did return;
And soon he made his visits few and far between,
Till for three months at once he was not seen.
But when at last he came, no tear was shed
Upon his Emily's low narrow bed;
And oh! the next time that he came,
I did not know him for the same.
Sables were doffed; he smiled and looked so gay—
I should observe, he only passed this way

* The shrine of the Mohammedan saint.

To church upon his *second* bridal day!"
I started as I tore away
The grass and wild-flowers that had grown
Cloud-like around the lettered stone.
And thus I read—

"*In memory of dear Jane,*
The second wife of Walter Blane."
"Go on," the stony figure said;
And, half indignant, half in dread,
I turned to my fierce work again,
And grass and wild-flowers tore amain,
Till there appeared another name,
And to the third—*third*—wife I came!

Now, though no doubt it would be wittier,
And look on paper far the prettier,
To rail against false fickle man
(Who *only* has been "fickle" since the world began!)
It seems to me a happy thought,
A ray of Heaven's mercy caught,
That Time—abuse him as we will—
Has power to soothe our sorrows still;
And though the living may not fill
Quite up the void the aching heart
Feels when the loved one doth depart,
It is a happy dispensation
That they should make *some* compensation!'

TITLES OF HONOUR.

Among barbarous nations there are no family names. Men are known by titles of honour, by titles of disgrace, or by titles given to them on account of some individual quality. A brave man will be called the lion, a ferocious one the tiger. Others are named after a signal act of their lives, or from some peculiarity of personal appearance; such as the slayer-of-three-bears, the taker-of-so-many-scalps, or straight limbs, long nose, and so on. Some of these—especially such as express approbation or esteem—are worn as proudly by their savage owners, as that of duke or marquis is by European nobles. They confer a distinction which begets respect and deference amongst the tribes, and individuals so distinguished obtain the places of honour at feasts; they are the leaders in battle. It is nearly the same in modern civilised life: titled personages are much sought after and fêted by the tribes of untitled; and are, moreover, the leaders of fashion. The only difference between the savage and civilised titles of honour is, that in the former case they can only be obtained by deeds: they must be earned; which is not always the case with modern distinctions.

In the social and political systems of modern nations, all titles of honour originally took their rise from official employments; but in many cases the duties have been abandoned, while the titles, which they at first conferred, are retained. This is the case with the five orders of British peerage, and with the baronetcy and knightage. Amongst us, a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, knight, have at the present time no official duties to discharge in consequence of their titles. It is not so, however, in some parts of Germany, and amongst the nations of the East. The highest of all titles—that of king or ruler—on the contrary, has never been merely honorary; the responsible duties of government having always been coupled with it. As might be expected, the most extravagant superlatives which language could supply have been added to the honorary designation of the supreme ruler; especially in oriental countries, where the poetical figure of hyperbole flourishes in the greatest excess. The most powerful of all monarchs is the emperor of China; his subjects believe him to be Heaven's sole vicegerent upon earth. Hence his titles are the 'Son of Heaven,' and 'Ten Thousand Years.' This is somewhat akin to our own legal axiom—that the king *never* dies; which is nevertheless true of the mere dignity. In an official document received by the governor of Bengal from the general of the Chinese forces, the emperor is styled 'the flower of the imperial race, the sun of the firmament of honour, the resplendent gem in the crown and throne of the Chinese territories.' His imperial highness is not supposed to possess these distinctions upon groundless pretensions; for he claims to be brother of the sun, cousin-german to the moon, and professes to be connected by ties of relationship to every one of the stars. In short, the emperor is considered the concentrated essence of all worldly distinction; in other words, 'the sun of the firmament of honour;' for, besides him, there is no aristocracy in China—no strictly honorary titles but those he monopolises. Every dignity must be gained by learning and merit; and there are no titles whatever, except his own, which have not their official duties. There is no hereditary nobility in China.

The titles claimed by the Shah of Persia are not less extravagant than those of the Chinese monarch. In a treaty concluded with Sir John Malcolm in behalf of the British government, he calls himself 'the high king, the king of the universe, the phenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the king powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in this globe, a shade from the shade of the most high, a prince before whom the sun is concealed;' and a variety of other outrageous similitudes, which it would be tedious to recite. His subordinate officers imitate him in this respect. The governor of Shiraz, for instance, adds to his official designations the following savoury similitudes:—The flower of courtesy, the nutmeg of consolation, and the rose of delight.—Some of the titles assumed by the sultan of Turkey consist of high-flown comparisons with the Deity, which are carried to the point of blasphemy. He, as well as the Chinese emperor, claims a near relationship to the sun and moon. He declares himself to be, moreover, 'the disposer of crowns,' although during the present century he has had enough ado—honest man—to keep his own on his head.

Russia unites Asia with Europe, and we naturally pass to a consideration of the autocrat who styles himself 'Emperor of all the Russias.' This, however, is a modern appellation, that of czar (kaiser)—the Slavonic for 'king'—having been always given to him from the earliest times.* Most European rulers are kings (from the Teutonic word *cuning*, signifying either knowledge—from which we get 'ken'—or potentiality, giving us the auxiliary verb 'can'): some, however, assume to be emperors, from the Roman *imperator*.—The kings of Spain were formerly so encumbered with titles, that in 1586 Phillip III. ordained that he should be termed simply, *el rey, nuestro senor*—'the king, our lord.' Indeed Spain may be considered the hot-bed of unmeaning and ignoble titles, though there are some persons of good and ancient family who have titles of real honour. The king of Spain is called his Catholic Majesty; the higher nobility are counts, and, as with us, marquises and dukes. The precedence of persons holding these distinctions, as to who shall rank next after the princes of the blood, is settled by the king. This select few have the privilege of being covered in the royal presence, and are styled illustrious, and addressed, like the pope, with 'your Eminence.' The inferior nobility of Spain call themselves cavalleros (knights) and hidalgos (gentlemen). Most of the nobles are on grand occasions covered with orders and other insignia. These are so cheap in many parts of the continent, that persons of very indifferent reputation often obtain them; hence the Spanish proverb, that 'formerly rogues were hung on crosses; now crosses are hung on rogues.' It frequently happened in former times, that, from the peculiar Spanish law of tenure, many small estates descended to the same individual, the names of which the owner added to his own. Illustrative of this, there is a story in the Spanish jest-books of a benighted grandee who knocked at a lonely

* Some etymologists trace the word czar to 'Cæsar,' of which they affirm it to be a corruption; but the reverse is the fact: Cæsar is the Latinised form of kaiser or czar. Richardson, quoting Ihre, a native etymologist, says that kaiser, imperator, or more strictly 'watcher,' is a word acknowledged and used by all ancient dialects.

inn, and when asked, as usual, *quien es?*—'who is there?' replied, 'Don Diego de Mendosa, Siloa Ribera, Guzman Pimentel, Osorio Ponce de Leon Zuniga, Acuna Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Roxas, Velasco Man.' 'In that case,' interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, 'go your way; I have not room for half of you.' A great many titular distinctions in Spain have been levelled by the succession of revolutionary shocks which that unfortunate country has sustained within the last forty years.

The Germans cling to all sorts of titles with the most tenacious fondness, and often assume them without any right to do so. Many of the genuine titles are purchased; some persons buying land to which a title is annexed. This venality even exceeds what it did in France under her most corrupt *régime*. The most common honorary appellation is Geheimrath, or privy councillor; but few are really entitled to assume it; insomuch that those who are, put *true* after the designation. Every person is very sensitive about being properly addressed. To accost a gentleman, as in England, with sir (mein herr), is almost an insult; it is necessary to find out his office or profession. The commonest title is 'rath,' there being a rath for every profession. An architect is a banrath; an advocate justizrath; and a person with no profession at all contrives to be made a hofrath (court councillor), an unmeaning designation, mostly given to those who are never in a situation to give advice at court. The title of professor is also much abused. It is far safer in Germany to attribute a rank greater than the person addressed is entitled to, than to fall beneath the mark. Hence an Englishman is often surprised by hearing himself called Mr Count (Herr Graff), or Eur Graden (Your Grace). 'Every man who holds any public office,' says Russell in his Tour in Germany, 'should it be merely that of an under clerk with a paltry salary of L.40 a-year, must be gratified by hearing his title, not his name.' Neither are the ladies behind in asserting their claims to honorary appellations. 'A wife insists upon taking the title of her husband, with a feminine termination. There are Madame Generaless, Madame Privy Councilloress, Madame Daybook-keeperess, and a hundred others.' These titles, as may be readily imagined, sometimes extend to an unpronounceable length. Conceive, for instance, a foreigner's powers of utterance taxed to the extent of addressing a lady as 'Frau Oberconsistorialdirectorin;' in other words, Mrs Directress of the Upper Consistory Court. In France, titles of honour were abolished at the Revolution; in the present day, however, counts, and other members of the old aristocracy, retain their titles among their own private friends by courtesy. The legislative function of peer gives no personal title. Badges of honour are exceedingly prevalent: the cross of the legion of honour, with its gay ribbon, 'decorates' the button holes of almost half the grown male population of France.

On the continent, the extreme abundance of titles causes their owners to obtain but little respect; but in England, the case is different. The royal prerogative of creating knights and nobles is—except on very rare occasions—exercised with much greater circumspection than it is, and used to be, by neighbouring potentates; the honour, therefore, to the distinguished few, is highly prized. The feeling of loyalty is nowhere so fervent and sincere as in Great Britain; not only the 'fountain of honour itself,' but the honours that flow from it, are held in great esteem. The ruler of the country is said to be 'by the grace of God queen (or king) of Great Britain and Ireland;' with, however, the irrational addition of 'defender of the faith'—a faith which has ceased to be that of the state. The title of prince only belongs in this country to the sons and nephews of kings. The ducal was originally a Roman dignity, derived from *ductores exercituum*, or commanders of armies; but under the later emperors, the governor of a province was entitled *dux*, or leader, whence our word is derived. The first duke—as we now apply the title—was Edward the Black Prince, created Duke of Cornwall; a titulary honour, which ever since has belonged to the king's eldest son during the life of his parent; so that he is called in heraldic parlance *dux natus*, or a born duke. After him there were many *duces creati*, or dukes who were created in such manner that their titles should descend to posterity. But in 1572, during the reign of Elizabeth, the dignity became extinct. Half a century afterwards, it was renewed by James, who created his favourite George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. The sons of peers in Great Britain and Ireland have not formally any noble rank; but by courtesy the eldest son always bears the second title of the family, if there be one, while the younger sons receive the appellation of lords, if the paternal rank be not under that of an earl. The second order is that of marquis, connected with which was once the duty of guarding the frontiers or limits of the kingdom, called marches, from the Teutonic word *marche*. The persons who had this command were called 'lords marches,' or marquesses. The office was legally abolished by Henry VIII., after it had long fallen into disuetude; but the title remained. A marquis is addressed as 'most noble,' but more in conformity with herald's authority, as 'most honourable.' Of all honorary distinctions, none is so ancient as that of earl. We derive it from the Saxon word *eorl*, which means elder, and it is a little startling to find that two such dissimilar dignities as earl and alderman have a common origin; but so it appears; for the Saxon earls were called *ealdormen*, otherwise seniors or senators; and it would appear that, besides assisting in the general government, as is implied by this designation, they were also *schiremen*, or custodiers of divisions of shires. After the Norman conquest, these functionaries took the French name of counts, but which they did not long retain; though to this day their shires are called counties, and their wives countesses. The earl ceased to trouble himself with county business at an early period, deputing it to a subordinate officer, called *vice-comes* (in Saxon, *scyre*, a shire, and *reve*, a steward or sheriff), whence sprung the fourth degree of peerage—viscounts; 'which,' saith Cowel, 'is not an old name of office, but a new one of dignity, never heard of amongst us till Henry VI. his days.' With this uprise the viscounts or sheriffs got, like their official predecessors the earls, above their business, and the local affairs of the country are now superintended by the lord-lieutenant and his deputy, and by sheriffs. The history and etymology of the barons are involved in great obscurity.

The wives and daughters of all peers partake more or less in the titulary honours of their relatives, except the female relations of the prelacy, who are plain Mrs and Miss. All peers, except 'their graces' the dukes, are addressed as 'my lord,' so that when we include the lords by courtesy not in the peerage, 'my lords' of the treasury and admiralty, lords-lieutenant, the Scottish lords of session (facetiously denominated 'paper lords'), lords provost, and the three lords mayor (of London, York, and Dublin), it will be seen that the lords of this empire are in great variety.

The next downward step in the ladder of dignity takes us out of the peerage into the baronetage. The title of baronet is compounded of baron and the diminutive termination *et*, which makes it to signify a baron of lesser degree. The order was instituted by James I., at the suggestion of Sir Robert Cotton, in 1611. It is the lowest honorary title which is hereditary. Next come the knights, whose history goes back to that of ancient Rome, for in that empire it was the second degree of nobility. It was conferred in the chivalric times upon every person of good birth, to qualify him to give challenges, and to perform feats of arms. The honour has, however, gradually extended itself to persons whose habits are the reverse of military; who are dubbed, in Shakspeare's phrase, solely upon 'carpet consideration.'

The title of esquire—the next in order—has become

as unmeaning in England as that of privy councillor in Germany. What the designation originally meant, is ascertained by the origin of the word, which is traced to the Latin *scutifer*, or shield bearer. They were men-at-arms, and attended knights 'to the wars.' Camden enumerates five orders of the rank, the last being 'such as hold any superior rank, public office, or serve the prince in any worshipful calling.' This is sufficiently vague, to take in a very large class of persons; hence it has been a subject of great dispute and much doubt amongst our wisest lawyers, to whom the title of esquire properly belongs. Blackstone and Coke have written on the subject, and the question has been recently agitated with great vigour by the worshipful petty sessions of Kensington.

In such high estimation are titles held, that even to be associated ever so indirectly with one is considered an honour. Hence the middle ranks of English society have been described, not without justice, as a body of tuft-hunters. These persons have a kind of reverence, an awe—not so much for the nobility in their proper persons, as for their titles. They know the peerage, baronetage, and knightage by heart. They deem the smallest omission on the superscription of a letter, or in verbally addressing a noble, as an unpardonable sin. We have heard of a military poet—himself owning the title of lieutenant in a foot regiment—who, in writing some verses on Waterloo, conveyed one of his reminiscences of the battle in the following heraldic couplet:—

'Step forth, Lieutenant Cobden, of her majesty's hundred and second foot—step forth unto the front,'
Cried Major General Sir Hussey Vivian, K. C. B.—'and bear the battle's brunt!'

Titles are in this country a part of our political system, and as such, receive the sanction of many friends of our institutions, who otherwise care little about them. The example of America shows that they may be formally excluded from a country, whilst a strong inclination to use them, however obliquely, still remains. In that republic all such distinctions are *theoretically* renounced as unworthy of a free and enlightened nation. Mere honorary distinctions are not by the constitution allowed; yet in no country in the world are titles so worshipped. M. de Beaumont, a French traveller, who may be considered disinterested, declares, 'Whether you shall be received with enthusiasm in America, very well, decently well, or coldly, depends on whether you are a duke, marquis, count, or nothing. The meanest driver,' this writer continues, 'of a diligence styles himself *gentleman*, and no one who has attained a position the least above the mass of men ever fails to take the title of esquire.' The members of congress, and every local legislature, is styled the 'honourable Mr So and So,' which is the only civil rank, except esquire, in vogue. Yet all the means and appliances of titular nobility are eagerly adopted. Heraldic insignia are much affected, and even spurious vanities are sported on family vehicles.

One class of people, who abound in America, namely, the 'Society of Friends,' abandon every vestige of titular distinction, be it ever so simple; and in this respect are at least consistent, for they scrupulously practise what they preach. Excepting this upright class of men, we know of no portion of mankind, civilised or otherwise, who disdain to seek for or to use titles. In this, indeed, there seems remarkably little distinction. To the high, titles appear almost a necessary part of their existence, although we have heard them complained of as a load which would be very willingly resigned. To the most humble in station they are perhaps still more fondly clung to. Every workman is desirous of being spoken to as *Mr*; and his respectable wife, who requires no such adjunct, is addressed as *Mistress*. In short, from high to low, throughout all grades, is this craving manifest. Viewed in the abstract, titles are not things worthy of desire, and they must be considered as failing in their object when applied without distinction as to merit or any other qualification. Absurd or insignificant, however, as they too frequently are, they may be considered as not altogether useless. Classing them with many other things which philosophy would disown, they are to be viewed as in some respects essential to the present tastes and habits of society, and therefore worthy of all the toleration usually accorded to social arrangements in themselves indifferent or unobjectionable.

THE LEGEND OF THE HAPPY VALLEY.

One of the chief delights of travelling, especially in the woods, wilds, and prairies of the vast American continent, is to light upon some strange and quaint wanderer who can beguile the hours of repose with anecdotes and recollections of his past life. I rarely failed, on putting up at a hotel, whether it was the far-famed Tremont of Boston, the somewhat less celebrated Tremont of Galveston, a road-side shanty, or venerable log, to find one of these retailers of traditionary lore in the shape of backwoodsman, leather-stocking, bee-hunter, or red man. The latter was ever most welcome; for though the hunting scrapes of the former were always interesting, yet about the Indian—though I never was a believer in their elevated character, demeanour, and intellect—there was yet on all occasions something new, fresh, and to a European, however sceptical concerning their good qualities, something of secret and mysterious interest. This feeling is so strongly implanted in our nature from early association of ideas, and from the opinions we have formed of the native inhabitants of Columbia in the fascinating pages of the American novelist, that we endeavour, when coming in contact with Indian tribes, and finding our preconceived opinions very much shocked, to persuade ourselves that we have fallen on a bad specimen of the great family—that we have but to travel further, to explore more carefully, and we shall find that all are not so dirty, lazy, and treacherous as those we have met with. Be this as it may, I shall not easily forget the emotions of pleasure which filled my mind when, on dismounting after a weary day's journey, and crossing the threshold of the low shanty which served the purpose of an inn, at the upper ford of the Sabine, I saw standing erect before the fire, habited as nearly as possible in the costume of a white American hunter, an Indian. He was one of those who, without exactly dwelling either with his tribe or with the settlers, lived on the confines of both. In the village of the Wacco Indians he had his wigwam: true, he had no squaw, and his sons had all followed the war-path to return no more. In the white man's settlements there were whisky, tobacco, and powder, and the Indian's rare skill as a hunter enabled him to exchange the produce of his untiring labour for such articles as he most coveted. In the wigwam of White Hawk were more knives, and blankets, and guns, than in any other, though he had no squaw or young men; but White Hawk distributed his goods with a liberal hand among his people, and was a great chief. These facts I learned in a very few seconds from my landlady, the thin, yellow, but still healthy wife of a borderer. I intimated my intention of supping, and invited the Indian to join me. He did not decline the offer. Thirty years of constant intercourse with the invaders of his soil had taught him their habits and language, and White Hawk could use a knife and fork, relish salt, drink whisky-toddy, and, what is more, speak English, all with equal facility and readiness. French, indeed, was better known to him—perhaps no Louisianian creole spoke it more purely—but then the languages bear more affinity one to another than his and ours, and we accordingly conversed in French, especially considering the fact, that it was the native dialect of our hostess. We talked animatedly for hours; I listened, however, more than I spoke, and wondered still more. The man had travelled immensely. In every state of the Union he had left a trail behind him, and in Texas his footsteps

crossed one another in all directions. He told me many and wonderful stories, and among others one to which I listened so eagerly, that the Indian could not refrain from a smile. Though, I believe, to such Americans as have wandered beyond the edge of their vast frontier it is not unknown, to few of my English readers can it be familiar, unless in some obscure hints which travellers may have thrown out concerning it. I would give it in the Indian's words, but I fear few would thank me for my fidelity. Preserving, then, the facts without addition, retrenchment, or alteration, I lay it before the public.

Nawata-taoni was the chief of a small tribe of Peorias who inhabited the foot of the Rocky Mountains, between Fort Leavenworth and the bursting of the Arkansas from its rocky prison, and who hunted buffalo during the summer on the wide and boundless prairies which stretch from that great Alpine chain to the abodes of men. The Sioux, that fierce and indomitable tribe of warlike Indians, who claim an extent of territory equal to some of the most powerful empires of Europe, and who, in support of that claim, go about like raging wolves seeking whom they may devour, took it one day into their heads to destroy this little band of Peorias. Knowing the deep cunning and valour of Nawata-taoni, they chose a day when he was absent in treaty with a neighbouring chief of the Kaskaskias, and falling upon the village unawares, took the scalp of every warrior, and bore the women and children into captivity. The men who did this deed were sixty in number, and though thus far successful, they knew that the squaws would mock them, the old men shake their heads, and deny them the title of braves, if they brought not in the tuft of Nawata-taoni. The chief returned to his village to find it desolate, destroyed, annihilated; and, though alone, he vowed vengeance upon his persecutors. Life had lost all its charms; there was nothing left but to revenge and die. Knowing well that his enemies were thirsting for his blood, he thought it prudent to hide for some time, until they should have returned to their winter-quarters, when he could come forth and lay his deep and hopeful plans of retaliation. With his faithful bow, his quiver full of unerring arrows, he turned to the mountains, there to secrete himself. He moved but slowly, as he used the most careful precautions to conceal his trail; walking in the bed of running streams, taking his way with his face to the spot whence he came, leaping through a dense forest for miles, without ever touching the ground, the trees being his path, until at length, at the expiration of a week, he found himself on a ledge of hard rock, that could not leave even the most faint trace of human footsteps. The chief followed it. It led between two lofty hills, becoming every moment more narrow; at length he reached its termination, and a sight burst upon the Indian's view which even at that desolate moment made his heart leap with gratitude and unspeakable emotions. At his feet lay a lovely valley, or rather hollow, for, save where he stood, there appeared no gap or break in the hills; a sward, green and smooth as a lawn, ran down from the crest of the rock to a lake which bristled with sparkling springs, each rising like a *jet d'eau* of art, and falling again into the bubbling bosom of that sweet piece of water. Groves dotted the scene all around, and on the sides of the hills were dense thickets and woods, which promised abundance of game. The chief walked slowly down to the banks of the lake; it was teeming with fish. He walked nearly round it; a river escaped from one end, a mighty stream in its very birth, and at some distance was heard the roar of waters. But nowhere did the restless searching eye of Nawata-taoni detect the slightest evidence to prove that mortal man had ever trod that spot. A smile of grim satisfaction passed over the warrior's face, as he determined to take up his abode in it, there to baffle his enemies for a time, and then to found another tribe; once more to have wigwams about him, and then—his dark eye glistened, and became big with deadly meaning—he was thinking of the fifty reeking scalps which hung up in the lodges of his hated enemies the Sioux. His first care was to build a small and convenient hut, to manufacture traps for beaver, and fishing-tackle for the speckled trout. Of both, the lake and stream afforded abundance. Then, laying aside his bow and arrows, he plunged into the river—whose high, rough, and precipitous banks forbade any other mode of exploring it—to find where it led to, and to discover if it afforded any facility for the secret advance of an enemy. He swam along quietly, his eyes scanning every gap and fissure in the rocks, until he felt the current become violent, the roar of waters more loud, and, dashing out, he made the right bank of the stream. Clambering amid pointed rocks and loose stones, he soon gained a spot from whence he saw the river of the Happy Valley escaping in a gigantic fall of some hundred feet or so into another and equally extraordinary place. The chief sat down upon a fragment of granite, and gazed around him. The bed of the river presented a singular aspect; in the middle it was a smooth though rushing stream, while on both sides were caverns, and arches, and gullies, through which the mad water fiercely bubbled, escaping through vents which its own impetuosity had carved out. Nawata approached to the very edge of the cliff, looked down upon the smooth grass and green woods of this other valley, and smiled; then, as if satisfied with his survey, he leaped once more into the water, and returned to his hut. On a first inspection, he had imagined that the lake and stream were one body of water; but a more careful survey caused him to discover, that though the river took its origin certainly in the hundred springs of this lively sheet of water which supplied him with fish, beavers' fur, and beavers' tails, yet the river burst from a cavern some twenty feet from the lake, the connecting interval being subterraneous.

Almost a month had passed, and Nawata-taoni began to think he had baffled his enemies. There was, he found, no lack of beaver or trout; the woods afforded him squirrels, and racoons, and turkeys; and in the immense valley below the falls he had seen, though as yet without pursuing them, many a buffalo. Every day added to his knowledge of the locality, and every day to his settled determination of peopling the valley of Nawata, as in his pride he called it. He had already enlarged, ornamented, and garnished his hut with furs and skins, and placed it where a village could conveniently surround it; he had laid out the line of wigwams in his eye; the maize fields for the squaws to labour in; the tree which was to be hewn down on the days which should summon his new tribe to the war-path, to follow the trail of the murdering and lying Sioux. About the dusk of one evening, which gave sign of a stormy and disagreeable night, Nawata sat at his tent door, resting on a luxurious heap of beavers' skins, and smoking out of a rude pipe the most aromatic leaves of the forest. His keen restless eye ranged all around; his nice ear, alive to the faintest sound, was ever listening for the footsteps of the foe. Why does Nawata start, lay aside his pipe, and stand erect on the threshold of his hut, clutching with eager grasp the handle of his tomahawk? Next minute his bow is bent, an arrow flies from it, a loud cry is heard, and fifty dark and yelling forms burst from the narrow entrance whence Nawata had gazed upon the peaceful and Happy Valley, now changed into the abode of wild and infuriated savages; who, rushing down the gentle slope with triumph glaring in their eyes, seek to clutch their victim. It was the Sioux who had laid waste his peaceful village, and Nawata-taoni, feeling that to live was necessary to his revenge, fled. To leap into the lake, to swim under water until his breath could be held no longer, then to rise at a distance and shake his clenched fist at his pursuers, who, discharging a hasty flight of arrows, threw down their bows and followed him, was the work of a few minutes. The bubbling springs con-

fused his pursuers, and some were at fault; but there were enough who were not, and Nawata-taoni soon found that these were gaining on him. The darkness was not sufficient to hide any very palpable object from the sight; and when, reaching the point where, in a kind of whirlpool, the lake rushed into its cavernous passage to the river, the Sioux saw their victim plunge into the vortex, an awful yell rent the air. The whole fifty warriors in an instant were on the land, which gave a distinct view of both pieces of water. Another yell, half of pleasure, half of admiration, followed, when the opposite cavern gave up the apparently lifeless body of Nawata-taoni. Every dark form, which a moment before was filled with bitter sensations of disappointment, now dilated with joy, and, plunging after the chief, each man sought to be the winner of the prize. The end of the chase appeared no longer doubtful. Nawata, bewildered, stunned, almost senseless, however, rapidly recovered, but not so rapidly as to be any match for his pursuers, who, fresh, strong in numbers, and eager for his scalp, dashed after him with an intense violence, which showed how much they valued their prey. Nawata laughed aloud, a laugh of taunting, bitter irony, as he cried, 'The Sioux are squaws—the Sioux are dogs!' Still they rushed on, more eager than ever, their yells mingling with the boiling waters, when suddenly Nawata plunged headlong under water. A yell of horror, terror, agony, burst from the foremost of the Sioux as they strove to turn, but it was in vain; those behind pressed them on; man clung to man, men to men. One gigantic warrior clutched a point of rock; the Sioux became as one dark mass; they were stationary. The whole fifty or sixty warriors were hanging by the single arm of the gigantic chief; they were in the very leap of the cataract; the current was too impetuous to be stemmed: there was no hope. A loud taunting laugh caused them to raise their eyes to the bank, on which stood the avenger pointing to the abyss below. A cry then arose so horrible, so piteous, so deathlike, that even Nawata was appalled, and he returned to his hut, without one living enemy within hundreds of miles, with a heavy heart. But he had had his revenge; the place was now deserted; no one would dwell in it—certainly not Nawata-taoni; 'and,' said the Indian, 'Nawata dwelt with the pale faces, and hunted for them, and the Waccos became his friends, and called his name White Hawk.'

I started; the conclusion was unexpected. Thirty years had passed, and Nawata-taoni was an old man. I told the chief how deeply his tale had interested me; but neither he nor I cared about any other that night; and over an excellent cup of coffee, prepared by our French hostess, we dwelt for hours on the recollections which had been awakened in both our bosoms by the Legend of the Happy Valley.

THE GRINDERS OF SHEFFIELD.

[Abridged from the London and Edinburgh Journal of Medical Science, as given in the Medical Times.]

'Dr G. Calvert Holland, of Sheffield, has published a series of communications of great importance and value on the grinders of that town, more especially with reference to their physical condition, the manner in which it may be alleviated, the diseases to which they are subjected, chiefly those of the pulmonic system, the pathological changes induced in their lungs, and the treatment that should be adopted for their relief. He says his attention was directed several years ago to the condition of the grinders, in the hope that something might be devised to mitigate the evils under which they labour, and the lengthened investigations into which he has entered are the result of much thought and personal observation. His object was less to study the phenomena of disease, than to induce the legislature, by a statement of general facts, to take the appalling circumstances into consideration, with the view to enforce measures for their correction; and he thinks he has reason to believe that the legislature will interfere. When it is considered that in Sheffield some thousands of individuals pursue the pernicious occupation of grinding, and that many thousands depend upon these for their daily bread, it becomes an imperative duty to endeavour to correct evils fraught with so much misery and wretchedness, not only to the artisans and their families, but injurious in the extreme to the town at large.'

A plan of Mr Abraham for saving grinders from the effects to which they are exposed having in a great measure failed, from its application being voluntary on the part of the men, another and much more effectual means of preventing the dust from being swallowed has been invented. 'A wooden funnel, from ten to twelve inches square, is placed a little above the surface of the revolving stone, on the side the furthest from the grinder, and this funnel terminates in a channel immediately under the surface of the floor; or we may consider the channel simply as the continuation of the funnel, in order to avoid any confusion in the explanation. The channel varies in length, according to the situation of the grinder, in reference to the point where it is most convenient to get quit of the dust. If we suppose that eight or ten grinders work in the same room, each has his own funnel and channel, and they all terminate in one common channel, the capacity of which is, perhaps, twice or three times as great as each of the subordinate or branch-channels. The point where they terminate is always close to an external wall. At this point, within the general channel, a fan is placed, somewhat in form like that used in winnowing corn, and to this is attached a strap which passes upwards, and over a pulley, so that whatever puts the pulley in motion causes the fan also to revolve. The pulley is placed in connection with the machinery which turns the stone, so that whenever the grinder adjusts his machinery to work, he necessarily sets the pulley and the fan in motion. The fan, acting at this point, whatever may be the length of any of the subordinate channels, causes a strong current to flow from the mouth of each funnel, which carries along with it all the gritty and metallic particles evolved, leaving the room in which the operations are pursued free from any perceptible dust. When the whole apparatus is perfect and in excellent condition, the atmosphere of the place is almost as healthy as that of a drawing-room.

The efficiency of this apparatus is shown in a spindle manufactory belonging to Messrs Yeoman and Shaw, where it is kept in beautiful order. The dust, which is thoroughly removed, is conveyed by the general channel into a trough of water on the outside of the building. The quantity which accumulates in it in a few weeks is very great, and in raising it in a mass, it seems to have almost the specific gravity of metal. The expense in the construction of the apparatus would scarcely exceed the proportion of a sovereign to each grinder. The funnel will cost only a few shillings, and the channel, if the grinder work on the ground-floor, may be formed by the excavation of the earth, and placing bricks over it, or it may be constructed entirely of bricks. The fan and pulley may be purchased for a mere trifle. The branch or subordinate channels should be under, and not, as they are occasionally, above the floor. In the latter case, especially if made of wood, they are liable to accidents, and may be so damaged as to destroy their utility, the dust escaping into the room, and rendering the atmosphere exceedingly impure.'

Scissor-grinding is described as exceedingly pernicious to health; but 'the more destructive the branch, the more ignorant, reckless, and dissipated are the workmen, and the greater is the tendency to marry, and at exceedingly early ages. Where the circumstances of the occupation are favourable, the average duration of life will be high, where otherwise, low; consequently the ages of the workmen in the respective branches of grinding are a general indication of its healthy or prejudicial nature. In the scissor-grinding branch, 161 of the 213 employed are under 40 years of age, thus affording direct evidence of the destructive tendency of the business. Of these 213, 11 have not worked at the trade for several years, from different causes, and only one of the 213 has reached the age of 60. The majority of deaths occur respectively from the ages of 26 to 30, and from 36 to 40. Of 102 deaths, 86 took place under 45 years of age, and five only exceeded 50; of 1000 scissor-grinders, not one has reached the 65th year, while of an equal number of operatives in Manchester, there are 45 living at that age, and in the agricultural county of Northumberland 119. Many of the artisans in this branch are emaciated and shattered in constitution at an age considerably under the prime of life, owing to the pernicious

nature of the pursuit. Of the 213, 145 were found to have suffered, or were at present afflicted with the following diseases:—24 had been affected with inflammation in some part of the chest, which had required medical treatment; 24 had had spitting of blood; 24 had suffered from rheumatism, and often in a very severe form; 33 complained of some affection of the urinary organs, frequently pain in micturition, or the deposition of numerous small particles of sand; 12 had had fever, in most cases typhus; and 18 had unequivocal organic disease of the lungs, exhibiting difficulty of breathing, urgent cough, and expectoration. The grinders themselves never seem to be sensible of the incipient stages of pulmonary disease, though invariably accompanied with cough, and some degree of difficulty of breathing on exertion. They complain only when disease interferes with the ability to pursue the occupation.

The educational condition of the scissor-grinders is low. Of the 213, 98 can read and write, but very indifferently; 17 can read only, and 98 can neither read nor write. More than half of these are under 35 years of age. The apprentices in this branch are not much better educated.

Fork-grinding is considered as a branch of the work of such destructive tendency, that other artisans frequently refuse to work in the same room with the fork-grinders, and many sick-clubs have an especial rule against their admission, as they would draw largely on their funds, from frequent and long-continued sickness. There are 87 men and 100 boys employed, and an immense proportion of them die under 30 years of age. In 1820, it was found that one-fourth of the number employed died every five years, a rate of mortality exceeding everything previously known in any branch of manufacture, or in any pursuit or occupation. Of the 61 who died from 1825 to 1840, 35 died under 30 years of age, and 47 under 36. Out of 1000 deaths of persons above 20 years of age, the proportion between 20 and 30 in England and Wales is 160; in Sheffield 184; but amongst the fork-grinders, the proportion is the appalling number of 475; so that between these two periods, three in this trade die to one in the kingdom generally. Between the ages of 30 and 40 a still greater disparity presents itself. In the kingdom, 136 only in the 1000 die; in Sheffield 164; but in the fork-grinding branch 410; so that between 20 and 40 years of age, in this trade, 885 perish out of the 1000, while in the kingdom at large only 296.

Needle-grinding is not very extensively carried on in Sheffield, where it has been introduced only of late years. Dr Holland's remarks are therefore based upon his observations at Hathersage, in Derbyshire, where there are several manufactories. He says that he had frequently heard of the pernicious tendency of this particular occupation, and though prepared to believe much, from elaborate investigations into similar pursuits, he thinks that the physical evils produced by it exceed all that imagination has pictured. He had no conception that men could be found so reckless of consequences as to engage in the trade, when protracted suffering and death were the certain results. The new hands are taken fresh from the plough with vigorous constitutions, at a time of life when the animal system possesses considerable energy—that is, from the ages of 17 to 20—are employed only six hours a-day, having the rest of their time for gardening and other amusements, and yet the majority of them are killed off under 30 years of age, after two or three years of suffering. Such details are fearfully sickening.

The number of needle-grinders at Hathersage in 1822 was 7; in 1832, 14; and in 1842, 23. The average age of the 23 is 25¾; that at which they began the business, 18¼. Of 12 who have died at Hathersage, the average duration of life, after commencing needle-grinding, is 13 years and 4 months, the longest period being 24 years, the shortest 5. The man who continued thus employed for 24 years began to work at 18; 9 of the twelve died of the grinder's disease. There are 10 needle-grinders in Sheffield, who present the same general facts as the preceding 23. They generally work the entire day. When the needle-grinder is exceedingly ill, suffering from a constantly distressing cough, and great difficulty of breathing—symptoms which usually continue for several years—he follows his occupation until his strength is quite unequal to any exertions. He is then a miserable object; his figure is bent forward, his looks haggard, his frame emaciated, and a train of other symptoms indicative of wretchedness are obvious to the superficial observer. The average of individual suffering of the 9 workmen who died at Hathersage of the grinder's disease was 15 months, the longest period being 36 months, the shortest 5 weeks. The needle-grinders are ignorant, and mostly dissipated. One-half can neither read nor write. The dust which is evolved in the process of needle-grinding contains a much larger amount of steel than is produced by any other kind of grinding.

Razor-grinding Dr Holland considers to be accompanied with greater evils than the two preceding. It is much more laborious, requiring, in some of the stages, a continual concentration of muscular power, while at the same time the trunk is bent at a right angle over the revolving stone, a position which is peculiarly unfavourable to respiration. The back and tang, or small end of the razor, are invariably ground on a dry stone, the rest on a wet one. During the latter process, the artisan says, a gaseous matter is evolved, not only exceedingly disagreeable, but prejudicial, and which is necessarily inhaled. There are 275 adult workmen, 154 of whom are under 31 years of age, only 20 above 45. This falling off in numbers before the prime of life is owing to the destructive tendency of the occupation.

Pen-knife-grinders use both the dry and the wet stone; the atmosphere they breathe is exceedingly injurious, though less so than that used by the fork-grinders. There were, in 1811, 319 persons employed, of whom 295 are under 46 years of age; 33 of the 319 have been removed for various periods from the baneful influence of the trade, having been in the army or navy, or otherwise employed: 67 have died since 1832, 52 of whom died under 42 years of age; and of the 15 above it, 5 were not fully exposed to the destructive agencies of the employment, by not having worked regularly at it.

Table-knife-grinding is almost always effected on the wet stone, but the artisans are more or less exposed to the dust caused by dry grinding, from working in the same room. Their condition, in regard to health and longevity, is intermediate between the most deleterious and the least pernicious branches. Table-knife-grinding is practised partly in the country and partly in the town.' Saw, file, and scythe-grinding is less pernicious. 'Scythes are entirely ground on the wet stone. The occupation is laborious, but not injurious to health. The men live and work in the country, and are a fine healthy set: they are 30 in number: there are 10 apprentices. They can all read and write. They are better educated, and live longer than other workmen, with the exception of the saw-grinders.'

From the preceding statements, we may infer that some of the more pernicious influences to which the grinders, as a class, are exposed, are susceptible of modification, and that their present painful condition is greatly aggravated by a general want of education, and by intemperance.

THE DANSEUSE.

THE suppleness and agility attained by stage-clowns, posture-masters, and dancers, is a marvel to every on-looker, while to the physiologist it is an interesting illustration of the effect of *use* or exercise in improving the physical powers. The training required for the buffoon and dancer is commenced in their childhood, when the system is soft and pliable, and it is continued incessantly till they have become more or less accomplished in their art. It involves a constant practice of leaping, tumbling, twisting, and bending of the body into all sorts of odd attitudes, besides the throwing of the somerset, which is justly reckoned amongst the most difficult of all such feats. To attain eminence in the profession, not only an unusual degree of industry must be exerted in this course of education, but an uncommon degree of personal elegance and vigour, and perhaps also some extraordinary mental faculties are necessary. In all this, there is involved a good deal of hardship, while in some branches, as in that of the female rope-dancer, there is superadded a deprivation of delicacy which it is extremely painful to contemplate.

Female stage-dancers, or *danseuses*, are not exposed to so much degradation; but their education is not less tardy and painful. The primary object is to bring, by sheer exercise, the joints of the limbs and feet to a state of extreme agility, as well as strength: even in the education of the two great toes, so as to make them capable of standing and pirouetting upon these extremities, a vast amount of labour and care is expended. And not only must this power be acquired, but it must be sustained, for which purpose constant exercise is required; as, otherwise, the joints would become stiff, and relapse to an ordinary degree of strength. To acquire afterwards skill and grace in

the movements of the dance, is a subordinate object. Paris is the metropolis of the world of the dance, and to it accordingly do the aspirants of this art resort from nearly all parts of the civilised world, in order to obtain the last and finishing graces of their profession. To bring even a naturally well-qualified danseuse to perfection, requires a degree of application, a subjection to a series of torturing devices, and an expenditure of money, from which all would shrink with dismay, were it not for the enormous remuneration which she has the chance of obtaining. A danseuse who reaches the first rank in her profession—a Taglioni, for example—will clear hundreds of pounds by a single exhibition, and gain more money, perhaps, in a season, than men of science will obtain for a lifetime spent in the most valuable services to mankind. In a publication called *La Monde Musicale*, an account is given by a member of the corps de ballet of the nature of the education which fitted her for her high calling. We present the following passages for the amusement of our readers, taking only leave to hint, that the account is perhaps a little overdrawn.

'Ah, sir, if you did but know how much courage, patience, resignation, and unremitting labour a poor girl must command—if you did but know what excruciating tortures she must submit to, and how many involuntary tears she must stifle—even to become a "mediocre" dancer, you would at once be moved with terror and compassion.

Scarcely was I seven years when I was despatched to the class of M. Barrez. Oftentimes I was sent early in the morning, with nothing in my stomach but an equivocal cup of coffee, without socks to my feet or a shawl over my shoulders. I oftentimes arrived shivering and half-famished; then commenced the daily torture, of which, however exact my description might be, I should fail in giving you a just idea. Banished from our code, torture has taken refuge in the class for dancing.

Every morning my feet were imprisoned in a groove-box, heel against heel, and knees turned outwards; my martyred feet accustomed themselves naturally at last to fall in a parallel line. This is what is called "*se tourner.*"

After half an hour of the groove, I was subjected to another variety of torture. This time I was obliged to rest my foot on a bar, which I was obliged to hold in a horizontal line with the hand opposite the foot I was exercising. This they term "*se casser.*"

After these labours were over, you imagine, perhaps, that I enjoyed the charms of repose; repose for me, indeed! as if a dancer knew what repose was! We were like the wandering Jew to whom the Barres and the Coulons were perpetually crying out "Dance, dance." After these *tourners* and *cassers*, we were obliged, in order to escape from professional reprimand or maternal correction, to study assiduously *les jetés, les balances, les ronds de jambes, les jouttes, les cambrioles, les pirouettes sur le coudepied, les rauts de basques, les pas de tourrées*, and, finally, the *entre-chats à quartre, à six et à uuit.* Such, sir, are the agreeable elements of which the art of dancing is composed: and do not believe that this rude fatigue lasts only for a time; it is to last and to be renewed without intermission; on this condition only can the dancer preserve her *souplesse* and her *légèreté.* A week of repose must be redeemed by two months of redoubled incessant toil.

I have seen Mademoiselle Taglioni, after a two hours' lesson which her father had just given her, fall exhausted on the carpet of her chamber, where she was undressed, sponged, and resuscitated, totally unconscious of her situation. The agility and marvellous bounds of the evening were insured only at a price like this. Now, the example of la Taglioni is strictly followed by the other opera-dancers. There are some even who, by nature having greater difficulties to surmount, martyrise themselves with a barbarity yet more ferocious. Nathalie Fitzjames was an example of this; she invented a new method, *de se tourner, et se casser*, at one and the same time.

Perhaps you are not aware that the art of dancing is divided into branches—en Ballonné and en Tacquetè. The Ballonné is the school of Taglioni; it is lightness combined with grace—the dance which seems to delight in and float on the air. The Tacquetè is vivacity and rapidity; 'tis the little sparkling steps and measures on the point of the feet; in a word, it is what Fanny Elssler is.

You are aware that a similar profession cannot be exercised with impunity. From the multitude of simulated dangers, the dancer accustoms herself to real ones, as the soldier in war-times accustoms himself to pillage. Now she is suspended to lines of wire, now she is seated on pasteboard clouds; she disappears through traps, she ascends through chimneys, she makes her exit by the window. In the first act of the new ballet, *La Peri*, there is so dangerous a leap, that I consider Carlotta Grisi risks her life every time she executes it; the *mal-adresse* of a moment in shifting the trap-door, and Carlotta would dash her brains out against the plank. There is a certain Englishman who never misses a performance of this ballet; he is persuaded that it will prove fatal to Carlotta, and he would not for the world be absent on that night. This is the same Englishman who followed Van Amburgh for three years, ever believing that the moment would arrive when the wild beasts would sup on their master.'

Dignity of Labour.—In early life, David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says, 'Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.' From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The Apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that, when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that, in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.—*Rev. T. Spencer.*

Waste of Land.—If we consider it to be a waste to employ land in the production of articles to be used in forming intoxicating liquors, the waste must be immense. A writer in a newspaper makes the following calculation:—'There are 45,769 acres of land employed in the cultivation of hops, and one million acres of land employed to grow barley, to convert into strong drink. According to Fulton's calculation, if the land which is employed in growing grain for the above purpose were to be appropriated to the production of grain for food, it would yield more than a four-pound loaf to each of the supposed number of human beings in the world; or it would give three loaves per week to each family in the United Kingdom! If the loaves (each measuring 4 inches by 12) were placed end to end, they would extend 160,225 miles, or would more than describe the circumference of the globe six times!' But vast as this waste is, it is a trifle when compared with that on the continent of Europe, where whole districts are devoted to the culture of the vine.

Tact in Begging.—The human heart is a curiously strange instrument. It produces stranger vibrations, according to the skill of the hand that seeks to get music out of it. The art of approaching the mind from the right quarter, and successfully arousing its emotions, is one that every man does not understand. Some seem to have the gift of doing this thing very adroitly. We give the following as a specimen:—An English preacher advocating the generous support of an important charitable object, prefaced the circulation of the contribution boxes with this address to his hearers:—From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honoured me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of, that some of you may feel inclined to *give too much.* Now, it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore as you will be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person will think of putting anything into the box who cannot pay his debts. The result was an overflowing collection.—*Boston Recorder.*

☞ The editors respectfully announce that they do not require any communications in prose or verse.

The half of a five-pound Bank of England note has been received for Mrs Reston from 'an Englishman.'—*Dec.* 20, 1843.

Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 3. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE PARTICULAR AND THE GENERAL.

It is very curious to observe the different ways in which Mr Smith, Mr Thomson, or any other impersonation of the English nation, regards the same thing in its two various forms of particular and general. Tell Mr Thomson that you are giving your son Frederick a practical sort of education, by which you imply a training in his own language, in writing, accompts, geometry, without neglecting elegant literature, dead or alive, or any of the weightier matters relative to morals, and he will listen to the detail with all the approving patience and interest that could be desired, and next day tell twenty people how sensibly you are managing the matter, and that he has a great mind to put his own George and Samuel through exactly the same course when they are ready for it. But let another person on some other occasion propound to Mr Thomson the opinion, that education should everywhere be made more of a practical kind, that it should not be unmixed Latin and Greek, but should include such elements as shall enable the new generation to enter life not quite ignorant of the laws of nature, and more particularly of those things which concern each of us in the career for which we are destined, and instantly doubt and alarm are depicted on the usually smooth and happy tablet of Mr Thomson's countenance. He is afraid you are disaffected to some of the good old institutions of the country, that you feel Jacobinically towards birch, and would disestablish the Grecian mythology. What in a single instance obtained the immediate sanction of his common sense, now, in the aggregate, meets a thousand objections from him. He cannot grasp the idea in this form, and therefore it oppresses and frightens him. 'What!' says Thomson, 'would you have us to be a mere nation of bargainers? would you exclude the ornamental and the refining? would you make all our youth cunning old merchants at once? No saying where we should all be in a hundred years, if you were to make education of so utilitarian a character.' And so it is that, while in the case of his own George and Samuel, he would really like an education calculated to inform as well as improve the mind, and fit the lads, in some degree, for the world, he yet will take no means, nor sanction the taking of such means by others, to put all in the way of obtaining such an education. Had it formerly existed, he would have thought it—to use one of his favourite phrases—all right; but to alter an old system, and rear a new one, is quite another affair; he must think twice about it. In short, you see you are to have no support from Thomson.

When I was a very young person (George III. being king), a well-informed man was always respected. Even amongst the country gentlemen, any one who had read a good deal, so as to be able to solve a knotty point now and then at a county meeting or at table, usually enjoyed some extra consequence on that account. Fathers, however ignorant themselves, would tell their sons to seek the society of well-informed men, for the benefit which was to be derived from their conversation. It was generally held a sort of disgrace to be extremely ignorant. And even yet, when Mr Thomson happens to be thrown into the society of a man of large and various knowledge, he is quite delighted. 'What a head that fellow has, sir! No subject could be brought forward but he had some light to throw upon it. How much I would give to know a fourth of what he does!' Thomson really thinks and feels in this manner. He has been charmed, and he only speaks his heart when he says there is nothing he holds in greater respect than knowledge. But if you were to meet our national representative at some other time, and commence a conversation with him about the desirableness of taking some steps to remove the general ignorance, and diffuse useful knowledge amongst the people, very likely you should find him opposed to everything of the kind, and this not only from a disinclination to see intellectual light extended, but a disrespect for intellectual light itself. He would have some very sage remarks on the too exclusive cultivation of physical science in our age, its effects in causing us to worship the actual and the real overmuch, and its connexion with the mammon-spirit of the day. Perhaps a few jokes at men of science would season his discourse. He would quite overlook the mighty extension which modern science has given not only to many objects dear to humanity, but even to our conceptions of divine majesty and benevolence; he would forget the souls which its abundant dissemination snatches from corrupting influences, and places by virtue's decent fireside. And this simply because, while able to appreciate the superiority of knowledge to ignorance in a special case, or as far as the individual alone is concerned, he cannot conceive of a multitude of such cases with the same clearness; the idea escapes him, its vast and undefined lineaments terrify him, and he becomes an alarmist about a thing which he actually venerates.

We find this respect for the particular, and dread of the general, very prevalent with regard to the idea of the useful. There is not a respectable parent of three children in the country—no matter, almost, of what rank—who does not twice a-day tell his youngsters to see that they make themselves useful. There is not a careful housewife in the world, who does not deliver lectures daily to young women on the propriety of their making themselves useful. 'Be useful' is the general order dinned into the ears of all persons, from the first moment they have a brain to think or hands to work. Compliment the philanthropist with a dinner and panegyric, and he modestly assures the company he is always very happy when he can make himself useful to his fellow-creatures. Place the patriot at the head of the poll for Fussborough, and he declares from the hustings that it will henceforth be the pride of his life to be useful to Fussborough. One-half of the so-called highly-educated men of the country, if told of some remarkable discovery in pure science, will think themselves sure of a triumph in the remark, 'But of what use is it?' as conceiving immediate usefulness to be an infallible criterion of merit in such a case. Yet, if one were to happen, in conversation with any of these parties, to let fall some general approbation of utility, it is ten to one that they would all hesitate to concur with him. They would

not, perhaps, have any objection distinctly felt in their own minds, but they would fear that utility somehow was a wrong or bad thing in this form, albeit the guiding rule of all their ordinary actions. This is surely a most absurd delusion of the popular mind; for what is good on a small scale can never be otherwise than good on a more extended one, seeing that in the latter case we have merely a multiplication of single examples. If Tom, for instance, is benefited by turning all his natural and acquired gifts to use, how can it be bad for Harry, or his respectable brother Dick, to make themselves useful too? Or how can the usefulness of Dick and Harry be bad to Tom? And if usefulness has been found laudable in the cases of this venerable trio, how can it be worthy of reprobation with regard to mankind at large? The fact is, usefulness is good for each and all; but the public starts at what it calls theories, by which word it describes all concentrations of single facts into principles.

I have, for my part, no theory, properly so called, about utility, nor am I even fully informed upon some of the more remarkable theories of other men upon this subject. But I can very readily see that there is both a contempt and a dread entertained for it among thousands, whose character as good citizens entirely depends upon the fact, that their almost every action is of a useful kind. There is, in the first place, a prejudice against the general idea of the useful, as if it were something naturally in hostility to all that decorates and refines life, and would exclusively direct attention to what is gross and material. Now, there could not be a greater error than this; for the useful, in reality, comprehends all those decorating and refining, as well as all beneficial and moral things, within itself, and stands properly as a general term for whatever can promote the happiness of mankind, and that not merely here, but hereafter. The distinction of the ornamental and amusing arts from those productive of immediately necessary things, was but the transient error of one philosophical mind—that of Smith—and is now nowhere upheld. Why, then, should it any more be thought of? Even Bentham, who is usually considered as the most aberring spirit on this subject, was an admirer of both painting and music, and an amateur of the latter, and invariably advocated the liberal support of the cultivators of both arts, as persons useful to the community. Surely, then, it is a ridiculous mistake to suppose, as we every day hear men doing, that, because some particular person recommends utility to be studied in all things, and follows it much in his own daily conduct, therefore he is one who has no soul for anything beyond the sternest realities, and would willingly see all the fine arts and all the moralising agencies of the age put down and extinguished. The very contrary is often the fact; and we find nowhere such perseverance in good-doing and good-thinking, or such a liberal and enlightened taste for both the beautiful in art and the profound and abstract in science, as in some who endeavour, in humility of spirit, to mark their whole lives with usefulness. How could anything else have ever been presumed, when there are so many of the very highest of sanctions for this same usefulness? What is 'going about continually doing good,' taken by itself, but a course of usefulness? If, indeed, any one were to limit his idea of usefulness to a life devoted altogether to the realising of small and gross utilities, and which, from mere narrowness of spirit, excluded whatever might only be expected to become useful reflectively and after long time, there might be some justice in the opinion in question. But I am unaware of any men of reputation who take this narrow view, which rather appears to me a mere groundless imputation put forward by those who, from limitation of soul, can only see good in single cases, and start with instinctive trepidation from the assertion of everything like a principle.

In the scale of mind, the particular and the general might almost be considered as the leading marks. There are men who readily understand any single isolated fact, and make it part of their stock of knowledge, but whose stock of knowledge consists entirely of such distinct facts. These men cannot lay a number of facts together, so as to draw some general inference from them. They are the children of the intellectual world. As we advance in the scale, we find the maturer and higher forms of intellect in those who readily generalise from single facts, and combine many small ideas into a great one. Analogous to, and intimately connected with the first class, are those men who exhibit all desirable benevolence towards their fellow-creatures in personal and individual respects, who are good masters to their servants, good landlords to their tenants, eager to commiserate and relieve every single case of distress that comes under their notice, but are totally unable to form any general scheme of a rational kind for the benefit of large numbers, or to sanction any such scheme which may have been formed by others. Analogous to the second class—the intellectual generalisers—are those who, while perhaps more disposed to follow the course of a strict justice towards individuals, are competent, and at the same time eager, to form and follow out great principles and plans for the general good. There can be no hesitation in assigning to each of these classes their proper shares of praise: the former are respectable for their personal doings, but often form great obstructions to plans of the highest value; the latter are the less amiable, but by far the more useful. The former may be likened to the occasional gleams of good feeling which appear in the barbarian mind; the latter are comparable to the mild and benevolent maxims which govern the bulk of civilised society.

It will therefore be the mark of a great intellectual advance in mankind, when they are found to understand that all social and political things are but congeries, or clusters of things individual and familiar, and are liable to laws, and attended by maxims, precisely the same. A nation is but an extended family, as all mankind are but an extensive kind of nation, and whatever is for the interest of any one man or family, *must be* for the interest of the nation, as well as that of mankind. It is the pursuit by each man of his own calling, for his own benefit, that creates the wealth and greatness of the congeries of men called a people. Whatever mode of operation facilitates the industry, and promotes the benefit of the individual, without doing harm to his neighbours, that will be found an infallible rule of action for similar arrangements amongst class and class, and nation and nation; and, by parity of reasoning, whatever would be an impediment to the industrial operations and personal benefit of an individual citizen (always presuming that he aims at nothing which is not moral towards his neighbour), that will be found to be equally unfavourable to the interests of a nation, and of mankind generally. It requires only some degree of wisdom, and particularly some share of that best of all kinds of merely human wisdom, a genuine benevolence, or love of our neighbour as ourselves, to see these great truths; and it requires but seeing them, and acting upon them, to produce a vast increase of happiness upon earth.

AQUEDUCTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

We presume that most of our readers have heard something of the 'pools,' 'water channels,' and 'canals' constructed by the ancient Hindoos, Persians, Egyptians, and even by the half-civilised inhabitants of Mexico and Peru. To these people a copious supply of water was essential alike to their agricultural and domestic welfare. Situated under a burning sun and cloudless sky, where the dews of night are for months the only available moisture, their crops would have utterly failed, had not their ingenuity devised means to collect and disseminate the water which fell during the rainy season, or which flowed in streams from the distant mountains. Hence it is that the traveller finds in Ceylon, in Persia, and in Peru, the frequent ruins of dams, canals, and water-courses, which the former and

more advanced inhabitants had constructed for the irrigation of their fields and gardens. But it was not merely for the purposes of agriculture that the ancients constructed these expensive water-works; they were no less indefatigable in securing for their cities a plentiful supply of this indispensable element. Their histories are rife with allusions to digging of wells, excavating of reservoirs, and constructing of aqueducts; while the remains of these structures in Judea, Italy, and Mexico, testify how much those distant and dissimilar people alike valued a plentiful supply of fresh and wholesome water. What acquaintance they had with the principles of hydraulics, we have no direct information. This much we ascertain from an examination of their works, that they understood the principle, that water always seeks the level of its source, no matter how irregular and devious the course it may be made to pursue. In conducting streams across valleys and rivers, the Romans occasionally made use of the inverted syphon; but this method was seldom adopted, on account of the meagre skill they possessed in metal-working. The syphon pipes employed by them were of lead, a metal not well adapted to sustain a great degree of pressure; and when we state that it is only within the last century that cast-iron pipes were constructed for hydraulic purposes, it will be readily perceived why the ancients should have resorted to the laborious and expensive mode of conducting their water-conduits across valleys and rivers, upon vast structures of masonry. In this process they have been left unrivalled by modern nations—the Croton aqueduct* for the supply of New York being the only structure of the kind which has been erected during the last hundred years. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to present the reader with a brief sketch of their water-works; in particular, of the aqueducts which were more exclusively devoted to the supply of their towns and cities.

The word *aqueduct* is derived from the Latin *aquæ ductus*, and signifies merely a conductor, or conduit of water. In this sense, all leaders or channels of water would be aqueducts; but the term is restricted to those artificial structures by which streams were conducted from their sources, by a uniform and continuous descent across valleys and through mountains, towards the city they were destined to supply. The conduits were built of stone, rough or hewn, or of bricks, and cemented by the finest tempered mortar. Some were of a square form, paved and covered with flag-stone or tiles; others were arched over, or were throughout of an elliptical form. This conduit, or stone pipe, if we may apply such a term, was conveyed through hills by tunnels, and across valleys upon single arcades, or even upon double and triple tiers of arches. In general, these arches supported only one water-course, but occasionally each tier had its own conduit, so that an aqueduct presented a double or triple form. The channels were constructed with an imperceptible descent, that the current might be accelerated by its own weight; and where following a direct line would have given too great an impetus to the flow, they were conducted over many miles of country by frequent and winding mazes. This device not only reduced the impetus of the current, and thereby preserved the interior of the channel from a rapid abrasion, but allowed the water to deposit its sediment, and to become softer and better fitted for domestic purposes. For the latter purpose, tanks or cavities were formed in the channel in which the stream lodged, until it had precipitated its mud and feculence; and open ponds were constructed, in which it expanded, till purified and sweetened by atmospheric influence. There were also *spiramenta* at regular distances, by which a superfluous flow of water might be disembogued, and which also served for the discharge of the whole stream in the event of the channel being stopped by accident, or requiring repairs.

* An account of this magnificent erection appeared in No. 2. of the New Series of this Journal.

Parallel to the course of the conduit, in some of the more magnificent aqueducts, there were foot-paths, forming at once a novel and cooling promenade. Having arrived at their destination, the waters were generally received in reservoirs, and conducted by leaden pipes, or by stone grooves, into private cisterns, or dispersed throughout the cities by means of public fountains, which were often adorned with all the magnificence and allegorical allusion of ancient architecture. These structures were invariably under the charge of a public functionary; and it is from the treatise of Sextus Julius Frontinus, who was inspector of the aqueducts of Rome under the Emperor Nerva, that we derive most of our information respecting the water-works of the imperial city.

Passing over some imperfect traces of aqueducts in Hindostan and Ceylon, and advancing westwards, the first worthy of notice is that which Procopius records to have been built by Cœsea, king of the Persians, for the supply of Petra, in Mingrelia. This seems to have been a square conduit, covered by flags, and supported in part of its course upon three tiers of arches, each tier supporting a channel; so that no less than three streams were made available in Petra at different elevations. We have also accounts of aqueducts constructed under the reign of Solomon; and the remains of them still existing in Palestine, give evidence of an extensive acquaintance with the principles of hydraulics among the architects employed by the Hebrew rulers. The 'Pools of Solomon,' near Bethlehem, were evidently connected with a scheme for supplying Jerusalem with water, and their remains are to this day a theme for travellers. 'These large, strong, noble structures,' says Mr Stephens in his Incidents of Travel, 'in a land where every work has been hurried to destruction, remain now almost as perfect as when they were built. There are three of them about 480, 600, and 660 feet in length and 280 in breadth, and of different altitudes, the water from the first running into the second, and from the second into the third. The water from these reservoirs is still conveyed to Jerusalem (a distance of six miles) by a small aqueduct, a round earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter, which is sometimes above, and sometimes under the surface.' Again, Herodotus describes the mode in which Eupalinus, an architect of Megara, supplied the city of Samos with water. A hill 900 Greek feet high was pierced by a tunnel about a mile in length. This tunnel was eight feet high and eight feet wide, and in it there was cut a channel thirty feet deep by three feet wide, through which the water flowed in a covered course to the city.

It was among the Romans, however, that the construction of aqueducts was carried to the greatest magnificence and perfection. Masters of half the world, wealthy, and luxurious, it is not to be wondered at that they should have expended an enormous amount of labour in conducting streams into their cities; and less when it is considered that the capital of their empire was unfavourably situated by nature in regard to pure and wholesome water. The glory of a reign was in general perpetuated by the erection of a temple, palace, or other public building; what more fitting monument than an aqueduct—a species of structure susceptible of architectural display, as it was essential to the public welfare? For 440 years from the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants contented themselves with the water of the Tiber, and of the wells and fountains in the city and its neighbourhood. But at that period the number of houses and inhabitants had so augmented, that they were obliged to bring water from distant sources by means of aqueducts. Appius Claudius, the censor, commenced this scheme of improvement 312 years before the Christian era; and after him, for several centuries, additional works were constructed, as the necessities and luxuries of the city demanded. Among those who signalised themselves in this department of public utility were Curius Dentatus, Lucius Papirius, Quintus Marcus, Agrippa, Augustus, and Claudius;

that erected by the latter being upwards of forty-two miles in length, and discharging about ninety-seven millions of gallons in the twenty-four hours. In the remains of these aqueducts, some portions are elevated above the ground on solid stone-work, or upon arches continued and raised one above another; while others are subterraneous, such as that seen at Vicovaro, beyond Tivoli, where a tunnel of about five feet deep and four broad pierces the rock for a distance of more than a mile. One of these aqueducts was formed of two channels, one above the other; they were, however, constructed at different periods, the most elevated being supplied by the waters of the Tiverone (Anio Novus), and the lower one by the Claudian water. It is represented by Pliny as the most beautiful of all that had been built for the use of Rome. It was subsequently repaired and extended by several emperors, is now called *Aqua Felice*, and still administers to the supply of the modern city. The Aqua Marcia, Aqua Julia, and Aqua Tepula, entered Rome by one and the same aqueduct, divided into three ranges or storeys, each of which supported its own independent channel-way. This accounts for the extraordinary height of this structure, which far surpassed that of its compeers, which generally ranged from seventy to eighty feet, that being the height required to bring the plain which surrounded Rome to the average level of the city.

Without adverting more minutely to those structures, a general idea may be formed of their extent and importance, when it is stated that Rome was supplied with water from sources varying from thirty to sixty miles in distance, and that at one period of its history, not fewer than twenty aqueducts brought as many different streams across the wide plain or campagna in which the city stands. In the time of Frontinus (A.D. 100), the entire length of aqueducts exceeded 255 miles, the daily discharge of which was about three hundred millions of gallons—a supply to which that of London is a mere insignificant dribblet. Nor was it ancient Rome which alone reaped the benefits of these superb structures; the modern city is still abundantly supplied by three of them, which have undergone repairs and restorations, the most important of which was made by Sextus V., from whose conventual name of Brother Felix the term Aqua Felice is derived.

The chief provincial cities of the Romans, as well as their own metropolis, were supplied with water by aqueducts; hence in Greece, Gaul, Spain, Italy, &c., portions of these extensive constructions remain to the present day. That of Nismes, built by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, is perhaps the most ancient of their provincial aqueducts. It was about thirty miles in length, when entire, and traversed a very mountainous country, piercing through hills, and crossing valleys by means of arches upon arches. It was constructed of squared stones throughout, and was coated in the interior, which was 4 feet by 5½, with finely prepared mortar. The '*Pont du Gard*' is that part of the aqueduct of Nismes which crosses the deep valley in which flows the Gardon, or Gard. This part, considered alone, is one of the noblest monuments built by the Romans among the Gauls. It is composed of three ranges of arches, one above another. The first range under which the Gardon runs is formed by six arches, the second by eleven, and the third by thirty-five—all of which are semicircular, and form a total height of 160 feet above the water of the river. The entire length of the bridge is 300 yards. This magnificent structure was destroyed by the barbarians about the beginning of the fifth century, but is still in such a state of preservation, that it could be restored without a very great expenditure of money. Passing over the ancient aqueducts of Lyons, in which the inverted syphon,* as well as the inclined channel-way, was used, and of Bourgas, near Constantinople, the only other provincial structure of the kind to which we shall allude is that of Metz, of which a number of the arcades still remain. 'These arcades,' says an ancient authority, 'crossed the Moselle, a river which is broad and vast at that place. The copious sources of Gorze furnished water for the representation of a sea-fight. This water was collected in a reservoir; from thence it was conducted by subterraneous canals formed of hewn stone, and so spacious, that a man could walk erect in them. It traversed the Moselle upon its superb and lofty arcades (3600 feet long, and 100 feet high), which may still be seen at the distance of two leagues from Metz; so nicely wrought and so finely cemented, that, except those parts in the middle which have been carried away by the ice, they have resisted, and will still resist, the severest shocks of the most violent seasons. From these arcades other aqueducts conveyed the water to the baths and to the place where the naval engagement was mimicked.'

Of the aqueducts erected within a comparatively recent period, we may mention the following:—The aqueduct of Spoleto, constructed in 741 by Theodoric, king of the Goths, to communicate with the town of Spoleto, situated on the summit of a mountain. It is one of the handsomest structures of the kind, and remains entire to the present day. In crossing the river *De La Morgia*, the channel-way is supported upon two tiers of Gothic arches, the lower containing ten grand arches, and the latter thirty. The length of this arcade is 800 feet, the breadth 44, and the height 420! The aqueduct of Caserta, built in 1753 by Charles III. of Naples, is also an expensive and gigantic structure, one of its arcades consisting of three tiers of arches, 1724 feet long and 190 feet in height. The aqueduct of the Prince of Biscari, constructed at his own expense across the river St Paul, in Sicily, and the aqueduct bridge of Castellana, are also magnificent erections. In France, that which conducts the waters of St Clements and Du Boulidou to Montpelier, is perhaps the most beautiful. It was built under the superintendence of M. Pitot, and required thirteen years for its completion. The principal arcade is 90 feet high, and consists of two tiers—the lowest containing 90, and the upper 210 arches. That of Arcueil deserves next to be noticed. It was originally built by the Emperor Julian, A.D. 360, to bring water to Paris, and supplied the palace and hot-baths, but was destroyed by the Normans. After it had been in disuse for 800 years, it was rebuilt in 1634; again repaired in 1777; and fresh sums have lately been devoted to the same purpose by the city of Paris. The arcade over the valley of Arcueil consists of 25 arches, is 72 feet high, and 1200 feet long. But of the aqueducts of France, that of Maintenon, had it been completed, would have been the most remarkable, equalling in grandeur even the most magnificent of the Roman structures. The project was one of the noblest examples of the enterprise which characterised the reign of Louis XIV.; it was designed by Vauban, commenced in 1684, and abandoned in 1688. It was intended to conduct water from the river Eura to Versailles, a distance of seventy miles; and it was also contemplated to continue the work to St Cloud and to Paris. Had this been done, the entire length of the channel-way would have exceeded ninety miles. The *chef-d'œuvre* would have been the arcade across the valley of Maintenon, which is three miles and a quarter wide, and 234 feet below the flow of the aqueduct. The number of arches designed for this bridge was 685: some of the piers of the lower tier were constructed, but have since fallen into ruin. The last modern struc-

* We have evidence of this in the aqueduct of Mont Pila, the water of which was partly conveyed by leaden pipes, and partly by the usual stone channel-way. In one case the pipes (nine in number, and eight inches in diameter) were carried across a valley upon a range of low bridges, about 100 feet below the regular inclination of the aqueduct; and in crossing the Rhone, a series of similar pipes was laid down in the bed of the river. Towards the end of last century a portion of these pipes was dragged up by an anchor. The fragment is preserved in the museum of Lyons; it is soldered at the joints by the same material, and on each joint are the words in relief, C. CANTIUS POTHINUS, F., which is apparently the name of the maker or architect.

ture of the kind which falls to be noticed is that of Lisbon, completed in 1738. It is about three leagues in length, and, in some parts of its course, has been excavated through hills; but near the city it is carried over a deep valley for a length of 2400 feet by several bold arches, the largest of which has a height of 250 feet, and a span of 115.

But it was not alone in the eastern hemisphere that the ancients excelled in the construction of aqueducts; we have evidence of the existence of kindred works in Mexico and the adjacent states, and also in Chili and Peru. Those of Peru were perhaps more intended for agricultural than for city purposes; but those of ancient Mexico were strictly of the latter description. The city of Mexico, which was built on several islands near the shore of the lake, was connected with the mainland by four great causeways, or dikes, the remains of which still exist. One of these supported the celebrated aqueduct of Chapoltepec, which was constructed by Montezuma. When the Spaniards besieged the city, 'there appeared,' says De Solis, 'two or three rows of pipes, made of trees hollowed, supported by an aqueduct of lime and stone, and the enemy had cast up some trenches to cover the avenue to it; but the two captains (Olid and Alvarado) marched out of Tacuba with most of their troops, and though they met with a very obstinate resistance, they drove the enemy from their post, and broke the pipes and aqueduct in two or three places, and the water took its natural course into the lake.' As in Mexico, so in Tezcuco, Tlascala, Iztaclapa, and other Mexican cities, there were aqueducts, baths, and fountains.

Such is a necessarily brief sketch of the aqueducts of other times. Our space will not permit us to advert to the adjuncts of these stupendous structures—to the reservoirs, pipes, and fountains, by which the streams were ultimately conveyed to the streets, baths, gardens, and private dwellings of the ancients. It is evident, however, that in their public baths and fountains, in the general dissemination and application of pure water, they have left us moderns still far in the rear. With them the supply of water was the paternal duty of the state; with us it is the monied speculation of private individuals. With them it was an object to make water as free as the air they breathed; to us it is in general sold at the highest rate which can be exacted, without absolutely inviting some new 'company' into the field of monopoly. This contrast is by no means overstretched, as we shall attempt to demonstrate in a future paper on water.

THE TEA-ROSE.

[The following is taken from an American publication entitled 'The Mayflower'—a series of sketches by Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs Stowe's scenes and characters are of a domestic nature, each exhibiting some feature in every-day life which we are apt to regard as of little or no importance. That which we extract very simply but happily inculcates the duty of cherishing a sense of the beautiful among our lowlier neighbours—'that fine feeling which rusts out and dies, because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.']

THERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin. 'I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York, as to our consternation you are determined to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers indeed; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line.'

'Make yourself easy as to that, Kate,' said Florence with a smile; 'I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum in view for my favourite.'

'Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favourite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her, you are so fond of Mrs Marshall, you know.'

'Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it.'

'Who can it be to? you have so few intimates here.'

'Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies.'

'But do tell me, Florence.'

'Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?'

'What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly old-maidish ways, dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighbourhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut Street, though you know everybody is half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a sempstress-girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?'

'Just the same as I do,' replied Florence calmly. 'Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?'

'But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room where Mrs Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook.'

'Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me.'

'Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living.'

'Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gift to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs Stephens's room as in ours.'

'Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something *useful*—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things.'

'Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs Stephens, for example, I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose.'

'Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of *taste!*'

'Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box, and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard

day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptised in.'

'Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it.'

'Well, Katy, I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour.'

'Well, I never thought before of giving anything to the poor but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way.'

'Well, cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers.'

'Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once—so go on your own way;' and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

* * *

It was a very small room, lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely-covered bed in one corner; a cupboard, with a few dishes and plates, in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed it was the only article in the room that seemed so.

A pale sickly-looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking-chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few minutes, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed her fine stitching, on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated and radiant with delight, as she bore in the vase with the rose-tree in it.

'Oh! see, mother, see! Here is one in full bloom, and two more half out, and ever so many more pretty buds peeping out of the green leaves.'

The poor woman's face brightened as she looked, first on the rose, and then on her sickly child, on whose face she had not seen so bright a colour for months.

'God bless her!' she exclaimed unconsciously.

'Miss Florence—yes, I knew you would feel so, mother. Does it not make your head feel better to see such a beautiful flower? Now, you will not look so longingly at the flowers in the market, for we have a rose that is handsomer than any of them. Why, it seems to me it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. Only see how many buds there are! Just count them; and only smell the flower! Now, where shall we set it up?' And Mary skipped about, placing her flower first in one position and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

'Oh yes, truly,' said Mary; 'well, then, it must be placed here on our new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it; it will look so much better.' And Mrs Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

'There,' said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, 'that will do—no, for it does not show both the opening buds; a little farther around—a little more; there, that is right;' and then Mary walked around to view the rose in various positions, after which she urged her mother to go with her to the outside, and see how it looked there. 'How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us,' said Mary; 'though she had done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this seems the best of all, because it seems as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt; and so few do that, you know, mother.'

What a bright afternoon that little gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's fingers flew the livelong day as she sat sewing by her mother; and Mrs Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought, as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter, the watching, tending, cherishing that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought, that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty—a leaf, a bud, a new shoot—and constantly awakened fresh enjoyment in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer-by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then proud and happy was Mary; nor did even the serious and careworn widow notice with indifference this tribute to the beauty of their favourite.

But little did Florence think, when she bestowed the gift, that there twined about it an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall and graceful gentleman called at the lowly room to pay for the making of some linen by the inmates. He was a stranger and wayfarer, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs Stephens's patrons. As he turned to go, his eye rested admiringly on the rose-tree, and he stopped to gaze at it.

'How beautiful!' said he.

'Yes,' said little Mary, 'and it was given to us by a lady as sweet and beautiful as that is.'

'Ah,' said the stranger, turning upon her a pair of bright dark eyes, pleased and rather struck by the communication; 'and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?' 'Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found it out, and so she gave us this.'

'Florence!' echoed the stranger.

'Yes—Miss Florence l'Estrange—a beautiful lady. They say she was from foreign parts; but she speaks English just like other ladies, only sweeter.'

'Is she here now? is she in this city?' said the gentleman eagerly. 'No; she left some months ago,' said the widow, noticing the shade of disappointment on his face; 'but,' said she, 'you can find out all about her at her aunt's, Mrs Carlyle's, No. 10 —— Street.'

A short time after, Florence received a letter in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned to know *that* writing. This letter told that *he* was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the verdure of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she had passed. Thus much said, our readers need no help in finishing my story for themselves.

POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. I.—MALBROUGH.

An enterprising Parisian publisher has, during the last year, been issuing a series of the most popular songs of France, with illustrations which surpass, in pictorial effect and in characteristic drawing, any publication we have to boast of in England, while the price is a mere bagatelle—sixpence—or about the fifth of what such a thing would be offered at for sale in this country. Each number (of which one appears every week) contains sometimes a single piece, though, when they are short, there are three songs to a *livraison*. An interesting essay precedes, and the music, with piano-forte accompaniment, concludes every number. The first song is one of the most popular—not only in France, but over the rest of the continent and in this country—that ever was written. It is properly entitled, 'The death and burial of the invincible Malbrough' (Mort et Convoi de l'invincible Malbrough), the great Duke of Marlborough's name having been first corrupted by the French into 'Malbrough,' and imported back again to its native language altered into Malbrook; by which the song is universally known here.

As it relates to one of England's most celebrated generals, we prefer translating the curious and interesting French remarks which accompany the ditty in the 'Chansons Populaires,' to making any comments of our own. This amusing essay is by M. Lacroix, chief librarian to the king of the French, an accomplished historian, and author of several historical tales of great interest and popularity. He has invariably written under the name of the Bibliophile P. L. Jacob:—

'The celebrated song of Malbrough was certainly composed after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, and not after the death of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough,

in 1722, as many grave commentators on the facetious ballad have supposed. Not a single circumstance narrated in the popular little poem accommodates itself to the veritable demise of his Grace. When the illustrious general died at his estate of Windsor Lodge, on the 17th June 1722, from the consequences of an attack of apoplexy, he had not appeared at the head of an army for more than six years; for more than ten he had played nothing more than an obscure and secondary part in European politics; and the French, more fickle at that epoch than they are even at present, had had quite time enough to forget him. George I., on mounting the throne, recalled the Duke of Marlborough to court, from which Queen Anne had estranged both him and his wife; but his majesty demanded nothing more than the duke's counsels—which he never followed. Marlborough, therefore, lived very soberly upon his domain, where his money failed him in completing his magnificent Blenheim, which Queen Anne and the English parliament agreed to finish in memory of his brilliant Dutch victory. He fell into a second childhood, and finally expired in presence of Lady Marlborough, whom he charged to bury him with pomp and grandeur.

The ditty is, then, anterior to his demise, which made but little noise even in England; yet in the ancient prose legend which originally accompanied the song, it is stated that "Marlborough was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, which took place between Mons and Baray on the 11th September 1709." In that battle, which was, even according to English historians, glorious for the French, the Marshal de Villars was wounded in the knee when he was about to surround the Duke of Marlborough, and to hem him in between the two wings of the French army. At this decisive juncture the English general ran the most critical hazards, and was supposed to have partaken of the fate of five of his generals who were killed in the melée.

The rumour of his death was rapidly spread, and, without doubt, some wanton versifier made the following funeral oration while bivouacking at Quesnoy on the evening of the fight, to console himself for having had neither food nor rest for three days: such being characteristic of a Frenchman's temperament. The Duke of Marlborough, a great captain and subtle politician, had been the bane of Louis XIV. during thirty years:—he had pursued, attacked, and crippled him on every field of battle, and in every European cabinet. He had proved himself a worthy pupil of the great Condé and of Turenne at Hochstett, Oudenarde, and Ramillies; his name was the terror and admiration of the soldier. Not being able to conquer, the enemy lampooned him, and each of his victories was followed by a new satirical song; such verses being in France then—as in the good times of Cardinal Mazarin—the people's most ordinary means of taking their revenge.

The song was not much known to the heroes of Malplaquet; it was preserved only by tradition in some of the provinces, where it had been probably left by the soldiers of Villars and De Boufflers: it was not even received in the immense collections of anecdotic songs which formed part of the archives of the French noblesse. But in 1781 it resounded, all of a sudden, from one end of the kingdom to the other. It happened that when Maria Antoinette gave to the throne of France an heir, he was nursed by a peasant named [probably nicknamed] Madame Poitrine, who had been chosen, among other qualifications, for her healthy appearance and good humour. The nurse, while rocking the royal cradle, sung Malbrough, and the dauphin, it is said, opened its eyes at the name of the great general. The name, the simplicity of the words, the singularity of the burthen, and the touching melodiousness of the air, interested the queen, and she frequently sang it. Everybody repeated it after her, and even the king condescended to quaver out the words, *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*. Malbrough was sung in the state apartments of Versailles; in the kitchens, in the stables—it became quite the rage; from the court it was adopted by the tradespeople of Paris, and passed thence from town to town, and country to country: it was wafted across the sea to England, where it soon became as popular as in France. It is said that a French gentleman wishing, when in London, to be driven to Marlborough Street, had totally forgotten its name; but on singing the air of Malbrough, the coachman understood him immediately, and drove him to the proper address with no other direction.

Goëthe, who travelled in France about the same time, was so teased with the universal concert of Malbrough, that he took a hatred to the duke, who was the innocent cause of the musical epidemic. Malbrough made itself heard, without ceasing, apropos of everything, and apropos of nothing; it gave its name to the fashions, to silks, head-dresses, carriages, and soups. The subject of the song was painted on fire-screens, on fans, and on china; it was embroidered on tapestries, engraven on toys and keepsakes—was reproduced, in short, in all manner of ways and forms. The rage for Malbrough endured for many years, and nothing short of the Revolution, the fall of the Bastile, and the Marselloise hymn, were sufficient to smother the sounds of that hitherto never-ceasing song.

The warlike and melancholy air of the song did not, any more than its hero, originate in France, and we have sought in vain to trace its history back from the time when Napoleon—in spite of his general antipathy to music—roared it out whenever he got into his saddle to start on a fresh campaign. We are not unwilling to believe, with M. de Chateaubriand, that it was the same air which the crusaders of Godefroid de Bouillon sung under the walls of Jerusalem. The Arabs still sing it, and pretend that their ancestors learned it at the battle of Massoura, or else from the brothers-in-arms of De Joinville, who repeated it to the clashing of bucklers while pressing forward to the cry of "Mountjoy Saint-Denis!"

After so elaborate an essay, the reader will expect a first-rate song, but he will perhaps be disappointed to find that the mountain of preface brings forth nothing but a poetical mouse. The song of Malbrough is curious merely from its absurdity; but its very absurdity is quaintness. It is, in fact, not meant to be read in, as it were, cold blood; it is only intended to be sung, for much of the humour lies in the constant repetition of each line. Such repetitions would, however, be far from amusing to read, and we therefore only print the first and last stanzas entire. The couplets bereft of the refrain do not rhyme, for, as each line is sung over and over again before the tune is finished, the jingling of concordant syllables would render the whole tiresome.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MALBROUGH.

Malbrough is gone to the wars,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;*
Malbrough is gone to the wars,
None know when he'll return.

At Easter perhaps 'twill be,
Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity has passed,
And yet he comes not back.

His dame ascends her tower
So high, she can go no higher.

Her page she sees approach,
In vestments all of black.

'O sweet and comely page,
What is the news you bring?'

'The tidings I shall tell
Will cause your eyes to weep—

Your pink attire to doff,
Likewise your silk and gold.

Monsieur de Malbrough's dead—
What's more—he's buri-ed.

I saw him laid in the earth
By four brave officers.

* Mironton, mirontaine, is an old *refrain*, or burden, which was in other ditties usually articulated mironton, ton, ton, mirontaine, and corresponds to the fal, lal, lal with which English song-writers eked out their limping stanzas to the tune. The last line is sung three times, and the whole stanza repeated straight through.

One carried his cuirass,
A second his buckler stout,

A third his terrible sword,
A fourth carried nothing at all.

At the entrance of his tomb
They planted rosemary.

On the highest branch of the tree,
A nightingale was perched.

They saw it steal his soul,
With laurel it to crown.

Each man fell on his face—
And then got up again

To sing the victories
That Malbrough had achieved.

The ceremony over,
They all went home to bed,

Some with their good wives,
And others by themselves.

No single mortal failed
In this, I'm pretty sure;

Let them be dark or fair,
Or of the chestnut's hue.

I've nothing else to say,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
I've nothing else to say,
And I'm sure I've said enough' (*thrice*).

A DAY IN ST ANDREWS.

'You'll have a tumbling voyage across the Firth today,' said an acquaintance whom we met on Prince's Street, one breezy morning last December, as we hurried along, bag in hand, to the coach-office, whence we were to be conveyed to the sea-side. 'Hope not—the wind and tide are together; at all events, can't help it—must go—good-by.' 'Good-by.' The sea, as we came in sight of it on rounding a corner of the curious zig-zag road at Trinity, certainly seemed a little out of humour. There was a white froth on the top of the curling waves, and I half glanced at the possibility of an awkward leaning position over one of the sofas of the steamer. Happily, all such anticipations proved fanciful. Stepping from the coach on board the steaming craft as it lay close to the pier at Newhaven, we saw there was no danger to be apprehended, and we were soon careering merrily across the Firth of Forth—the shores of Mid-Lothian, with the turret-clad heights of Edinburgh, receding in the distance, and the coast of Fife becoming every instant more and more invitingly open to our landing. The island of Inchkeith, with its gray crags, was passed, and the bay of Kirkaldy received us into its capacious bosom. In short, we crossed the Firth with little more than an easy breeze, and not a single incident which could be turned to account as an adventure. Nor were we more fortunate by land. A coach which was in waiting, conveyed us without a jar through the peninsula of Fife, and early in the afternoon we found ourselves snugly ensconced in our temporary domicile at St Andrews.

St Andrews, as everybody knows, is one of the most ancient towns—we beg its pardon—cities in Scotland. Situated on a flattish promontory overlooking the German Ocean and the Firth of Tay, it appears to have been selected as the seat of a religious establishment by the early missionaries of Christianity who visited this lone and once barbarous part of Britain. Growing apace under the fostering care of Regulus and his successors, the place afterwards became distinguished for its stupendous cathedral—a building in its glory as splendid as the present cathedral of Canterbury—its castle, and its university. Sacked at the Reformation, and with revenues despoiled, its famed ecclesiastical structures sunk into a state of ragged ruins, while its educational edifices merged into an antiquated and forlorn condition, from which they have only been partially restored by some public grants in recent times.* As a seat of instruction, however, the university has always maintained a respectable footing, the place, from its retired character and salubrity of situation, being better adapted for some of the more tranquil branches of study than any of the populous university towns. Latterly, the institutions in the town have been reinforced by the establishment of a large school for elementary education, liberally endowed by the late Dr Bell, and, at his request, termed the Madras college.

Besides the attractions which may be supposed to arise from its university and schools, St Andrews offers other inducements as a place of residence. Nowhere in Scotland—and I might take in a much wider range—is to be found such excellent society, or a state of things more harmonious to the tastes and habits of those accustomed to the refinements of life. One is surprised and charmed to find so pleasant a set of well-bred persons in this part of the world, which is indeed a little world in itself, a thing of which the great, busy, hurry-skurrying world without does not so much as dream. But for this concentration of ladies and gentlemen we must look not only to the educational establishments, but to the out-door play for which the links of St Andrews are renowned. St Andrews is the metropolis of golf. Of this game the inhabitants of other cities may *speak*—none but a resident in St Andrews can discuss it, ex cathedra;—all of which the reader already knows, if he has read an account of the game formerly given in these pages. Well, then, golf attracts the lovers of out-door exercise, retired military men, civilians with families, old Indians, and others, from all quarters; while fresh air on a splendid scale, cheapness of living, fine walks, and old ruins full of historical associations, add charms altogether irresistible.

Reader, have you now anything like an idea of the place to which I have come on a flying visit? I am afraid not; for you would require to spend some time in the place to have a complete notion of it—pass an evening with a cluster of its *élite*—see a score of faces gleaming on convivial thoughts intent—hear the laugh of the facetious Professor ———, and be electrified by a toast in Gaelic from Captain ———. The very thought of such a scene makes one feel that this is not such a dismal world after all—that there are nice cheerful nooks in it, if one would only look for them.

Having now, as one may say, taken a bird's-eye view of the subject, we may come a little closer to its main features; and, in short, if you, the reader, have no particular objections, take a look at the town. We have only a forenoon to spare, so let us make the most of it.

Stretching longitudinally along the height overlooking the sea, we find at least three good streets of considerable length, with the ruins of the cathedral closing the vista on the east, and the extensive sandy downs or golf-ground on the west. About the centre of the town, but separated from each other, are the different colleges, and towards the exterior thoroughfares are some new streets of elegant houses. Of course there are numberless cross alleys or *wynds*, generally lined with dwellings of an inferior kind. The whole town is built of sandstone, and is substantial and imposing in its aspect. Till lately, however, little had been done to give it a neat appearance, and it had fallen behind most towns of its size in some few respects; there were here and there, as in several old-fashioned Scotch towns, projections of various kinds upon the lines of street, and even the best thoroughfares were paved only with round stones, anything but suitable to tender feet; smooth trottoirs were unknown. Things might have gone on in this condition for centuries, but for the well-directed zeal of a single individual: I mean Major Playfair, a native of the town, now residing there with his family, and who acceded to the dignity of provost in 1842. This gentleman, possessing an independent fortune, and naturally of an active mind, must be considered as a species of Peter the Great within his burghal jurisdiction. Taking a fancy for improvement where

* Readers curious in the ecclesiastical history and antiquities of this venerable city, may consult a recent work on the subject—'History of St Andrews, by the Rev. C. J. Lyon' [episcopal clergyman in the town]. 2 vols. 8vo. Tait: Edinburgh.

so much was needed, he has already wrought wonders in the brightening up of this venerable city. Any ordinary mortal, three years ago, would have said 'Nothing could be done for St Andrews; her municipal revenue is completely crippled; nobody has any spirit to help her.' But on a retrospect, we can see that all such anticipations may prove fallacious when a really energetic man chooses to apply his whole faculties to the object. The greatest doing of the worthy major is the formation of a smooth slab pavement, of from six to twelve feet broad, on each side of the principal street, along with a double row of gas lamps, as handsome as anything of the kind in the metropolis. Obtaining one hundred pounds, as I understood, from the impoverished burghal funds, the major had been fortunate in collecting a few more hundreds by subscription among the inhabitants and neighbouring gentry, and with this sum he was enabled to carry forward the very beautiful improvement now before us. The effect upon the aspect of the street, which in breadth and straightness was already a fine one, could scarcely be imagined, while its convenience to the inhabitants—supplying a fine promenade, agreeable for the feet, and at all times dry—is no doubt unspeakably great. Great, however, as is this improvement, it is rivalled by sundry other alterations. Everywhere, during last summer, workmen were to be seen engaged in removing old obstructions and eye-sores, propping up venerable ruins, and creating new beauties and conveniences. While other men would plan, ponder, and hesitate, the major *acts*. Was a railing required in front of Madras college, or a piece of playground to be put in order for its pupils? it was immediately *done*. Was there a street-projection, awkward and incommodious, which had been sighed over and lamented hopelessly, helplessly, for ages? it was one fine morning, before breakfast, *gone*. Was there a too acute angle at the turn of a narrow road, which had been a puzzle to coachmen for a century, and the cause of perhaps two accidents on an average per annum during all that time, but which had in like manner been only bewailed as yet? *now* it was cut off by the major. Was an unseemly gap to be closed by a neat wall? forthwith the wall was raised. Was there anywhere some particular house so badly placed as to break a straight line, or interrupt a view of some distant object of an interesting kind? the major would not scruple to lay out a little money, that he might have the pleasure of seeing it removed.

While inspecting some of the wonderful doings of this rare chief-magistrate, we had the good fortune to be introduced to his notice, and conducted by him to different points where alterations had been, or were shortly to be effected. Our first visit was to Madras college, which has been a special object of the provost's solicitude. Conducted from a central courtyard which he has had lately paved, we went through some of the class-rooms of this noble institution, where—hear this, ye Englishmen—a first-rate elementary education may be obtained for a shilling a quarter! In one of the large rooms we found about three hundred children, divided into classes, receiving instruction at this humble charge; and in another apartment a similar number, but of a higher grade, who pay two shillings a quarter. We had the curiosity to examine a class of the humbler pupils, by cross-questioning them on the subject of their lessons, according to what is called the intellectual method, and were much gratified with their expertness. 'Wonderful, sir,' said the major, who had kindly taken the chair on the occasion; 'what a world this will be in twenty years hence, when these youngsters grow up! They beat us, the old set, all to nothing.' 'Quite true, major; but let us again be stirring.' We now proceeded westward towards the principal entrance to the town, where various tokens of improvement met our eye in the form of widening, building, and paving; and turning to the right, we came upon the open links, where we were introduced to the club-house of the Golfers' society. Here are some pleasant accommodations for the gentlemen of the town, including a billiard and reading-room, rooms for depositing golf-playing apparatus, and a species of restaurant, from which refreshments may be obtained at a moderate rate—total annual payment for members ten shillings a-year! The doorway, as I observed to the major in passing out, was rather exposed, and would be improved by a portico. 'I know it; you see the foundations of a covered porch are about to be laid.' Leaving the club-house, we passed down a street to the eastward, where the major pointed out some conspicuous improvements; among others an infant-school of handsome architecture, not yet finished, on the pleasure-ground of which his own private gardener was busily at work. Near the school-house the major proposes various alterations, and some are in progress. As we passed a house which stood somewhat out from the ranks, the major drily observed, 'Take your last look of it—it will be down by to-morrow morning;' and a cloud of dust which issued from the doorway assured us that he did not speak without warrant. We now proceeded by a narrower pathway overlooking the sea-shore on the north, where several men were engaged in smoothing a most irregular piece of downs, on which a public monument had lately been erected. 'Wherever one goes,' I said, 'he sees people at work.' 'Certainly; there is not an idle man in the town.' Having exhausted this quarter, we went eastward by the united college of St Leonard's and St Salvador's, and even here we could see some results of the major's activity, though not of a direct nature. The doors of the college had been coeval with the buildings—a more shattered, battered, tattered-looking gate did not exist on this side of Somnauth. Within the last two months these doors have shrunk aside into the harmless character of curiosities, and been replaced by doors new and appropriate. The professors had for ages met in a long dreary hall forming a library, and incapable of being heated by an ordinary fire; now, stimulated by example, they have got a smaller room fitted up as a reading room, where they are perfectly comfortable.

Departing from the college, where some interesting objects of antiquity had detained us a few minutes, we went towards the eastern extremity of the town, near the ruin of the cathedral, where the habitations of the fisher population are situated. Here, the major informed us, he had great things in contemplation. He proposes that this useful community, whose dwellings are generally old and miserable, shall remove entirely to a spot of ground near the harbour, where he designs to build a terrace of neat and commodious tenements for the different families, on a uniform plan, having in the centre a reading and coffee-room, to which the fishers may resort when on shore, instead of lounging listlessly in the open streets. Means are alone wanting to carry this beneficial improvement into effect; but the work of melioration has already been begun by two improvements, the first of which was entirely the work of the major. It consists in the establishment of a general conveyance, in the form of a cart, to supply the fishermen with muscle-bait from a part of the coast several miles distant, instead of the old plan, which consisted in each man sending his wife or daughter for a backload of that material, thus, perhaps, depriving the household of its managing member for the half of every day. A change of this kind, while trifling in the means required for it, is virtually a substitution of civilisation for the grossest barbarism; and its moral are as great as its physical effects. Already, after the lapse of only a few months, a spirit has been raised in this humble community in favour of a more decent and regular course of life. The men are becoming steady and sober, and several female members of families, formerly required for the bait, are getting employment otherwise. The second improvement, the credit of which was mainly due to Professor Gillespie, consists in the establishment of a reading-room for the fishers. In this mind-improving place of resort we found three or four fishermen reading periodical publications, while a row of instructive and

entertaining books was ranged on the table before them, and a comfortable fire blazed in the humble grate. For a halfpenny a month, or some such fee, these men can now enjoy a newspaper, cheap periodicals, and books; and for no more than twopence a-week, they are supplied with a cup of coffee every morning before going to sea. What a stride in advance is this on the vicious dram-drinking practices to which fishermen are too frequently addicted!

We have now made pretty nearly the round of the town, and as the best of friends must part, so must we bid adieu to the major. Yet one word ere we say farewell. I should announce to the reader, that the major has been baffled in only one great undertaking; but then, even Napoleon himself was occasionally nonplussed. There is an old town-hall planted, as was the common custom of old, in the middle of a street near the market-place, interrupting the thoroughfare worse than any projection, and of such plain architecture, as to be no object of attraction in the town. On this ill-fated edifice the major has cast the eyes of his destructiveness, and would sweep it away to-morrow, if he only had the means of building another in what he thinks a better situation. Half in joke, half in desperate anxiety to accomplish this object, he has put up a notice in the Golfers' club-room, which we transcribe for the benefit of all persons who may possess more money than they know well what to do with:—

'*Notice Universal.*—It is hereby intimated to all those who have or may have any funds at their disposal, and who are hesitating to what purpose they will apply them during life or at their demise, that the ancient city of St Andrews is a field where a bequest might be made for a purpose which would perpetuate the name of the donor to future ages; namely, to furnish the means, either by deed or gift, for removing the present town-hall from the centre of the street (where it is a great obstruction and deformity), and to build another which should contain a market-place, assembly-rooms, and other conveniences—thus securing to the donor the gratitude and blessings of generations to come. Any person feeling inclined to promote this great public work, will receive every information on the subject on application to Major Playfair, the provost of the city. —— St Andrews, 1st October, 1843.'

Whether our friend the major be successful in this bold and happily conceived design of immortalising the builder of a Hotel de Ville for the city of St Andrews or not, we cannot but accord great praise to personal energy and public spirit directed in the manner we have described. Here, in little more than a twelvemonth, has one man gone far to accomplish something like the renovation of an ancient and somewhat neglected city. Could similar good be done elsewhere? Most assuredly, granting there exists elsewhere such men. It is true that the patriotic major has been obliged to open his own purse on several occasions; but this is rather in consequence of the peculiarly reduced state of the burgh funds than from any other cause. The grand requisite seems to us to lie in the qualities of the individual. Let any man of tolerable judgment and taste devote himself entirely for a given time to the effecting of such improvements, and we hold his success to be certain. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that there is classical authority for the inferior share which pecuniary means have in these local phenomena—

'Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?
The *Man of Ross* each lisping babe replies.' * *
'Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say what sums that generous hand supply?' * *
'Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!'

That the provost of a Scottish country town, without the aid of either act of parliament or tax, should have been able to plan and carry forward renovations so extensive and beneficial, may well excite surprise; and one can very easily imagine, that without a great degree of sagacity, and the most masterly financiering, nothing could have been done. Many are the jokes told of the major's dexterity in procuring the consent of parties to the excision of street encumbrances, and of his schemes of ways and means. A short time ago, for example, he raised £30 by a public exhibition of pictures lent at his request by families in the town and its vicinity. Nor, from the general tastefulness of his improvements, is there any disposition to ridicule what he has effected, unless perhaps as respects his giving a new nomenclature to some of the roads and alleys, whereby, as with the wand of an enchanter, he has transformed certain wynds into *streets*, thus breaking up, as it may be called, certain old local associations. But even for this he has a ready and tolerably satisfactory answer, which no one actually disputes. Perhaps, however, his greatest act of generalship has been that of stilling down opposition in the municipal body of which he is the head. By the reasonableness of his propositions, his impartial distribution of patronage, and treating the predilections of all men with liberality, being at the same time frank and affable in his demeanour, and ever ready to be consulted by every one, he has introduced the most perfect harmony into his little senate; and it is a fact equally new and gratifying, that no time is ever now consumed in wrangling on general abstractions. This change is not less grateful than it is beneficial to the people generally, and we may be assured that it is no small element in the list of means by which our friend the major has been able to carry on so many useful reforms. It is a lesson most devoutly to be commended to all municipal bodies throughout the empire.

MODERN INSTANCES OF SUPERSTITION.

In October last (1843), the *Inverness Courier* had the following paragraph:—'A woman was last month tried at Dingwall, before Sheriff Jardine and a jury, on a charge connected with the almost exploded belief in witchcraft. In 1836, Donald Matheson, a small farmer residing in Strathconan, having lost some of his sheep by death and other causes, applied for advice to a divining woman, or sorceress, named Catherine Beaton, the wife of a sawyer at Dingwall. He travelled thirty miles on this important mission, and Mrs Campbell having duly weighed the circumstances of the case, told him that there was great trouble coming to his house through a woman who lived in his neighbourhood, and who had consulted Miss Hay of Inverness, a once noted sorceress, for means to carry out her intentions. Fortunately, however, Mrs Campbell could avert the machinations of all wicked women, and the means were simple. "Bring me a pound note," she said; "I will tie it up in a parcel, which you must take home, and your wife must place it under her pillow while she sleeps. After this, return to me with the parcel, when you will get the pound note as good as before." Donald immediately borrowed the money from a meal-dealer, and delivering it to the skilful woman, had it *charmed*, and tied up. He trudged homewards, pluming himself on his sagacity and foresight; and his wife duly slept upon the packet as desired. In a day or two, however, female curiosity got the better of her superstitious dread, and she opened the mysterious packet. The pound note was gone, and in its place were found some sand, rags, and a piece of paper. Donald then returned to Dingwall to claim his money, but the sorceress was inexorable—nothing could be obtained from her. The charm was unavailing, and the money was gone. An-

other deception was practised by Mrs Campbell. A widow in Loch-Broom, named Elizabeth Murchison, about ten or eleven weeks ago lost a sum of two pounds. She consulted the *diviner* as to the restoration of her money, when she was told to provide herself with other two pounds. This was done: Mrs Campbell uttered some words over the money, and the widow, at her request, spat upon the parcel in the name of Providence! The widow was charged not to touch the parcel till Mrs Campbell would return the following morning; and she was further informed, that, if she did not sleep during the night, she would see a person come and place the two pounds which had been stolen in the window. The *honest thief*, however, did not appear to replace the money, neither did the sorceress return, and the parcel being opened, was found to contain merely some crumbs of bread. These facts being fully established in evidence, Sheriff Jardine sentenced Mrs Campbell to three months' imprisonment. The worthy sheriff, at the same time, remarked on the extraordinary circumstance, that so absurd a superstition should still linger among the people in these days of intelligence and information.'

About five years ago, a young farmer in Glendochart, Perthshire, disappeared one night, after having attended a rustic merry-making. He was about to have been married, and there was a strong suspicion of his death having been caused by foul play, arising from the malignant passion of jealousy. That he had been precipitated into the Dochart, there could be little doubt, as there were marks on the banks as of a deadly struggle between two men. Public interest was strongly excited in that remote glen, and the people turned out in great numbers to search for the body, which they did for several days; but all in vain. The young man was never more seen. The fact apposite to the present subject is, that on the *ninth night* after the supposed murder, the whole of the active part of the population once more turned out, and kept watch along the banks of the river and on all the hills whence its course could be seen, and this throughout the whole night, in expectation of detecting the situation of the body, by seeing the *corpse candle* burning over it on the surface of the water! A legal functionary who was present, making investigations into the case, has described to us the particulars of this strange vigil, as perhaps the most strikingly romantic affair with which he ever was connected.

About the time when this happened, the same county was the scene of an act of superstition which we venture to say could not have been surpassed in grossness in the darkest of times. It appears that in a parish to the northward of Dunkeld, a suspicion had gone abroad, that in a particular family doings of a secret and mysterious character had been going on, the nature of which, however, the neighbours could not divine. Some averred that a human skull had been seen in the house, or in the hands of some of its inmates; and in the progress of the story, others supplied the remaining parts of the body, and it was finally conjectured that body-lifting had been practised in the first instance, although for what ulterior purpose could not be discovered. Unpleasant and aggravated reports spread through the district, until the information assumed a shape which required the personal investigation of the proper authorities, when the following circumstances were elicited:—It appeared that two junior members of the family referred to had been subject to epileptic fits, and the mother, impressed with belief in the virtues of a horrid and barbarous superstition, namely, that food prepared *in a human skull* was an unfailing remedy for that disease, had, in the absence of her husband, procured one for the purpose of proving its efficacy. This, it would appear, she had effected through the medium of a medical student, and as it was a principal part of the charm that the mess should be boiled upon fire raised upon the march between two large properties, a fitting opportunity having offered, a mess of oatmeal porridge was boiled at the proper hour, and at the proper place, a human skull forming the pot. Although the operation was performed with all due secrecy—for the charm was imperfect if the patient was made aware of the circumstances—still, some whispers of the fact got abroad. Both patients, it would appear, had partaken of the mess, unconscious of the mode of its preparation, although with reluctance by one of them, who expressed dislike of its darkish appearance; the popular rumour in the neighbourhood leant, however, to the belief that both benefited by the charm. It is needless to add, that the result of the investigation proved that the case was one which called for the strongest pity and commiseration, rather than the interposition of the law.

The Highlands of Scotland are a district so thinly peopled, and so remote from the principal agencies of civilisation, that it is scarcely surprising to find incidents like the above taking place amongst the inhabitants. But an out-of-the-way locality, and a scattered population, are not the only things conducive to keep alive the superstitions which we fondly believe to be characteristic of earlier times. Otherwise, why should we so often hear of instances of the most extravagant credulity occurring amongst not merely the humbler, but the middle class of English? So lately as the month of September (1843), a clothier residing at Holmfirth, near Huddersfield, became the dupe of a female gipsy, under the following circumstances:—Having first persuaded him that there was a large treasure concealed in his house, she induced him to raise the sum of L.310, wherewith she was to perform a charm by which to overcome the influence of certain evil spirits, which she described as guarding the desired hoard. When he had gathered the money, one half of which was in gold, she repaired to the house to work the charm, for it had been understood that the money was never to go out of his possession. A leather bag was produced; the money was deposited in it; and, after some ceremonies had been performed, it was placed under lock and key in one of the clothier's drawers, with strict injunctions that it was not to be disturbed for four days, by which time the charm would be worked, and the treasures found. The four days elapsed; the gipsy failed of her appointment, and the dupe began to have some misgivings. After allowing one extra day to elapse, he opened the drawer, where, instead of any new treasures, he found only the bag, *now* containing only a few pieces of lead and brown paper.

A signally tragical instance of superstition among the English middle classes occurred, in October 1838, at Preston. A young woman, named Alice Hodgson, had been confined safely, and was rapidly recovering under the care of a regular medical practitioner, when her mother, and a person styling himself an elder of the Mormonites, interfered in the case, induced her to discharge her proper attendant, and trust herself to their superior means of restoring her to health. The treatment which they adopted was rubbing her body with rum, giving her tea made from ginger, and placing the elder's walking-stick by her side, with injunctions for her to grasp it with her hands, and put unreserved faith in its power of healing! She died a fortnight after.

The measure of the superstition of a people is not solely to be judged from actual cases of gross delusion, such as the above, but also from the manner in which the people generally receive and consider certain facts. The change of the *style* in 1752 seems a rather remote event to refer to in treating of the present state of the popular mind on this point; but it is not so irrelevant as may at first sight appear, for many things show that the rural population of England is, in respect of intellectual advancement, all but the same as it was in the middle of the last century. Of the popular odium in which the reformation of the calendar was held, an enlightened person of the present day can scarcely form any idea. The false reasoning on which the odium was founded is not less incomprehensible. Confounding a

mere human arrangement for reckoning time with time itself, the common people everywhere deemed the act an impious attempt to put eleven days out of existence, and so far to alter the course of nature. This notion even entered into the politics of the period. A gentleman who had voted for the bill in parliament, is represented by Hogarth as assailed on the hustings with cries of, 'Who stole the eleven days?' Irreconcilable to a change so sacrilegious, many persons continued to use the old style, particularly with regard to religious and other festivals; and of this pertinacity we see some remains even yet. The Rev. Mr Bree makes the following curious statement on this subject:—'I knew an old labourer, a native of an obscure village in this county (Warwickshire), who recollected the alteration of the style, and who to the last was never reconciled to it: he stoutly maintained that the nation had never prospered since. "I did not wish," he said, "to make mischief, so I never said anything about it to my son; but you may depend upon it, sir, the nation has never prospered since the style was changed. If you'll observe, sir, the cuckoo and the swallow, and everything else, they don't care for the change: they all come and go by the *old* time, and not by the *new*. I don't know," continued he, "what use it were of, unless it were to make the parson tell lies of a Sunday." "How so, Master Caister?" "Why, sir, he says it's the tenth day of the month when it isn't the tenth." He assured me that the inhabitants of his native parish were so disgusted with the change, that they were at the pains of procuring a minister, at their own private expense, to perform divine service upon *old* Christmas day, and that they made a point of going about their ordinary occupations, and setting their servants to work on the *new*. Moreover, a deputation, consisting of two of these simple villagers, was actually sent down to Glastonbury for the purpose of consulting the holy thorn upon the occasion [this is a thorn which the monks of Glastonbury Abbey planted many ages ago, and which is believed to blow every Christmas day]; a sprig of which, gathered on old Christmas day, in leaf, or else in flower (I forget which), was brought back in triumph to the village.'

Of the credulity of the rustic classes in England towards things which address their sentiment of wonder, the progress of the dreary fanaticism of Mormonism, the reliance placed, in a district of Kent, upon the maniac pretender Thom, and the still prevalent practice of consulting gipsies, and other employment of impostors respecting fortunes, are incontestable proofs. But superstition is not confined to the humble, or the middle classes of society. It has many votaries even in the highest. Nor is this to be wondered at; for though the more affluent classes can command the best education, and thus emancipate themselves from many weaknesses which beset their inferiors, the great principles of human nature are still at work within them: the Marvelling sentiment will work with more or less freedom from Reason's control, and there are even some agencies of an educational kind which tend to give these strength. It is the lot of almost every man to be impressed in childhood by notions of a superstitious kind, which remain ineffaced through life; nearly all men have so much that is to them unknown around them, that they are nearly as ready to believe in something which is contrary to natural law, as in things which are conformable to it. There is also a self-love which generates much superstition: a man easily conceives there is a particular fortune attending himself. It is only on these grounds that we can account for the belief in destiny, which formed so singular an exception from the general acuteness of Napoleon. Byron, who probably was sceptical about many things where faith is above all virtue, was in like manner a believer in *warnings*. 'As an instance,' says his biographer Moore, 'of a more playful sort of superstition, I may be allowed to mention a slight circumstance told me by one of his Southwell friends. This lady had a large agate bead, with a wire through it, which had been taken out of a barrow [a sepulchral mound], and lay always in her work-box. Lord Byron asking one day what it was, she told him that it had been given her as an amulet, and the charm was, that, as long as she had this bead in her possession, she should never be in love. "Then give it to me," he cried eagerly, "for that's just the thing I want." The young lady refused; but it was not long before the bead disappeared. She taxed him with the theft, and he owned it; but said she should never see her amulet again.'

Sir Walter Scott was even in a greater degree superstitious. Of nature and her laws, he was, from education and habits of study, entirely ignorant; he had even a sort of contempt for all of science that had not at least got pretty well stamped by the kind of authorities he was disposed to respect. But, while hard of belief as to any extraordinary thing which professed to stand upon some natural principle, he would have listened with more than mere patience to a tale of the second sight: again, if any one had thought of explaining second sight as something possibly connected with mesmerism, and therefore a natural thing, albeit extraordinary, it would have instantly lost all charm for him, and he would have been the hardened sceptic once more; so much do our beliefs depend on the particular tendency of mind through which propositions appeal to us. There seems to be no room for doubt that Sir Walter conceived himself to have been the observer of several supernatural occurrences. In 1818, a Mr Bullock of London died suddenly there, during the time that some furnishings were going on at Abbotsford under his directions. On the night before his death, Scott and his wife were roused in the middle of the night by sounds as of some one drawing furniture through a distant room. Next night, at the same hour—and the time of Bullock's death—the same sounds were repeated so distinctly, that Scott rose to see what was the matter, but found nothing unusual. There is proof that his mind was affected by these incidents before he knew of Mr Bullock's death, for he wrote of them to a friend in London while yet ignorant of that event. The coincidence, when he was aware of it, is allowed by Mr Lockhart to have made a strong impression upon him. In his Letters on Demonology, he tells us how, sitting one evening in a room off his entrance-hall, he there saw what for a brief space he thought the figure of Lord Byron, not recollecting that his noble friend was dead. The figure, he says, at his approach, resolved itself into a screen occupied by greatcoats, shawls, and other such articles; but on again retiring to the place where he formerly stood, and endeavouring to realise the vision once more, he found that to be beyond his capacity. In his book, tact and good sense make him tell the tale as a mere case of visual deception; but a late chronicler of his conversations avers, that he impressed his hearers with the idea that he believed himself to have seen a genuine apparition of the deceased poet. The same writer gives the particulars of another vision of the great minstrel as told by himself. 'I had sent my servant, with a horse and cart, for provisions and other articles expected from Edinburgh. I had walked out to meet him about the time he was expected, and I saw the man, horse, and cart coming to meet me. At once the whole tumbled down the bank. I hurried on to render assistance, when, to my surprise, nothing was to be seen. I returned home, not a little ashamed at having allowed myself to fall into a delusion. The cart did not arrive until two hours after its proper time; and when I questioned the man what had occasioned the delay, "The carrier from Edinburgh, sir, did not arrive until two hours after his time, which caused me to wait till it became dark. I got loaded, and came away; but, on account of the darkness, the cart ran too near the brae, and all tumbled to the bottom. I found the horse had thrown himself out of his harness, and was standing unhurt. Assistance came, and I got the horse righted, and again set on the

road, and here we are all safe at last." The time that the cart really tumbled was at least two hours after my vision.'

The present writer can relate a very trifling anecdote to the same purpose. I was walking one day with Sir Walter Scott through St Andrew's Square in Edinburgh, when we met a gentleman clad in deep mourning, whom I recognised to be one of his associates at the clerks' table in the Court of Session, and to whom Sir Walter spoke for a moment. On making some inquiry as to the cause of the mourning, and the air of deep melancholy on his friend's visage, he mentioned the death of a grown-up daughter, and, I think, implied that it was not the first incident of the kind which had taken place in the family. He then shook his head, looked extremely grave and *awed*, as he always did when his mind was full of any romantic feeling, and referred with perfect seriousness to a Highland curse launched eighty years before against Mr ——'s wife's family, on account of her ancestor having given up to the government the unfortunate Marquis of Tullibardine, who, flying from Culloden, had taken refuge in his house in Dumbartonshire, relying upon some ties of family connection. The whole manner and discourse of Scott on this occasion was unquestionably calculated to convey the notion, that he attached importance to this anathema as a *cause* still operating.

After so many illustrations of still vigorous superstition, how absurd to call out that the education of this age is too much for realities! or that any class of the community is in danger of becoming too wise!

MR KOHL'S TOUR IN IRELAND.

We have already followed this indefatigable traveller in his wanderings through Russia and Austria; but have been able to test the accuracy of his observations only by the information concerning the same empires supplied by former travellers. Now, however, our German friend comes so near home, that had he fallen into any misconception or misstatement, it would have been readily detected. But, happily, all our vigilance has been in vain: had Mr Kohl resided in Ireland for several years, his views of her condition and people could not have been more correct. Hence his present work has increased our faith in his former ones, and causes us to look forward with pleasure to his forthcoming 'England' and 'Scotland.' Mr Kohl is excellently adapted for a travelling author: to a sharp and discriminating eye he unites reasoning powers of sufficient activity to enable him to form rapid judgments; and though his conclusions are swiftly arrived at, they are seldom unjust.

His Irish journey took place in the autumn of 1842. From Dublin Mr Kohl proceeded to Edgeworthtown, and visited the gifted lady, Maria Edgeworth, whose family owns the estate, and which shows, in the superior condition of the tenantry, the advantages of resident landlords, which the Edgeworths have been for a long period. Though much that is interesting might have been gleaned from notices of the authoress whose works have delighted thousands, Mr Kohl, with a degree of good taste, which we hope to see imitated by future tourists, abstains from entering into any private details. He prefers noting down more general and useful information, and at an early period of his journey, describes one of the most striking peculiarities of the country—bogs.

'Mountains and valleys, rocks, ravines, and plains, nay, sometimes even the caverns, are all covered with bog in Ireland. Where cultivation ceases, the bog begins, and the whole island may be said to be a bog with occasional interruptions. There are parts of Germany, France, and the Netherlands, which also seem to have a decided tendency to the formation of bog, but nowhere else is this so much the case as in Ireland. Our Harz mountains have some bog, it is true, but in Ireland the very summits of such mountains are covered with bog, and wherever cultivation recedes, the bog resumes possession of the abandoned ground. The humidity of the climate, I suppose, is the chief though not the only cause of this phenomenon. The decayed vegetable matter, which in other countries dries and resolves itself in dust, leaves here a considerable residuum, which is augmented in the following year by the new residua of decayed plants, and a rapid accumulation thus takes place, a quantity of moisture being held in absorption, till gradually immense compact masses are formed. A young bog, one that is yet but in its infancy, is called a "quaking bog;" but in time, when the mass becomes more compact, and assumes a black colour, it is known as a turf-bog or peat-bog. The vegetables, whose residua go to the formation of these bogs, are of course of infinite variety. The mosses, as they decay, form a loose, spungy mass, often so tough, that the turf-spade will not pierce it, and it then goes by the name of "old wife's tow." Sometimes the bog is formed almost wholly of mosses, sometimes of mosses mixed with the remains of other plants. Hence arise two principal descriptions of morasses in Ireland: the red or dry bogs, and the green or wet bogs. The former yields a light spungy turf, that quickly burns away, the latter a heavy black turf. Some of the green bogs, however, are so wet that no turf can be obtained from them at all. The Irish bogs are at once a source of wealth and a cause of poverty to Ireland. They yield fuel to the people, but at the same time cover much fertile land, which they withhold from cultivation.' The manner in which the fuel-yielding turf is allowed to run to waste is characteristic of the improvidence which unhappily prevails in Ireland. 'The majority of the population everywhere burn nothing but turf, which may be obtained more easily from the surface of the ground than can the coals from their deep and laborious mines. When their supply of turf has been exhausted, the Irish will pay more attention to their coal-fields, the real extent of which is still unknown to them. Before that time comes some centuries must pass away, but there are parts of Ireland where turf is beginning to grow scarce. In the north of Germany, where we have also many turf bogs, the people provide for the reproduction of the turf. They leave square holes, in which the water collects. The marsh-plants accumulate in these reservoirs, and at the end of thirty or forty years, turf may again be cut from the same place, and thus a piece of turf-land is made to afford an inexhaustible supply of fuel to its owners. In Ireland, nothing of the kind is thought of. The turf is cut away wherever nature has deposited the treasure, and none seems to trouble himself about the renewal of the supply. The consequence is, that many villages are already mourning over their dwindling stock of turf, and can almost calculate the day on which they will have consumed their last sod.'

The generally excellent farming around Edgeworthtown affords our author an opportunity of contrasting it with what is visible elsewhere. In a few words, he points out one of those pernicious practices which have contributed to make Ireland what it is, namely, the excessive subdivision of lands.

'It often happens in Ireland that a farm, originally sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of a man and his family, becomes divided, after a few generations, into a number of holdings, each father giving a piece of the land to each of his sons to set him up in the world. This subdivision is one of the many causes of the poverty of the country. Every man is anxious to have a bit of land of his own to till, and, laudable as this desire is, it may, if carried too far, as is the case in Ireland, become the occasion of many evils. An Irish farmer with a large family cannot prevail on himself to show more favour to one child than the rest, and always endeavours to divide his farm in equal shares among all his children, whatever may be the tenure by which he holds it. The effect of this system is, that at last the land is divided into such small fractions, that a man and his family, on their diminutive holding, are always just

on the verge between existence and starvation. If the farms were preserved in their original extent, and the younger sons were sent out into the world, the elder sons would have more interest in the improvement and good cultivation of the land, and the younger sons would in the end be the better off, for they would be spurred on to exert their ingenuity and industry in some other pursuit. The vast extent of most of the estates in Ireland offers a melancholy contrast to the minuteness of some of the farms, or rather potato grounds. Had the division of property existed in the upper classes also, the small landlords would gradually have approached nearer to the small farmers, and the subdivision of estates would have acted as a check on the subdivision of farms. As it is, however, there is no country in Europe where the actual cultivators of the soil have so little property in the land they cultivate as in Ireland. In Russia there are large estates, but the holdings of the peasants are large too. In Ireland there are single estates more extensive than German principalities, with farms (if such an expression can be applied) not larger than the bit of ground which an English gentleman would set aside for his rabbits in a corner of his park. In the county of Tipperary, out of 3400 holdings, there are 280 of less than an acre, and 1056 of more than one, but less than five acres.'

From Edgeworthtown our traveller started for Athlone, and during this part of his route, new specimens of carelessness about personal comfort, which usually accompanies poverty, presented themselves; and Mr Kohl becomes deploringly eloquent on the subject of rags and finery.

'The rags of Ireland are quite as remarkable a phenomenon as the ruins. As an Irishman seems to live in a house as long as it remains habitable, and then abandons it to its fate, so he drags the same suit of clothes about with him as long as the threads will hold together. In other countries there are poor people enough, who can but seldom exchange their old habiliments for new, but then they endeavour to keep their garments, old as they are, in a wearable condition. The poor Russian peasant, compelled to do so by his climate, sews patch upon patch to his sheepskin jacket, and even the poorest will not allow his nakedness to peer through the apertures of his vestment, as is frequently seen in Ireland among those who are far above the class of beggars. In no country is it held disgraceful to wear a coat of a coarse texture, but to go about in rags is nowhere allowed but in Ireland, except to those whom the extreme of misery has plunged so deeply into despair, that they lose all thought of decorum. In Ireland, no one appears to feel offended or surprised at the sight of a naked elbow or a bare leg. There is something quite peculiar in Irish rags. So thoroughly worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, no rags are elsewhere to be seen. At the elbows and at all the other corners of the body, the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose; the edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe, and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of a coat, or the sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at last unable to find their accustomed way in and out, so that the drapery is every morning disposed after a new fashion, and it might appear a wonder how so many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference whether the coat be made to serve for breeches, or the breeches for coat.

What in the eyes of a stranger gives so ludicrous an effect to the rags of an Irish peasant, is the circumstance, that his national costume is cut after the fashion of our gala dress—of the coats worn among us at balls and on state occasions. The humbler classes with us wear either straight frock coats, or, when at work, short round jackets. In Belgium, France, and some other countries, the working men have a very suitable costume in their *blouses*, and a very similar garment, the smock frock, is worn in most of the rural districts of England. Paddy, on the other hand, seems to have thought the blouse, or the short jacket, not *elegant* enough for him, so he has selected for his national costume the French company dress-coat, with its high useless collar, its swallow tail hanging down behind, and the breast open in front. With this coat he wears short knee breeches, with stockings and shoes, so that, as far as the cut of his clothes is concerned, he appears always in full dress, like a *rale gentleman*. Now, it is impossible that a working man could select a costume more unsuitable to him, or more absurd to look upon. It affords no protection against the weather, and is a constant hindrance to him in his work, yet it is generally prevalent throughout the island. Is it not strange that a hint so often given to him should still be thrown away on the Irish peasant, and that he should not long ere this have thought of exchanging his coat for a jacket? If he did this, he would not so often, while some blush of novelty is left upon his coat, be obliged to tuck up his tail while at work, or tie it round his body with packthread. The head gear harmonises with the ball-room suit. Paddy scorns to wear a waterproof cap, but in its place he dons a strange caricature of a hat. How millions of working men can have endured for so many years to wear so inconvenient and absurd a head-dress, is quite inconceivable to me, and utterly irreconcilable to that sound common sense by which the masses are generally characterised. Paddy, it must be owned, pinches, and flattens, and twists the uncomfortable appendage into a fashion of his own. He pushes up the brim away from his face in front, while behind it soon hangs in festoon fashion. The crown in time falls in, but being deemed an important part of the concern, is kept in its place for some time longer by the aid of packthread. The crown goes, however, at last, and the hat, one would then suppose, would be deemed useless; no such thing, the owner will continue to wear it for a year or two afterwards by way of ornament. It is impossible for a stranger to see a peasant at his work, thus accoutred like a decayed dancing-master, and not be tempted to laugh at so whimsical an apparition; I say whimsical, for in his deepest misery Paddy has always so much about him that is whimsical, that you can scarcely help laughing even while your heart is bleeding for him.'

Making his observations as he travels, Mr Kohl at length embarked to descend the Shannon at Shannon harbour for Limerick, and—never idle—occupied the steam-voyage in fishing up, from the communicative conversation of his fellow-passengers, several such fairy tales as those to which Mr Croker has given a literary currency.

After visiting the far-famed lakes of Killarney, our author finds his way, by Bantry, to Cork, where the commercial life of Ireland is seen. The squalid poverty and improvidence of the rural districts is here exchanged for evidences of the greatest abundance of all the necessaries of life; not, indeed, in use, but as articles of commerce. From Cork and many other Irish ports immense quantities of those provisions are exported of which the inhabitants stand so much in need. It would seem as if all the cattle, pigs, butter, and other such articles of food, were sent away from the interior, and that nothing is left for the peasantry but butter-milk and potatoes. Mr Kohl's next chapters are headed 'From Cork to Kilkenny,' and 'From Kilkenny to Wexford.' In the latter place, the gratifying progress of education and temperance was testified in a signal manner. 'There are,' he says, 'thousands of children that would otherwise have run wild about the streets, or have grown up in idleness in wretched hovels, enjoying now the advantage of a rational superintendence, and of a temporary asylum [in the infant-schools], far better than the parental roof can offer them. There is a great desire for instruction among the Irish, and such being the case, it is difficult not to rest sanguine hopes on the host of new schools that are starting up in all parts of the country. I do not remember to have passed through any Irish town in which I did not see a spick and span new school-

house, and a distillery either shut up or going evidently to decay. In Wexford there were formerly seven breweries, of which only one is now in a prosperous condition. In New Ross, whence we came, and in Enniscorthy, whither we were going, the principal distilleries had all been closed.' After various excursions, Mr Kohl returned to Dublin, the main features of which he examined with his accustomed penetration. He then turned his progress northward, and here the scene is changed, as if by magic, from barren lands and wretched people to smiling fields and a well-conditioned population. Not far from Newry the province of Leinster ends, and that of Ulster begins.

'The coach rattled over the boundary line, and all at once we seemed to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating, when I say that everything was as suddenly changed as if struck by a magician's wand. The dirty cabins by the roadside were succeeded by neat, pretty, cheerful-looking cottages. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, pleasant little cottage-gardens, and shady lines of trees, met the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and thought that at all events the change must be merely local and temporary, caused by the better management of that particular estate. No counter-change, however, appeared; the improvement lasted the whole way to Newry; and from Newry to Belfast, everything still continued to show me that I had entered the country of a totally different people—namely, the district of the Scottish settlers, the active and industrious Presbyterians. I do not mean to say that the whole province of Ulster wears this delightful appearance; nor is the whole province of Ulster inhabited by Scottish colonists. It contains many districts, as I shall hereafter show, inhabited by the genuine Celtic-Irish race, and of those districts the aspect is as wild and desolate as that of any other part of Ireland; but on crossing the border, the contrast between Irish Leinster and Scottish Ulster is most striking. I have read the accounts of many travellers who crossed the frontiers of Ulster and Leinster at other places, and they all give the same account of the striking contrast between the two provinces.'

Passing through Belfast, the linen manufactures of which he describes with minuteness, Mr Kohl threads the shores of Antrim to visit the Giant's Causeway and the other curiosities which abound in that quarter. 'At Belfast,' he concludes, 'I took my leave of Erin, and shipped myself for Caledonia.'

Except towards the end of his journey, Mr Kohl coincides with all other travellers in describing Ireland as exhibiting, in general, a panorama of wretchedness and of poverty at its lowest ebb. Yet he passed through some of the most fertile and altogether the most affluent districts of the country. The condition of Ireland is indeed deplorable, and deserves the gravest and most humane consideration, alike from the statesman and the philanthropist.

Substitute for White Lead.—The great amount of mortality among painters and manufacturers of paint, arising from the deleterious effluvia of white lead, is well known, and has frequently directed the attention of chemists to the discovery of an innocuous substitute. Hitherto the attempt has been fruitless; at least so far as we are aware, no other substance has taken the place of the common pigment. It would appear, however, from the report of the Paris Academy of Sciences, that M. de Ruolz has at length succeeded in producing a preparation possessing all the economical properties of white lead, without partaking of its offensive character. This substance is the oxide of antimony, which is distinguished by the following qualities:—Its colour is very pure white, rivalling the finest silver white; it is easily ground, and forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture; compared with the white lead of Holland, its property of concealing is as 46 to 22; and mixed with other paints, it gives a much clearer and softer tone than white lead. It may be obtained, according to M. de Ruolz, from the natural sulphuret of antimony, and at a third of the cost of ordinary white paint.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[From 'Punch,' or the London Charivari.]

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O! men, with sisters dear!
O! men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work!
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

Oh but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!'

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

GRATIFYING FACTS RESPECTING DECAYED AUTHORS.

[Abridged from the Athenæum.]

THE daily papers have announced that Mr Moncrieff has received a pension through the liberality of her majesty. The account given is, however, incorrect and imperfect, and does so little justice to the benevolent intentions and generous kindness of her majesty, and the whole affair is so honourable not only to her majesty, but also to the Literary Fund Society and its excellent secretary, Mr Blewitt, that we are quite sure it will do good service to a good cause if we narrate the whole of the circumstances as they occurred; and Mr Anson has consented, at the request of Mr Blewitt, to allow the facts connected with the case to be made public.

About two months since, the secretary of the Literary Fund Society received a letter from Mr Anson, equerry to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, stating that he had called upon him the day before. 'My object,' said Mr Anson, 'in seeing you, was to ask if in the literary world you happen to know any (I fear too many) reduced to poverty, who have not brought it upon themselves by their conduct, and whose exertions in the cause of literature might give them a claim to a charitable provision for life. The qualifications for the charity are, that he must be single, either a bachelor or widower, and above fifty years old; the advantages to the recipient are a separate apartment, with attendance and fire, meals, and some clothes, and about L.26 per annum. If you know any such candidates, would you give me their names and a short sketch of their histories, without saying anything about it?' To this Mr Blewitt replied, by handing Mr Anson thirteen names of gentlemen, any of whom would be a fit subject for a presentation.

In a few days a letter was received from Mr Anson, enclosing others to be delivered to Mr Moncrieff and Mr Jones, containing the gratifying information that her majesty would be graciously pleased, if the appointment were worth their acceptance, to nominate each of them a 'poor brother of the Charterhouse.' The literary claims of these gentlemen to this honourable though humble provision may now be referred to without indelicacy, and without violating that secrecy which forms a marking feature in the proceedings of the Literary Fund Society. The facts were necessarily communicated to Mr Anson, and their further publication is a justification of the society in its selection, and a proof of the discriminating judgment with which her majesty's patronage and bounty are distributed. It will be enough simply to state, that Mr William Jones is 82 years of age, afflicted with loss of sight in one eye, and with chronic rheumatism. He is the author of a History of the Waldenses and Albigenses, 2 vols. (five editions); Biblical Cyclopædia, 2 vols.; Lectures on the Apocalypse; Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, 3 vols.; Primitive Christianity Illustrated; Continuation of Hume and Smollett, 4 vols.; Continuation of Russell's Modern Europe, 4 vols.; Christian Biography; Dictionary of Religious Opinions; Memoirs of Rev. Rowland Hill—of Rev. Edward Irving—of Dr Adam Clarke; and of other minor works.

To the honour of Mr Jones, we must add, that, though deeply sensible of her majesty's goodness, and fully aware of the privations and sufferings that awaited him in the future—he, with gratitude and thanks for the intended kindness, felt impelled to decline the appointment, as it can be held only by a member of the church of England; whereas he, though he set no exaggerated importance on mere dissent, had been a conscientious dissenter all his life. Mr Moncrieff's claims, though not perhaps of so high an order, are better known. He is 50 years of age, afflicted with cataract in both eyes, and other infirmities, and is the author of—A History of Leamington and Kennilworth; The Minstrel's Offering; Songs of the Gipsies; Poems—and about 200 dramatic pieces, produced at the different theatres, of which fifty have been printed and published.

In consequence of the scruples of Mr Jones, Mr John Davis was nominated. Mr Davis is 72 years of age, entirely destitute, and without any other means than those supplied by private benevolence. He is the author of Travels in America in 1798-99; the Post Captain, a naval novel, first published in 1802, and now in its tenth edition; and a Life of Chatterton. The Post Captain may be said to be the parent of all our nautical novels; and in regard to the work on the United States, Mr T. B. Macaulay, in a recent letter, writes as follows:—'I have long been acquainted with the very curious and lively description of the United States, which he published nearly forty years ago, and which seems to me valuable, as preserving many traits of a state of society which has passed away.' The poor old man has also served his country in action; he was midshipman on board the Artois, Capt. Nagle, when she engaged and captured the Revolutionaire, forty years ago; and the merits of the Post Captain are attested by the fact, that Capt. Glasscock, in the Naval Sketch Book, refers to it as an authority to decide the legitimacy of a disputed nautical phrase.

The result is best told in Mr Anson's own words. 'Her majesty,' said Mr Anson in his next letter, 'has given poor brotherships of the Charterhouse to Mr Davis and Mr Moncrieff, both of whom have accepted with the deepest gratitude. It was offered in the first instance to Mr Jones, but he was unable to accept from being a dissenter. I trust, however, that her majesty may be able to give him a little temporary assistance, and it is proposed to be done as follows:—that her majesty should cause to be paid to you a sum of L.60 from the Royal Bounty, which you could pay him for three years, by annual instalments of L.20.' Three years at 82 is a long lease of life, and no doubt the kindness extended to Mr Jones will not forsake him, should he survive that period. The mere filling up of these appointments is nothing: they *must* have been given to somebody; it is the careful and anxious consideration as to how these appointments might be disposed of most judiciously and beneficially, and the considerate kindness to poor conscientious Mr Jones, that win from us our respect and gratitude. Mr Blewitt, in acknowledgment, expressed the pleasure it would give him to undertake the duty proposed, and to give effect to her majesty's benevolence in any way that might be pointed out. In accordance with his offer, L.60 were forwarded to him, which he was directed to pay to Mr Jones by annual instalments of L.20, and Mr Jones received the first instalment accordingly.

This is the way in which benevolence may work out the good which it desires to accomplish.

A HINT TO STEAMBOAT PROPRIETORS.

Finery in steamboats, the proprietors of such vessels should be made to understand, is generally thrown away. What the public want is comfort, as respects accommodation, attention, and fresh air, not barren splendour. How many a passenger would prefer a roomy to an elegant berth! How few care for looking at themselves in mirrors, when agonized with sea-sickness! What a burlesque of terms is the application of *state-room* to closets in which one can scarcely turn themselves! The fitters-up of such vessels may not be able to afford space, but they can surely give ventilation; yet, except in one or two cases, we never heard of this being done on an efficient scale. A gentleman recently arrived from Calcutta, in the Hindostan, a large steam-vessel belonging to the Oriental and Peninsular Steam-Navigation Company, who has written an account of his voyage in the Jersey Times newspaper, makes urgent complaints on this point. 'As we left the good ship Hindostan, we confessed that she had behaved herself well, though she is not fitted up appropriately for an Indian voyage. She averaged nine knots an hour. We had, however, a remarkably smooth-water passage. She has a superb saloon, every panel of which is decorated with an elegant and costly painting on *papier maché* by an artist of taste and skill. Perhaps too much money has been lavished on mere embellishments. Pictures and finely-carved wood-work adorn the whole of that part of the ship which is fitted up for passengers, most of whom would be glad to go in vessels with less costly decorations, at a lower charge. All this finery makes the ship look as if she were meant rather for holiday pleasure-trips on a smooth lake, than to brave the dangers of the wide ocean. We scarcely ever sat down to dinner in the early part of the voyage, that we did not wish one of the fine paintings had been a good port-hole to admit a little air upon us, almost suffocated as we were by the close atmosphere in the crowded saloon, and the steam of the hot viands before us.'

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 4. New Series. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1844. Price 1½d.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART I.

'My dear,' said Mrs Smith to her husband, replacing her watch: Mr Smith was reading in a very indolent-looking lounging chair, and took no notice whatever of the tender epithet that so lovingly glided from his fair lady's lips.

'My love,' she said, and now a delicate ear could distinguish that her voice was raised a semitone higher than it was when she said 'my dear;' yet still Mr Smith made no reply, though he wielded the paper-knife to accelerate his studies.

Mrs Smith—Mrs Joseph Smith, I should say—was as pretty and pettish a little lady as could be found between Hyde Park corner and the noisy end of Sloane Street; and Mr Joseph Smith was as dreamy and absent in mind and habits as his lady was irritable, 'fussy,' and particular. He was *very* absent, sometimes mistaking his wife's bonnet for his own hat—putting a white waistcoat over a black one—remembering everything, in fact, that ought to be forgotten, and forgetting everything that ought to be remembered—building castles in the air, and paying no attention, that he could possibly avoid, to the earthly castle (a gaily-furnished house) in which they resided. He was fond of reading, and fancied he understood moral philosophy.

'Joseph,' said Mrs Smith, and her voice was now so decidedly elevated, that the little spaniel, who was pretending to sleep on the hearth-rug, opened his eyes, yawned, and stretching himself, walked over to his mistress, who next, in a really angry tone, exclaimed, 'Mr Smith!' Still the reader made no reply; and the lady, after darting a look of bitter scorn at the insensible gentleman, flounced out of the room, 'banging' the door, while the little fat spaniel stood looking after her in stupid astonishment.

Mr Smith remained alone for about twenty minutes, quite unconscious of his lady's departure. At last, starting suddenly up from his book, he exclaimed, 'My dear Lizzy, I have made a great moral discovery, which, if acted upon, will revolutionise society. I cannot explain it to you just yet, but you may guess its magnitude and importance, when I tell you it will render mankind honest. They—— but are you there, my dear?' He walked to the bay window, where, half shaded by the curtain, the lady generally sat, so that she could see, as she said, her work and the street, and whatever was going on in the room, at the same time; he then opened the drawing-room door, and called 'Lizzy' and 'my love' repeatedly; there was no answer; he rang the bell. 'My mistress is gone out, sir,' was the footman's reply.

'Did she leave any message for me?'

'Not that I know of, sir.'

'That will do,' said Mr Smith; and then he thought to himself, 'it was very strange of her to go out without saying a word to me on the subject; and she knows that we had agreed to go somewhere—I really forgot to find out where—together, and to be there exactly at two.' He looked at his watch, and found that, having forgotten to wind it, it did not go; he then cast his eyes on the time-piece; *that* being under Mrs Smith's care, was clicking away merrily; it was then ten minutes after the appointed time. 'Dear me,' thought Mr Smith, 'I daresay she is gone to the appointment. How very odd that she should not have called me;' he repeated this several times to himself, for he was sadly perplexed at finding his wife quite out of the way when he wanted her; and when his habits and ideas were disturbed, he always continued fidgetty and uncomfortable until again chained down by reverting to some old, or commencing some new, dream. Starting as if from the action of a galvanic battery, he caused the bell to ring a peal through the house. 'Tell the cook,' he said to the footman, 'there are two gentlemen to dine here at seven.'

'I'lease, sir, my mistress ordered dinner at half-past five, as she said she was going to the theatre.'

'Very awkward,' muttered Mr Smith; 'I remember she said something about *that*; but I thought it was to-morrow. However, it must be seven, and a proper dinner—fish, soup—you understand me?'

About five o'clock Mrs Smith returned in high spirits; she had been to a delightful little concert—the engagement her absent husband had forgotten. Her apparently unaccountable absence had put him out of temper. 'So,' he said, 'you are come back: and really, Elizabeth, I think it was very wrong of you to go out, and by yourself too, without saying a word to me, particularly as we were going to the diorama, or some such place together.'

'Now, really, that is very cruel of you, Joseph,' answered the lady, withdrawing the cheek she had held down for a kiss; 'I called you four times, and you sat there like a stock or a stone, minding me no more than if *I* were a stock or a stone. I knew my cousin would be waiting for me; as the concert was early——'

'You know very well,' interrupted her husband, 'you never called me. Now, I remember I particularly wanted to go to a concert, and you knew it.'

'You never told me so.'

'Psha!' exclaimed Mr Smith.

Mrs Smith stamped her little foot as she rang the bell. Bells are ill-used things where there is much domestic contention; and now the wire reeved and cracked, and the tongue rattled violently within its brazen mouth. 'Is dinner ready?' she inquired. The man looked at his master.

'No,' said Mr Smith, and there was much strength and decision in the little monosyllable. 'Mr Orepoint and Mr Harrison dine here at seven. I remember having forgotten to tell you *that*, though I *did* tell you of my wish to go to the concert.'

But Mrs Smith made no retort touching the concert. She seemed petrified at something her husband had said, until at last she burst into tears, sobbing forth, she did not know what she had done, that he should insult her so. Mr Smith looked astonished, and inquired what she meant; and she reminded him

that Mr Orepoint was 'the man' who had jilted her poor sister Amelia; that it was impossible he (Mr Smith) could have forgotten the circumstance, as he had heard it so often; and that, for her part, she would not stay in the house with such a wretch as Orepoint. The moment he came in she would go out; she had made up her mind to *that*. The absent Mr Smith was overwhelmed; the little resolution he indulged in vanished. He remembered the circumstance when it was too late, reminded his wife of his forgetful habit, and said he 'would do anything he could.' Mrs Smith dried her tears a little, and replied, that he must write and 'say anything' to put Orepoint off; and then he found he had forgotten Mr Orepoint's address.

Never was unfortunate husband in a greater fever of perplexity than Mr Smith during the next hour and a-half. Finding that, often as he addressed his wife, she in her turn made no reply, he went into his little dressing-room, with a vague idea that he had something to do. His reflection in the looking-glass reminded him that he was not dressed for dinner. He went through the duties of the toilet with a perfect attention to what he was about, and was selecting from a cabinet a table snuff-box, which contained some peculiar snuff, when a loud double knock caused him to hasten down with the first box he met with in his hand, without taking another peep at his pretty little sulky wife; if he had, he would have found that her sulks were gone, and that she was preparing to do the honours of the house. Mrs Smith was not in any degree husband-hunting for her sister Amelia; but it occurred to her that Mr Orepoint would not have accepted the invitation, if he had not some desire to renew the intimacy that once existed between the families. He was still a *bon parti*, older by six years than when he jilted Amelia; and she thought Amelia had never loved any one so well since. Besides, Amelia had been a flirt; she knew that; and fancied her judgment on Mr Orepoint was sudden. Nor did she like sitting for four or five hours by herself; and perhaps, after all, she had been more vexed at not going to the play than at Mr Orepoint's coming to dinner. So just as Mr Smith had finished an apology concerning her absence, she entered the room, and thus afforded fresh ground for displeasure. A little forbearance, and she could have made all smooth, but her pettishness was again in the ascendant. The dinner increased the formality, which the flirting Mr Orepoint had it not in his power to assuage. In his difficulty of knowing what to talk about, he inquired after 'her fair sister;' and Mrs Smith, while her husband was describing to Mr Harrison the proposed workings of his new moral theory, managed to draw him into a conversation as to old times, that was proceeding quite in accordance with her desire.

Just at that moment Mr Smith, with the suddenness which characterised all his movements, asked Mr Orepoint if he were particular in the flavour of his snuff, and Mr Smith sent up his snuff-box; it had hardly glided over the snowy damask to its destination, when the mistaking Smith exclaimed, 'Not that box, Mr Orepoint; not *that*. Do me the favour to return it; that is not the one I intended.'

'And why not?' replied the bland gentleman—'why not? Here is a charming likeness of your lady and her sister, most exquisitely painted, and superbly set, the beauty of the one doing justice to the beauty of the other.'

'Ah!' said the absent man, 'I thought it might revive the memory of——' Mrs Smith, by a sudden effort, managed to interrupt the rest of the sentence. Mr Smith rallied, but was again stopped by a timely interruption. 'Mr Smith, you are throwing your walnut shells on the carpet, and they crush into it and cut it so, that I must beg you to be more careful.'

'I declare most solemnly,' said the husband, 'I have not cracked a single walnut yet; I was only twisting the nut-crackers.'

'You say anything to gain your point,' muttered the lady, but not so low as to escape her husband's ear, who—like the animals in the menageries, when 'poked up' that they may waken and show off their nature, such as it is—was on the *qui vive* for an attack. Without waiting for a reply, she rose from her seat, and in leaving the table, had the address to carry off, unnoticed, the unfortunate box to her own apartment.

It was a damp drizzling evening, and the church clocks had just 'gone' a quarter past ten, when a carriage stopped at the door of a handsome house in one of the gorgeous streets that have arisen out of the damps and ditches of the 'Five Fields.' From this carriage Mrs Joseph Smith alighted, and rushing up her cousin Mrs Mansfield's stairs, did not wait for the servant's announcement. The lady whom she sought, after her day's ill-managed fever, was very different in character and conduct from the petted pettish little creature who, full of bitterness and vexation, flew to her for the advice she persuaded herself she required from 'her dear Madeline;' but pretty Mrs Smith always made up her mind—not a very large thing to make up—and acted upon her resolve, before she took counsel at all.

Mrs Mansfield was sitting in her splendid drawing-room alone; her embroidery frame stood beside her chair; and the bright and dead gold she was working into a satin scarf for her husband glittered beneath the light of the beautiful lamp, that shone without dazzling or disturbing the stately character of the apartment. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, as she rose to meet her cousin—'oh! your knock set my heart beating; I thought it was Edward!'

'What!' inquired Elizabeth, 'has he not been home since the concert? He told you to wait dinner.'

'So I did until half-past seven; but he does not wish me to wait beyond that.'

'Then,' exclaimed Mrs Smith, 'if he did not wish me to wait, that's the very reason I would wait; if he served me as he has been serving you these six years, the un——'

'Hush, Elizabeth,' said her cousin; and her 'hush' was decisive, both from its tone and the expression that accompanied it. 'I allow no one to cast reflections upon my husband. Pray, sit down, and tell me what fresh annoyance has brought you here this evening? You told me of your great trouble this morning; how that my good friend Joseph would not answer when spoken to. As you have known that habit as long as you have known him, I was somewhat astonished at your making a complaint of it now; and I told you to resort to your old practice, and jog his elbow; Joseph will feel the shake when he does not hear the words.'

'Well, and so I did when I went home; but he was as rude as a bear; insisted that he wished to have been at the concert, and had told me so, which he never did.'

'He thought he had, and that should have made you endure the assertion. You know he is quite incapable of intended falsehood.'

'I cannot describe his conduct. He invited that Mr Orepoint with Harrison to dinner, and he knew I was going to the play.'

'He forgot it,' murmured Mrs Mansfield.

'Orepoint, who behaved so ill to Amelia,' continued Mrs Smith; 'and I refused to meet him at dinner; and then I thought better of it, and dressed and came down; and instead of being grateful for my doing so, Smith looked thunders when I entered the drawing-room.'

'One kind word from you would have smoothed it all; but you are so touchy, that instead of forbearing, you said something rude or odd?' observed Madeline.

'I said nothing to *him*, at all events,' she continued. 'He knows I am hasty.'

'Granted: and you know he is absent.'

'My goodness, Madeline! you speak as if all the duty was on one side.'

'Not at all; the truest and only rule to render married life happy—the law, divine as well as moral, "BEAR AND FORBEAR," is imperative on both.'

'Then it should be practised by both,' said Lizzy.

'Granted most fully,' answered her cousin; 'and in your case it is simply because it is practised by neither, that you spend your days bickering about the straws of life.'

'How you talk, Madeline. Straws indeed. Would you believe it—he was going to tell the strange odd-sounding story of the foreigner who painted Amelia's miniature and mine on the box, whom we believed to be a count, and—a—a—desirable person; in short, one who might have done for Amelia; and how we found him out. Well, he was absolutely going to tell the whole of that to Orepoint, and before Harrison, too, who is a sort of patent reporter.'

'Oh, you could have turned the conversation,' said Madeline.

'My dear, I tried; but it only made matters worse.'

'How unfortunate. Well, my motto, remember, is "Bear and Forbear." You know what I have often told you, that I never knew a matrimonial quarrel where *all* the wrong was on one side.'

'But, Madeline,' exclaimed Mrs Smith, 'it's all very well for the woman to forbear if the man will bear, or *vice versa*; but I cannot understand why a woman is to be trampled on.'

'Nor I; if a woman perform her duty, she *cannot* be trampled on. There is no mention in the marriage ceremonial of a wife's being obedient *if* the husband be affectionate, or of the husband's protecting and cherishing *if* the wife be obedient. No matter how the husband performs his portion of the compact, the wife is bound to perform hers.'

'The men ought to be mightily obliged to you,' said Mrs Smith sarcastically.

'Not so much as the women,' answered Madeline. 'I love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by the sunshine, unscared by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave—heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names'—and, carried away by the enthusiasm of the feeling, she clasped her hands together—'but whose names will be bright hereafter, even beside the brightness of angels. Lizzy, it grieves me to see you frittering away your happiness. You are married to a man without faults—generous, faithful, and wonderfully patient; domestic, and yet leaving you mistress of your house and actions.'

'When he prevents my going to the play, and insults me at a horrid seven o'clock dinner;' thrust in poor Mrs Smith.

'Oh, nonsense, dearest; mere fibres upon which to hang a quarrel; he has heaps of peculiarities, I know; and you have only to laugh and humour them, as you used to do about two years ago, to be as happy as a summer day is long; but *beware!* if you get into a quarrelling habit, he will do the same—a straw has a tube large enough to contain gunpowder: a few more such quarrels as that which must have occurred to drive you at this hour from your house, when you ought to be in your drawing-room, would destroy the happiness of any home. Go back, tell him you are sorry for the quarrel, and never mind whether he says, or does not say, he is sorry; but don't strive to find out who began it, or who did not. You *are* sorry for the quarrel, are you not?' There was an increase of pout, but no reply. 'Elizabeth, I am older, and you say wiser than you; do not, I intreat you, thrust your happiness from you; if you do so in the days of your early marriage, you may hunt after it in vain. It is a foolish saying, that the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love; but this I tell you, wedded quarrels are the knell of love. Go home, dearest cousin; forget your offended dignity; remember how tender your husband has been to you in sickness; recall not how much of your waywardness he has resented, but how much he has endured; think how he provided for your brother, and his liberality to your family—these are great things to set against small vexations. The idea of quarrelling with a husband because he sometimes has a little mental wandering, and does not immediately hear what you say, or because he drops walnut shells on the carpet, is really too absurd. Go home, my dear, like a good wife, and think no more of this nonsense.'

The humbled Mrs Smith departed, not convinced of her error, but at least discomfited, and fortunately arrived at home before she was missed.

Mrs Mansfield was now ALONE, and alone she remained, until the chimes of the time-piece arrested her attention—it was a quarter past one. She rang the bell, directed the footman to desire her maid to go to bed, and ordered that all the servants should retire. In a few minutes an old and faithful domestic who had attended Mr Mansfield from his boyhood, and was now half valet half steward, entered the room, and told his mistress that he hoped she did not mean him to go to bed? 'I've sat up many a night for my master, and for his father before him,' said the man, 'and never rose the later for it; and I hope you will let me wait now as well as ever? I am sure, late or early, I am never tired. The air is cold, and it looks—I beg your pardon for saying so—strange to the other servants for their mistress to open the door: I will only do *that*, ma'am. I wish I could do anything to show my gratitude and respect for those who have done so much for me.' Incidents sometimes occur at war with all forms, that touch the heart deeply; there was so much kindness and delicacy in these few words, that Madeline thanked Lewis, and told him he might wait up if he pleased. Mr Mansfield was a man of station, wealth—or reputed wealth—and talents—the peculiar talents so much admired in society; his humour was buoyant, graceful, and accompanied by a constitutional good temper, that cheered others while it was refreshing to himself; but with all his accomplishments, he had one serious fault—in his character there was no stability; his good resolutions melted away before the first temptation, and his want of fixed principles rendered him the easy captive of the last passion or the last speaker. He was so courted abroad, that if his home had been neglected, or his wife other than she was, he would never have been seen at his own house. Mrs Mansfield, loving her husband with more than the usual love even of woman, had latterly entertained the ambition of being her husband's *friend;* to accomplish this, she sacrificed all small feelings, stifled at their birth all petty, or what many women would consider anything but petty, grievances, and determined to watch and wait for an opportunity to withdraw him from the vortex of fashion, folly, and, it might be, worse, into which he was plunged.

She had observed lately that her husband shunned her more than usual. He avoided their being alone, though he treated her with more than usual tenderness. He was connected, she knew, with many speculations; and she had heard of the failure of one or two houses, whose principals frequently dined at their table. She knew that he had lost at Epsom, but of *that* they had spoken. Mrs Mansfield was too wise to set herself against her husband's amusements. In reality, nothing could give him pleasure without interesting her; and, besides, she dreaded the coldness which so frequently arises in wedded life from the wife playing the monitor instead of the companion—the former destroying, the latter promoting that exchange of feelings and opinions beneficial to both husband and wife. She watched for his return on this particular night with more than her usual anxiety; she had ample cause for this and other feelings. She was less composed than she thought she had ever been before, had less command over herself; and thus it was she wished to have *felt* that every eye in the house was closed, every ear deaf except her own, when he returned. She could not, however, refuse the old servant's request, though, when the clock had chimed another hour, she felt sorry that he was still watching, as he had done many nights before. Her cousin little imagined, when she poured forth her thoughtless and idle complaints, and dwelt upon her childish grievances,

what was passing in the mind of her who, notwithstanding her own painful and perplexing circumstances, was gentle and wise as ever to counsel and direct her, if she would but have followed her advice. At last, when another and another hour had passed into eternity, laden with the deeds and misdeeds of a thoughtless world, wearied alike with reading and with work, wearied with watching and the heavy thoughts that accompanied it, she lit a taper, and stole silently, as mothers steal, into the nursery. Her boy was not asleep; his hands were hot and feverish; and when he saw her, he sprang up in his little bed, and clasped his arms round her neck. 'I cannot sleep, mamma, I am so hot and thirsty; but I did not like to waken nurse. Take me into your cool room, mamma; do, dear mamma, and I will not wake papa; you see I did not wake nurse.' Madeline was delighted with the child's consideration, and, alarmed at his evident illness, she carried him into her room, and laid him on the bed, while she found him something to drink. 'Where is papa?' inquired the boy; 'the stars are going out, and the sky will soon be red before the sun gets up. Where is papa?'

A loud knock replied to the boy's question; the child drank eagerly; and Mrs Mansfield was hastening across the staircase with him in her arms, when her husband, rushing up stairs, called to her to stop. Mr Mansfield was far too refined to yield to a habit of intoxication, but he was then flushed and unsteady from the effects of wine.

'Is Charles ill?' he inquired.

'He is a little hot and feverish, dear Mansfield,' replied his mother; 'and I think the nursery is too close; he will be better for this little change of air.'

Mr Mansfield stooped to kiss him. 'It is you who are hot, I think,' said the child peevishly, putting up his little hand to push away his father's face; 'your breath is *so* hot—there, don't kiss me any more;' and he nestled his head on his mother's shoulder.

Mr Mansfield scowled upon both, as Madeline had never seen him do before. 'The child has been taught that,' he said in a most cruel voice.

Madeline raised her eyes to his; she made no reply; nor did a reproachful expression rest upon her features. Their eyes met: it would be impossible to describe her look, so clear, so full of truth. There was evidently a struggle in her husband's mind between his real nature and the occurrences and habits of the present; but his better angel triumphed. He kissed her cheek; she made no allusion to the injustice of his words, but returned his caress as affectionately as if they had not been spoken.

'God will bless you,' he muttered, as he entered the room she had just left; 'God *will* bless you, Madeline, and forgive me—if He can!'

JOTTINGS RESPECTING THE OAK.

The natural characteristics of the oak have combined to give it importance in the eyes of mankind. The great and impressive size, and the vast age which it reaches, the hardness and durability of its timber, are the most conspicuous of these qualities, and they are such as to place it at the head of all trees, to make it what the lion is among quadrupeds and the eagle among birds—the monarch of its kind. It is a tree of temperate climes only, and England is one of the countries in which it grows to perfection. But although we thus speak of it in the singular number, there are, in reality, three great families of oaks, supposed to include not less than a hundred and fifty described species. The most common in England is the *Quercus Pedunculata:* another celebrated species, quite different in character, is the Ilex, which is the oak known to the Greeks and Romans, and connected so remarkably with their superstitions. The oak has been a noted tree in all ages of history, from the period when it shaded Abraham on the plains of Mamre, while receiving the visit of the angels, till now, when it forms an impenetrable wall around our beloved island.

The tree flowers slightly, but its seed attains to the character of a fruit—the well-known acorn—and this it produces in the greater abundance the older it grows. The name acorn, from *aik* and *corn*, as being a corn or grain produced by the oak, indicates the value in which it was held by our Saxon ancestors, who employed it in feeding swine; and such was the importance attached in those days to *mast*, as this food was called, that woods were estimated by the number of hogs which they could fatten; and, in the survey made at the Conquest, and embodied in Doomsday Book, woods of a single hog are enumerated. In years of scarcity, the acorns became a food for the people themselves. Oaks are generally eighteen years old before they yield any fruit, a peculiarity which seems to foretell the vast longevity of the tree, for 'soon ripe and soon rotten' is an adage that holds conspicuously in all departments of the organic world. The oak generally requires sixty or seventy years to attain a considerable size; if placed in a suitable soil, a deep sandy loam, where it can send out its huge roots freely, it will go on increasing, and knowing no decay, for centuries. Its ordinary height in England is from 60 to 80 feet. The largest known in that country is one at Studley Park, Yorkshire, which has attained the amazing height of 118 feet; but the tree is more remarkable for its lateral spread than its upward growth. A stem of Doric proportions usually spreads out into a number of branching arms, which usually become more and more crooked towards their extremities. There are, however, some oaks which have long straight stems, and are less umbrageous. There is a remarkably tall and straight one in the Duke of Portland's park at Welbeck, which has obtained the descriptive name of the Duke's Walking-cane. From the variety of its forms, the oak is highly appreciated by the landscape artist.

According to Mr Loudon, the number of oak forests which formerly existed in Britain is proved by the many names still borne by British towns, which are evidently derived from the word oak, or its variations, ac, aec, ok, ox, wok, hok, and many others. 'The history of the use of the British oak in building, carpentry, and for naval purposes, is necessarily coeval with that of the civilisation of the British islands. The timber found in the oldest buildings is uniformly of oak. Professor Burnet possessed a piece of oak from King John's palace at Eltham, perfectly sound, fine, and strong, which can be traced back upwards of 500 years. The doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey are said to be coeval with the original building; and if by this is meant Sibert's Abbey of Westminster, which was founded in 611, they must be more than 1200 years old. The shrine of Edward the Confessor, which must be nearly 800 years old, since Edward died in 1066, is also of oak. One of the oaken coronation chairs in Westminster Abbey has been in its present situation about 540 years. "In the eastern end of the ancient chapel of St Stephen, in the castle of Winchester, now termed the County Hall, is Arthur's round table, the chief curiosity of the place. It bears the figure of that prince, so famous in the old romances, and the names of several of his knights, Sir Tristram, Sir Gawaine, Sir Gerath, &c. Paulus Jovius, who wrote between 200 and 300 years ago, relates that this table was shown by Henry VIII. to his illustrious visitor the Emperor Charles V., as the actual oaken table made and placed there by the renowned British prince, Arthur, who lived in the early part of the sixth century. Hence the poet Drayton sings—

> And so great Arthur's seat ould Winchester prefers,
> Whose ould round table yet she vaunteth to be hers.

Some antiquarians, however, state that the tabulæ rotundæ were introduced into this country by Stephen, and believe that the table in question was made by him, which in that case would diminish its age 600 years,

leaving it, however, above seven centuries to boast of; enough to render it a most valuable and interesting monument. It has been perforated by many bullets, supposed to have been shot by Cromwell's soldiers. The massive tables, paneled wainscots, and ceiling of Morton Hall, Cheshire, the roofs of Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, are fine specimens of old oak. In Gloucester Cathedral, also, are thirty-one stalls of rich tabernacle work on either side, little inferior in point of execution to the episcopal throne at Exeter, or to the stalls at Ely, erected in the reign of Edward III., and allowed to be among the finest pieces of carving in wood now remaining in England of that early date. Of about equal age were the carved figures of Edward III. and his queen, Phillippa, in the collegiate church and hospital of St Catherine, lately removed from the Tower to St Catherine's newly built church and hospital, in the Regent's Park. The rich carvings in oak which ornamented the king's room in Stirling Castle were executed about 300 years ago, and are many of them still in good preservation in the collections of the curious. In digging away the foundation of the old Savoy Palace, London, which was built upwards of 650 years since, the whole of the piles, many of which were of oak, were found in a state of perfect soundness, as also was the planking which covered the pile heads. Buffon mentions the soundness of the piles of the bridge which the Emperor Trajan built across the Danube, one of which, when taken up, was found to be petrified to the depth of three quarters of an inch, but the rest of the wood was little different from its ordinary state. And of the durability of oak timber, the oldest wooden bridge of which we have any account, namely, that one famous from its defence by Horatius Cocles, and which existed at Rome in the reign of Ancus Martius, 500 years before Christ, might be given as another example. The piles which supported the buttresses, and immense uncouth starlings which confined the water-way, and so greatly disfigured old London Bridge, were some of them of oak; and I [Professor Burnet] have a specimen of one, which is far from being in a rotten state; and the still older piles on which the bridge piers rested were also in a very strong and sound condition; nay, those stakes which it is said the ancient Britons drove into the bed of the Thames to impede the progress of Julius Cæsar, near Oatlands, in Surrey, some of which have been removed for examination, have withstood the destroyer time nearly 2000 years."'

Although there are difficulties in ascertaining the age attained by particular trees, it seems to be made tolerably clear that some oaks have existed in England for periods varying between five hundred and a thousand years. Mr Loudon gives an account of the most remarkable of these, accompanied by many remarkable circumstances gathered from history and tradition. 'The Fairlop oak stood in an open space in Hainault Forest [Essex]. The circumference of its trunk, near the ground, was 48 feet; at three feet high, it measured 36 feet round; and the short bole divided into eleven vast branches, not in the horizontal manner usual in the oak, but rather with the rise that is more generally characteristic of the beech. These boughs, several of which were from 10 to 12 feet in girth, overspread an area 300 feet in circuit; and for many years a fair was held beneath their shade, no booth of which was allowed to extend beyond it. This celebrated festival owed its origin to the eccentricity of Daniel Day, commonly called Good Day, who, about 1720, was wont to invite his friends to dine with him, the first Friday in July, on beans and bacon, under this venerable tree. From this circumstance becoming known, the public were attracted to the spot, and about 1725 the fair abovementioned was established, and was held for many years on the 2d of July in each year. Mr Day never failed to provide annually several sacks of beans, which he distributed, with a proportionate quantity of bacon, from the hollowed trunk of the oak, to the crowds assembled. The project of its patron tended greatly, however, to injure his favourite tree; and the orgies annually celebrated to the honour of the Fairlop Oak, yearly curtailed it of its fair proportions. Some years ago, Mr Forsyth's composition was applied to the decayed branches of this tree, to preserve it from future injury; probably by the Hainault Archery Society, who held their meetings near it. At this period a board was affixed to one of the limbs of the tree, with this inscription:—"All good foresters are requested not to hurt this old tree, a plaster having been lately applied to his wounds." Mr Day had his coffin made of one of the limbs of this tree, which was torn off in a storm; and dying in 1767, at the age of 84, he was buried in it in Barking churchyard. The persons assembled at the fair frequently mutilated the tree; and it was severely injured by some gipsies, who made its trunk their place of shelter. But the most fatal injury it received was in 1805, from a party of about sixty cricketers, who had spent the day under its shade, and who carelessly left a fire burning too near its trunk. The tree was discovered to be on fire about eight in the evening, two hours after the cricketers had left the spot; and though a number of persons, with buckets and pails of water, endeavoured to extinguish the flames, the tree continued burning till morning. "The high winds of February 1820," Professor Burnet informs us, "stretched this forest patriarch on the ground, after having endured the storms of perhaps a thousand winters. Its remains were purchased by a builder, and from a portion thereof the pulpit and reading-desk in the new church, St Pancras, were constructed: they are beautiful specimens of British oak, and will long preserve the recollection of this memorable tree."'

Another of these historical trees is the Abbot's Oak at Woburn Abbey, 'a low pollard-like tree,' says Mr Loudon, 'with nothing remarkable in its appearance, though the associations connected with it are extremely interesting. On the branches of this tree, according to Stowe and other historians, exactly three centuries ago, the abbot and prior of Woburn, the vicar of Puddington, and "other contumacious persons," were hanged by order of Henry VIII. Dodds, in his Church History of England, states that Roger Hobbs, the abbot of Woburn at that time, "nobly disdaining to compromise his conscience for a pension, as most of his brethren did, and as many others who do not wear a cowl do at the present day, resolutely denied the king's supremacy, and refused to surrender his sacerdotal rights. For this contumacious conduct he was, in 1537, together with the vicar of Puddington, in this county [Bedfordshire], and others who opposed the requisition, hanged on an oak-tree in front of the monastery, which is standing in the present day [1742]. He was drawn to the place of execution on a sledge, as is the custom with state prisoners." We saw this tree in September 1836, and found it in perfect health, though with few arms that would be considered large enough for the purpose to which the tree was once applied. On a board nailed to the tree are painted the following lines, written by J. H. Wiffin, Esq.:—

> Oh, 'twas a ruthless deed! enough to pale
> Freedom's bright fires, that doomed to shameful death
> Those who maintained their faith with latest breath,
> And scorned before the despot's frown to quail.
> Yet 'twas a glorious hour, when from the goal
> Of papal tyranny the mind of man
> Dared to break loose, and triumphed in the ban
> Of thunders roaring in the distant gale!
> Yes, old memorial of the mitred monk,
> Thou liv'st to flourish in a brighter day,
> And seem'st to smile, that pure and potent vows
> Are breathed where superstition reigned: thy trunk
> Its glad green garland wears, though in decay,
> And years hang heavy on thy time-stained bough.'

'In Windsor Forest, there are several celebrated oaks: one of these, the King Oak, is said to have been a favourite tree of William the Conqueror, who made this a royal forest, and enacted laws for its preservation. This oak, which stands near the enclosure of Cran-

bourne, is 26 feet in circumference at three feet from the ground. It is supposed to be the largest and oldest oak in Windsor Forest, being above 1000 years old. It is quite hollow: the space within is from 7 feet to 8 feet in diameter, and the entrance is about 4½ feet high and 2 feet wide. "We lunched in it," says Professor Burnet, "September 2, 1829: it would accommodate at least twenty persons with standing-room, and ten or twelve might sit down comfortably to dinner. I think, at Willis's and in Guildhall, I have danced a quadrille in a smaller space." Queen Anne's Oak, says Professor Burnet, "is a tree of uncommon height and beauty, under which tradition says that Queen Anne, who often hunted in Windsor Forest, generally came to mount her horse." The tree is marked by a brass plate; and there is an engraving of it in Burgess's Eidodendron. "Pope's Oak, in Binfield Wood, Windsor Forest, has the words 'Here Pope sang' inscribed upon it. Queen Charlotte's Oak is a very beautiful pollard, of prodigious size, which stands in Windsor Forest in an elevated situation, commanding a fine view of the country round Maidenhead. It was a favourite tree of Queen Charlotte's, and George IV. had a brass plate with her name fixed on it." Herne's Oak, in Windsor Park, has been immortalised by Shakspeare; and the remains of its trunk were lately 24 feet in circumference. Herne was a keeper in the forest some time before the reign of Elizabeth; he hanged himself on this oak, from the dread of being disgraced for some offence which he had committed, and his ghost was believed to haunt the spot.' The following account of this tree is given in that very entertaining work, Jesse's Gleanings:—'The next interesting tree, however, at Windsor, for there can be little doubt of its identity, is the celebrated Herne's Oak. There is, indeed, a story prevalent in the neighbourhood respecting its destruction. It was stated to have been felled by command of his late majesty, George III., about fifty years ago (1784), under peculiar circumstances. The whole story, the details of which it is unnecessary to enter upon, appeared so improbable, that I have taken some pains to ascertain the inaccuracy of it, and have now every reason to believe that it is perfectly unfounded. Herne's Oak is probably still standing; at least there is a tree which some old inhabitants of Windsor consider as such, and which their fathers did before them—the best proof, perhaps, of its identity. In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge, in the Little Park, about half-way on the right, a dead tree may be seen close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's Oak; I can almost fancy it the very picture of death. Not a leaf, not a particle of vitality, appears about it. The hunter must have blasted it. It stretches out its bare and sapless branches like the skeleton arms of some enormous giant, and is almost fearful in its decay. None of the delightful associations connected with it have, however, vanished; nor is it difficult to fancy it as the scene of Falstaff's distress, and the pranks of the "Merry Wives."' Mr Jesse adds, that the last acorn, as he believes, of Herne's oak, was given to the late Sir David Dundas of Richmond, and was planted by him on his estate in Wales, where it now flourishes, with a suitable inscription near it.

The hugest oak of which we find any notice was one called Damory's Oak, in Dorsetshire, measuring 68 feet in circumference: it has long been among the things that were. The largest one living seems to be the Merton Oak, in Norfolk, 63 feet in circumference. But the space of ground covered by some oaks is not less wonderful. The Three-shire Oak, near Worksop, so called from its shading part of the three counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby, 'dripped over 777 square yards! An oak between Newnham Courtney and Clifton shaded a circumference of 560 yards of ground, under which 2420 men might have commodiously taken shelter. The immense Spread Oak in Worksop Park, near the white gate, gave an extent, between the ends of its opposite branches, of 180 feet. It dripped over an area of nearly 3000 square yards, which is above half an acre, and would have afforded shelter to a regiment of nearly 1000 horse. The Oakley Oak, now growing on an estate of the Duke of Bedford, has a head of 110 feet in diameter. The oak called Robur Britannicum, in the park at Rycote, is said to have been extensive enough to cover 5000 men; and at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the native village of the hero Wallace, there is still standing the large oak tree, among the branches of which it is said that he and 300 of his men hid themselves from the English. "The Duke's Walking-stick, in Welbeck Park, was higher than the roof of Westminster Abbey. The long oaken table in Dudley Castle (a single plank cut out of the trunk of an oak growing in the neighbourhood) measured considerably longer than the bridge that crosses the lake in the Regent's Park; and the famous roof of Westminster Hall, the span of which is among the greatest ever built without pillars, is little more than one-third the width of the Worksop Spread Oak, the branches of which would reach over Westminster Hall, placed on either side of its trunk, and have nearly 32 feet to spare; and its extent is nearly 30 feet more than the length, and almost four times the width of Guildhall in the city of London. The rafters of Westminster Hall roof, though without pillars, have massive walls on each side to support them; but the tree boughs, of 16 feet more extent, are sustained at one end only. Architects, who know the stress a staircase of even 8 or 10 feet in width has upon the wall into which the side is built, can alone fairly estimate the excessive purchase which branches on either side, spanning from outbough to outbough 180 feet, must have on the central trunk."'

[This paper affords us an opportunity of adverting to the recently deceased Mr Loudon, the author of the noble work from whose pages its information has been chiefly derived. Mr Loudon was a native of Scotland, one of that numerous class of her sons who go forth into the world to reflect back honour on her educational institutions, and teach lessons of perseverance and self-denial to other nations. By the force of his own abilities mainly, he rose to be the first writer on horticultural subjects, and the highest authority as a landscape artist, in the country; and rarely has the world known a more industrious author. His Encyclopædias of Gardening, Agriculture, and Architecture, are huge volumes, involving each an enormous amount of information. The periodical works which he conducted, the Gardeners' Magazine, Magazine of Natural History, and Magazine of Architecture, are also works embracing no small amount of labour on the part of their editor. But all of these sink into something like insignificance beside the magnificent *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*, a book consisting of four thick octavos of letter-press, illustrated by *two thousand five hundred cuts*, and four thinner volumes containing additional engravings (wood and lithographs), upon which Mr Loudon concentrated the entire powers of his mind, and the whole collected results of his industry and experience, as well as all the pecuniary means which he had amassed in the course of a frugal life, amounting, we understand, to ten thousand pounds. It is a work which completely exhausts its subject. Every tree and shrub that grows in our soil, including the multitudes introduced within the last fifty years, is here treated without stint as to its history, its natural character, and its culture, so that the most ignorant can be at no loss to understand. Such an amount of labour, flowing from one devoted mind, whether we consider it as prompted by the love of fame, or by motives more domestic, it is almost affecting to contemplate. Such at least was our feeling, on lately becoming acquainted

with it, and the sentiment was deepened when we reflected that these exertions were made under the pressure of many bodily ills, and had hurried our unfortunate author to a grave in some degree premature, and while yet pressed by debts incurred on account of this very monument of his genius. If ever literary man deserved of his country, it was Mr Loudon, and if ever such deserts formed a claim in behalf of those left behind, they do so in the case of Mrs Loudon and her daughter. We earnestly hope that this claim will be duly supported, and that no consideration will intervene to prevent its being admitted in proper quarters.]

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

SELLES TO TOURS.

Our lodging for the night, it will be recollected, was in Selles-sur-Cher, which I have hinted to be an old-fashioned, half-decayed town, which anybody can see from end to end in half an hour. With little imposing to look at in the place, we loitered about its ill-paved principal street to seek what was not to be found—amusement. Going about in this kind of way, and, for lack of better employment, scrutinising the nature of the goods in the shop windows, we had occasion to notice—what had often before attracted our attention in French country towns—the number of blacksmiths' shops. This is a remarkable feature in every French town and village. We counted five or six of these shops in Selles, which for size might, according to English notions, afford employment for only one or two. It is odd how a barbarous national policy strikes one in every quarter. The greater number of these blacksmith establishments find encouragement in making and supplying locks, hinges, keys, and similar articles, to the neighbouring population. On passing the wide open window of one of these country blacksmiths, you will see a stout son of Vulcan busily engaged in filing and polishing such a thing as the key of a drawer or cabinet, while another will be working at a bolt or lock, and the sum necessarily charged for any one of these, clumsy as it may be, is considerably greater than that for which a similar article could be furnished by a Birmingham manufacturer. The honest souls at Selles, I imagine, know nothing of political economy; and if they did, perhaps they would not be much nearer being allowed to purchase cheap locks and keys instead of dear ones. We remarked, in our loungings here, as elsewhere, another feature of French country-town life; this was aged women sitting at their doors spinning with the distaff. The scene was generally picturesque, and conveyed impressions of a simple state of manners, as well as of extreme poverty. In a situation where time is not of the slightest marketable value, such practices are of course not open to the same animadversions as that of fabricating ironmongery at two hundred per cent. above what it can be purchased for from a neighbouring nation. Thus, the disease of utter incapacity to buy, which afflicts a vast mass of every continental people, forms a serious barrier to many projects of trade in that direction.

As we rode down the valley of the Cher, keeping that fine Tweed-like river on our left, we were afforded an opportunity of noticing French country-town and village life on a somewhat primitive scale. Having passed St Aignan, an ancient town on the face of a hill on the further side of the Cher, where manufactures of some kind are carried on, we approached Montrichard, and hereabouts commences a curious peculiarity in the landscape. The hilly range which descends to near the Cher, leaving little more than space for the road, is generally clothed with vines, which grow in great luxuriance, in consequence of the thin nature of the soil, and the fair exposure to the glare of the mid-day sun. The odd thing about the district is, that the greater number of the peasantry inhabit houses excavated in the face of the vine-clad hill. This hill must be considered a perfect mine of wealth. On a level with the road, it is here and there perforated by a carriage-way leading to internal quarries, whence are dragged blocks of yellow sandstone to the banks of the river, and sent upon their travels in barges waiting for their reception. Generally, at a little higher level, or perhaps thirty feet up the sloping bank, the rural population inhabit dwellings in caverns cut out of the rock. The only parts of the dwellings which are visible are of course the front rocky walls, with the doors and windows, and these are upon no uniform plan. The interiors consist for the most part of but a single vaulted apartment, with a fireplace in the side, and from which a chimney is dug upwards to the face of the hill above. The tops of chimneys straggling among the vines, with which the hill is clothed, have, as may be supposed, a singular appearance. The greater number of the cottages, as these cavernous houses must be called, are provided with a draw-well outside the door; and with usually small gardens in front, they do not convey an air of discomfort, though, as far as I could observe, they are the abodes of a poor and drudging race of beings. Adjoining the cottages, and sometimes lower down, are cellars also excavated in the rock for keeping the wines of the district. Receptacles of this kind, and also excavated cottages, wherever the nature of the rock admits of their being formed, continue from this quarter down the valley of the Cher as far as we went, and were also seen for many miles on the banks of the Loire.

Turning and winding down the green valley of the Cher, with frequent objects to attract our attention—such as a semi-subterranean village, a castle on a height, or an old decayed town—we at length came upon a more open and meadowy part, tufted with trees of a respectable antiquity, from amongst which peeped the turrets of an edifice which it was the special object of our journey in this direction to visit—the chateau de Chenonceaux. Leaving our voiture at as neat a little country inn as we could wish to see, in the village of Chenonceaux, we proceeded on foot down an old-fashioned avenue to this interesting relic of a past age, of which I will do my best to give the reader an idea.

Valençay, as I formerly mentioned, is considered a fine example of the old ducal chateau of France; but its interior is modernised. So is almost that of every old castle or palace in existence. Now, the charm of Chenonceaux is, that it is within, as well as without, a genuine old chateau, being at the present day in the same state, and having the same furniture and decorations, as in the days of the immortal François Premier, who built it somewhat more than three hundred years ago. It is not every day that one sees such a vision rising from ages long since forgotten by all except the historian.

The avenue down which we have been sauntering unheeded, on green sward smooth to the feet, and sheltered by leafy trees from the rays of the sun, brings us first to a kind of moat, across which we are ushered into a green court surrounded with low walls, and decorated with boxes of exotic plants. On our right, in passing onwards, is a round tower, the house of the concierge, or keeper, where we are met by that personage, a decent female domestic. We need say nothing; she knows what we want, and forthwith conveys us to the great doorway in front of the edifice before us. The pile is striking and beautiful, full of points and pinnacles, with sharp roofs, highly decorated tall chimneys, and numerous ornaments; but what is most surprising, it is built on a bridge across the Cher—or, more properly, it is the bridge itself. No part of the edifice rests on the mainland. The approach to the doorway is across a bridge of two arches, and the building stands on five massive piers, with as many arches, beneath which flows the massive current of the river. The bulk of the house, however, is on the first and broadest archway and its supporting piers, the remainder behind being a more narrow, as well as more modern structure, of only two storeys, the lower forming a long gallery, at the further end of which a door opens on the lawn

on the south side of the Cher. The proprietor of this singularly situated chateau is M. le Compte de Villeneuve, who resides here constantly with his lady, both being ardent lovers of rural life, and cultivators, in a small way, of the silk-worm and its produce.

The first part of the house we enter is the hall, a large and lofty apartment on the left of the lobby or outer hall. With floors of smooth oak, walls hung with stamped cloth, a kind of coarse precursor of flock paper, and decorated with old armour, also with a huge fireplace, and massive table, we have before us an exact realisation of the great hall or common apartment of ancient times. At an inner corner of the hall, a doorway and passage lead us into a small inner room, perhaps the most curious in the house; for we are told it was the private retiring room of Francis I., and the distinguished personages who came after him. Here is shown, among other curiosities, some exceedingly interesting old cabinets and chairs, the drinking-glass of François Premier, and a mirror which had been used by Mary Queen of Scots, when she resided a short time here (1558) with her husband, Francis II. A very interesting old chapel, occupying a front angle of the building, is adjoining. In the floor above, we are conducted through the bedroom of Diana of Poitiers, and also that of Catherine de Medicis. Both are fine specimens of ancient sleeping apartments—furnished with old satin-covered chairs, silk hangings, and antique couches. The doors here, as well as in the rooms below, are shrouded with screens of tapestry, which are drawn aside on entrance. All the floors are of smooth and darkened oak; and as no such thing as a carpet is visible, the aspect, on the whole, is more that of frigid elegance than of either convenience or comfort. While the lower gallery, which projects across the bridge, is occupied with pictures and busts, the upper contains a small theatre for dramatic performances. This, however, is a modern heresy, being an introduction during last century by Rousseau, while that half-mad dramatist lived for a short time as secretary to M. Dupin, once possessor of the house; and here he managed to perform for the first time one of his operatic pieces. What a silent and blank appearance has the little blue-coloured theatre, with its half-decayed stage and spectral side-wings, in the present day! But an old deserted theatre in daylight is always one of the most melancholy of earthly spectacles.

In the lower part of the chateau, the antique housekeeping arrangements are as interesting as those above. The kitchen, larders, and other necessary accommodations, are in a great measure constructed in the piers of the bridge, and being all according to an old taste, afford a good idea of what was required in the culinary department in past times. On leaving the chateau, there is pointed out to us a range of offices on our left, once used by Rousseau in certain philosophical researches here pursued by him. The apparatus he employed—air-pumps, retorts, and mechanical powers, &c.—has been presented to the public museum at Tours, where we afterwards saw it.

Since the days of its royal founder, this princely chateau has been a permanent or temporary residence to a succession of historical characters. From the crown it passed into the family of Vendome, was next sold to the Dukes of Bourbon, and by them sold, in 1733, to Dupin, the eminent farmer-general, and an encourager of learning, during whose era it was the resort of many eminent personages, including Buffon, Voltaire, Rousseau, St Pierre, Fontenelle, and Lord Bolingbroke. At the revolutionary storm which burst upon France in 1793, Chenonceaux escaped the fate of other mansions equally noble, in consequence of the respect entertained for its venerable mistress and inhabitant, Madame Dupin, whose kindness to the surrounding peasantry was remembered when all laws and restraints were forgotten or trampled under foot. To this happy circumstance is the world indebted for the possession of Chenonceaux, with all its internal decorations and antiquities.

From the village of Chenonceaux and its tree-embowered chateau, we proceeded in the afternoon by way of Bléré towards Amboise on the Loire, which we reached after a ride disagreeable only from the excessive heat. At Amboise, where we remained a day, little is to be seen. The town, which is old and unimproved, is situated on the south bank of the river, and is connected with the bank on the north by means of an ancient stone-bridge reaching to an island in the Loire, and a wooden-bridge beyond. This island is about a mile in length, the upper part of it well covered with trees, and the lower part with a mean collection of houses—a suburb of the town. The only object of attraction at Amboise is its ancient castle, a lofty building of the castellated palace order, with a high rampart, which is boldly planted on a knoll overlooking the town. As a royal residence, Amboise has been the scene of divers historical movements; latterly, it has been greatly repaired and improved by Louis Philippe, and is at present inhabited. One of the king's most remarkable improvements has been the forming of two inclined tunnels from the base to the top of the building, by which carriages and horses may ascend directly from a point in the town near the bridge, instead of pursuing a more distant path. The view over the town, the Loire, and surrounding country, from the castle rampart and gardens, is very beautiful; and here, within the gardens, the visitor will contemplate with pleasure the restoration of a small chapel dedicated to St Hubert. It is of a highly florid style of Gothic architecture, profusely covered with miniature figures of men and animals, illustrative of pious and historical legends. The restoration of this pretty little edifice is only one of a hundred similar acts of munificence of the present king of the French—castles, cathedrals, palaces, and chapels, rising everywhere from a dilapidated condition to their original beauty, through the efficacy of his purse and influence.

Our descent of the Loire from Amboise was performed in another of the small iron steamers called the Inexplosibles. We reached Tours after a voyage of four hours, passing in our course banks somewhat more bold than we had formerly seen, and in some parts perforated with that curious kind of cavernous dwellings and wine vaults which we had seen on the Cher.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NIGHT ASYLUMS.

NIGHT asylums for the poor—by which is meant charitable establishments where the otherwise houseless are provided with shelter and food for a single night—have now been on trial for several years in Glasgow and Edinburgh, to the obvious relief of many thousands of persons, no small proportion of whom are worthy objects of benevolence; nor have we ever heard that any evil can be detected as arising from, or being connected with them. In such circumstances, it has afforded us gratification to observe that such an establishment has been tried at Selkirk, a country town of from two to three thousand inhabitants. It was commenced in February 1843, and early in December, it was stated that 1833 persons had been received into it, at an expense of little more than twenty-four pounds, the further sum of ten guineas having been expended in previously fitting it up. This is about threepence each person for shelter and two meals—for such, we should suppose, is the arrangement here as elsewhere. The inhabitants find that this little institution has not only done much good amongst the poor, but has gone a great way to suppress begging in the town and neighbourhood.

It may be worthy of consideration for those who at once would promote the comfort of their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and do what wisdom may suggest for the better regulation of all the affairs of poverty, whether the example of Selkirk is not worthy of being imitated in other towns? We are inclined to think that such

establishments are fully as necessary in country towns as in large cities; but in both situations, we think they might be susceptible of a new and very important feature. The whole case of the wandering humble classes requires to be taken into consideration. At all times, a vast number of poor persons of decent character are going about in search of employment, or in the hope of bettering their circumstances in some laudable manner. There is also a vast horde of wanderers who either are demoralised persons, or approaching to that character. At present, individuals of both classes are promiscuously gathered in mean lodging-houses, where the good are liable to be corrupted by the evil communications of the bad, and all are huddled together in circumstances grievously wanting in decency, as well as cleanliness; ventilation being also greatly deficient. These lodging-houses are, indeed, described as in general centres of vice and disease, to a degree which it is painful to reflect upon. At the same time, they are not really economical places of shelter for the poor. Now, might there not be an improved kind of lodging-houses provided by the charitable and wise of the more fortunate classes? Let a night asylum not only offer its shelter, its bare board and blanket, and its two humble meals, to the absolutely destitute, with the benefit of a separation of the worthy from the vicious, but also present softer accommodations to the wanderers who can pay for them, where a man or woman, or family of decent character, might not necessarily come in contact with the base of either sex, and decency would be secured by simple arrangements. From the experience of night asylums, as at present conducted, we believe such accommodations might be afforded at a rate considerably within that of the pest-houses where the wandering poor are at present huddled together.

We are glad to observe that a *Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes* is about to commence operations, under respectable auspices; professing to have for its leading object, 'to enable the labouring man to procure a comfortable, cleanly, and healthy habitation at a *less expense* than is at present paid for very inferior and unhealthy accommodation, arising from want of ventilation, bad drainage, and the crowded state of the apartments.' 'To effect this,' says the prospectus, 'it is proposed to erect, 1st, dormitories for single men, or large rooms divided into compartments, with a separate bed to each occupier, which could be afforded at as low a rate as is paid at present by each person when three or four sleep in one bed; 2d, well-drained and ventilated buildings, to be let to families in sets of rooms, with an ample supply of water on each floor.' It is contemplated that the charges, low as they are, will yield a return for the outlay of capital. Should such be the case, might not a night asylum equally afford lodging for briefer periods at such rates as, while a boon to the poor, would yet make such a return, as to aid in a small degree the eleemosynary part of the establishment?

These matters are, we think, worthy of the attention of individuals who feel an interest in the condition of the humbler classes.

HIGH PRICE OF BOOKS.

Mr Frederick Hill, Inspector of Prisons for Scotland, in his eighth report on those prisons, recently published, says, 'Among the very best books for a prison, I would class Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales* and *Parents' Assistant*, the stories being admirably true to nature, perfectly free from objectionable matter, containing a vast fund of practical wisdom applicable to the every-day concerns of people in all ranks of life, and each carrying with it a high moral purpose. But, unfortunately, *the price of these books is so high as to exclude them from most prisons*; and even in the larger prisons, it is not possible to have more than one or two copies.'

In the particular report on the Dundee prison, Mr Hill further says: 'The governor stated that a young man, who was some time ago committed for taking part in a riot about wages, and who is still in prison, appeared, when he first came, to be puffed up with a high opinion of himself and of his own knowledge; but that, since he came in contact with Mr Lindsay (the chaplain and instructor), he had become very modest in his demeanour, and that he was now working well, and conducting himself very satisfactorily. The governor said also that he had himself given this young man a number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* to read, containing an article on the duty of obedience to the laws, and that when the prisoner had perused it, he declared that, if he had read that paper a few months earlier, he should not then have been in prison.'

Do not these two extracts from Mr Hill's report powerfully prove the utility of low or moderate prices for literary productions? We do not blame Miss Edgeworth for the high price of her books. We have reason to believe that it is not her fault, but that of her publishers. Is it not then lamentable that books so well calculated to do good amongst the humbler orders, and more particularly among those in whose moral correction the whole public has so great an interest, should be left, as it were, 'to waste their sweetness on the desert air,' in consequence of a prohibition-price being put upon them? Authors and the world at large are strangely insensible to the effects of high prices for books. It limits the mission of a book to a degree which, if seen in its full extent, would be startling. It seems to us to be an absurdity precisely such as it would be to place officers at the door of every church in the country, who should allow no person whatever to enter without paying half-a-crown. How far congregations would be limited by such a practice, we need not say; but it would not be more so than are the *audiences of authors* in consequence of the enormous prices of their books. Some books, indeed, are taken into reading-clubs and circulating libraries: this may be held as equivalent to admitting a few persons at sixpence each to the space between the ceilings and roofs of the churches, to hear as well as they could through the ventilators! The important point is to enable a man to become the possessor of a book, so that he may read it when and as often as he pleases or may find convenience.

We regret to think that there is little appearance of a tendency in literary men to come into these views. The inclination seems rather to lie the contrary way. Of late years, the public has shown in the most unequivocal way that, if books really to its taste were presented at moderate prices, it would buy, and that largely. Perhaps more striking evidences of this fact could not be produced than the success of various books which we have issued as *People's Editions*, in a plain style of typography, and at correspondingly moderate prices. Within the last four or five years, we have thus disposed, of a Tour in Holland, by W. Chambers (1s. 6d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Lamartine's Travels in the Holy Land (3s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Guizot's History of Civilisation (1s. 4d.), 13,000 copies; of Jackson's Treatise on Agriculture (2s. 3d.), 7000 copies; of Stories of Irish Peasantry, by Mrs S. C. Hall (1s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; and so on with about a dozen other works, original or newly translated, each with sales of from four to ten thousand copies. Now, one material reason for these large sales is clearly the low price of the works, for by that means they come within the reach of thousands of individuals having a taste for reading, yet who can at no time command above one or two shillings for a book, however desirable be its possession. Stinted of original works at moderate prices, the bulk of the reading community are obliged to take up with reprints furnished by a comparatively humble but far from useless class of publishers—so far, that they may be considered as doing an important service to the community, by furnishing literature in almost the only shape in which it can be procured. But all such books of a past day are necessarily more or less out of harmony with existing tastes: the public looks with indifference

on the south side of the Cher. The proprietor of this singularly situated chateau is M. le Compte de Villeneuve, who resides here constantly with his lady, both being ardent lovers of rural life, and cultivators, in a small way, of the silk-worm and its produce.

The first part of the house we enter is the hall, a large and lofty apartment on the left of the lobby or outer hall. With floors of smooth oak, walls hung with stamped cloth, a kind of coarse precursor of flock paper, and decorated with old armour, also with a huge fireplace, and massive table, we have before us an exact realisation of the great hall or common apartment of ancient times. At an inner corner of the hall, a doorway and passage lead us into a small inner room, perhaps the most curious in the house; for we are told it was the private retiring room of Francis I., and the distinguished personages who came after him. Here is shown, among other curiosities, some exceedingly interesting old cabinets and chairs, the drinking-glass of François Premier, and a mirror which had been used by Mary Queen of Scots, when she resided a short time here (1558) with her husband, Francis II. A very interesting old chapel, occupying a front angle of the building, is adjoining. In the floor above, we are conducted through the bedroom of Diana of Poitiers, and also that of Catherine de Medicis. Both are fine specimens of ancient sleeping apartments—furnished with old satin-covered chairs, silk hangings, and antique couches. The doors here, as well as in the rooms below, are shrouded with screens of tapestry, which are drawn aside on entrance. All the floors are of smooth and darkened oak; and as no such thing as a carpet is visible, the aspect, on the whole, is more that of frigid elegance than of either convenience or comfort. While the lower gallery, which projects across the bridge, is occupied with pictures and busts, the upper contains a small theatre for dramatic performances. This, however, is a modern heresy, being an introduction during last century by Rousseau, while that half-mad dramatist lived for a short time as secretary to M. Dupin, once possessor of the house; and here he managed to perform for the first time one of his operatic pieces. What a silent and blank appearance has the little blue-coloured theatre, with its half-decayed stage and spectral side-wings, in the present day! But an old deserted theatre in daylight is always one of the most melancholy of earthly spectacles.

In the lower part of the chateau, the antique housekeeping arrangements are as interesting as those above. The kitchen, larders, and other necessary accommodations, are in a great measure constructed in the piers of the bridge, and being all according to an old taste, afford a good idea of what was required in the culinary department in past times. On leaving the chateau, there is pointed out to us a range of offices on our left, once used by Rousseau in certain philosophical researches here pursued by him. The apparatus he employed—air-pumps, retorts, and mechanical powers, &c.—has been presented to the public museum at Tours, where we afterwards saw it.

Since the days of its royal founder, this princely chateau has been a permanent or temporary residence to a succession of historical characters. From the crown it passed into the family of Vendome, was next sold to the Dukes of Bourbon, and by them sold, in 1733, to Dupin, the eminent farmer-general, and an encourager of learning, during whose era it was the resort of many eminent personages, including Buffon, Voltaire, Rousseau, St Pierre, Fontenelle, and Lord Bolingbroke. At the revolutionary storm which burst upon France in 1793, Chenonceaux escaped the fate of other mansions equally noble, in consequence of the respect entertained for its venerable mistress and inhabitant, Madame Dupin, whose kindness to the surrounding peasantry was remembered when all laws and restraints were forgotten or trampled under foot. To this happy circumstance is the world indebted for the possession of Chenonceaux, with all its internal decorations and antiquities.

From the village of Chenonceaux and its tree-embowered chateau, we proceeded in the afternoon by way of Bléré towards Amboise on the Loire, which we reached after a ride disagreeable only from the excessive heat. At Amboise, where we remained a day, little is to be seen. The town, which is old and unimproved, is situated on the south bank of the river, and is connected with the bank on the north by means of an ancient stone-bridge reaching to an island in the Loire, and a wooden-bridge beyond. This island is about a mile in length, the upper part of it well covered with trees, and the lower part with a mean collection of houses—a suburb of the town. The only object of attraction at Amboise is its ancient castle, a lofty building of the castellated palace order, with a high rampart, which is boldly planted on a knoll overlooking the town. As a royal residence, Amboise has been the scene of divers historical movements; latterly, it has been greatly repaired and improved by Louis Philippe, and is at present inhabited. One of the king's most remarkable improvements has been the forming of two inclined tunnels from the base to the top of the building, by which carriages and horses may ascend directly from a point in the town near the bridge, instead of pursuing a more distant path. The view over the town, the Loire, and surrounding country, from the castle rampart and gardens, is very beautiful; and here, within the gardens, the visitor will contemplate with pleasure the restoration of a small chapel dedicated to St Hubert. It is of a highly florid style of Gothic architecture, profusely covered with miniature figures of men and animals, illustrative of pious and historical legends. The restoration of this pretty little edifice is only one of a hundred similar acts of munificence of the present king of the French—castles, cathedrals, palaces, and chapels, rising everywhere from a dilapidated condition to their original beauty, through the efficacy of his purse and influence.

Our descent of the Loire from Amboise was performed in another of the small iron steamers called the Inexplosibles. We reached Tours after a voyage of four hours, passing in our course banks somewhat more bold than we had formerly seen, and in some parts perforated with that curious kind of cavernous dwellings and wine vaults which we had seen on the Cher.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NIGHT ASYLUMS.

Night asylums for the poor—by which is meant charitable establishments where the otherwise houseless are provided with shelter and food for a single night—have now been on trial for several years in Glasgow and Edinburgh, to the obvious relief of many thousands of persons, no small proportion of whom are worthy objects of benevolence; nor have we ever heard that any evil can be detected as arising from, or being connected with them. In such circumstances, it has afforded us gratification to observe that such an establishment has been tried at Selkirk, a country town of from two to three thousand inhabitants. It was commenced in February 1843, and early in December, it was stated that 1833 persons had been received into it, at an expense of little more than twenty-four pounds, the further sum of ten guineas having been expended in previously fitting it up. This is about threepence each person for shelter and two meals—for such, we should suppose, is the arrangement here as elsewhere. The inhabitants find that this little institution has not only done much good amongst the poor, but has gone a great way to suppress begging in the town and neighbourhood.

It may be worthy of consideration for those who at once would promote the comfort of their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and do what wisdom may suggest for the better regulation of all the affairs of poverty, whether the example of Selkirk is not worthy of being imitated in other towns? We are inclined to think that such

establishments are fully as necessary in country towns as in large cities; but in both situations, we think they might be susceptible of a new and very important feature. The whole case of the wandering humble classes requires to be taken into consideration. At all times, a vast number of poor persons of decent character are going about in search of employment, or in the hope of bettering their circumstances in some laudable manner. There is also a vast horde of wanderers who either are demoralised persons, or approaching to that character. At present, individuals of both classes are promiscuously gathered in mean lodging-houses, where the good are liable to be corrupted by the evil communications of the bad, and all are huddled together in circumstances grievously wanting in decency, as well as cleanliness; ventilation being also greatly deficient. These lodging-houses are, indeed, described as in general centres of vice and disease, to a degree which it is painful to reflect upon. At the same time, they are not really economical places of shelter for the poor. Now, might there not be an improved kind of lodging-houses provided by the charitable and wise of the more fortunate classes? Let a night asylum not only offer its shelter, its bare board and blanket, and its two humble meals, to the absolutely destitute, with the benefit of a separation of the worthy from the vicious, but also present softer accommodations to the wanderers who can pay for them, where a man or woman, or family of decent character, might not necessarily come in contact with the base of either sex, and decency would be secured by simple arrangements. From the experience of night asylums, as at present conducted, we believe such accommodations might be afforded at a rate considerably within that of the pest-houses where the wandering poor are at present huddled together.

We are glad to observe that a *Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes* is about to commence operations, under respectable auspices; professing to have for its leading object, 'to enable the labouring man to procure a comfortable, cleanly, and healthy habitation at a *less expense* than is at present paid for very inferior and unhealthy accommodation, arising from want of ventilation, bad drainage, and the crowded state of the apartments.' 'To effect this,' says the prospectus, 'it is proposed to erect, 1st, dormitories for single men, or large rooms divided into compartments, with a separate bed to each occupier, which could be afforded at as low a rate as is paid at present by each person when three or four sleep in one bed; 2d, well-drained and ventilated buildings, to be let to families in sets of rooms, with an ample supply of water on each floor.' It is contemplated that the charges, low as they are, will yield a return for the outlay of capital. Should such be the case, might not a night asylum equally afford lodging for briefer periods at such rates as, while a boon to the poor, would yet make such a return, as to aid in a small degree the eleemosynary part of the establishment?

These matters are, we think, worthy of the attention of individuals who feel an interest in the condition of the humbler classes.

HIGH PRICE OF BOOKS.

Mr Frederick Hill, Inspector of Prisons for Scotland, in his eighth report on those prisons, recently published, says, 'Among the very best books for a prison, I would class Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales* and *Parents' Assistant*, the stories being admirably true to nature, perfectly free from objectionable matter, containing a vast fund of practical wisdom applicable to the every-day concerns of people in all ranks of life, and each carrying with it a high moral purpose. But, unfortunately, *the price of these books is so high as to exclude them from most prisons*; and even in the larger prisons, it is not possible to have more than one or two copies.'

In the particular report on the Dundee prison, Mr Hill further says: 'The governor stated that a young man, who was some time ago committed for taking part in a riot about wages, and who is still in prison, appeared, when he first came, to be puffed up with a high opinion of himself and of his own knowledge; but that, since he came in contact with Mr Lindsay (the chaplain and instructor), he had become very modest in his demeanour, and that he was now working well, and conducting himself very satisfactorily. The governor said also that he had himself given this young man a number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* to read, containing an article on the duty of obedience to the laws, and that when the prisoner had perused it, he declared that, if he had read that paper a few months earlier, he should not then have been in prison.'

Do not these two extracts from Mr Hill's report powerfully prove the utility of low or moderate prices for literary productions? We do not blame Miss Edgeworth for the high price of her books. We have reason to believe that it is not her fault, but that of her publishers. Is it not then lamentable that books so well calculated to do good amongst the humbler orders, and more particularly among those in whose moral correction the whole public has so great an interest, should be left, as it were, 'to waste their sweetness on the desert air,' in consequence of a prohibition-price being put upon them? Authors and the world at large are strangely insensible to the effects of high prices for books. It limits the mission of a book to a degree which, if seen in its full extent, would be startling. It seems to us to be an absurdity precisely such as it would be to place officers at the door of every church in the country, who should allow no person whatever to enter without paying half-a-crown. How far congregations would be limited by such a practice, we need not say; but it would not be more so than are the *audiences of authors* in consequence of the enormous prices of their books. Some books, indeed, are taken into reading-clubs and circulating libraries: this may be held as equivalent to admitting a few persons at sixpence each to the space between the ceilings and roofs of the churches, to hear as well as they could through the ventilators! The important point is to enable a man to become the possessor of a book, so that he may read it when and as often as he pleases or may find convenience.

We regret to think that there is little appearance of a tendency in literary men to come into these views. The inclination seems rather to lie the contrary way. Of late years, the public has shown in the most unequivocal way that, if books really to its taste were presented at moderate prices, it would buy, and that largely. Perhaps more striking evidences of this fact could not be produced than the success of various books which we have issued as *People's Editions*, in a plain style of typography, and at correspondingly moderate prices. Within the last four or five years, we have thus disposed, of a Tour in Holland, by W. Chambers (1s. 6d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Lamartine's Travels in the Holy Land (3s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of Guizot's History of Civilisation (1s. 4d.), 13,000 copies; of Jackson's Treatise on Agriculture (2s. 3d.), 7000 copies; of Stories of Irish Peasantry, by Mrs S. C. Hall (1s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; and so on with about a dozen other works, original or newly translated, each with sales of from four to ten thousand copies. Now, one material reason for these large sales is clearly the low price of the works, for by that means they come within the reach of thousands of individuals having a taste for reading, yet who can at no time command above one or two shillings for a book, however desirable be its possession. Stinted of original works at moderate prices, the bulk of the reading community are obliged to take up with reprints furnished by a comparatively humble but far from useless class of publishers—so far, that they may be considered as doing an important service to the community, by furnishing literature in almost the only shape in which it can be procured. But all such books of a past day are necessarily more or less out of harmony with existing tastes: the public looks with indifference

on the offer of Rasselas and the Simple Story, when its wishes are pointing to the last novel of Bulwer. What matters it to the people that they may have a cheap copy of Falconer's Shipwreck, when they want to become a little acquainted with Wordsworth? The books calculated, by the taste in which they are written, and their novelty, to meet with an extensive demand, are withheld, and twenty cheap libraries of reprints will not make up for the deficiency. The modified success of these reprints only shows how gladly the people would buy books more to their taste if they could be got. Hitherto, in America, modern British books have been republished at cheap prices, and have met with large sales, though we may suppose they were not in all instances so well adapted to the taste of that country as to our own. These reprints have also been introduced in large quantity into Canada. The law now forbids the Canadians to have them, and Mr Murray of London, with the best intentions, offers these colonists, instead, a cheap library of reprints mostly old, but containing a few that are new. The Canadians, however, have already shown that it is not old, but new books, that they want. Mr Murray's reprints will only succeed in the degree in which our own People's Editions and other cheap libraries of the last few years have succeeded, and that will be equivalent to the measure of the suitableness of the books to modern taste. Should the American congress go a step further, and establish a copyright in British books in their own country, there too shall we see this craving of the public starved. It is not unlikely that, of many of the best productions of English intellect, more copies will then be sold in France, Russia, and other continental countries, where they are not of course generally understood, than in the whole range of countries where the English language is spoken, and this simply because they can be had on the continent at reasonable prices, but not in those regions to which, by language, taste, and every essential peculiarity, they might be presumed to be best adapted.

All this is not saying that the authors of English books are not entitled to remuneration from the productions of their brains — although we by no means sympathise in the clamours about American 'pirates' of authors, many of whom would be found unwilling to admit the American people to any one brotherly right or claim in our commerce which could be withheld from them; neither are we quite sure that the best way in which nations can remunerate their most gifted sons, is to give them a right which operates in the bad way in which all monopolies must ever operate. But it appears to us most decidedly, from all which has been stated, that the present system of prices for new books of all kinds is altogether an error; and till it is rectified, there will be a tendency in Canada to smuggle from the States, and a success in this country for cheap literature even of inferior or antiquated taste—just as high duties on brandy at the custom-house cause a considerable running of the contraband article on the Sussex coast, and a considerable manufacture of 'British' in London—while, at the same time, the public intellect is only half or a fourth fed with its favourite aliment, and literary men are half or a fourth starved likewise—as they ought to be.

THE CRANBERRY.

There are two species of this plant, the fruit of which is now so very largely employed as a kitchen article for tarts, and as a cheap and effective antiscorbutic among seamen. The common cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*) grows wild in upland marshes and turf-bogs both in England and Scotland, and generally over the northern parts of Europe. It is a trailing plant, with slender shrubby shoots, which are clothed with small linear leaves; the fruit is an austere red berry, about the size of the common currant. It flourishes by the sides of little rills, and not among stagnant water, as its botanical name would imply; hence the difficulty of making it an article of culture. The Russian cranberries of the shops are produced by this species, and are so abundant in some localities, that the snow is stained crimson by the berries crushed to pieces by the passage of sledges over them. They are not gathered till after the disappearance of winter, so that those brought from the Baltic are always the crop of the preceding year. Before our own bogs and mosses were so extensively subjected to drainage and cultivation, cranberries were gathered in large quantities; and it is stated, that at Langton on the borders of Cumberland, they were once so considerable an article of commerce, that at the season from L.20 to L.30's worth were sold by the poor people each market day, for five or six weeks together. Cultivation has, however, changed this order of things, and the cranberry is seldom to be met with unless in the fens of Norfolk and Lincoln, in some of the border wilds, and in the mosses of the Scotch Highlands.

The American cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) closely resembles the common species, but is a larger and more luxurious plant. Its fruit is also larger, and of a longish shape; hence the term *macro-carpus*, long-fruited. It is imported from the United States in considerable quantity, and used for the same purposes as the other, only it is considered to be of inferior quality. The American cranberry, though growing wild in great abundance, is a plant of easy culture; and in some parts of the United States, barren wastes, meadows, and coarse herbage are converted into profitable cranberry fields at little expense. Any meadow, it is said, will answer for their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs; and if these are covered with brushwood, the bushes should be cleared away; but it is not necessary to remove rushes, as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. Some old cultivators plough the land previous to planting; the latter process being performed by digging holes, four feet distant each way, to receive the roots of the young plants. In three years the whole ground is covered with the vines; and an acre in full-bearing will often produce two hundred bushels, which bring about one dollar per bushel in the American market.

The cultivation of the American cranberry in our own country was first recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, and several gardeners have been so successful in the attempt, that this berry may now be regarded as one of our cultivated fruits. 'Wherever there is a pond,' says Neill, 'the margin may, at a trifling expense, be fitted for the culture of this plant, and it will continue productive for many years. All that is necessary is to drive in a few stakes, two or three feet from the margin of the pond, and to place some old boards within these, so as to prevent the soil of the cranberry-bed from falling into the water; then to lay a parcel of small stones or rubbish into the bottom, and over it peat or bog-earth, to the depth of about three inches above, and seven inches below, the usual surface of the water. In such a situation the plants grow readily; and if a few be put in, they entirely cover the bed in a year or two, by means of their long runners, which take root at different points. From a very small space, a very large quantity of cranberries may be gathered, and they prove a remarkably regular crop, scarcely affected by the state of the weather, and not subject to the attacks of insects.' Although a moist situation is best suited to the plant, yet, with a proper mixture of bog-earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively dry soil. It is seldom, however, so treated, the imported berries being so easily and cheaply procured.

What are called *Scotch* cranberries are not the fruit of an oxycoccus, but that of the *vaccinium vitis idæa*. This plant, according to Loudon, produces fruit quite as fit for tarts and marmalade as any of the others; while it is of the easiest possible culture, in either dry or moist peat, requiring, indeed, no attention for years, and is a

more certain and abundant bearer than either the common or long-fruited cranberries above-mentioned. All the varieties of cranberry have a peculiar flavour, and a sharp acid agreeable taste; but the Russian berry possesses these qualities in greatest perfection. It is said that some very fine ones have recently been brought from New South Wales; and it is more than probable that they flourish in the southern temperate and antarctic regions, as well as in the northern. The cranberry is an easily preserved fruit, and will continue in flavour for many years. Britain imports from 35,000 to 40,000 gallons annually.

MR HOOD'S 'WHIMSICALITIES.'*

MANY great men have failed in giving a true definition of wit; but had they lived to know Mr Hood and his works, they would at least have found a correct exemplification of it. 'Wit,' says Locke, 'lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.' Locke was manifestly aware that this did not wholly define wit; for he says it lies *most* (not altogether) in the assemblage of ideas, &c.; and Addison's Spectator, commenting on the passage, adds, 'that *every* resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such a one that gives delight and surprise to the reader.' From the materials thus supplied, Dean Swift wrought out a short, but full and conclusive definition, which may be taken as the true one. 'Wit,' he says, 'is the apt association of incongruous ideas.' Now, this is precisely what is found in Mr Hood's writings. Though many authors possess the tact to throw together, and place in odd contrast, ideas of the most dissimilar kind, few have shown the skill of Hood in felicitously combining such remote associations with sufficient intimacy to make them appear alike and relative. By slightly twisting the signification of a single expression, he sometimes makes it form a link which seems to connect ideas of the most opposite character.

Mr Hood began his career as a punster. His first successful hit was, if we mistake not, a couple of pages of puns, which appeared some twenty years ago in Blackwood's Magazine. From playing on words—the first, because the easiest lesson conned by apprentices in wit—Hood improved his talents to playing upon ideas, which, when well done, is the perfection of joking; and in his 'Comic Annuals' and other works, prose as well as poetic, he has reached to an eminence in that art, to which no lesser genius has dared to aspire. It is alleged that Mr Hood is deficient in broad and laughter-stirring humour—the raw material of wit; but his accomplishments as a comic writer place him in the first rank of authorcraft, and, what is infinitely better, he is an amiable and large-hearted man. We have much pleasure in seeing an announcement of a monthly magazine of his own, which, we trust, will meet with a greater degree of success—supposing that to be possible—than that with which his previous works have been received. Meanwhile, he has favoured the world with a collection of pieces, under the name of 'Whimsicalities,' the greater number of which he had contributed to the New Monthly Magazine. In their new dress, we have no doubt that these pieces will be as popular as many which have preceded them; albeit, some must be already familiar to the public. Among those perhaps best known is the sketch called the Schoolmistress Abroad, an extract from which, however, we once more offer as a fair sample of these mirth-provoking volumes.

'A schoolmistress ought not to travel—

No, sir!

No, madam—except on the map. There, indeed, she may skip from a blue continent to a green one—cross a pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea—land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum. There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling—real journeying and voyaging—oh, never, never, never!

How, sir! Would you deny to a preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?

By no means, miss. In the summer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always——

Well, sir?

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

Ridiculous!

Nay, madam; consider her pretensions. She is little short of a divinity!—Diana, without the hunting!—a modernised Minerva!—the representative of womanhood in all its purity!—Eve in full dress, with a finished education!—a model of morality!—a pattern of propriety!—the fuglewoman of her sex! As such, she must be perfect. No medium performance, no ordinary good-going—like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial—will suffice for the character. She must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind like—like——

Pray what, sir?

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam—a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

A sweet pretty comparison! Well, go on, sir!

Now, look at travelling. At the best, it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted; perhaps draggled, drenched, torn, and rough-casted; and if not bodily capsized or thrown a somerset, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsy-turvy; an accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life. * *

"Phoo! phoo! it's all banter," exclaims the courteous reader.

Banter be hanged! replies the courteous writer. But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. Otherwise remembering that unique image—so incrusted with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a schoolmistress was as unfit to travel—*unpacked*—as a Dresden China figure!

Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage?

Real! Are there real natives—real blessings to mothers—real del monte shares, and real water at the Adelphi? Only call her ——, instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her ex-pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old governess in the form with which, mixing up grace and gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter-puddings, or raspberry-bolsters.'

Miss Crane, thinking it proper that she—being a professor of geography and the use of the globes—should

* Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering, by Thomas Hood. 2 vols. Henry Colburn. London: 1844.

travel, determines to go to Germany, accompanied by her sister Ruth and her father, 'the Reverend T. C.' 'Accordingly, as soon as the midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes—I don't know what luggage, except that, for each of the party, there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

"And pray, sir, how far did your schoolmistress mean to go?"

To Gotha, madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic, nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe; not to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museum, nor to purchase an Almanach de Gotha, nor even because his Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Gotha, was the husband elect of our gracious queen.

"Then what for, in the name of patience?"

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what colour and shades she pleased.'

Arrived in Prussia, the Reverend T. C. is unfortunately taken ill, and the party is obliged to halt at a miserable village inn.

'Now, the exclamation of Miss Crane—"Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!"—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the "Adler" convinced her, that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from home; that is to say, it was about as distant as the earth from the moon. And truly, had she been transferred, no matter how, to that planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no cook—no John to send for the doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful "Gefallig" or "Ja Wohl"—and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the meantime, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course: but what else was to be done? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his floor-cloth manufactory by mistake for the hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made, for fear it should be wrong; and accordingly, whenever he attempted to lean towards the right side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

"Der herr," said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward—"Der herr ist sehr krank."

The last word had occurred so frequently on the organ of the schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know," retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing."

"I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low slow sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she could do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

> Or netted him a silk purse—
> Or plaited him a guard-chain—
> Or cut him out a watch-paper—
> Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—
> Or embroidered his waistcoat—
> Or worked him a pair of slippers—
> Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary—have rough-casted him with shell-work—

> Or coated him with red or black seals—
> Or incrusted him with blue alum—
> Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—
> Or festooned him——

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!' Miss Crane tries to provide something warm and comforting for her sick parent, and goes into the kitchen for that purpose; but, alas! cooking had formed no part of her education. 'She was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporise flint broth, and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick-room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious, as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

"Pah! puh! poof—phew! chut!" spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. "It's paste—common paste!"

Poor Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a statue of disappointment, she would have served for its model. It would have melted an iron master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself, mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the refreshment of a sick parent was only fit for—what? why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill sticker!' But at length their postilion guesses what is required, and fetches a medical man, whom the ladies mistake for a horse doctor; for his prescription was, 'A series of powders to be taken every two hours. A set of draughts to wash down the powders. A box of pills. A bagful of certain herbs for fomentations. A large blister to be put between the shoulders. Twenty leeches to be applied to the stomach.' The first instalment of these potions the Reverend T. C. 'swallowed, the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at:' but that was enough; for, on the physician's third visit, he found the invalid convalescent, and the whole party preparing to return.

'"Well, I must say," murmured the schoolmistress, as the coach rumbled off towards home, "I do wish we had reached Gotha, that I might have got my shades of wool."

"Humph!" grunted the Reverend T. C., still sore from recent disbursements; "they went out for wool, and they returned shorn."

"We went abroad for pleasure," grumbled Miss Ruth, "and have met with nothing but pain and trouble."

"And some instruction too," said Miss Crane, with even more than her usual gravity;' and here the sketch concludes with the following moral uttered by the heroine:—'"For my own part, I have met with a lesson that has taught me my own unfitness for a governess. For I cannot think that a style of education which has made me so helpless and useless as a daughter, can be the proper one for young females who are hereafter to become wives and mothers, a truth that every hour has impressed on me since I have been a Schoolmistress Abroad."'

Besides the above, there are several sketches in this collection of Whimsicalities written in the same style, and conveying some moral. Amongst them we may instance 'The Defaulter,' which affords a warning against forming too rash judgments on private character from circumstantial evidence; and 'The News from China,' which is a satire on natural over-indulgence, and the neglect of moral culture in the young. From the poetical pieces contained in the volumes, we select, firstly, a negative description of a London fog:—

'NO!'

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no 't'other side the way'—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
'No go'—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

Our author is generally severe on the seasons, as will be seen by the following ode to

SPRING—A NEW VERSION.

'Come, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!'
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came
From Spring the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogise her floral shows,
From me they cannot win a single stanza;
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables;
Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—
Spring mild and gentle?—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on!

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

A VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.

In Edinburgh, a few years ago, attention was drawn to the protracted hours of shop-keeping, and the propriety of shortening these, for the benefit of the assistants and apprentices, was strongly urged. The movement for this object being favoured by several circumstances, it was successful to a considerable extent. A class of shops, amounting to perhaps nine-tenths of the whole number, were thereafter shut at eight, instead of nine: those which had been kept open till a later hour than nine, were now shut at that hour. By these means young men were enabled to attend classes and lectures in the evening for the benefit of their minds, or to obtain a little recreation for the good of their health. The master's cares were also so far abridged; nor has it ever since been found that the interests or convenience of any party has suffered by this change. The tradesman does as much business in the restricted, as he ever did in the extended time; the customer, knowing the new regulations, is not incommoded by them. Meanwhile, the general condition of the 'young men' is improved. Their life is less one of hardship; they are consequently more cheerful in the performance of their duties. Their intellectual as well as moral nature is advanced. In fact, it is altogether a blessed change to all parties; so much so, that last year, after a trial of a few years, a further abbreviation of the hours of shop-keeping took place, and young men are now very generally allowed the whole of Saturday evening from five or six o'clock to spend as they please. Of the results of this farther relaxation of the rigours of business, we cannot as yet speak; but we have no doubt whatever that they will be good. The amount of application is still fully as much as human nature can well admit of. The services rendered during business hours will be all the more hearty and kindly, that the person rendering them is made comparatively happy in his circumstances. The master is not injured, and the public is not subjected to the least inconvenience, so long as the same amount of business can be transacted, as it can be in most instances, in the shorter space of time. There is, of course, a limit to the progress of this reformation; but it does not appear that it has yet been transgressed.

Meanwhile, the shop assistants in other large cities are making exertions to procure similar alleviations of their labours. It is a righteous and holy cause, and most happy are we to give the above testimony in its behalf—one which we cannot doubt will be of some importance, as it often happens that that assurance of safety which is afforded by precedent, goes a greater way than the best arguments or the most powerful appeals to feeling. It appears, however, that the case of the shop assistants in many of our large cities, including the metropolis, is really such as to call strongly for a reform of business hours. We find a flood of light thrown upon the subject in an ably compiled pamphlet published by the benevolent Dr Grindrod of Manches-

ter.* 'The central committee of assistant drapers in the metropolis states, "that a large majority of their body, amounting to many thousands, are closely confined in business, on an average from six or seven in the morning, until nine, ten, or eleven o'clock at night, and during the summer months generally two hours later, relieved only by a scanty intermission, absolutely necessary for the support of nature." On more minute inquiry, it appears that the period of commencing and closing business differs in various establishments. In the drapery business, the hours of commencing business vary from six to half-past seven o'clock A.M., some shops being always a little earlier than others, and all differing to some extent, according to the season. In the winter months, some close at eight, but an equally, or nearly equally large number, at half-past nine and ten. The most extensive number, however, usually close at nine. These statements refer to about five months of the year. In the summer months, about an equal number close at nine and eleven, and half-past eleven, but by far the greatest number about ten, or half-past ten. Some shops, however, keep open until twelve. The latter class, indeed, are not few in number. In winter, those shops that close on other nights at eight, keep open on Saturday nights until ten. A large number during this season keep open until eleven and twelve. In the summer season, comparatively few shops close before these hours. Those who transact business more particularly among the operative classes, do not close their shops until one on Sunday morning.' In some of the publishing houses in London, the drudgery is so great as frequently to ruin the health of the assistants. In one house, we have heard it stated, though, we hope, only in the way of joke, that, on an average, a clerk is killed off every six months.

The moral and intellectual degradation consequent upon this system of drudgery are strongly dwelt upon by Dr Grindrod; but we only can afford room for a few of his remarks. 'The education,' he says, 'of the bulk of young men engaged as assistants is limited and imperfect. Perhaps those engaged as linen drapers, and one or two other trades equally respectable, form exceptions to this rule. No sooner, however, are the indentures of apprenticeship signed, than, in nine cases out of ten, farewell to improvement. Future acquisition in learning is confined to a more thorough knowledge of the science of pounds, shillings, and pence. From an early hour in the morning until a late period at night, the same monotonous routine of duties requires incessant attention. Little time is allowed for reflection; less for the cultivation of the mind, either by study or attendance upon lectures: no interval is permitted for social intercourse or friendly communication; even the period allotted for meals is often abridged to the smallest possible extent. The duties, indeed, of shop assistants are, with slight exception, purely mechanical—nay, worse, they are calculated to cramp the energies and to pervert the faculties of the youthful mind. The bud, however promising its early appearance—however careful and unremitting the attention which may have been paid to the culture of its parent plant, cannot be expected to expand into the healthy and perfect flower, if, at the most critical period of its growth, the stem from which it receives its nourishment is transplanted from its native soil into a noxious and ungenial atmosphere.

The period of apprenticeship comprehends that portion of existence in which our young men evince the most ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. Youth, in fact, is the period for intellectual improvement. Is it then consistent with design, to suppose that at this important era in life, when the faculties of the mind and the moral powers not only are best adapted to judicious exercise, but possess the keenest sense of enjoyment, every hour unoccupied by sleep should be entirely devoted to the mere drudgery of business, to the utter neglect of matters of higher and more enduring moment? Are there no after-duties in life to keep in view—no destinies in prospect, distinct from the concerns of the counter or desk, which require their due share of cultivation? It is, as before stated, the undoubted lot of man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—his physical powers demand it. Labour, within due limits, is not only necessary to procure the necessities and conveniences of life, but it is requisite to the maintenance of health. It is so ordained by the fiat of Omnipotence. The physical powers, however, only form one portion of man's constitution. The powers of the mind, and, above all, the faculties of the soul, require their due share of cultivation. Such also is the Divine will. He, therefore, who, for mere selfish purposes, deprives those in his employ of seasonable opportunities for the cultivation of each, is accountable to God and to his fellow-creatures.

It too often happens, however, under the present system, that apprentices and assistants are unable even to retain the limited education received at school, if, indeed, we except the almost mechanical acquirements of writing and accounts. No books at their command, or, if so fortunate as to possess a select few, no time to read, much less to study their contents, their minds gradually lose their former relish for the stores of literature and science, and receive their future cast from the associates and associations which constantly surround them. The manners and appearance of some of our fashionable mercers' assistants are certainly not calculated either to command the respect or to excite the esteem of those with whom they come in contact. The outward exterior, however, of the frivolous and foppish shop youth, but exhibits the condition of the inner man. Let our youths be influenced by a more elevated scale of morals; let them possess the advantages of an education more suited to their scale in society, and the objectionable manners under consideration will soon disappear. The moral and intellectual condition of our young men is not so much their crime as their misfortune. It is but the natural and unavoidable issue of the system—a sacrifice offered to the Moloch of gain.

One or two appropriate examples will serve to exhibit this subject in a more forcible light. At a meeting held in Manchester, November 1837, in furtherance of the desirable object of closing all retail shops at an earlier hour, a respectable and influential tradesman of that town stated, that he had served his apprenticeship under a master who had left one part of his character deeply engraved on his grateful recollection—a consideration for the welfare and comfort of those in his employ, manifested, among other ways, in the permission to close business at eight o'clock at night. Those hours, he added, thus gained, had been to him the source of all the improvement and advantage that rendered his more mature life happier than otherwise it could have been, and made him desirous to extend to others that advantage which he had enjoyed in his youth. The writer may add, that the individual in question, after a brief but successful career, has retired from the pursuits of business, and is at the present period pursuing his studies at one of our universities, with a view to enter into the sacred office of the ministry. This interesting record, however, does not comprehend the whole case. About fourteen years previous to the time when the above statement was made, the same gentleman took into his service a raw youth from a Sunday school. He permitted him to conclude the labours of the day at eight o'clock in the evening, and not only offered to him the use of his own library, but agreed to purchase any books he might want, provided that he would study them under his roof. The youth had both gratitude and a desire of self-improvement. Now, and for several years, observed his kind master, he has been one of the most highly honoured labourers in the South-Sea Missions, reflecting credit on the society that sent him,

* The Wrongs of Our Youth; an Essay on the Evils of the Late-Hour System. By R. B. Grindrod, LL.D., Author of 'Bacchus,' &c. London: Brittain. Manchester: Irwin. 1843.

and promoting the glory of God by spreading the truths of Christianity in those islands. The writer can substantiate the latter statement from a personal knowledge of the facts.

The editor of one of the Manchester papers stated at the same meeting, that when in Glasgow, his master had permitted him to use for his own improvement the evening hours after seven, and that those hours, in the period from seventeen to nineteen years of age, were to him the most profitable of his life. He had also at his command the hours from six or seven till nine in the morning, and he laid in at that period a greater stock of substantial knowledge than he had ever been able to acquire in his subsequent progress through life.'

Dr Grindrod adduces a number of authorities, amongst whom is Sir Anthony Carlisle, to prove that labour or application for *ten hours a-day, not including two hours of intermission for meals and recreation, is as much as the human body can sustain with impunity.* We most earnestly, though respectfully, press this upon the consideration of all shop-keepers, assuring them of our thorough conviction that it is actually for their own interests, as well as those of the young men employed by them, that business should be limited as nearly as possible to this daily measure.

BRADY, THE AMERICAN BORDERER.

In the account given by a tourist of his journey, in May 1835, to the Falls of Cuyahoga, near Lake Erie, and published in Silliman's Journal of Science, we find the following particulars of Samuel Brady, a noted American borderer who flourished about sixty years ago:—

'Brady was over six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair: he was remarkably straight, an athletic, bold, and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attacks on their war parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions whenever they crossed his path, or came within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages than any other man west of the mountains, excepting Daniel Boone. He was, in fact, "an Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were. This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region than in any other portion of the frontiers; and this doubtless arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster. Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beavers than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver river, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp, and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill near whose base this adventure is said to have happened still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveller, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side.

Brady's residence was on Chartier's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio; and being a man of Herculean strength, activity, and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. About the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river. This party had murdered several families, and with the "plunder" had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians having started one or two days earlier, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardour of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone.

The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that, on the opposite cliff, the leap was favoured by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before; but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of their rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress.

The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the

trunk of a large oak which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also all returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of *Brady's Leap*.'

Weekly Chit-Chat.

A New Dish.—The German newspapers of a recent date give an account of a grand supper which took place on the 17th of November last at Kœnigbade, near Stuttgard. The company consisted of more than 150 persons, belonging to the town and its environs, who were of all conditions of life. The fare included rice-soup, salt meat, and the grand novelty of the evening, which was *horse-flesh* dressed á la mode. All the guests agreed that the last-named dish was tender and agreeable to the palate, and that they could scarcely distinguish it from beef. Those who possessed less than the usual prejudice against horse-flesh, began to imbibe the á la mode vigorously, and declared it was delicious, thus encouraging the more squeamish to make the experiment, which they soon did; many of them insisting upon being helped twice. The party unanimously resolved to have another repast of the same nature as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. We doubt if the example of these courageous epicures will be very extensively followed, not so much from a difficulty of overcoming the popular aversion to horse-flesh, as from the expensiveness of the article, for horses cost much more than bulls and cows. Again, the flesh of animals constantly labouring during their lifetime is always tough; hence we are led to infer, that the horse, off which the Kœnigbade folks fed, must have been either a very young or very idle animal.

Impurities of Water Corrected.—The use of certain plants and vegetable juices in correcting the bad qualities of water, says the Gardeners' Chronicle, admits of ample illustration. It is understood that the original inducement of the Chinese to the use of tea was for the purpose of correcting the bad qualities of their water; and our early colonists in America infused in the water, for the same purpose, the branches of sassafras. Niebuhr, speaking of the Nile, observes: 'The water is always somewhat muddy, but by rubbing with bitter almonds prepared in a particular manner the earthen jars in which it is kept, this water is rendered clear, light, and salutary.' Roberts, in his 'Oriental Illustrations,' has some interesting observations concerning the practices of the Hindoos with reference to this subject. He informs us that the brackish water in the neighbourhood of the salt-pans, or of the sea, is often corrected by the natives throwing into it the wood called *perru-nelli* (phyllanthus emblica); and should the water be very bad, the well is lined with planks cut out of this tree. He adds—'In swampy grounds, or where there has not been rain for any long time, the water is often muddy, and very unwholesome. But Providence has again been bountiful, by giving to the people the *teatta maram* (strychnos potatorum). All who live in the neighbourhood of such water, or who have to travel where it is, always carry a supply of the nuts of this tree. They grind one or two of them on the side of an earthen vessel; the water is then poured in, and the impurities soon subside.'

The Water-Power of Ireland.—At the meeting of the Cuvierian Society, held at the Royal Cork Institution, a paper was read by Mr Hennessy on the water-power of Ireland. The result of his calculations were, that if all the water in the streams in Ireland were applied to mechanical purposes, it would produce a power equal to 4,015,320 horses. It was also calculated that the water capable of being applied to chemical uses, as dyeing, tanning, &c., amounts to between four and five billions of imperial gallons. That the water of Ireland is pure, and therefore fitted for manufacturing purposes, was proved from various chemical and geological considerations.

An Improvement in Fresco Painting.—One of the chief difficulties which the fresco painter has to contend against, is the rapid drying of the mortar upon which he paints, obliging him to begin and finish a small section of his picture in one day, and to paint the whole of a large mass bit by bit. A promise of obviating this great disadvantage has been held out by Mr Thomas Heaphy, who, in a letter published in a recent number of the Art-Union, states that he has found means of applying the surface of mortar to the wall, 'in such a manner as shall retard its solidification for almost any period that may be desired. By this method the painting is rendered capable of being retouched for several successive days.' Should this promise be realised, it will give a great impetus to the long-neglected art, and earn for Mr Heaphy the thanks of all its true lovers.

Novel Hot-bed.—It is stated in the report of the Midland Mining Commission, that near Dudley, in Staffordshire, early potatoes are raised for the London market in ground heated by the steam and gases emitted from an old colliery which has been on fire for many years. This is a much more direct and economical application of internal heat than that proposed by our Parisian neighbours, who are at present labouring to procure naturally heated water from a depth of 3000 feet, wherewith to warm the greenhouses and menageries of the Garden of Plants—presuming that water from that depth will be raised to 100 or 104 degrees of Fahrenheit, by the central or internal heat of the earth.

Fantastic Conceptions.—The recently broached idea, that certain notes in music are someway analogous to certain colours, is not new. Such fancies were entertained upwards of forty years ago, and most likely then not for the first time. At the end of last century, Castel, an ingenious French clergyman, invented an instrument, resembling a piano-forte, for arranging colours. He supposed that the seven prismatic colours corresponded exactly to the seven tones of music. Accordingly, he composed a gamut after the following fashion:—C was represented by blue; C sharp by sky-blue; D, pea-green; D sharp, olive-green; E, yellow; F, pale yellow; F sharp, orange; G, red; G sharp, crimson; A, purple; A sharp, light purple; B, dark blue. The octaves of each note repeated lighter tints of the same colours. The inventor undertook by this means to make all the colours appear either successively, or in pleasing combination, for the amusement of those persons to whom nature had denied the sense of hearing, by procuring the agreeable sensations to the eye similar to those created by melody and harmony. Another French priest, the Abbé Poncelet, invented an organ for the gratification of the palate! He arranged his scale thus:—Acidity stood for C; insipidity for D; sweetness, E; bitterness, F; acid-sweet, G; harshness, A; pungency, B. The instrument was enclosed in a case; the key-board being disposed as usual in front. The action of two bellows sustained a continual current of air, which was guided into a row of organ pipes. Opposite to these pipes were ranged an equal number of phial-bottles, filled with liquids flavoured as above. The machine was so constructed, that, by pressing the fingers of the keys, the wind entered the sounding pipes, and uncorked the bottles, the liquids running into a large glass goblet placed underneath. If the organist played unskilfully, and produced discord, the liquor mixed in the reservoir had a nauseous taste; but if he performed well, so as to produce harmonious tones, the mixture was found to be delicious.

Ages of Various Sovereigns.—Last New Year's day the various rulers of the earth bore the following ages:—The king of Sweden, 80; the Pope, 78; the king of the French, 70; the emperor of China, 62; the king of Wurtemberg, 62; the king of Bavaria, 57; the king of Denmark, 57; the king of the Belgians, 54; the emperor of Austria, 50; the king of Prussia, 50; the emperor of Russia, 47; the king of Saxony, 46; the king of Sardinia, 45; the king of Naples, 34; the king of the Greeks, 26; the queen of Portugal, 25; the queen of England, 24; the sultan of Turkey, 20; and the queen of Spain, 13.

Rules.—Every opportunity should be taken to discountenance that false and vulgar opinion, that rules are the fetters of genius; they are fetters only to men of no genius.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 5. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1844. Price 1½d.

DOMESTIC MUSIC.

'Did you say a *grand* musical party, Mrs Jenkinson?'

'Yes, Mr Jenkinson,' replied my wife, 'a GRAND musical party; for why should the ample musical resources of our family be frittered away in small tea-drinkings and after-dinner songs? Since Clotilda came back from Paris, and George took lessons of the great German flute-player, we have never given them a fair opportunity of displaying their abilities. Then there is Miss Pollewe, our new governess, a first-rate pianoforte performer, who does wonderful execution, and plays the most fashionable fantasias much faster than anybody *I* ever heard. It would be a sin to hide all these capabilities under a bushel; especially while Mr Stokan continues his visit to us; for his guitar will be of great assistance. Then we can have concerted pieces, if assisted by our neighbours the Goodsons: the old gentleman's violoncello and Charles's violin will chime in charmingly. A duet or two, or a few glees, will make a pretty contrast; for Maria Goodson and Clotilda warble together delightfully; and Mr Bamble (the attorney, you know) sings bass, they tell me, quite as loud as Lablache. Thus you see, my dear, we can muster a strong musical force, which will, with a sprinkling of professionals, enable us to get up as grand a concert as anybody would wish to hear.'

'And who *do* you wish to hear it? Is it to be a meeting of musicians solely? Because, if you can do without me——'

'By no means,' replied Mrs Jenkinson, spreading out her fingers to count up the invitations. 'In the first place, it will be an admirable opportunity of asking our Scotch friends, Sir Fergus and Lady Mackintosh. Besides, Miss Mackintosh, being a native of Scotland, sings Burns's songs; and though they are a little out of date, I daresay I can persuade my friends to listen to one of them. Then the Johnsons are all amateurs; and so are the Browns—a large but extremely musical family; and the Hollingses (by-the-by, young Hollings sings comic songs); and the Whitbreads—all *influential* people, Mr Jenkinson, whose friendship (aside from musical considerations) it will be to our interest, for the sake of our young folks, to cultivate.'

I will say this for Mrs Jenkinson, that, however her vision may be dazzled by the glories of party-giving, she invariably keeps one eye wide open to business. For this reason she overlooked an addition to the concert, which, in my opinion, would have contributed a main charm; namely, two cousins of mine, Rose Parker and her brother, who sing ballads in a most pleasing manner. The fact is, they were very excellent individuals, but had no 'influence,' and so were left out. 'Besides,' said my wife, 'they don't know a note of music, and only sing by ear. However, that will make them very good listeners; and they shall be asked, if you wish.'

During the interval between the planning and the execution of my wife's project, our house might have been likened to the Royal Academy of Music during practice hours. In one room my daughter was rehearsing duets with Maria Goodson; in another, George was incessantly double-tonguing on the flute; Stokan twanged his guitar in a third; and as for Miss Pollewe, the clatter she kept on the new grand piano was absolutely deafening! I endured this concatenation of discords for three days like a martyr, but at the end of that time, thought it expedient to *create* an important matter of business with a relative in Kent, with whom I found refuge till the evening of our grand concert.

When it arrived, my wife's arrangements appeared to be perfect. Returning only time enough to dress, and to receive our guests, I found everything in order. The grand piano was drawn out into the middle of the room; a bass viol was placed against it; and George's flute—the silver keys of which had been polished as brightly as our best tea-spoons—adorned the top; upon which it rested beside a fiddle and several leaves of manuscript music. In short, the piano only wanted the addition of a tambourine to resemble a music-seller's sign, or that picturesque ornament which he usually places upon his bill-heads. Underneath stood a couple of Canterburies, well filled with music-books. Music-desks graced the four corners of the room, and were prettily embellished with coloured candles ready to be lighted. Miss Pollewe fluttered with anticipations of the sensation she hoped to create in her wonderful fantasia; my daughter declared she was never in better voice, and to prove it, kept singing ah! ah! ah! ah! whilst George insisted upon letting me hear how capitally he could bring out his low C, till I heartily wished some of the guests would arrive to put a stop to these unpleasant preliminaries. This they did in due time; that is to say, at about the hour when I usually retire to rest.

The announcements, introductions, coffee-sipping, and other non-musical preludes, passed over as usual. At length that dead silence occurred which invariably takes place when something is expected to be done. Mrs Jenkinson broke the ice by asking Mr Stokan to oblige us with a grand concerto on the guitar. This he could not think of doing while there were so many more able musicians in the room. Miss Julietta Brown was appealed to—she had a slight cold; Charles Goodson felt too nervous to give his solo so early in the evening; Miss Pollewe, the governess, regretted she could not commence the concert with her fantasia, delicately hinting, that she declined being made a stop-gap. In short, though they had all confessedly met for the purpose of performing and hearing music, not one seemed

inclined to open the concert. I say 'seemed,' because in one or two instances the refusal was manifestly a mere pretence; for, while saying 'no,' the negatists were, to judge by their countenances, dying to show off. At length my daughter sat down to the piano, and sounded the first chords of the grand duet. I daresay the singing was very fine, for those of the auditory who had the reputation of being good judges listened attentively; but it struck me that Clotilda, in attempting the high parts, made a noise not unlike screaming. This a neighbour explained, by saying that the poetry (it was Italian; but the singers' odd pronunciation prevented me from making out a word) was expressive of a lady intensely alarmed and distressed, and I was bound to endure the ear-piercing, because it was perfectly in character with the poetry. Presently, however, the strain changed to a very lively measure, and the word '*gioia*' occurred incessantly; but still the screaming went on, though both singers professed themselves to be full of 'joy.' Great applause followed, and the ladies retired to their seats, blushing with the weight of the honours thrust upon them. I could see, by the expression of satisfaction on my daughter's face, that she thought she had sung to perfection one of the most difficult Italian duets extant.

'Well,' I said to a person near me, 'my taste is perhaps depraved, but I prefer a simple ballad to the most complicated music that ever was written.'

The individual addressed I had never seen before. He was one of my wife's importations. He looked at me with a sort of pity, and asked if I had ever heard Grisi and Caradori sing the duet we had just heard. I had not. 'Then, sir,' he replied, 'do not blame the music for not pleasing; it is the execution of it which has in the present instance prevented its charming you. The young lady who sang the soprano part has not nearly capability sufficient for such music. Her voice is, I daresay, very well suited to a ballad which does not require a great compass; but the duet is vastly beyond her powers.'

'Then I am to attribute my distaste not to the badness of the music, but to the unskilfulness of the singing?' 'Precisely!'

We were startled out of our conversation by Miss Pollewe, who had commenced her concerto. It began with a noise like a clap of thunder, that being immediately followed by the semblance of a very long streak of lightning, effected by a run over every one of the keys from the bottom of the instrument to the top. A continual rumble was afterwards kept up among the bass notes, with only a few squeaks now and then from the high ones to enliven it. After several minutes occupied in that way, there came what my neighbour told me they call a 'cadenza,' to perform which the country-dance evolution of hands across, down the middle, and up again, was frequently gone through upon the keys. This, I supposed, was the conclusion; but, to my surprise, the indefatigable player still went on, and I was told she had only just ended the beginning, or 'introduction;' and had got to the 'slow movement;' though why they called it so, I could not make out, for her left hand was working away as fast as ever. Then came the 'quick movement,' after which I left our governess scampering over the keys somewhat after the fashion of a cat upon a hot floor; for, being heartily tired of it, when I found that a third measure was commenced with no hope of its being soon over, I continued conversing with my neighbour. 'Ought I to be pleased with *that*?' I inquired.

'It is purely a matter of taste,' was the reply—'a matter in which every one differs. Some like music which interests the feelings or delights the ear; others, again, prefer feats of dexterity which please the eye, while watching how rapidly a player can move her fingers, and how many showers of notes she can pour out in a second.' What else my informant said I was a stranger to, for his voice was completely drowned by the 'Coda' (as I understood), or grand wind-up, which our governess was thundering out with the most laborious energy. At length she actually left off, and the effect produced by the stoppage was singular. Her performance had been of such long duration, that the patience of the auditory had (as in my own case) fairly given way, and when they could keep silence no longer, they sought refuge in conversation. During the piece, the sounds of their voices were politely varied with those of the music, so as not to interrupt it; but at the finishing passage, they were obliged to talk very loud indeed, to make themselves heard to one another; and when Miss Pollewe concluded rather unexpectedly, she found, instead of silence only broken by applause, that the whole company was engaged in a series of animated conversations, apparently of so interesting a character, as to require some little vociferation, and scarcely to be interrupted by the cessation of her hostilities from the piano-forte. I afterwards heard from my daughter that Miss Pollewe was, poor girl, extremely mortified at this result of several years' hard practice, and made an oft-quoted comparison concerning the casting of pearls, which expressed anything but respect for her auditors, or composure in her own mind.

The succeeding performance was a strong contrast to the last. Instead of being too loud, it was too soft; for my son and his mustachioed master obliged us with the grand overture to Zauberflote, arranged as a duet for two flutes! It passed off exceedingly ill; for, after listening to a few bars, the auditors took not the smallest notice of it, and went on talking as if nothing was happening. This confirmed Miss Pollewe in her opinion of us; and finding that George was so much in her own situation, she went up to him, and kindly patronised his performance by calling it 'very pretty.' Like most persons who have done anything ill, my son tried to show that the failure was attributable to everything but himself. Having exhausted his complaints of the tasteless character of the party, he turned them upon his master, whose fast mode of playing, he said, put him out. He wound up with a third excuse, which had at least the merit of originality; declaring that, before commencing, 'he had sprained his B flat thumb.'

By this time our party was changed from a musical one to a conversazione. The dialogues, being carried on in small detachments, created a far from harmonious effect. The stranger—who my wife had by this time informed me was Mr Sawyer, a musical professor of the old school—declared that the sound of so many voices reminded him of a Dutch instead of a 'grand' concert, and declared that our guests had formed themselves into a huge *pot pourri*, which he interpreted to mean a medley. Poor Mrs Jenkinson looked round with the rueful despair of a schoolmaster who, do all he can, is unable to keep his pupils quiet. She evidently feared that the auditory had closed their ears to her charmers, though half their efforts remained to be made. At this moment Mr Goodson, senior, sounded one of the strings of his bass, as if by accident, which had the desired effect of reminding the hostess that the time for him and his son to show off ought to be considered as having arrived. She took the hint, and presently we were so severely assailed by the tuning of fiddles, that some stopped their conversation, and others their ears. A trio by Beethoven followed, Maria Goodson taking the piano part, and much to the horror of Mr Sawyer, who, after a few bars, declared that he could not conscientiously remain to hear his favourite composer so wofully mangled, and left the room with precipitation. Fearing our noises had driven the honest man out of the house, hospitality demanded I should follow, and endeavour to apologise and detain him to supper. I did so, and found that my fears were fast being realised, for he was inquiring for his hat.

I had taken a sudden liking to the old musician, and persuaded him to have a short *tête-à-tête* with me in my study; for I was sure something was radically wrong either in my wife's arrangements, or in the performances of her guests, and was desirous of enlightenment

on the subject. 'The fact is,' began Mr Sawyer, when we got into the sanctum, 'the present generation mistake altogether the aim and end of domestic music. It is the common practice to make attempts which can never be realised. Instead of being content with such compositions as are within their powers, they murder music which was originally written for the most eminent and skilful performers of the age, and thus beget a disgust for the higher flights of musical genius amongst many listeners who would otherwise enjoy and cultivate it.' 'But surely there are some amateurs who are able to perform the best music creditably?'

'Very few; for the incessant application required to make a good practical musician would encroach too largely upon studies which are far more necessary for young people just entering life. Besides, music may be very good, and still simple; such being the class of compositions best adapted to amateurs, because they are able to perform it creditably to themselves, and with pleasure to their hearers.' A new idea broke in upon me as regards my own children, and having received sufficient information to enable me to take a new course for their future musical studies, we returned to the drawing-room.

There we found a great change. All was silence and attention; the cause of it appeared to be, that Miss Mackintosh had consented to sing. Now, this young lady was the daughter of our most 'influential' guest, and as every one in the room had been made fully aware that her father was a baronet, they felt bound to accord to her every attention. The song having been chosen, it became a question who should accompany her voice on the piano-forte. Several were asked, and all declined. Miss Pollewe made it a point, she said, never to play music she had never practised. This puzzled me. 'Surely,' I remarked, 'a young lady who can move her fingers so rapidly can play *anything* which may be put before her.' Mr Sawyer smiled, and hinted his belief, that although our governess, by dint of meretricious trickery, could rattle over the keys with great rapidity, 'yet she cannot, in all probability, *read* a bar of music correctly at first sight.' And this the event proved; for, dreading her deficiency might be detected, Miss Pollewe trusted to our ignorance, and consented to play; but she filled the symphony of Miss Mackintosh's song with so many mistakes, that the trembling singer could not begin. I persuaded my friend to fly to the rescue, which he did, and the beautiful air came out from under his experienced fingers with great expression. The fair singer's voice was not a strong one, but plaintive. The words of the song were by Burns, and were heard as distinctly as if they had been spoken; the singer threw her feelings into the melody, and the pleasure I felt at her performance I cannot describe. Though old and unsentimental, I could scarcely refrain from tears. Nor was I the only person thus affected. Even the superfine instrumentalists and Italian singers stood spell-bound. Miss Mackintosh was unanimously desired to sing the same song again, to which she consented with graceful readiness.

The beauty of the Scotch ballad was rendered more palpable by what followed. Mr Bamble, having been requested to exert his vocal powers, did so to the fullest extent, by singing a flourishing Italian scena with a degree of vociferation almost deafening. Though the piano-forte accompaniment was nearly as loud as Miss Pollewe's performance, he completely drowned it. People tried to converse with each other about the middle of the deafening display, but gave the attempt up as hopeless.

Wishing to hear more of the kind of music which had so much pleased, I got permission for Miss Parker to give a specimen. Nearly the same effect was produced as that achieved by the Scotch lady; and I began to think—as I knew my cousin was ignorant of music—that to learn that science was a detriment rather than otherwise. This notion was almost confirmed, when I exclaimed to Miss Mackintosh, while taking her down to supper, 'What a contrast your and my cousin's style of singing present to that of my daughter! Of course you have learned the art for a very long time?'

'I never had a lesson in my life,' replied the lady.

Supper passed off, and when the ladies retired, we had songs. I enjoyed them extremely. Why should this be? Why should the musical efforts of my friends have been so unendurable in the drawing-room, and so pleasing after supper?

'I'll tell you,' said Sawyer; 'they have now sung naturally, without effort, and unshackled by difficulties they are unable to conquer. Nature surmounts what a limited amount of art only mars.'

'Then, according to that theory, all the fees I have paid Clotilda's singing-master have been thrown away.'

'By no means, if she would condescend to bring what has been taught her to bear upon music which is within the scope of her vocal powers and musical knowledge. In like manner, your son, if he would oblige us with a simple melody on his flute, will, by the same rule, please us much better than he did by the overture to Zauberflote.'

The guests now rose to depart, and so ended our grand concert. We never gave another. We have parted with Miss Pollewe; and Clotilda has packed away all her Italian pieces, and practises native songs.

PARALLEL IDEAS OF NATIONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the first paper under this title,* it was shown that many of these ideas had probably a distinct origin, the common character being in such instances simply the result of a common human nature arrived at similar conditions, and working under similar suggestive circumstances. It was at the same time admitted that there were frequent instances of an opposite nature; that is to say, many ideas, productions of the imagination, styles of art, and peculiarities in customs and manners, are the same in nations geographically separated, because these nations have been derived either one from the other, or from some common source. Some of the facts illustrating this latter proposition are extremely curious, and they are so, very much in consequence of one important circumstance, namely, that most of what is refined, and great, and prominent about a nation, is of date posterior to the commencement of its distinct existence, and therefore apt to be peculiar; while the points which are common are to be found chiefly in the humble and obscure walks of the lower orders, or of children. These are classes of the community amongst whom fewer changes take place than amongst any other; and, more than this, things which in an early stage of society belong to the higher and more enlightened class, are in time gradually left to simple swains and denizens of the nursery. There is here a curious and instructive progress. In a nation's infancy the strong and wise are looked on as superior beings, and become objects of worship. In the next stage they are only the subjects of poetry, though as such still interesting to all. Finally, they sink into the heroes of cottage and nursery fire-side tales, the educated intellects of the nation having meanwhile gone on to subjects of worship and reflection of a totally different nature.

These remarks will have prepared the reader for some illustrations of the principle from our common nursery literature. The story of Jack the Giant Killer must be too familiar to require anything like an abridgment in this place; but we may remind the studious public of one of the adventures. Jack travels into Flintshire, where he receives a night's lodging from a Welsh giant with two heads, whom he overhears saying, as he marshals the way to the guest's apartment—

> Though you lodge here with me this night,
> You shall not see the morning light;
> My club shall dash your brains out—quite.

* Former series of the Journal, No. 631.

'Say you so?' says Jack; 'is that one of your Welsh tricks? I hope to be as cunning as you.' Getting out of bed, he found a thick billet, and laid it in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a dark corner of the room. In the dead of night came the giant with his club, and struck several blows on the bed where Jack had artfully laid the billet, and then returned to his own room, supposing that he had broken all Jack's bones. In the morning early, Jack came to thank him for his lodging. 'Oh,' said the giant, 'how have you rested? Did you see anything last night?' 'No,' said Jack; 'but a rat gave me three or four slaps with his tail.'

It will be learned with some surprise that this particular incident in Jack's career, and the joke of the rat's tail, are derived either directly or indirectly from a common source with a story of the giant Skrimner and the Scandinavian demi-god Thor, which is related in an ancient specimen of the literature of the north of Europe, the Edda of Snorro. Thor and Skrimner travelling together, the latter lies down to sleep under an oak. Thor, being anxious to get quit of his companion, struck him with his tremendous hammer. 'Hath a leaf fallen upon me from the tree?' exclaimed the awakened giant. The giant soon fell asleep again, and snored as if it had thundered in the forest. Thor struck at him again, and, as he thought, the hammer made a mortal indentation in the giant's forehead. 'What is the matter?' quoth Skrimner; 'hath an acorn fallen on my head?' A third time the potent giant snored, and a third time did the hammer descend, and with such force, that Thor fairly believed he had buried the iron in Skrimner's temples. 'Methinks,' said Skrimner, rubbing his cheek, 'some moss hath fallen on my face.' Thor might well be amazed at the escape of the giant; but Skrimner, exactly like our friend Jack, had outwitted his enemy by placing an immense rock upon the leafy couch where Thor supposed he was sleeping, and which received the blows of the hammer instead.

After this curious coincidence, it will scarcely be surprising to the readers, old or young, of this little romance, that to trace it in its entiriety and its parts through all the channels of antiquity by which it has reached us, might be the subject of a volume, and that by no means an uninteresting one. According to Scott, Jack's history is a popular and degraded version of the traditions on which some of the metrical romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are founded. 'The "Mount of Cornwall," which was kept by a large and monstrous giant, is St Michael's Mount; and the giant Corinoran, whom Jack despatched there, and who was eighteen feet high, and about three yards round, is the same who figures in the romance of Tristan.' Jack's invisible cap and coat, his sword which cut through everything, and his shoes of swiftness, all of which articles he obtained by jockeyship from a giant, figure in the early fiction of our Teutonic ancestors. Nor is this all: two of the articles at least can be traced also into oriental fiction, probably their original source, as the following extract from the Calmuck romance of Tsidi Kur will testify:—

'Now, the son of the Chan and his trusty servant travelled along a river and arrived in a wood, where they met many children, who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you dispute?" said they. "We have found a cap in this wood, and each of us wishes to keep it." "What is the use of the cap?" "The cap has this virtue, that who wears it is seen neither by the gods, nor men, nor Tchadkurrs." "Now, go ye all to the end of the forest, and run hither. And I will keep the cap, and I will give it to him who first reaches this spot, and wins the race." So spake the son of the Chan, and the children ran; but when they came back they could not find the cap, for he had placed it on the head of his companion, and they sought for it in vain. And the son of the Chan and his companion travelled onwards, and they came to a forest wherein they met many Tchadkurrs who were quarrelling with each other. "Why do you thus dispute?" said they. "It is I," exclaimed each Tchadkurr, "to whom these boots belong." "What is the use of the boots?" "He who wears these boots," answered the Tchadkurrs, "is conveyed to any country wherein he wishes himself." "Now," said the son of the Chan, "go all of you that way, and he who first runs hither shall obtain the boots." And the Tchadkurrs ran the race accordingly. But the Chan's son had concealed the boots in the bosom of his companion, who at the same time had the cap upon his head. And the Tchadkurrs sought the boots, but they found them not, and they went away.'

We now come to another nursery hero, the famous Mr Thomas Thumb, as Mr Newbery might have called him, whom we likewise find to be a person of very ancient and most respectable descent. He is the *Thaumlin* (that is, Little Thumb) of Scandinavian fiction, a regular dwarf or dwergar of the mythology of that country. And Thaumlin is the same with a person familiar in ballad and tale amongst ourselves under the various names of Tom of the Lin, Thomlin, Tam Lene, &c. Tam Lene is a ballad of fairy incident, which Scott has printed in his Border Minstrelsy, and which is localised at Carterhaugh, in Selkirkshire. Thom of Lyn is spoken of as a popular air in the curious book called the Complaynt of Scotland, printed in 1548; and in an early English play—*The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art*—a character sings, amongst other songs, the adventures of Tom a Lin in a humorous but somewhat less decorous strain. The Germans have their popular story, like ours, under the title of *Daumerling;* that is, Little Thumb, though with no adventures in common, except the misfortune of his being swallowed by a dun cow. The Danes have a little book called *Svend Tomling, et Menneske ikke större end en Tommelfinger*, &c. (that is, Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and a quarter long). This tale also contains adventures not found in the English version. Our Tom Thumb was originally a ballad, of which we only find one passage quoted. It alludes to a trick of Tom's, in which he took

> Black pots and glasses, which he hung
> Upon a bright sunbeam.
>
> The other boys, to do the same,
> In pieces broke them quite;
> For which they were most soundly whipt,
> At which he laughed outright.

Now, this incident figures in the hagiography of the middle ages; it is found not only in the spurious Gospels, but also in the legend of St Columbanus, who, as we are told, performed a similar miracle, by hanging his garment on a sunbeam.

In the superstitions of nations, there is, as might be expected, much that is common. We have not room on the present occasion to enlarge upon this subject; but we cannot refrain from mentioning a curious circumstance which we have recently learned with regard to it. In the article on the parish of Sandsting and Aithsting (Shetland), in the New Statistical Account of Scotland, mention is made of the following among other superstitions:—'When a person has received a sprain, it is customary to apply to an individual practised in casting the *wresting thread*. This is a thread spun from black wool, on which are cast nine knots, and tied round a sprained leg or arm. During the time the operator is putting the thread round the affected limb, he says, but in such a tone of voice as not to be heard by the bystanders, nor even by the person operated upon—

> The lord rade,
> And the foal slade;
> He lighted,
> And he righted.
> Set joint to joint,
> Bone to bone,
> And sinew to sinew,
> Heal in the Holy Ghost's name!'

This lately came, through our humble means, under the attention of the celebrated grammarian, Jacob Grimm, who has consequently been able to explain an analogous German charm of the tenth century.

Several of our ballads have in like manner counterparts on the continent. There is one called in the Border Minstrelsy 'Lord Ronald my Son,' and relating the death of a youth by poison given to him by his 'true love'—for in old ballads ladies are true loves in all circumstances—which is repeated in a more childish form under the title of the 'Croodlin Doo,' in which case the victim is a child poisoned by its step-mother; and this story appears in the German nursery as 'Grandmother Addercook,' being nearly word for word the same as our own ballad. The Danes have a collection of ballads, called the 'Kæmpe Viser,' which was printed in 1591, and there we find several of the ditties still most popular in Scotland, as Lady Jane, Fair Annie, &c.: in some cases, whole verses appear to be literal translations of each other. Even the little prose recitals which are to be heard from every old woman by a cottage fireside in Scotland, are, it appears, but echoes of early fabliaux, of which other versions are to be found amongst other northern nations.

In the former article, we demurred to the supposition that the civilised people of Central America had derived their architecture from the Egyptians, and this partly because there were real differences between the styles, and partly because it was not easy to see how the Americans, admitting them to have moved from Tartary or Thibet, could have directly taken such features of art from a people seated in Africa. Nor do the forms of architecture appear to us a sufficiently arbitrary thing to give any decided improbability to the idea of their having been conceived in separate portions of the human family without prompting. At the same time, it is incontestable that some ideas common to the Americans, and certain nations of the elder continent, are of a nature with which this idea is irreconcilable. It requires a nice judgment to distinguish between instances of ideas where community of origin is unavoidable, and where the resemblance is explicable on other grounds. Humboldt has pointed out some striking resemblances between the Egyptian and the American modes of reckoning time. Both had a year of 365 days, divided into months, which left five days over. As every nation did not attain to such correctness, this is a little striking; yet, after all, it is the real number of entire days in a year, or revolution of the earth in its orbit—a fact which any nation of sufficient intelligence might ascertain. Then there are differences: the Egyptians had twelve months of thirty days each, the Mexicans eighteen months of twenty days: the Mexicans made up for the odd six hours per annum by putting in thirteen days at the end of every fifty-two years (equivalent to our one day every four years); but the Egyptians not only did not intercalate, but took their kings bound at their accession not to sanction such a practice. Hence the seasons went on changing for 1461 years, at the end of which time they commenced anew from the same point; and these 1461 years formed with them what was called the Sothic Period. Humboldt remarks, as a curious coincidence, that the number of weeks or half lunations in the Mexican cycle of 52 years is 1461, being the same number as the years of the Sothic Period of the Egyptians; but to us this appears as something unavoidable in the mere arithmetic of the two modes of reckoning. The chronology, then, we would say, presents no evidence of national affinity. It is different with the astronomy. The zodiac of the Americans bears so striking a resemblance to that of the Tartars and Hindoos, and that in matters so purely capricious—the signs of the tiger, hare, serpent, monkey, dog, and bird, occurring in the same relative places—that their common origin cannot be a matter of the slightest doubt. But by far the most incontestable evidence of a connection between the nations of the two continents, is that found in their languages. Even here some caution is necessary; for example, the appellations White Water and Black Water are common in the British islands; in Scotland, there are streams so called in Berwickshire, besides the Avon Dhu (that is, black river), an old name for the Forth; in Ireland, there is the Ban (that is, white river) in the north, and also the Black Water in the south; and so on. Now, among the Africans, the Niger is called Uchimini-fu-fu (that is, white water), and the Chadda Uchimini-du-du (that is, dark water). Here the resemblance of the appellations is, we would say, merely the result of similar natural appearances. But philological inquirers reckon up a hundred and seventy words in the language, which, with some variations, pervades the whole of aboriginal America; three-fifths of which words are found in the languages of eastern Asia, and the remaining two-fifths in the languages of Africa and Europe. This subject has of late received some curious and valuable illustration from a work by Mr Arthur James Johnes, which we cordially recommend to public notice.* Mr Johnes selects a few of the most familiar ideas amongst mankind, and shows how many of the words for these ideas in the African, Asiatic, and European languages, are like those applied to the same objects in America. We find, for instance, the following words for *father*:—oss, North American; ozha, Sclavonic; otze, Dalmatian:—a *woman*—panum, North American; banen, Cornish; been, Welsh; pin (applied to animals), Chinese:—*night*—nukon, North American; nux, Greek; noc, Polish. *Sleep* is in Greek hupnos: we have a by-word for it in *nap*: the North American Indian has nipu. The pronouns in the Mandan tongue bear a striking resemblance to those of European and Asiatic languages. Take also the following resemblances:—*Hor*, the god of day, Egyptian; *Hora*, time, Greek; and *Huarassi*, sun and day, Omaguans of South America. *Tonih*, fire, North Africa; *Tein*, fire, Gaelic; *Teinde*, fire, Algonquin, North America. *Dalkah*, a day, Middle Africa; *Talkon*, a day, extreme north-west of North America.

Even where the synonymes of distant regions appear very little, or not at all alike, they can sometimes be connected by intermediate words from other languages, partaking of the character of both, thus showing their common derivation. And similar connections are made out with regard to the grammatical structures of the various languages of the earth; a point of discrepancy on which still greater stress has hitherto been laid by those who have leant to the doctrine of a radical diversity and distinctness of origin for these languages.†

It seems to be clear, from all that has been brought forward, though it is but a scantling of what might be, that, while many of the things common to nations are so by virtue of similar faculties working to similar purposes, and in similar circumstances, there are others which only could have come from a common source or origin, or been derived immediately the one from the other. It requires, however, some sagacity to distinguish the one class of things from the other. In the one class, it is true, all is general; in the other everything is arbitrary. In the one case we see the common powers and dispositions of human nature operating upon objects everywhere the same; in the other we see only peculiar products of particular minds, such as may have been suggested by accidental circumstances, or elicited under the influence of special oddities or directions of character. But yet there is not wanting

* 'Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race.' By Arthur James Johnes, Esq. Samuel Clarke, London: 1843.

† In a paper upon Languages which appeared in the Journal, No. 548, we assumed as proved that there were four or five sets of languages altogether diverse in words and in grammatical structure, and therefore inferred that the nations represented by those sets of tongues must have separated while they had scarcely any language in common. Mr Johnes's book has induced us, in some degree, to modify this opinion.

evidence to show how two different minds, distant in time and in place, and which could have held no communication with each other, will often hit upon the same idea, even though it may be of the character of a conceit. For example, Wycherley, the English dramatist of the seventeenth century, says in his comedy of the *Plain Dealer*, 'I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears.' Everybody will remember the passage in Burns—

> 'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.'

It is most unlikely that Burns ever read Wycherley. Still, it is possible; and we therefore pass from this instance. Another: In *Cupid's Whirligig*, published in 1607, occurs this passage:—'Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.' We need scarcely adduce the parallel thought of the same poet—

> 'Her prentice hand she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O.'

Certainly there is hardly the slightest possibility of Burns having ever seen or read *Cupid's Whirligig*. The more probable solution of the problem is, that these ideas belong to the class which we have spoken of as excogitations possible — things which are within the range of human thought, and may therefore arise in two minds with like originality. What, we think, makes this view almost irresistible, is a third instance of parallelism in Burns, where the likelihood of a borrowing is still less than in any of the above cases, while it must be seen that the existence of a *third* instance of such an extraordinary kind is in itself tolerably good evidence. The Scottish bard, it will be remembered, burlesqued his provincial publisher Wilson, by an epitaph entitled, *On Wee Johny*:

> 'Whoe'er thou art, O reader know
> That Death has murdered Johny;
> And here his body lies fu' low—
> For saul, he ne'er had ony!'

In a rare old work, *Nugæ Venales, sive Thesaurus ridendi et jocandi*, &c., bearing date 1663, but no place or publisher's name, is a Latin epigram turning upon exactly the same jest:

> Oh Deus omnipotens, vituli miserere Joannis,
> Quem mors præveniens non sinit esse bovem:
> Corpus in Italia est, habet intestina Brabantus,
> Ast animam nemo: Cur? quia non habuit.

With such instances before our eyes, we cannot but see the greatest reason for caution in saying what is accidental resemblance, and what the result of communication.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART II.

Mrs Joseph Smith was by no means celebrated for early rising; and on the morning after the incidents which we have related, she did not descend to the breakfast table till her husband had half finished his breakfast.

'You had better ring, my dear,' he said, 'and have some fresh tea made.'

'You know I never take tea. Now, when did you ever see me take tea? You are so very forgetful; you know I always take chocolate.'

'So much the better, my love,' replied the good-tempered husband, 'for then my being obliged to hurry into town will not inconvenience you.'

'It is very disagreeable to breakfast alone,' she muttered.

'Then you might rise earlier,' he said quietly. Mrs Smith opened wide her bright round eyes. Mr Smith followed up the stroke bravely. 'No household was ever governed well where the mistress lies in bed till noon.' The poor man was fearful he had gone too far, said too much, hurt her feelings; and as he really loved the pretty fool, who seemed to lack the instinctive knowledge of caring for her own happiness, he paused, and added, 'Surely, my love, illness cannot be your excuse, for in all my life I never saw you look better than you do at this moment.'

'Look better!' repeated the little lady—'look better! So much for man's consistency of opinion. Why, look at this dress: you always said this dress disfigured me—that you hated it—that was the reason why I put it on this morning; and now you say I am looking well.'

'A proof you look well in everything, my dear,' said Mr Smith, tapping his second egg.

'You are breaking that egg at the wrong end, Mr Smith,' recommenced the provoking wife; 'it is very odd you cannot remember that the round end is *the* end to break an egg. Well, it is strange; you know how these little things annoy me, yet you persist in doing them.'

Mr Smith suppressed an expression which rose to his lips, as he had done many things, for peace' sake; but he also continued breaking the egg at the sharp end, and having eaten it, rang the bell. 'Do not forget to stop the omnibus,' he said to the servant.

'The 'buss you go by, sir, to the city has been gone an hour: I told you the time, sir, while you were reading,' replied the servant.

Mr Smith was provoked, perhaps, with himself, but he looked first at the servant and then at his wife, who was breaking her toast into very small particles, and throwing it at the little spaniel. 'Well,' she exclaimed, '*that* was not my fault, I'm sure. I had nothing to do with your delay!'

'I did not say you had, Mrs Smith,' he answered.

'No, but you looked—you looked, sir!' Then, with a perfect change of voice, she whined out, 'God help us poor women! We little know what we may live to endure!'

'Stuff!' murmured the provoked gentleman, drawing on his gloves, and marching out of the room.

Mrs Smith poised her spoon over her cup of chocolate. 'He will hardly go,' she thought, 'without saying good-by; he never did *that* yet.' She listened, and certainly the hall door did not either open or shut. His step paused—it returned—a smile of petty triumph agitated her lips. No, he went up stairs. The smile, however, increased, for she knew he would look in as he came down. He did look in.

'Can I do anything in the city for you?'

Mrs Smith sipped her chocolate, as if unconscious of her husband's presence or his words.

'Elizabeth, do you want anything from the city?'

'If I did, you would forget to bring it.'

'Well, perhaps so. I shall be home to dinner at five.'

'I wish—though I suppose it is little use *my* wishing—but I *do* wish that you would sometimes dine at the club. Now, last night, if you had invited *those men* to dine with you at the club, you would have enjoyed yourself more, and I should not have felt the poor castaway I did.' Mrs Smith intended this as a bit of touching eloquence, but she had undermined her own influence by a system of annoyance which some women fancy augments, when it really destroys, their power.

'Are you in earnest?' inquired Mr Smith, advancing into the room, and looking steadily at his wife—'are you in earnest in saying that you wish I would dine at the club?'

'Why, yes; you would get better dinners there; and you are hard to please in that way;' and she looked down at her chocolate with a pretty mincing expression of countenance.

'Very well, Elizabeth,' he replied, 'I will dine there to-day. It is at your request; my memory will be clear enough to remember *that*;' and without another word he left the house, and his lady to the exercise of her temper and imagination. While Elizabeth Smith was thinking her small thoughts, and arranging her small ways, Made-

line Mansfield was seated by her husband's side; his face was turned from her, so as to conceal what he did not wish her to observe.

'What you say, Madeline,' he answered at last to much that she had spoken —'what you say is true; I grant you that; but it is impossible. If I were to change my style of living, it would be talked of at the clubs, where things small, as well as things great, are canvassed, the one with as much eagerness as the other. My credit would be shaken.'

'It is shaken already, Mansfield,' she interrupted. 'Now do not shrink from or shudder at it; I know it is shaken. If it were not, do you think I should have heard it? But shrinking will not re-establish it, nor will bravado; difficulties must be encountered, to be overcome. I am sure,' she added with admirable tact, 'I have heard you say so many times—be they as bad as they can be, they must be met?'

'You are going out of your usual track,' said her husband in a severe voice, and evidently anxious to escape from her and from himself.

'I am doing,' she replied, 'as I have ever done; I am following in yours. I have shared your heart, Mansfield, and your prosperity; and if adversity ——'

'Why,' he interrupted —'why say *if* adversity? Madeline, you are a very raven this morning. Who dared to speak of adversity? It *cannot* come. Your marriage settlement would protect you and our child. Adversity!—like all women, you speak as if a temporary inconvenience were decided ruin. *Who* has dared to bandy my name in this manner?' He rose from his chair, and seizing his hat, would have left the room, had not his wife prevented him.

'You will not hear me, Mansfield, will not confide in me; but although you do not know me, you believe in me. You know I would not breathe, much less tell an untruth. I will not detain you: only this, whatever may occur, there is my settlement to prop your credit. I can live and rejoice in poverty, but I could not bear your tarnished name. Do not hesitate to consider *mine*, in every sense of the word, *yours*. If you would only allow me, there are a thousand things I could retrench in.'

Mr Mansfield looked at her steadily, and then said, 'Would you consent to relinquish this house?'

'Most willingly—house, carriage, all—go to a suburban cottage at once. There would be nothing strange in *that*. I have been ill, and need change, and pure air, and quiet. Indeed that would be no sacrifice,' was her reply in a cheerful voice.

'Would you take our boy and go abroad,' he persisted, 'for two or three years?'

Madeline's colour came and went rapidly. 'Without you?' she faltered.

'Certainly—there would be nothing strange in *your* going abroad; the boy would improve rapidly in languages; and you would (if the crisis came which you consider so inevitable) avoid much pain.

'Mansfield!' exclaimed Madeline, panting in her utterance, 'why will you speak thus, as if *we* could have a divided interest? I could not. I do not want to avoid pain. Even if I loved you not, the sacred bond that binds us would prevent it. Anything but that, Mansfield;' and she added, while a faint smile struggled on her lips, 'I am sure you did not mean it.'

'We have met so seldom of late,' he answered, 'that I should not think you could feel it so much.' He did not venture to look at his wife after these cold words; if he had, his heart, always movable, must have turned with love and sympathy towards the struggling agony which she sought to repress. And it was agony only she sought to overcome. No desire to return pain for pain arose from her generous heart; nor had she occasion, in this great sorrow, to resort to the talismanic proverb which had so often taught her, on less trying occasions, to 'forbear.'

'We have met seldom, certainly,' she said, and the composure of her manner and the trembling of her voice were at sad variance; 'and I confess that I have suffered much in consequence; but I knew, day by day, that you were well; I knew you were amused. If I did not always see you, I heard your voice or your step; and if you did not come, I could still expect you; but I cannot leave you. I have never been officious—never craved for attention, highly as I valued it—never, never disturbed your arrangements, or pushed myself into secrets which it would have given you pain to have revealed. Oh, Mansfield! let what will happen, do not thrust me from you.' The idea of parting from her husband overcame every other feeling; and her deep and earnest love, which Mansfield felt he was everyway unworthy of, recalled much of his past affection. He left her with the assurance of attending to her wishes, of steadily investigating his affairs, of looking all difficulties in the face boldly and at once, and, above all, promising never to hint even at the idea of their separation again. All this, and more, he promised, and all this he intended at the moment to perform; but when his cab drove from the door, Madeline felt the oak upon which she leaned changing into a reed; for all her love could not blind her to the fact of Mansfield's vacillation. It was well that she had the truest Comforter to resort to. She knew that a married woman ought to have no friend, in the highest acceptation of the word—no one to whom she can open her heart fully and entirely—except her husband. Her mother was dead, and her only near relative—a warm-hearted old bachelor uncle—Uncle Oliver—had all the confidence she deemed it right to give to any; but she had no thought of complaining of her husband to any human being.

Before the sound of Mr Mansfield's wheels had died on his wife's ears, her faith in his promises was gone. It was in vain she recalled them; and the experience of the days and weeks that followed, only proved the total want of firmness of purpose in him she loved. Instead of retrenching, he seemed to rush more wildly than ever he had done before through the whirl of the world; and her inquiries were avoided with a wild burst of gaiety, or some bitter words, which were only replied to by unseen tears. She frequently blamed herself for not more firmly withstanding what she considered wrong; but her position was one of extreme difficulty. If she were sure of her husband's affection, she would have been better able to stem the destruction, whose course she watched as the devoted villagers watch the stream of lava that must overwhelm them in the end. Sometimes his mad gaiety would flash like a meteor through the house; at others he was so moody, so reserved, so evidently in a state of mental and bodily suffering, that all she could do was to attend to and console him; and this he would not always permit. She was watching for him one night—longing for, yet dreading the knock that would announce his arrival—when the servant brought her a letter, a few hurried lines, saying he was suddenly called by business to Antwerp, but she should hear from him in a few days. A line at the bottom of the scrawl implored Heaven to bless her and her child. The next day passed. She told her servant she would not be at home to any one. She might have spared the command, for no one called; it was a damp, misty, chilling day; the fog entered the drawing-room, and spread its hazy curtain over the looking-glasses, and mirrors, and windows, and crept about the marble tables and bronzes, making them feel clammy to the touch.

The following day was bright, and full of sunshine: she ordered her carriage, and drove into the Park. She was seeking refuge from herself. She bowed eagerly to all she knew, and her salutations were always respectfully and warmly returned; but she thought people seemed astonished to see her there. *Why*, she could not tell, but she pulled the check and said 'Home.' Her uncle was in the drawing-room; she saw his face at the window, where she had looked expecting to see her boy; but before she was on the stairs, the old gen-

tleman met her—nay more, he kissed her, and led her into the library. There was something so melancholy in his eyes as he gazed on her, that she felt suffocated; and unclasping her cloak, and throwing back her bonnet, she said, as calmly as she could—'You have something more, dear uncle, than mere town-talk to tell me to-day. Is Mansfield ill?'

'The rascal!' exclaimed Uncle Oliver—'the most desperate rascal!'

'You are sure he is not ill?' she persisted, greatly relieved, and for a moment losing sight of the injurious epithet in her deep anxiety for him she loved.

'Ill!—not he—such rascals are never ill.'

'Thank God!' she ejaculated; and covering her face with her hands, sobbed bitterly for a few moments.

'I wish,' thought Uncle Oliver, as he paced up and down the room—'I wish I knew exactly what I ought to say, and what I ought to do. With any other woman, the difficulty would be how to keep her down; but with her, it will be how to get her up.'

'Don't cry, Madeline; don't cry,' he said at last; 'I am sure the involvements are greatly exaggerated; and, after all, there is not so much to regret, for he was never at home; so cheer up, my dear niece. I should be as happy as a prince,' he muttered to himself; 'quite, if she would only call him a rascal.'

'Whatever there is to tell,' she said, 'tell me now; I can bear it. I would not seek any whom we know, lest I should hear ill of him. I dreaded lest some one should come and tell me evil; but I do not mind you—I never minded you, Uncle Oliver.'

The old man looked sadly perplexed; he did not know how to say what he felt he must communicate. He began by talking of Mr Mansfield's embarrassments, and follies, and extravagances. All these, Madeline assured him, he might spare himself to mention: she knew all. Yes, she believed every one; and she thought she saw a clear and direct way to avert the disgrace, though not the ruin. Her relative looked astonished. 'Then you know,' he inquired, 'the cause of his journey; do you not?'

'Business, uncle, I suppose; business,' was her answer.

'Most villanous business,' he said. 'Have you never had a suspicion that he loved you less than formerly?—have you had no reason to believe why?'

Madeline grew deadly pale. 'It cannot be, uncle,' she said, 'that you come to me, in this hour of trial, to insult me by the gossiping reports of the town?'

He placed a letter in her hands; it was directed to him from her husband, signed by his name, intreating him to go at once to 'poor Madeline,' and cursing his evil destiny. It left no doubt as to who was the companion of his flight; no doubt as to his having violated the laws of God and man. Madeline folded up the letter deliberately, but, in the act of returning it to her uncle, she fell on the floor. There was neither scream nor tear; she fell as one struck off the life-roll into eternity. When she recovered her reason, she asked if Mr Oliver were in the house. He was soon by her side; but, contrary to his expectations, contrary to his hopes, deep and bitter as were Mrs Mansfield's feelings, no word of censure towards her husband escaped her lips.

'I am not able to think yet,' she said; 'I can only *feel*; but to-morrow I shall be better. Come to me to-morrow at two, and pray for me, dear uncle; I need the prayers of all the good and gracious creatures in the world.' The poor old gentleman brushed many tears away from his furrowed cheeks, and drove immediately to those who could give him information as to the real state of Mansfield's affairs. He found they were by no means in so bad a state as he had heard at first; that if the heedless man had possessed the moral courage to investigate them steadily, some outlay at the present, and retrenchment for the future, would bring them round. But it was in vain he sought to discover what spell could have deprived Mansfield of his reason, and tempted him to outrage all laws as he had done; indeed Mr Oliver was so incensed at Mansfield, that he seemed to retain only what told most against him. And what was there that did *not* tell against him? That a foreigner, whose code of morals falls far short of our English standard, and whose profession extracts the blush from the purest cheek that braves the glare of foot-lights and men's eyes—that such a one should have admired the gay, the witty, the handsome Mansfield, was no wonder. She had no position to sacrifice, no scruple to overcome; but that *he* should have been so infatuated, was past all understanding. The next morning, although he was rather before than after his appointment, Mrs Mansfield had been in consultation for some hours with her husband's 'man of business.' When she rose to meet her uncle, he was shocked at the change which a few hours had wrought; but she was perfectly calm, and the lofty purpose that filled her mind imparted a more than usual dignity to her manner. She left the room to procure some papers, and the lawyer, addressing her uncle, said, 'Her going out, sir, is a relief to me. I never understood what woman could do before. She gives up the *whole* of her own property—the *whole*, sir, without reserve, to free her husband; and this, mind you, *unconditionally*. She is devoted, heart and soul, to save *his* credit—never thinks of the privations, or the loss of position, or the confined means, which they must submit to for some years.'

'Nor of her child?' questioned the old gentleman.

'I spoke of him,' was the reply, 'and she said the proudest event of her life was being able to save his father's name from reproach.'

'Her head is *not* cool!' exclaimed her uncle. 'No woman's head can be cool whose life has been one entire sacrifice to an ungrateful rascal, working up her maxim of "bear and forbear" until it brings——'

'Peace in the end, believe me,' added Madeline, who had returned unperceived by her uncle. 'Believe me, whatever I suffer, I shall be greatly rewarded—rewarded as women deserve to be, when they do their duty.'

'Duty!' repeated Uncle Oliver—'duty! Stuff! A scoundrel, to desert——'

'Uncle, uncle,' interposed Madeline; 'this house is his—I am his wife; and before me no one—not even you, who are my nearest and dearest kinsman—not even *you*—shall utter one disrespectful word of my husband.'

The lawyer thought it better to withdraw, promising to do everything that could be done, and to see her again as soon as possible. Uncle Oliver remonstrated, and stormed, or tried to storm; but his anger dissolved under the influence of her gentle words. She could not, indeed, trust herself to name her husband's name; but she spoke of what a happy thing it was that she could do so much; and she intreated her uncle to bear with her if he loved her, and to believe that she should yet be very happy—and here tears denied the assertion of her lips—and she would have said a great deal more perhaps, avoiding, yet returning to the subject of her sorrow, but she heard Mrs Joseph Smith's voice upon the stairs, and hastily retired into another room.

Mrs Smith hoped her cousin would see her. How sorry she was; every one said how it would be from the first, with her yielding quiet way, suffering herself to be trampled on, grudging herself every little indulgence, while for gloves and flowers alone Mr Mansfield squandered in one day upon 'the creature' eight-and-thirty pounds. *She* would take care not to be such a patient fool; and so ran on the little lady, repeating all, or at least all she had heard of, the *on dits* of the town, concerning what, fresh as it was at that moment, would never extend to a nine days' wonder. Now, Uncle Oliver could find fault with Mrs Mansfield himself, and say more than Lizzy had ventured to say, but he would suffer no one else to do so. He told her that if the town talked of Madeline's forbearance, they would never have an opportunity of talking of *hers*; and that she was more inclined, if 'the town' said truly, to emulate the gentleman than the lady. He read her a long

lecture; told her she had cast God's goodness from her; and ended by offering to see her home, 'where she would,' he added, 'do well to remain more constantly, except when escorted thence by her husband.' Indeed it was painful to see how the easy quiet nature of Mr Smith, disturbed out of its usual course by the perpetual annoyances of a silly wife, sought the comfortable refuge of his gilded club, soaking away existence, and becoming more and more attached to the creature-comforts, as opposed to the intellectual—of which clubs are the nurseries. He became perhaps, on the whole, as little inclined to bear as she to forbear; in all domestic matters, instead of drawing together, running full tilt against each other; sometimes with only straws, it is true, but still opposed. Mrs Smith was ever whining about her husband's continual absence from home; and when he did come, he more than once expressed his displeasure, of course at the wrong time, at Mr Orepoint's being installed 'as the friend of the family.' The world began to talk—the ladies, of course, finding fault with the woman, and the gentlemen laughing at both. In this war, begun of nothing, the happiness of both was wrecked.

After a few weeks had passed, Uncle Oliver received an unexpected letter from Mrs Mansfield. She expressed much gratitude to him for the affectionate tenderness he evinced towards her, and continued, 'Finding that my husband will not return to England, yet that we must together sign various papers, so as to realise a sufficient sum of money to discharge all that is necessary, I have determined to go at once to Paris, where I find he is, and let the lawyers meet *us* (perhaps I should write *me*) there. Is it not unaccountably strange, my dear uncle, that he should persist in refusing to "rob" *me*, as he calls it, when in reality the only jewel I prized—himself—is gone? Independent of all business-motives, I feel it is my duty to endeavour to win him back. I cannot hope that the love which deserted me, when I was still what he once admired, will return; but I know that my devotion and desire to make him happy may withdraw him from what, sooner or later, must bring its punishment. In this great trial I have some consolation. I cannot call to mind having ever driven him from home by any disturbing or fretful conduct; my exceeding love for him made my enjoyment so perfect, that, whatever cause I might have for discontent, vanished at the bare echo of his voice. But although I cannot accuse myself of a word that made him frown, I remember how much he must have lacked amusement from one whose love, so deep, was silent; and whose anxious thoughtful character, united to delicate health, rendered her an unamusing companion for one so sought after, so admired, so brilliant as Mansfield. Men have greater temptations than ever, of late years, to lure them from their homes. Those garish clubs! where everything is done to render a man perfectly and entirely independent of his own house! People little consider how a separation in amusements leads to a separation of interests. I tried to enter into his, and, strange as it will sound to you, though I am now deserted, I feel assured my duties have been so fulfilled, he cannot fail to remember, at one time or other, that there is one sworn his unchanging friend, whose lip never spoke reproach—whose heart never beat but with love for him. I fear you will hardly understand me when I say that in this is my consolation—in this, forsaken as I am now, shall I triumph in the end. Yes, my dear uncle, if women have patience to endure, they may die, but they *must* conquer. Do not mistake me—I mean by *conquer* the achievement of no command, the exercise of no authority; but I do mean that it will be their exceeding glory to win back the wanderer—to find him return—to save him for time, and, through God's blessing, for eternity. This is a Christian woman's triumph—a triumph in which angels will rejoice. I do not say I shall achieve this *now* with Mansfield—he is still in the toils; but when passion fades, and reason and affection return, he will return with them. Do not think I do not feel what all women *must*, under such circumstances; nor do not give me more merit than I deserve. I love him—that of itself is sufficient to keep me in the path of duty; but even if I did not, I would, I hope, do from principle what I now do from affection. It is only then I should deserve praise. Poor Mansfield! he will have that to contend with hereafter that will bitterly try his temper and character—the falling away of summer friends, which, like summer flies, vanish at the first chill of winter—the loneliness and self-reproach—the restricted means—the impossibility of indulgence in tastes and refinements which habit has rendered necessary—the coldness of the few whom he respects. These form his future—a future that would drive him to utter despair, or more degraded sin, unless some haven opened to receive him.'

There was much more, but this was chief. She was already gone when Uncle Oliver received the letter—gone with her child, his maid, and the faithful Lewis.

'Have you heard the news?' exclaimed Mrs Joseph Smith as a lady of her acquaintance entered the drawing-room, and discovered Mr Orepoint holding a skein of worsted which she was winding for her 'crochet.' 'I am really quite half broken-hearted and half ashamed that one so nearly related to me should be so tried, and so lost, because there never *was* anything so foolish. Madeline Mansfield has given up the whole of her marriage settlement to clear away all the debts and things that tormented her good-for-nothing husband. So much; but *that* is not all. He would not come back to sign the papers which were necessary, and so she is quietly gone to find him. Now, did you ever in all your life hear of such a thing?—putting in practice what we read of in old books—only meant to be read, not done, you know, dear.'

'Most true,' said Mr Orepoint, while working with marvellous industry at the knot in the lamb's-wool.

'I wanted to ask you,' resumed the visitor, 'if there will be an auction at the poor Mansfields'?'

'I don't know; but if there should be, and I could get Smith, by some miracle, into a good humour, I should like that harp—it is such a love!'

'I shall certainly go and see the things, whether I buy or not,' half-yawned Mr Orepoint. 'I always doubted the console-tables being real mosaic; and I must ascertain, as I have a bet at the club about them.'

'Everything in the house was real,' said Mrs Smith, bridling a little—for she fancied the observation a slap at the family—'I assure you everything in the house was real.'

'Except the happiness,' sneered the man about town—'*except the happiness.*'

'WANDERINGS OF A JOURNEYMAN TAILOR.'

The operative tradesmen of Germany—tailors, shoemakers, printers, watchmakers, and so forth—are a wandering race of mortals. As soon as a workman has finished his apprenticeship, he goes upon his travels, walks on foot from town to town, getting a job here, and a job there, and, if penniless, sometimes receiving aid from trades' guilds to help him on his way; and at other times begging, cap in hand, from passengers. When he has spent a number of years abroad, and seen the mode of working in many different towns, he returns, marries, and settles down as a quiet, home-staying citizen. We have often seen men of this vagrant order in Germany toiling along the roads on foot, with a knapsack on their back, a stick in one hand, and a pipe in the other. We believe begging is strictly forbidden, nevertheless many a cap has been held out to us imploringly, and even with a pertinacity which no denial could easily repel. One of these wandering journeymen, named Holthaus, a tailor, two years ago published an account of his travels, which excited considerable interest in Germany, and has been translated

by William Howitt, within the last month or two, and issued for the benefit of the English public.*

This singular production is somewhat less amusing than we had expected, for the author says comparatively little about his own adventures, or means of getting employment, confining himself chiefly to a narration of where he went, with accounts of the places he visited. Yet the book is curious, as describing the actual rambles of an operative through various countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, everywhere depending for the gratification of his passion for travel solely on his needle. As the translator observes, it is the history of a man who 'literally sews his way from continent to continent.' To whatever country or capital he goes, he finds masters of his own nation and trade established. He works with them, saves money enough to carry him on to a new country, and there finds in his young countrymen fellow-pilgrims of the staff and knapsack, ready to bear him company on new excursions. Our hero commences his narrative as follows:—

'It was in the year 1824, that, after the early death of my parents, I quitted my native place, Werdohl, in the circle of Altena, being not yet sixteen years old, and betook myself to Schwelm. There I worked a year and a quarter. I then resolved on a farther journey through Germany, and set out upon it in July 1825, in company with three other hand-workers, one of whom was out of Saxony.' They proceed through the countries on the Rhine to Berlin, after which they go by Pomerania into Poland. Here they experience difficulties for want of proper passports, and their money runs so short, that one sold a shirt, the second a coat, and a third a pair of boots and pantaloons. At Cracow the author is struck with ague, which confines him to the hospital a fortnight. Quit of this affliction, he obtains work for a few days, and earns a little money, with the view of proceeding to Vienna; but the police turn him back into Prussia, and, beaten about from point to point, he is compelled to part with his knapsack to pay a debt which he had incurred for lodging. Lightened of his burden, our unfortunate tailor pushes his way homewards; 'and again,' says he, 'I stood poor and ragged only at a few hours' distance from my native place, Werdohl.' A feeling of shame now overwhelms him; he takes courage, and sets forth on a fresh cruise. To give anything like an idea of his zig-zag traversings, and also of his loiterings in different parts of Germany, for a number of years, is out of the question. It is sufficient to say that at Erfurt he got employment, saved some money, and was able to refit himself with clothes and knapsack. Having passed through Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Austria Proper, staying and working a short time in Vienna, off he set for Lower Hungary, sailed down the Danube, and halted at Pancsowa, where he worked for eight months, and then went on a journey through Wallachia. At Bucharest he remained ten months. We next find him travelling to Warsaw, in Poland, and after that to the baths of Töplitz and Carlsbad. At the entrance to the latter place, the inscription struck his eye—'He who is found begging in these walks will be seized, and sent with a shove to his own town.' 'I read this,' says he, 'with great composure, for I had yet money in my pocket.' After a short stay, with a glad heart he seized once more the old wander-staff, and went off towards Innspruck; journeyed a while through the Tyrol, where little work is to be had; proceeded again by Hungary and the Danube; and hearing that something might be done at Constantinople, his plan was made up to visit that distant capital.

The voyage down the Danube, and across the Black Sea, lasted several weeks, and was far from agreeable; but all discomforts came to an end when he arrived in Pera, the Frankish suburb of Constantinople. 'Here,' said he, 'I had the good fortune to obtain employment from the ladies' tailor, M. Rolle, and I sat steadily for three quarters of a year, and worked hard. My manner of life was wholly Frankish. To breakfast and supper I had my own table; for dinner, I frequented a Frankish eating-house. At set of sun the workshop was closed, and then I returned to my quarters, which I had taken in company with others of my comrades, and there supped. In summer, supper consisted of figs, melons, and grapes; in winter, of tea, coffee, ham, and bacon, which last article the Maltese export in quantities to different countries. After supper we generally remained sitting, and smoked our tschibook, and conversed. In winter, we worked again some hours by lamp-light. Of course I did not omit on Sundays, and sometimes, too, on Mondays, to go about and observe the life and manners of this great city, with its million of men of the most various nations and characters.' His account of Constantinople, and the manners of its inhabitants, is ample, extending to about forty pages of his book, but is only a thousand-times told tale. Stamboul proved a golden soil to the vagrant tailor; he saved thirty-eight ducats by his labour. Here he might have remained and become rich; but no, he had an ardent craving to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, and set off on a voyage to the East accordingly.

Arrived in Egypt, our hero remained thirteen weeks in Cairo, but was not successful in picking up employment. Most of his time was spent in visiting the pyramids and other objects of curiosity. 'I often visited the slave-market in Cairo. Black and brown people lie separated into lots, and are offered for sale by the conductors. The brown are from Abyssinia, and have a tolerably handsome European cast of countenance, but with a black woolly hair. The black from Darfur, from Sennaar, and Upper Egypt, are more ugly, have thick lips, flat noses, through which they stick a bit of wood, so that the orifice may remain open for the ornament of an ivory ring. On each cheek they have three deep cuts, and on their heads black wool. The majority are wholly naked, though others have a gray woollen cloth round the loins, which they use at night as a blanket. If a Frank come into the market, they press eagerly forward, nod, call out with a soft voice, 'Tale henne!' and would fain be bought by him. In Egypt, the Franks are allowed to purchase some of them, but not in Constantinople. A female slave costs from five to eight hundred piastres—from six to ten pounds English; the young are something dearer. In Alexandria they are higher, and still higher in Constantinople. No white slaves are to be seen in Cairo, but black ones in great numbers.'

In June 1838, Holthaus quitted Cairo by a vessel down the Nile, and after a stay of ten days at Damietta, contracted with the captain of a merchant vessel to carry him to Beyrout, in Syria, for the sum of twenty piastres, or three shillings and sixpence. The voyage to Beyrout was undertaken with the hope of procuring work, and a recruitment to the purse, from a German tailor who was established there. On landing, says he, 'I made inquiries after him from some Franks whom I perceived on the strand, and found him in a large haan, where only foreigners lodged. Our countryman assisted us to hire a room in the haan—and a most wretched one it was—which we got for twenty parahs daily. It was neither drawn nor paved; window holes it had, but no windows; and it was thoroughly black, and perfectly alive with fleas, rats, and mice. There was neither seat nor table in it; and for the wooden key with which we secured our door, we had three piastres extra to pay. The slave-merchants, too, took up their quarters in our haan, and offered their blacks for sale.' This turns out a bad move. The German tailor could not give any work, and Holthaus resolved on a voyage to Acre.

With a heart full of piety and thankfulness, the wandering journeyman set his foot on the Holy Land,

* Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor, through Europe and the East, during the Years 1824 to 1840. By P. D. Holthaus, Journeyman Tailor, from Werdohl, in Westphalia. Translated from the third German Edition by William Howitt. London: Longman and Company. 1844.

and, what was very pleasant, the Franciscan monastery at Acre afforded him three days' rest and refreshment free of all charge. The first night, he observes, 'I passed without sleep: for, as I had not slept in a bed for a year and a half, I was quite uncomfortable in one.' Quitting this haven of rest, along with a comrade, he set out on a journey by way of Nazareth to Jerusalem. This proved a distressing pilgrimage. Towards evening, as the wayfarers entered the plain of Zebulon, they sought for a free inn among the villages, but none was to be found. 'It was dark, and we went on for another half hour. Then, arriving at a thicket, we turned to the left, out of the way, and took up our quarters under God's free heaven, and beneath a peaceful olive-tree. Camel-drivers went past during the night, and my comrade was full of anxiety; but we continued quiet, and awoke happy the next morning. With the break of day, without any food, and with only a little supply of water, which was already warm, we arose, and advanced over hill and dale, through copses of oak, over stones and naked rocks. Roads crossed themselves in all directions. In the mountains grazed long-haired goats, and sheep with broad tails. Our necessity increased at every step, as we had no water; and the burning heat made us exceedingly faint. My companion flung himself on the earth, and resolved to die on the spot rather than to advance another step into the wilderness. After much persuasion, he was prevailed on to go a little further, collected his strength, and marched with me forward. Presently we issued from this desert track, and entered again the cheerful green fields; a well, too, after which we had so earnestly sighed, presented itself, and a kind-hearted maiden, like another Rebecca, gave us to drink. By this well it is always, and especially towards evening, a busy scene. Women are washing, girls come and draw water in their jugs or leathern bags, herdsmen approach to water their cattle, and asses are loaded with water-sacks, which they carry frequently to a distance of from six to nine miles. We asked the way to Nazareth—called in Arabic Nazara—and it was pointed out to us, with the assurance that it was very easy to find. Thereupon we laid us down under a shady fig-tree by a cattle-shed, and refreshed ourselves with the clear water, but had nothing to eat. After this, when we had climbed other hills covered with low brushwood, had seen to the east the village of Cana in Galilee, with its little mud huts, which looked like ruins, and had again refreshed ourselves with cold water at a well near a village, in a dale planted with fig and olive trees, we espied the little town of Nazareth, standing still and lonely on another hill, with its little huts of clay and mud, with flat roofs, from amid which a convent towered aloft, surrounded by a wall. One hut, owing to the steepness of the hill, lay as it were over the other. And this, then, was the place where our Saviour passed the years of his childhood, and where he afterwards, on his perambulations, taught in the schools.'

At Nazareth they receive poor treatment, and proceed through a miserable country to Tiberias, satisfied with a view of the sea of Galilee, which lay before them 'like a clear pure mirror, surrounded by naked and scorched hills.' Amid stones, crags, and sandy wastes, they travelled to Cana, and then back to Nazareth, suffering great bodily distress from hunger and excoriation of the feet. Finally, they got to Jerusalem on the 15th of August 1838. Holthaus gives a pretty succinct account of the Holy city, which, having inspected to his heart's content, living the meanwhile at free quarters in the Franciscan convent of St Salvatori, he went off on a wandering excursion to the Jordan and Dead Sea. He returned to Jerusalem, and finally quitted that city on the 2d of September for Jaffa, halting by the way at another of those Franciscan convents, without shelter from which, poor pilgrims would die in thousands in the inhospitable wilderness. At Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, he picked up his former comrade, and the wandering pair took ship to Beyrout. The vessel, which was loaded with watermelons, was a bad sailer, and one day when the anchor was dropped, our hero went ashore to a neighbouring Arab village. There is a touch of nature in what follows. 'An old woman speedily came running up to me, and implored me to enter her dwelling. I regarded the invitation with suspicion, for you cannot lightly trust the Arab and Turkish women. But I ventured; and she led me into a miserable hut, which I was obliged to enter by stooping, or rather creeping through its low doorway. There, on the floor, lay a black man and a boy, who were both ill. The old woman made me to understand that she wished me to cure them. I could only shrug my shoulders, and explain to her that I was no doctor, nor had any curative means with me. The poor woman sighed, probably imagining that I would not exert my skill. In the East, a Frank is continually regarded as a doctor, and this was now my case. Had I had some brandy and sugar by me, it is probable that I might have assisted the Arab, for this is the favourite remedy with these people.'

The vessel again went forward on its voyage, but so slowly, that at Acre the errant journeyman lost patience with the delays, and resolved to encounter a land journey at all hazards the rest of the way. 'Throwing my knapsack on my back, I bought some bread, filled my bottles with water, and marched on by land. It was a fruitful plain through which I strode. To the left lay the Mediterranean, and before me stretched a vast level. At first my way lay through pomegranate gardens and a cedar wood; but afterwards amongst rocks and precipices, till towards evening I entered the plain of Tyre, now Sur. The night overtook me, and I took up my quarters in the bed of a dried-up brook. The next morning, as I awoke, I heard the dull ringing of the bells of a caravan. I arose hastily, quickened my steps, and soon reached it. One of the drivers, who had an unloaded ass, allowed me for eight piastres to ride it to Sidon. This was a novelty for me. We passed several kanaks, where Arab bread, goats' cheese, figs, grapes, and coffee, could be purchased. This night again I slept in the open air, but in the company of six camels, two asses, and three Arabs. Three hours before the break of day, our caravan put itself in motion; and before the dawn, we were in Sidon, or Saide, as it is at present named, where I merely stayed a few minutes in a Turkish coffee-house, and then stretched my staff farther along the coast, now through deep sandy plains, and now over mountains. Six miles from Beyrout, however, from fatigue and thirst, I was unable to move another stride. I took up my quarters for the night in a summer-house in a mulberry garden, and arising early the next morning, proceeded to Beyrout, where, the 12th of September, I luckily again encountered my fellow-countryman and pilgrim, August, who had arrived the day before. Here then our pilgrimage ended. I had traversed the desolate mountain ranges of Palestine, stood on the shores of the Galilean lake, of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. I had trod the scenes where the foot of the Redeemer had once wandered, and kneeled and prayed on the place of his birth, his death, and resurrection; and now I yearned once more after Europe and my native land.'

From Beyrout the journeyman tailor went by sea to Constantinople, there got some work from his old master, but, urged by the thirst for travel, became impatient, and broke away for Athens. At Athens, he was delighted to find himself—thanks to King Otho's Bavarian followers—in a town almost half German. Getting work immediately from the ladies' tailor, Marksteiner, he describes his mode of life. 'Here, as in Constantinople, I hired a room with my fellow-traveller, but a room it was only, without bed, chair, or table. Beds I had no further acquaintance with. For years I had now slept on the paved ground, on boards, and frequently amongst rocks and precipices in the open air. Here, wrapped in my quilt, and with my knapsack under my head, I slept more sweetly than many

a one in the softest bed. My trunk was my chair and table. Every morning I went early to the workshop, where, besides the master, four journeymen and five German girls worked. We made up only fine articles, for the most part silken stuffs; for the ladies of Athens dress as splendidly as the Grecian, Armenian, and Frank ladies in Constantinople. In the morning, at seven o'clock, we had a cup of sweetened coffee, with a white roll, handed to us in the workshop; at noon we dined in a Bavaroise—that is, a Bavarian hotel—and paid, for three dishes, with a bottle of wine, seventy lepte, about fourpence-halfpenny; in the evening we took supper at home: but I did not spend much time in my hired room. On Sunday mornings we went to church, took a walk in the afternoon, partook in a coffee-house, on a country excursion, a glass of wine, of which the bottle cost twenty lepte, or sixteen pfennigs, about a penny-farthing English, and chatted very agreeably the time away. In the evening we went to the "Concordia," that is, to a select society of German masters there established, their wives, and assistants, both young men and young women. The journeymen tailors and other professionists formed themselves into a theatric company, and one of my comrades was director; and sometimes an individual stepped forward and declaimed something. Occasionally a ball was given, so that, side by side with good employment here, pleasure and entertainment were not wanting.'

Our space forbids us going much further with the vagrant tailor. He walked over a considerable part of Greece before leaving the country; sailed for Naples; visited Rome; arrived in France by Marseilles; and proceeded by way of Paris and Belgium to Germany, where the beloved waters of the Rhine again greet his sight. On the 5th of November 1840 he entered his native Werdohl, after an absence of sixteen years and six months. Affectionately the long absent tailor was welcomed by his friends, and the narrative of his wanderings was listened to with universal delight. Having given his travels to the world in the volume before us, he set forth on a fresh journey, taking this time a direction towards the northern countries of Europe. He is now stitching his way through Russia, and the reader may hope, if he return safe, for another and equally curious volume, to be translated, like the present, we trust, by our friend William Howitt.

NICHOLSON, THE AIREDALE POET.

A VOLUME of poems, the production of John Nicholson, 'the Airedale poet,' as he was termed, has fallen under our notice, and affords us a not unsuitable opportunity of saying a few words respecting this son of genius, and of drawing a moral from his unhappy fate. John Nicholson, as we learn from a biographic sketch prefixed to his poems, was the son of a wool-sorter at Bingley, in Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of which, on the summit of the wild mountain tract of Romalds Moor, he received the elements of education from a rustic besom-maker; who, like a peripatetic philosopher, led forth his little band of scholars to teach them lessons, while they pulled the blooming twig for his besoms, which he sold in the surrounding villages on the Saturday holidays. Whether this vagrant life among the hills unsettled the mind of young Nicholson, does not clearly appear; but we learn that, as he grew up, his father could not induce him to adopt patient habits of industry at his profession of wool-sorting, and that he took every opportunity of neglecting his duties for the sake of reading and meditating on poetic composition. We must pass over his early years, however, and take him up at middle life, when he had begun to write and publish fugitive pieces, and to have almost entirely abandoned the means of gaining a regular livelihood for himself and family. Encouraged by admiring friends, in 1824 he published 'Airedale and other Poems;' of the versification of which, the reader may form an idea from the following eulogy on past times:—

Though history hath shaded o'er with crimes
The long past period of the feudal times,
Here foreign luxuries were yet unknown,
And all they wished was in the valley grown.
Their wholesome food was butter, cheese, and milk,
And Airedale's ladies never shone in silk;
The line they grew their own soft hands prepared;
The wool unneeded to the poor was spared;
But few the poor, unless by age oppressed;
At little rent some acres each possessed.
Such was this vale when Kirkstall's glories shone,
And who can help but sigh that they are gone?

A few lines from a poem entitled 'Reflections on the Return of the Swallow,' may be given as a specimen of one of his shorter pieces:—

Swift-winged and pleasing harbinger of spring!
Thou from thy winter's voyage art returned,
To skim above the lake, or dip thy wings
In the sequestered river's winding streams.
Instinct has brought thee to the rural cot,
From whence, with new-fledged wings, thou took'st thy flight.
Oh! could I give thee intellect and tongue,
That thou to man might'st tell what mazes wild,
And what eccentric circles thou hast flown
Since thou didst soar in autumn far away!
Cities in rising splendour thou hast seen,
And those where solemn desolation dwells.
Hast thou not peaceful slept the night away,
Perched on the distant pyramid's high point;
Or on some massive column's hoary top,
Beheld great Ætna's dark sulphureous smoke,
Then dipped thy wings upon the orient waves?
Like thee, could man with philosophic eye
Survey mankind in every varying clime,
How would his mind expand! his spacious soul,
Released from bigotry and party zeal,
Would grasp the human race in every form;
Denominations, sects, and creeds would sink,
His mind o'erpowered with the thought that He
Who formed the universe regards them all!

A literary work from a hand so unpolished and unpromising excited surprise; and a poet being at that time a phenomenon in the locality, he became highly popular, and received many substantial marks of favour from his patrons. In his long and frequent journeyings to deliver his book to subscribers, and to obtain other purchasers, he unavoidably associated with men who were ever willing to treat him with liquor for the sake of his original and instructive conversation, and to witness his feats of impromptu verse-making. Had he possessed the least prudence or foresight, the produce of the poems, and the presents he now received, might have secured him a moderate competency for life; but, regardless of the intreaties and endeavours of friends, he riotously wasted his money among convivial companions, and seldom returned from book-vending excursions with a penny in his pocket.

It is difficult to say whether this poor man most deserves pity or blame. Whatever were his own natural weaknesses, he was evidently a victim of the vulgar admiration which has shipwrecked so many uneducated poets. For years he gleaned a subsistence by selling his books, both in the country and in the metropolis; but this precarious mode of life brought no consolation, and having glutted the market with his wares, he was fain to return to the occupation of a wool-comber at Bradford. His life was a chequered scene of labour one day and reckless conduct the next, till the event which led to his melancholy end. Fond of rambling over hill and dale, and communing with nature, he one night, in April 1843, in crossing the river Aire by means of stepping-stones, lost his footing, as is believed, and was swept down the stream. He was able to scramble to land, where he lay unnoticed, or at least unassisted, till he perished from cold and the apparent effects of apoplexy. He left a wife and eight children, for whose benefit the present volume of his poems has been laid before the public.*

* Poems by John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, with a sketch of his life and writings, by John James, author of the History of Bradford. London: Longman and Company. 1844.

We said that a moral might be drawn from the dismal fate of poor Nicholson, and it is this—that whatever be a man's attainments, or however influential be his friends, all will not compensate for the want of prudence, and particularly temperance; nor will anything whatever excuse the neglect of the first of natural duties, a regard for the well-being of the domestic hearth. Nicholson possessed a wonderful degree of taste and power of expression; his poetry abounds in beautiful descriptions of the scenes amidst which he delighted to wander. But what availed such gifts? His career was one of disappointment and wo—his death that of the veriest outcast. Committing first the error of deserting his profession for the uncertain products of a half-mendicant existence, he yielded to temptations which in his sober moments he despised. The mental anguish he appears to have sustained during these lucid intervals is well depicted in one of his poems, called 'Genius and Intemperance,' with a quotation from which we close the present notice:—

Oh! could I write that I myself could save
From this one curse, this sure untimely grave,
This endless want, that soon must stop my breath,
These flaming draughts, which bring the surest death,
Then should my Muse upon her wings advance,
And Genius triumph o'er Intemperance.
I know there's mirth, and there's a flash of joy,
When friends with friends a social hour employ,
When the full bowl is circled all around,
And not a single jarring string is found;
But truest wisdom of a young man's heart,
Is well to know the moment to depart.
Thousands of hopeful youths, who first begin
To mix with friends in this bewitching sin,
Soon lose their resolution—and what then?
Their privilege is gone to other men;
Their wealth has wasted, and the landlord, where
They seemed so happy with his social cheer,
When all is spent, and all resources o'er,
Soon kicks the starving wretches out of door.
I could employ my pen for weeks, for years
Write on this subject, wet it with my tears;
For spacious as the ocean is the scope;
For drinking drowns all genius, wealth, and hope,
Lays best of characters below the dust,
And fills connexions with a deep distrust.
But in weak verse the ills can ne'er be told—
Eternity alone can these unfold.
That I may know these ills, and stop in time,
Is my last wish, as thus I end the rhyme.

HEALTH—ITS LOSS AND PRESERVATION DEPEND ON DAILY CONDUCT.

[From Dr Combe's 'Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health.']

We are constantly meeting with anomalies in practical life, in the case of individuals little accustomed, when in health, to observe or to reflect on the influence of external circumstances and modes of living in disturbing the actions of the various animal functions, but at the same time easily and deeply impressed by all *extraordinary* occurrences affecting them. Thus, when any one is taken ill, his relatives or friends become extremely anxious to have his room properly ventilated; his body-clothes frequently changed and carefully aired; his food properly regulated in quantity and quality; his skin cleaned and refreshed; his mind amused and tranquillised; his sleep sound and undisturbed; and his body duly exercised. And they state, as the reason for all this care, and most justly, that pure air, cleanliness, attention to diet, cheerfulness, regular exercise, and sound sleep, are all highly conducive to health. And yet such is the inconsistency attendant on ignorance, that the patient is no sooner restored, than both he and his guardians are often found to become as careless and indifferent in regard to all the laws of health, as if these were entirely without influence, and their future breach or observance could in no way affect him! Just as if it were not better, by a rational exercise of judgment, to preserve health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then pay the penalty in suffering and danger, as an indispensable preliminary to its subsequent restoration!

One cause of such anomalous conduct is the dangerous and prevalent fallacy of supposing that, because glaring mischief does not *instantly* follow every breach of an organic law, no harm has been done. Thus, what is more common than to hear a dyspeptic invalid, who seeks to gratify his palate, affirm that vegetables, for example, or pastry, or puddings, do not disagree with him, as he ate them on such a day, and felt no inconvenience from them? and the same in regard to late hours, heated rooms, insufficient clothing, and all other sources of bad health, every one of which will, in like manner, be defended by some patient or other, on the ground that he experienced no injury from them on a *certain specified occasion*; while all, when the rule is not directly applied to themselves, will readily admit that, in the case of others, such things are, and *must* be, very hurtful.

Happy would it often be for suffering man could he see beforehand the modicum of punishment which his multiplied aberrations from the laws of physiology are sure to bring upon him. But as, in the great majority of instances, the breach of the law is limited in extent, and becomes serious only by the frequency of its repetition, so is the punishment gradual in its infliction, and slow in manifesting its accumulated effect; and this very gradation, and the distance of time at which the full effect is produced, are the reasons why man in his ignorance so often fails to trace the connection between his conduct in life and his broken health. But the connection subsists, although he does not regard it, and the accumulated consequences come upon him when he least expects them.

Thus, pure air is essential to the full enjoyment of health, and reason shows that every degree of vitiation must necessarily be *proportionally* hurtful, till we arrive at that degree at which, from its excess, the continuance of life becomes impossible. When we state this fact to a delicately constituted female, who is fond of frequenting heated rooms, or crowded parties, theatres, or churches, and call her attention to the hurtful consequences which she must inflict on herself by inhaling the vitiated air of such assemblies, her answer invariably is, that the closeness and heat are very disagreeable, but that they rarely injure *her:* by which she can only mean, that a single exposure to them does not always cause an illness serious enough to send her to bed, or excite acute pain; although both results are admitted sometimes to have followed. An intelligent observer, however, has no difficulty in perceiving that they *do* hurt her, and that although the effect of each exposure to their influence is so gradual as not to arrest attention, it is not the less progressive and influential in producing and maintaining that general delicacy of health by which she is characterised, and from which no medical treatment can relieve her, so long as its causes are left in active operation. * *

Of the truth and practical value of the above doctrines, the author may be allowed to quote his own case, as an instructive example. In the autumn of 1831, he went to Italy in consequence of pulmonary disease; which, in January and February 1832, reduced him to such a state of debility as to leave no hope of his surviving the spring. Aware that his only chance lay in assisting nature to the utmost extent, by placing every function in the circumstances best fitted for its healthy performance, he acted habitually on the principle of yielding the strictest obedience to the physiological laws, and rendering every other object secondary to this. He did so, in the full assurance that, whether recovery followed or not, this was, at all events, the most certain way to secure the greatest bodily ease, and the most perfect mental tranquillity compatible with his situation. The result was in the highest degree satisfactory. From being obliged to pause twice in getting out of bed, a slow but progressive improvement took place, and by long and steady perseverance, continued till, at the end

of two or three months, he was able to drive out and walk a little every day. From month to month thereafter the amendment was so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible; but, at the end of a longer period, the difference was striking enough. Thus encouraged, the author continued true to his own principles, and in resisting every temptation to which improving health exposed him; and the ultimate result has been, that every successive year, from 1832 up to the present time, 1841, has, with one or two exceptions, found him more healthy and vigorous than before, and that many of his professional friends, who long regarded his partial convalescence as destined to be of very brief duration, cannot yet refrain from an expression of surprise on observing it to be still perceptibly advancing at the end of ten years.

The author now publishes this example, both because —as an illustration of the advantages of acting in accordance with the laws of our nature—it is as instructive as any with which he is acquainted, and because it strikingly shows the gradual accumulation of almost imperceptible influences operating surely, though slowly, in restoring him to a degree of health and enjoyment which has richly repaid him for all its attendant privations. Had he not been fully aware of the gravity of his own situation, and, from previous knowledge of the admirable adaptation of the physiological laws to carry on the machinery of life, disposed to place implicit reliance on the superior advantages of fulfilling them, as the direct dictates of Divine Wisdom, he never would have been able to persevere in the course chalked out for him, with that ready and long-enduring regularity and cheerfulness which have contributed so much to their successful fulfilment and results. And, therefore, he feels himself entitled to call upon those who, impatient at the slowness of their progress, are apt, after a time, to disregard all restrictions, to take a sounder view of their true position, to make themselves acquainted with the real dictates of the organic laws, and, having done so, to yield them full, implicit, and persevering obedience, in the certain assurance that they will reap their reward in renewed health, if recovery be still possible; and, if not, that they will thereby obtain more peace of mind and bodily ease than by any other means which they can use.

From the preceding explanation of the slow but gradually increasing effect of both noxious and healthful influences on the human body, it is obvious, that while we cannot infer from a single application of a remedy or single fulfilment of a physiological law being unproductive of an instantly perceptible result, that it is therefore of no use; neither ought we to infer, that because a *single* excess of any kind does not produce a *direct* attack of disease, it is therefore necessarily harmless; for it is only when the noxious agent is very powerful, indeed, that its deleterious influence on the system becomes instantly sensible. In the great majority of situations to which man is exposed in social life, it is *the continued or the reiterated application of less powerful causes* which gradually, and often imperceptibly, unless to the vigilant eye, effects the change, and ruins the constitution before danger is dreamt of; and hence the great mass of human ailments is of slow growth and slow progress, and admits only of a slow cure; whereas those which are suddenly induced by violent causes are urgent in their nature and rapid in their course. And yet so little are we accustomed to trace diseased action to its true causes, and to distinguish between the essential and the accidental in the list of consequences, that, as already observed, if no glaring mischief has followed any particular practice within at most twenty-four hours, nine out of ten individuals will be found to have come to the conclusion that it is perfectly harmless, even where it is capable of demonstration that the reverse is the fact.

The benevolence and wisdom of this arrangement are very conspicuous. There are many casual influences, from the agency of which man will never be able entirely to protect himself. If they are speedily withdrawn from him, the slight disorder which they produce quickly ceases, and health remains essentially undisturbed. But, if they be left in operation for a considerable length of time, the derangement which they excite gradually and slowly increases, till at last a state of disease becomes established, which requires an equally long or longer period, and a steady observance of the laws of health, for its removal.

[The present seems a proper opportunity for informing our readers, that Dr Combe's Physiology is now published in a People's Edition (Maclauchlan and Stewart, Edinburgh) at a third of its former cost, so as to be within the reach of a much larger portion of the community than have yet availed themselves of it. This cheap edition is the *twelfth* in nine years, a strong proof of the value which the public has placed upon the work, and we observe that thirty thousand copies have been sold in America. It is no extravagance to say, that the sound unostentatious wisdom of this book, the interesting manner in which it impresses the importance of attention to the organic laws of our being, and the singular lucidity and simplicity of the author's language and ideas, all combine to render it one of the most remarkable literary productions of our age. It should be read and studied, and made a practical guide, *by all:* the poorest man, as well as the richest, ought, if possible, to possess it. The numbers who have profited by the book must be pleased to learn what the author tells of his personal history in the above extract. So the case really is, that this gifted man has written his *Physiology*, his work on *Dietetics*—scarcely less valuable —and an admirable practical manual for mothers on the *Management of Infancy*, entirely out of the relics of a constitutional strength which twelve years ago seemed on the point of extinction, but has been saved and revived purely by attention to the organic laws. The thread is still a frail one; insomuch that the author has been obliged to spend some of the late winters in milder climes than ours; but, in common with thousands who have enjoyed the benefits of his writings, we shall hope that a few more years will see this changed, so that Dr Combe will not only have the satisfaction of seeing his present works going on to a vastly extended utility, but compose others by which he will confer new, and, if possible, still greater obligations upon his kind.]

ANECDOTES OF ENGLAND IN 1843.

[From the newspapers.]

'THE condition of the poor is a subject which, altogether irrespective of the poor-law and its collateral questions, must ever excite the attention of thinking men. Above all, it should in London, where the condition of the poor is most strikingly appalling. It appears, from the report of the proceedings at Marlborough Street police-office, that there is *an average number of fifty human beings, of all ages, who huddle together in the parks every night, having no other shelter than what is supplied by the trees and hollows of the embankment.* Of these, the majority are young girls, who have been seduced from the country by the soldiers, and turned loose on the world in all the destitution of friendless penury, and all the recklessness of early vice. This is truly horrible. Poor there must be everywhere. But that, within the precincts of wealth, gaiety, and fashion, nigh the regal grandeur of St James's, close on the palatial splendour of Bayswater, on the confines of the old and the new aristocratic quarters, in a district where the cautious refinement of modern design has abstained from erecting one single tenement for poverty, which seems, as it were, dedicated to the exclusive enjoyments of wealth —that *there* want, and famine, and disease, and vice, should stalk in all their kindred horrors, consuming body by body, soul by soul! It is, indeed, a monstrous state of things. Enjoyment, the most absolute that bodily ease, intellectual excitement, or the more innocent pleasures of sense, can supply to man's craving

brought in close contact with the most unmitigated misery! Wealth, from its bright saloons, laughing—an insolently heedless laugh—at the unknown words of want! Pleasure, cruelly but unconsciously mocking the pain that moans below! All contrary things jostling one another—all contrary, save the vice which tempts and the vice which is tempted!'—*Times, October.*

'Of the gross number of 155 prisoners tried at our recent county and city sessions, only six could read and write! All the rest could either do so only 'imperfectly,' or had not the least knowledge of reading. Neither is Gloucestershire singular in this pitiable exhibition of intense ignorance in that class from amongst whom our jails derive their too great population; for we find by our contemporary, the Bristol Times, the chaplain of the Taunton jail states that, during the last three years, no less than 360 prisoners had come under his notice who were as completely ignorant of Christianity as heathens. This is a picture of England in the nineteenth century. Here at our very doors, crawling about our streets, lanes, alleys, and roads, to beg or to steal, and filling our workhouses and jails, we have a population of hundreds of thousands who know nothing of God or religion, and who are not possessed of the commonest rudiments of education to remove the gross ignorance which envelopes them like a cloud, cuts them off from all association with their better-taught fellow-creatures, which almost necessitates that they shall beg or steal, or else not live; and which obscures their perceptions till they sink from poverty, and crime, and misery, into the grave, into which they fall without thinking, feeling, or believing that its gloomy portals admit them to an everlasting futurity, which this life was given them to prepare for!'—*Gloucester Journal, November.*

'Yesterday forenoon, a poor diseased and emaciated looking lad was wheeled to the police office on a hurley, regarding whom a somewhat painful tale has to be told. It appears that about six weeks ago he became affected with the prevailing trouble, influenza, and having no place to go to, he resorted, for shelter and rest, to an outhouse or shed attached to the cattle market in Gallowgate, where he has lain ever since imbedded amongst the straw, unchanged in garments, and unwashed in his person. It would appear that several persons in humble life knew of the poor creature's burrowing place, and, according to his own statement, he was fed pretty often with brose, bread, or turnips, and thus continued to keep soul and body together, though he was always too weak to get upon his legs. Notwithstanding, however, that a fellow-being had occupied this wretched bivouac for at least six weeks, and, during that time, encountered weather which made many shiver at the chimney-nook of ease, *none of those who knew his wretched plight ever once thought of informing the authorities, or representing his case at the poor's-house.* It was only, indeed, by accident that the policeman on the station heard of the circumstance, and had the unfortunate creature removed from his lair into the light of day. The name of this unfortunate is M'Callum, and his age twenty. For a time he was employed to work a horse and cart, and latterly picked up a few coppers in the market by herding cattle; but when trouble came, he had nothing for it, as he says, but to go in amongst the straw. It is likely that the mind must have become depressed as the body got weakened, otherwise it is scarcely possible to conceive how a human being could have been so long in the position described, without making some desperate attempt to make his sufferings known to the world. Now that it is known, he will be carefully tended till his recovery.'—*Glasgow Herald, November* 17.

'Late on Wednesday evening, intimation was received at the police office that a poor man, an hostler, generally known by the name of English Bill, had taken refuge in the course of the night in Mr Thorpe's stables, in West George Lane, and was believed to be in a dying state. Dr Easton promptly visited him, and recommended his removal from the stall in which he lay to the police office, where everything that kindness and skill could do to relieve suffering humanity was done for him, but he died at an early hour yesterday forenoon. There is too much reason to believe that *the death of this poor man* (who, we believe, had seen better days) *was caused by the want of the ordinary necessaries of life*; and it is most painful that such a state of things should exist in a community which considers itself both enlightened and charitable. Surely some effort should be made to procure a place where the pressing wants of such persons could be attended to, without the difficulty or delay at present experienced in getting them admitted into any of our public institutions.'—*Glasgow Herald, November* 24, (*a week after the above date*).

'For some weeks the surgeon of the Edinburgh police has been making investigations respecting young destitute persons that are prowling about the city; and the result of his inquiries has been, that some ten or twelve young persons are at present in Edinburgh, without father, or mother, or any relative to care for them, who spend their days in begging, and their nights sleeping in common stairs, or otherwise, as chance may direct. *Two of these were growing up in more than the ignorance of savage life*; they did not know if they ever had a father or mother—of whose fostering care they had certainly had no experience. It may be supposed that their ignorance on other points was equally extreme. The most distressing case, however, occurred on Tuesday. A young girl, about eleven years of age, was found *in a virulent stage of the fever*, lying in a small room in a common stair, at the head of the Canongate, *without a friend or attendant to look after her.* She had previously subsisted by begging; but being attacked by the prevalent disease, she crept into this empty closet, where the inhabitants of the stair (with the filthy habits which have long been the reproach of Scotland) had been accustomed to empty their ashes, &c., instead of carrying them to the street. In this place she remained from the Friday to the Tuesday, without attendance of any kind, and without any supply either of food or water; *some of the neighbours actually throwing their ashes upon her person.* She was, however, noticed by some of the more humane neighbours, who gave information to the police; and Dr Tait being sent for, had her removed to the Infirmary, where she now remains. She is, we understand, an interesting child, but is altogether destitute of any relations.'—*Scotsman* (*Edinburgh newspaper*), *November* 25, (*the day after the above date*).

SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY OF A LABOURER.

The following interesting case of successful industry is furnished by a correspondent to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England:—In passing through Norfolk lately, I met with such a remarkable and pleasing instance of successful industry, that I think the particulars may interest the members of the Royal Agricultural Society. Edmond Chaney, of Carlton Rode, 11 miles south-east of Norwich, aged 49 years, was brought home to his parish, about 20 years ago, with a family of six children. The overseers granted him an allowance of 2s. 6d. per week, and supplied him with a wheelbarrow, desiring him to try to find employment in wheeling out marl from the pit to the land. He obtained work of this sort from a farmer in a neighbouring parish, who, finding him a sensible and industrious man, kindly lent him money to buy a donkey, and afterwards a pony, which he repaid from the produce of his labour. Some time afterwards, by the advice and assistance of the same kind friend, he engaged to rent four acres of land belonging to the parish in which he was settled. This undertaking proving successful, he hired 24 acres more nine years ago last Michaelmas. Two years later he engaged 23 acres more—14 of arable and 9 of fen land—with a dwelling-house and buildings; the following year 22 acres more; and he has recently added another 24 acres to his occupation; making in all 93 acres, the 4 acres belonging to the parish having been taken from him when he hired the other land.

In order to stock these different parcels of land, he was

of course under the necessity of borrowing money; but by industry and good management he has been enabled to pay it off, and is now free of the world. To make his history still more remarkable, he has brought up a family of 14 children, and buried two others.

The circumstances of the case, as I heard them related, appeared to me so extraordinary, that I was induced to go over to Carlton to see the land, and to inquire into the system pursued with such admirable results. I found that Chaney has two sons grown up and married, who work for him as day-labourers, and three unmarried, who also work for him. In addition, he sometimes employs two or three other hands. He has five working horses, besides a brood mare and foal; nine breeding sows and a boar, five milk cows, and nine young cattle of different ages. I did not see any sheep. I could not find that he adopts any regular system of cropping; but the appearance of his crops bore testimony to the high condition of the land, though originally, I was informed, of inferior quality. The great secret of his good management and extraordinary success seems to be in a very liberal application of manure and of labour to improving the soil. He told me that he never sells any barley, peas, or beans, but devotes his whole growth of these to the feeding of stock, chiefly hogs, of which he fattens a great number. The particulars of this case are so extraordinary, that I should scarcely have given credit to them, had I not verified them on the spot. They appear to me to furnish a proof as remarkable as it is delightful, of the benefit of high farming. Rent of the 24 acres originally taken, 20s. per acre. Rent afterwards raised to 22s. and 24s. Rent of land subsequently taken, 40s.

Weekly Chit-Chat.

The Reformed Crows.—The following piece of drollery is found in a late Illinois newspaper:—'Colonel B—— has one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About one hundred acres of it are now covered with waving corn. When it came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral; and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field. The blacklegs came and partook with their usual relish, and, as usual, they were pretty well *corned;* and such a cooing and cackling—such strutting and staggering! When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and their zig-zag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit, which happened to be sober, they united, at the top of their voices, in haw-haw-hawing, and shouting either praises or curses of alcohol; it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason. But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, lest it should contain the accursed thing, while they went and pulled up the corn of his neighbours. They have too much respect for their character, black as they are, again to be found drunk.'

Railway Charges.—Railway companies, from the general want of tact in their directors, are yet far from meeting the public wants. They do not seem to be aware that while a thousand persons desirous of travelling can spare ten shillings, a hundred thousand can spare five shillings, and so on in proportion—the lower the fare, the much greater increase in the number who would travel. This may be well exemplified in our own publication. At its present price of three-halfpence, it has sixty thousand purchasers: were the price raised to threepence, it would get only seven or eight thousand purchasers, if so many: if raised to fourpence, its circulation would probably sink to a thousand, and then it would not be worth anybody's while to issue it. How long it is before public bodies of traffickers can take lessons from facts so obvious to private comprehension! A universal lowering of railway fares is earnestly demanded by the public. A late writer on the subject observes—'What astonishes us most in the present management of railways, is the indisposition to meet the public in the adoption of low fares—a plan which, we are more than ever convinced, would prove of incalculable advantage to those lines that would fearlessly adopt it. A penny-wise policy induced the directors of the Hull and Selby Railway to raise their fares, particularly the third class; and what has been the result?—a falling off of passengers, inconvenience to the public, diminished revenue, and then a return to former rates, when they find their exorbitant demands will not pay them for the capital expended.'

Southey's Epitaph.—The following lines, for inscription on a monument to Mr Southey in the church of Crosthwaite, have been furnished by Mr Wordsworth, poet-laureate:—

'Ye torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes wherein the spirit of water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own:
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal;
Or fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith
In his pure soul the fear of change and death.'

The Line of Literature.—The reason why the periodicals have all arranged themselves along the line of Fleet Street and the Strand, is merely one of convenience. To establish an office for a newspaper in any other district of the metropolis, would argue very great ignorance on the part of the publisher or proprietor. This alone, without some irresistible attraction or extraordinary merit to overcome the obstruction, would be sufficient to nip the young flower in the bud. The newsmen, in collecting their daily supply of literary ware, run along the line of literature, and pick up dozens or half-dozens, or even single numbers of periodicals, within a line of about one mile in length. Even this is too long for many; and a literary square or market would reduce the trudgery of the trade considerably; but to be compelled to diverge from this line into any other as long as itself—to run from Fleet Street to Holborn, and from thence to Oxford Street or Regent Street, to collect two or three copies of different periodicals—would scarcely repay a common mendicant for the risk and the labour, even supposing he got his shoes for nothing, which, however, needs no supposition at all. Every periodical, therefore, either establishes its office in Fleet Street or the Strand, or in some street that branches off from them, as the two parent stocks—the father and the mother of English periodical literature. I should say that Fleet Street, being the oldest of the two, and within the city of London, is the male parent. The Strand, being the youngest, and within the city of Westminster, may be entitled to the honoured name of mother, or *alma mater*. It is remarkable, too, that there is a city for each, and that these two cities unite where the two streets unite—at the venerable old gateway of Temple Bar. There are several streets, or rather lanes, which branch off from Fleet Street, but none of them are publishing lanes: they have not yet risen to that dignity: and such is the conservatism of the venders, as a class, that it would be almost dangerous to settle in one of them.—*'Walk from St Paul's,' in Family Herald.*

Duty of Old Age.—A material part of the duty of the aged consists in studying to be useful to the race who succeeds them. Here opens to them an extensive field, in which they may so employ themselves, as considerably to advance the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience; to instruct them in the proper conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour; and both by precept and example to form them to piety and virtue. Aged wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.—*Dr Blair.*

Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 6. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1844. Price 1½d.

'SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.'

'Save me from my friends, I can take care of my enemies,' was the exclamation of some one to whom it was suggested by circumstances which rendered it no paradox. It has since fixed itself in the popular mind, because occasions are perpetually occurring when men and causes appear in much more danger of being injured by their friends than by their enemies. It is indeed a most lamentable truth, that friends are more generally seen to be operative for evil than enemies, as if it were a law that that which is sweetest and best in this world should always carry in itself the greatest bitter. Respecting unfortunate princes, the remark has almost become an axiom. Laud and Strafford evidently did more to bring their master Charles I. to the block than Pym and Hampden. James II. lost his throne, not through the manly English opposition of his enemies the Whigs, but by those men who called themselves peculiarly his friends, the drivelling bigots who flattered him with their preachings of passive obedience, and changed their religion to please him. So was it also with Louis XVI. If he had had no friends within and without the country plotting for his restoration to a power which for the time was impossible, to all appearance he would have settled into a quiet limited monarch, and transmitted his crown to his children. He was not destroyed because there were enthusiastic republicans in his country, who were the enemies of his kingly function and person, but because there were extravagant ultra-monarchists who would not be corrected out of the ideas of a former age, and were so absorbed in their attachment to his single person, that they had no sympathy for the millions placed under him. Even French republicanism itself was allowed to be destroyed, not by its enemies, but by its friends, and not by the most lukewarm of these, but by the hottest. Robespierre, Marat, Barrere, the most enthusiastic of its lovers, the men who would have sacrificed anything for it, these were the men whom Providence appointed to make it odious for a series of ages in the eyes of mankind, by its frenzies, its heartlessness, and its immeasurable thirst for blood.

Take any great *cause* of modern times, and it will be found that its greatest difficulties and dangers are from those who esteem themselves as most peculiarly its friends. To contend against a great majority, to struggle with powerful prejudices and interests serried on the other side, to wait for the slow progress of truth in converting men's minds, these are easily submitted to: they are the common fate of all aspiring causes. And in all these contentions with what is declaredly inimical, there is elicited an active and cheerful spirit well calculated to carry the rational votary over all sense of hardship. But very different is it to see the noble prospects in view dashed by a few hot-heads, who love the cause not wisely, but too well. Often will one rashly spoken word from these men undo all the good that has been done by the multitude of the judicious. Their inconsiderate proceedings in general form the very bane of the cause. Yet all the time, they usually consider themselves as the only honest, consistent, efficacious persons in the whole fraternity. Those who pause for combined movements, they regard as indifferent and obstructive. In the partial compromise of opinion which must attend all union, they see only dereliction of principle. They neither can wait for a good time, nor stoop to take advantage of ordinary maxims of policy. If the thing cannot be carried exactly in the way they wish, and in the form and to the extent of their wishes, all is to them naught. In fact, these heady co-sociates, who think themselves the only true friends of the cause, are simply the men of greatest self-esteem, obstinacy, and narrowness of judgment in the party—a class of unmovable and impracticable dolts, who attend all parties to their confusion and vexation, doing infinitely more daily damage, and occasioning infinitely more peril, than could be produced by enemies ten times more powerful.

It is very curious to find the same principle operating to a large extent in the scientific world. Mr N. A. Vigors, in a paper on the classification of birds, makes the following remarks on the great Swedish naturalist, his friends and enemies:—'It has been his [Linnæus's] fate, in common with every exalted character who may be considered the founder of a school in science or philosophy, to have suffered more by the injudicious zeal and overweening partiality of his professed supporters, than from the undisguised attacks of those who would raise themselves upon his subversion. The former, regardless of the state of this department of nature [ornithology] at the period when he undertook to arrange it, and forgetting that the first efforts, even of his great mind, in reducing his subject into order, were necessarily but the rudiments of the science; mistaking, in fact, the foundation of his system for its perfect consummation, and thus making the grasp of the infant Hercules the measure of the powers of his manhood; these his injudicious supporters, I repeat, adhering solely to the letter of his works, but unmindful of their spirit, have palmed upon him a confined and restrictive code of arrangement, as foreign from the enlarged views of his own enlightened mind, as from the disposition of that Nature of which he was so faithful an interpreter. What was intended to have been applied to her works on a general and expanded scale, they would apply upon the minutest; they would make that system which they wish to uphold a universal and unalterable standard for the adjudication of every object that may be referred to it, however great or however contracted may be its dimensions. They would preserve this system, in short,

as it came from their master's hands, unenlarged and undiminished; admitting no increase to suit the increasing knowledge of the times, no modification to embrace the accumulating modifications of nature. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the adversaries of this great man should have rejected *in toto* a system which either their interest or inclination did not permit them to investigate, much less treat with justice, and which, thus modelled to their hands, they found unsuited to any practical purpose.'*

It was in the same way that the Aristotelian mode of reasoning, and Aristotle's philosophy in general, lost all repute amongst mankind. It passed through a period of intense worship; it had friends too enthusiastic, and who blinded themselves to all its obvious defects. They were able to keep it up for a time, for its sake rejecting what was better. But truth was victorious at last; and when it had fallen, men denied it the merits actually belonging to it, simply from disgust at the extravagant demands which had been made in its behalf. And this will ever be the case amongst mankind. The most that any great intellect can do, is to excogitate something considerably ahead of his own age. It is great for the time; but it cannot be ever great, seeing that the general ideas of men make progress, and that what was once an outpost in the backwoods, becomes at length a decayed city left in the rear of civilisation. But the friends of the idea—the school—cannot see this. It has been to them an authority and an idol for ages. Concentrating their attention upon it alone, they perceive not how the march of mind is passing it. They therefore worship on, after it has ceased to be a proper object of worship; their extravagant claims in its behalf continue—not a jot of its value will they abate—till at length they and it sink together in universal ridicule and contempt. In fact, the adherents of all great ideas are different men at different times. Such ideas are taken up at the first by the active and enterprising intellects, who care not for authority when their reason is satisfied. Latterly, they are clung to by the timid and the stupid, who cannot stand for a moment without the support of authority; while the class of minds, such as first adopted them, are gone on far in the van in pursuit of something newer and better. All these ideas, nevertheless, are entitled to a respectable place in the history of mental progress. They served an end in their day, and the origination of them was a meritorious act. And such a place would they generally have, with not a voice raised in detraction from their credit, were it not that they have previously been made a hissing, if not a curse, to mankind, by their injudicious friends.

We see this principle largely developed in private life; and it must ever be so, while it is so much more easy to be partial than to be wise, and while partiality is so apt to overset wisdom. The unfortunate property of a friend is, that his feeling is exclusive: he sees nothing which tells against the object of his attachment, and admits no limit to what may be compassed by his abilities. He is sanguine for him, when he would not be sanguine for himself; and excuses him, where he would condemn himself with the greatest severity. If a relationship of a tender kind exist between the parties, the danger is all the greater. How often is a really promising youth ruined because his friends have thought too well of him, and done too much for him! Compared with this evil, the utmost efforts of declared or even secret enemies would be as nothing; for, from the nature of things, such efforts can rarely be of much avail in any circumstances. But the dangers from a friend who would make us aspire to that for which we are unfit, who would send us every hour of our lives into false positions from an overweening zeal for our interest, and whose flattering counsels tend to sap away every inclination to those exertions and self-denyings from which alone any good can be expected, these are indeed dangers! They are the greater dangers, that they are usually the first which we encounter in life, and that they occur when we have least fear and most self-confidence. Happy is he who, meeting such dangers, contrives to get over them without utter shipwreck.

Another of the penalties which we seem bound to pay for the happiness of having friends, is, that we must listen to all that their candour and anxiety for our welfare induce them to say to us. To commit occasional imprudences and absurdities, to make false moves in the business of life, to say things which we ought to have kept in eternal silence, are the lot of the wisest; for to err is human. Generally, we never hear a word upon the subject from the polite world. I must do the polite world the justice to say, that I never heard an allusion from it to any error I ever committed. The heart becomes conscious of these errors itself; it confers with itself upon them, confesses the wrong, and forms sincere resolutions of amendment for the future. If now left to ourselves, all would be right. But how often does it happen that, just at this crisis, comes in a friend—perhaps one with a very tender claim upon our bosom's best feelings—eager for our interest, deeply, cordially anxious to see us all that we ought to be—and opens a lecture upon our guilt, prefaced by ten thousand caveats as to good intentions and the duty of a friend; or perhaps, what is far worse, makes only a number of faint and delicate, yet significant general allusions to our criminality, which we cannot take up with any view to self-defence; and thus, by galling us about that for which our own conscience already sufficiently upbraids us, sends our feelings off in perhaps quite the opposite channel, and undoes all the good that penitence had effected, besides leaving a deep and abiding sense of mortification! Nor is this all; for, few natures being quite angelic, it is scarcely possible to help feeling some anger at the author of the humiliation—and

> ——'to be wroth with one we love,
> Doth work like madness in the brain.'

It is thus that we often find our greatest vexations arise from what appear our greatest blessings, and have occasion to say, with bitterness of spirit, 'I care not for my enemies, but—save me from my friends!'

Who would be without friends? Who does not believe that friendship is one of the main cordials designed to support us through this varied scene? Yet who has not to recollect that many great errors of his life have been prompted by friends? Who has not to reflect with bitter regret that from the mouths of friends have proceeded nearly all the disagreeable, spirit-humiliating, unpalatable things that have ever been said to him? Well has it been observed, the shrub which bears the most beautiful of flowers is that which also bears the keenest of thorns.

* Transactions of the Linnæan Society, xiv. 515.

WASTE LAND—WHY NOT IMPROVED?

Were a mine of gold, of immense abundance, announced as discovered in Derbyshire, what a sensation it would create! Yet, speaking in simple earnest, and in the greatest soberness, the equivalent of such a mine may be said to exist in this country, ready to be dug, and to pour forth its treasures amongst us—presenting, too, such an employment for capital and labour together, as would fitly apply to our present universally acknowledged necessities. This mine lies in the unemployed soil of Great Britain and Ireland.

According to recent statistics, there are in these islands about twenty-six millions of acres under cultivation, a great proportion of which is far from having attained the maximum of modern culture; twenty-one millions in pastures either capable of being cultivated, or greatly improved as pasture; fifteen millions of wilds declared 'capable of improvement,' according to the general understanding upon this head; and the remainder, amounting to fifteen or seventeen millions,

considered as 'incapable of improvement,' though, as will hereafter be shown, susceptible of profitable amelioration. Thus, of the seventy-eight millions of acres which constitute the surface of our empire, it may be safely asserted, that less than one-third is under proper cultivation; and that the remaining two-thirds form a mine of incalculable wealth, if the means suggested by modern science for its attainment were only adopted. Let us present a few illustrations of this obvious and important proposition.

In a little sketch in this Journal (No. 565), a *female farmer*, of remarkably economic habits, is represented as grubbing up all the unnecessary hedges, throwing down unnecessary walls, filling up and cropping over ponds and ditches, and turning over every foot of soil hitherto unused; and Lord Hatherton, at the recent Lichfield Agricultural Meeting (made memorable by the Premier's declaration in favour of leases), reports the practice of English farmers as beginning to be exactly coincident with that of our thrifty friend. A few years ago we might have gone further, and represented improvements as proceeding upon a much larger scale; for we happen to know an East Lothian tenant who is still running the remainder of his father's lease of a farm, the cultivated extent of which was raised from under five hundred to upwards of one thousand acres—the reclaimed acres being, at his father's entry, in stony knolls covered with whins and broom, or in swampy hollows unapproachable by the plough. Such opportunities as this are not now common in the Lowlands of Scotland, but they are still rife in England and Ireland, presenting most enviable fields for capital and enterprise, under a proper system of lease and security. We repeat *under a proper system of lease*, an opinion which the following extract from the Chester Chronicle most aptly corroborates:—'At an agricultural meeting the other day, the Duke of Cleveland said, that within three miles of the place where he had resided for the last nine years, was a waste, which had long been rented as a rabbit warren, and of course at a trivial rent. A spirited farmer acquainted with it applied to Sir William Welby, and said if he could have a lease for fourteen years, he would break it up, and bring the land into cultivation, his rent being allowed to remain the same as was paid by the warrener. The offer was accepted, and the farmer, being satisfied that the undertaking would ultimately repay him, entered upon it with spirit. In the fourth or fifth year after the warren was broken up, he (the Duke of Cleveland) saw this farm; and he could testify that it was bearing *the best crops in the county;* and last year, in the month of July, he again saw it, and would not wish to behold finer crops of wheat, barley, and oats, than those which he witnessed growing upon this very farm.' It is unnecessary for our purpose to state, that, for a lease of twenty-one years, the farmer agreed to build himself a suitable steading; we only mention this to show that the agriculturists of England are awakening to the importance of this subject.

We shall now advert to that large extent of land at present classed as meadow and marsh, or pasture; a more striking illustration of the capabilities of which we cannot bring forward than that furnished by the speech of Lord Stanley at the Liverpool Agricultural Meeting in October last:—'It is quite true,' said his lordship, 'that agriculture is not capable of that indefinite extension by which the manufacturing interest has astonished the world and itself; but it is equally true that agriculture is capable of great extension and improvement. The surface of the soil is limited, and its capacity also, but both in a much less degree than is generally supposed; and I speak with the greatest confidence when I say, that of the waste lands of this country, *a vast proportion* is capable of producing a large profit on a moderate outlay of capital; and, considering the condition of the country, and the rapidly-increasing population, it is not only our interest, but our bounden duty, to apply our best energies to ascertain how the soil can be rendered more capable of supporting the people.

The importance of thorough draining is generally admitted, but perhaps I may be permitted to state two or three facts, as practical results, which have come under my own observation, showing that what I am preaching I am to a certain extent practising. In the course of the last two or three years, we (I speak for my father as well as myself), on behalf of ourselves and our tenants, have put under ground nearly three millions of tiles; and why have we done so? Every month that passes over my head convinces me, that so far from having done all that can be done, we have only made a beginning, and are only doing what it is our abundant interest to do. I shall state one instance of the practical returns from thorough scientific draining. In 1840, my father was about to enclose, in the park at Knowsley, a tract about eighty acres. Of these about twenty were strong clay, with a very retentive subsoil, and the remaining sixty I remember from my childhood as the favourite haunt of snipes and wild ducks, and never saw there anything else. In the course of the first year the sixty acres maintained, and that very poorly, during the summer, six horses; and on the twenty acres there was a very small crop of very poor hay. It was impossible for land to be in a poorer condition; and, on breaking it up, they had two or three times to dig the plough-horses out of the bog. In 1841, the whole of this was thoroughly subsoiled and drained; and in 1842, what was not worth 10s. an acre the year before, was in turnips; and on that land we fed off in five months, and fattened for the butcher, eighty beasts and three hundred sheep, and afterwards carted into the farm-yard three hundred and fifty tons of turnips! This year we have a very fair crop of barley and oats, and I do not hesitate to say that that land is at present worth 30s. an acre. The outlay upon it, for pulling up old fences, thorough draining, tiling, and breaking up, amounted to £7, 10s. per statute acre, giving just 20s. for every 30s. of outlay; and thus giving even to the landlord a permanent interest of nearly 14 per cent. on the money laid out on that most unpromising ground.

It happened that in the same year we took into our hands a large field of 22 acres of very poor sandy soil, abandoned by the tenant as perfectly worthless. It was drained at an expense of £2 per statute acre; and in the first year we fed off on that land a hundred and twenty sheep, the remaining part of the turnips being carted into the farm-yard; and I venture to say, that at an expense of £2 per acre, this land is increased in permanent annual value 10s. per acre to the landlord and 10s. to the tenant.

I might mention many instances of the same kind, but it is unnecessary. Over and over again I have heard tenants declare that their land has been doubled in value by thorough draining. I know instances where the result of the past year's draining has been on an increase of ten, twenty, or thirty bushels of wheat the large acre; and taking the increase at 7s. the bushel, I will leave you to calculate the profits, the expense in no case exceeding £15 or £16 the acre.'

In addition to all this, Lord Stanley remarks, 'By thoroughly draining the land, we might accelerate the harvest by ten days or a fortnight every year; and in this variable climate, so subject to cold and blight, this is a matter of the utmost consequence. I also know of instances in which, last spring, farmers who had their lands well drained were able to begin ploughing ten days, a fortnight, and even three weeks before their neighbours could venture to put a horse upon the ground.' Another speaker stated that thorough draining raised the temperature of the land between four and five degrees; and this is very important, not only as to the richness of the crop, but also in ripening it.—These results of actual experience so far exceed what we had assumed as theoretically possible, that we shall not add one word of comment, as it would only weaken facts

which must bring conviction to the commonest understanding.

Again, as to waste land, the reports in the New Statistical Account of Scotland indicate a steady and progressive improvement of these in that country; and surely much more might be done with the more hopeful soil, and under the more genial climate of England and Ireland. In Scotland, the amount of waste is computed at fourteen millions of acres, eight millions of which are reckoned of doubtful improvement; while England has only four millions of acres of improvable wastes, with a like amount of a doubtful character; and Ireland five millions of acres of the former, and three of the latter description. But the terms 'susceptible of improvement,' and 'of doubtful improvement,' are merely comparative; and land which, forty years ago, was looked upon as hopeless and good-for-nothing, is now waving with the most luxuriant harvests. Numerous examples might be cited in Scotland, where the rental of parishes has increased fourfold since the beginning of the present century by the reclaiming of wastes, and where lands which did not yield one farthing to their owner, now return him a rental of from L.1 to L.2, 10s. an acre. But distinctive facts may be more convincing than general assertions. In the parish of Peterhead, one of the most exposed parts in the mainland of Scotland, there is an elevation called the Black Hill, of which Alexander Low, of Berwickshire, an experienced valuator of the last century, had pronounced as follows:—'This hill is very worthless, and bids defiance to the plough for improvement.' 'The hill,' says the present Statistical Account, 'is now nearly all under a regular system of cultivation, and yields crops nearly equal to the former cultivated land in the neighbourhood;' thus, in a single instance, adding four hundred and seven acres, which a land valuer had declared useless, to the cultivation of the kingdom, and at least L.2400 to its annual revenue. Draining, trenching, and shelter, have been the means employed in this instance.

Another case in point appears in the account of the parish of Fyvie, also in the north of Aberdeenshire:—'Vast, indeed, have been the improvements made within the last twenty years in the reclaiming of waste, and draining of wet lands. These improvements have been carried on by almost every farmer; but the principal have been the result of the exertions of a number of poor families, located on various pendicles of what was once a vast and unproductive surface of moor and moss. An extensive colony of these are in our immediate neighbourhood, and we have had many opportunities of witnessing their exertions. The parents of twenty-nine families, containing one hundred and fifty-six individuals, who would otherwise have been held down in the most abject poverty, or been eventually thrown as burdens upon their respective parishes, have been enabled to bring up their families in comparative comfort, and to look forward to comparative independence, under the approaching infirmities of age.' Here, again, must be added from two to three thousand pounds to the annual revenue from the land, in addition to the provision supplied for so many families, and the beauty and amenity conferred on the country and climate.

Our last statement respecting the cultivation of wastes relates to England. Many of our readers must have heard of the Chat Moss, lying between Liverpool and Manchester. It was, a very few years ago, a large tract of flat, wet, and very barren moor; so poor, indeed, as scarcely to yield subsistence to a moorfowl. In 1833 the writer of this was driven through it on the railroad, and it was then still under the hands of the drainage contractor, a Scotchman, who had as yet made but very slight progress, no part of the moor being (as far as visible from the railroad) then under crop. A respectable journal of November 1843 contains the following announcement:—'*Extraordinary produce.*—On three and one quarter acres on Chat Moss, near Manchester, and only reclaimed some three or four years ago, there have been dug up this season 595 loads of potatoes, of 252 pounds each, equal to 67½ tons, and worth fully L.2, 14s. per ton. The land is under the superintendence of the guardians of the Manchester Union.' And, it may be added, has been the means of giving employment to many paupers who would otherwise, as in similar cases, have been to be supported in idleness—the blessings of reclamation being thus ever twofold. As to the produce, the weight of the crop appears to have been within a few pounds of 68 tons; and at the price stated, would yield upwards of L.183, or more than L.56 per acre.

The landlords in Ireland, having proved themselves generally unequal to the cultivation of their waste lands, at the same time that they manage their other lands as badly as possible, a number of individuals have formed themselves into 'a Society for the Improvement of Waste Lands in Ireland.' They *rent* such an extent as they deem suitable, or as their means admit, for ninety-nine years, and by arranging and colonising it, and caring for the tenants as the landlords ought to do, become a sort of assistant landlords; and even in this slow and anomalous manner are doing considerable good for the soil of Ireland. It seems as if English landlords, and even the proprietors of several species of land in Scotland, would also require to be so assisted. We can hardly conceive a company that in these times would produce more certain and satisfactory returns. All the mountainous districts of Scotland, in particular, are nearly in a state of nature; and a writer upon these subjects has very recently asked the question, Why should this be? We cannot discover any justifiable answer. There must be portions of them, and those of great extent, which, if sheltered, and drained, and cultivated, would produce more food for animals at least, would be infinitely improved in value at once to their owners and the country, and give immediate and permanent employment to a great and valuable population.

Here we expect to be charged with the folly of presuming that prices will always remain as they are, and make it worth the while of landowners to reclaim their wastes. We are not disposed to consider any such presumption as folly. Our belief is, that under any system of things there always will be a demand for rural produce to warrant the improvement of even the worst species of land that exists. At all events, we must take things as we find them. The produce of but a few years would more than repay all reasonable outlays on improvements. To the good work, then, of thorough and extensive reclamation. Drain, delve, fence, and shelter the waste and poorly-cultured lands in every possible way. Send away as many emigrants as you please to Canada, or any other country: the more who go, the greater will our number of customers be by and by; but do not let this, or any other crotchet about the competition of produce from beyond the Atlantic, divert the proprietor of peat-mosses and marshes from the great and assuredly profitable and patriotic task of land improvement, while he has the agreeable prospect of speedily doubling, if not quadrupling, his rental.

We have thus pointed out a mine of the greatest wealth, in which the population of these kingdoms is interested, and particularly the poor and industrious, and of which the produce can never decline in real value; for it is food—the foundation of society. Whoever could add but a tithe to the extent and profit of our trade in cotton or in woollen, or even to any of our minor manufactures, would be deemed a public benefactor. But the improvement that might be made in our agriculture would far exceed the gross produce of the most extensive manufacture, and support the people employed in it both more steadily and healthfully than manufactures have ever done. It is scarcely too much to say that, by shelter and draining, and the more careful cultivation which these would indicate, our country might be turned into a sort of 'Happy Valley,' its climate improved, its people increased to a large extent, yet fully clothed and fed; and the empire, of which they

form the heart, exceedingly enriched and strengthened. Let us think of these things steadily and systematically. The system need only be adopted to be profitable; and it has only to be proved profitable to become universal.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART III.

Poor Madeline! she had overrated her strength and powers of endurance; the nearer she drew to Paris the more nervous she became—the more unfitted for the task she had set herself. At one time she would order the postilions to double their speed, and the next direct them to go slower, for that she was distracted by the rapidity of movement. More than once she felt she had done foolishly in bringing her child with her. She entertained no idea of using him, as in a drama, to draw her husband back. She knew this to be equally mean as useless, and that nothing but *time* would restore him to himself and her.

As the carriage whirled through the streets of Paris, Madeline's heart beat so quickly, that she could hardly breathe: even the servants seemed too absorbed to note the strangeness of the motley city. Arthur had been some time asleep, and when the postilions drew up at the hotel, Mrs Mansfield felt completely paralysed; she could not move. Her blood, stagnant for a moment, rushed suddenly to her head, which swam and reeled; and although her maid assured the servants that her mistress was only suffering from fatigue, she feared she was dying.

But Madeline did not die; and when her bodily exhaustion had somewhat abated, she sought out her unhappy husband in the hotel to which he had gone with the worthless associate of his flight, and who now took her departure—fled, as vice must always do, at the approach of virtue.

What a change had a brief period of time made on the abased and wretched Mansfield! How worn, how broken-down he looked!—not as one from whom health fades gradually, not as one whom over-labour or over-anxiety works down from the healthful bright-eyed man to the bent and hollowed shadow of humanity, struggling with the toils and troubles of life, but struggling with an honest purpose and a clear conscience. Such a one may be bent and bowed to the earth, but he never can have the torn, and soiled, and haggard look that effaces God's image in the debauchée. They looked at each other until the silence was broken by Madeline, who endeavoured to draw his attention to the mere business portion of her mission; but this was impossible. He could not attend; he sank into a paroxysm of the deepest despair—reproached himself, reproached her—said he could have endured anything rather than the love she bore him—that it was a curse, a very poison. She heard all this; she heard it all, crushing her love closer and closer into her heart—assuming a coolness of counsel, so as to assure his mind, in its present mood, that it was business—the advantage both would derive in the end, the advantage their child would derive—which brought her there—not denying her affection, but never for a moment dwelling on it. She had not, as I have said, brought her little boy with her under the idea of his aiding in her project; she could not, in the state of her feelings, be without him; but now Mr Mansfield caught at the mention of the child, and inquired if he were in Paris. He became at once anxious to see him; he would go to him. Mere feelings or affections, however pure and kind they might be, could never have guided Madeline through the perils of this momentous day. Her husband's shivering despair, which made him firm in the belief that nothing could save him, the unmanly dread of investigating the debtor and creditor columns of his accounts, either morally or mercantilely—all these called for her strength—made her, while she trembled for *his* reason, exert her own. The vacillations of the man of fashion, from whom the gilding is all worn off—the wit, whose arrows are no longer tipped with brilliants—the man, in fact, once so rich in all but *moral strength*, now poor in all things, was as tenderly beloved by his devoted wife as on the day, not when he led her to the altar (for the love of that day is more in poetry than in truth), but as when she placed their first-born in his arms; the same rich natural unsullied love hovered with angel wings above the wreck which, like the life-boat, she was just in time to save. The sight of his child subdued him altogether; and as the little fellow clung round his neck, the father burst into tears so rapid and violent, that his strong frame seemed hardly able to endure the shock. Anxiously did Madeline look for the lawyer's arrival with the necessary papers. She knew that if he came *then*, Mansfield would do everything she required; but she could not trust him from hour to hour. She judged of the present by the past. It was nearly night, and no lawyer had arrived. Subdued as her husband was by the emotions of the day, he became alarmingly excited, talked wildly and incoherently of his past experiences, and of what his future should be; then complained suddenly of the most racking pain in his head and temples; every sound distracted him, and he could endure no ray of light; then, in the midst of a fevered description of a favourite song, he paused, and in a voice of child-like confidence whispered, 'Let me lay my head upon your bosom, Madeline; there was its first peaceful repose, and there will be its last;' but there was no repose for a head tortured with distracting fever of the brain. About an hour afterwards, the lawyer arrived, to find the unhappy man in the wildest ravings. Before morning dawned, her husband had ceased to recognise her; and in his wanderings, the name of another was frequently mingled with her own. The physicians said weeks must pass before the patient had a chance of being able to attend to business of any kind, if——and they shook their heads—said his frame was debilitated, his constitution anything but strong; they hoped, but they also feared; they had never seen the disease under a worse form. It was useless for the man of business to wait; when needed, he would return. One thing it is necessary for the honour of human nature to record. When he arrived in London, and stated to the various persons whom it concerned the circumstances under which he had left Mr and Mrs Mansfield, they, with one single exception, expressed their determination to wait until Mrs Mansfield should be able to act *for them*, so convinced were they of her noble mind and high integrity. This compliment, when conveyed to her in the business-like letter of the solicitor, certainly made her heart beat more fervently, though she read it by the dim lamplight of a chamber, sick well nigh to death. The struggle between life and death, between reason and insanity, was such, that her very devotion to the sufferer would have tempted her to pray that he might be released, had it not been for the blessed faith which, the greater the peril, the wilder the storm, will of a surety go on increasing in the true believer—what causeth the feeble to cry to the grave for refuge, maketh the brave in faith to defy the grave. Thus it was with Madeline. The strength of the spirit withstood the tremor of the flesh. Shaken for a moment, as all Christians are at times—however oppressed, or worn, or weary, in the twilight, in the noon-day, in the dim midnight watches, even when she deemed him she loved in the valley of the shadow of death—*she never doubted!* Her worthy Uncle Oliver, much as he blamed, could not avoid following her to Paris, where he materially increased her discomfort, by his dislike to her husband; but nothing moved her from her duty.

At last the patient, whom Madeline had so watched and so prayed for, began to recover; his consciousness returned, and then he hung upon Madeline's words and Madeline's looks. His mind was even more feeble than his body. When he was able to endure an increase of

light in his room, he begged that the curtain might be withdrawn; while Madeline sat writing with noiseless pen by his side. Suddenly she looked up, and saw his eyes fixed upon her.

'Speak,' he said, 'speak, for I can hardly believe you are there.'

Madeline smiled—a smile which expressed more than mere mortal beauty ever could—and said a few fond words.

He passed his hand over her face, and then felt the arm, so thin and worn, that not a trace of its roundness remained. 'How changed,' he sighed—'how sadly changed; and it is all my work!' and he sobbed and cried, covering his face with his hands. But time passed, and was passing, and their affairs must be speedily arranged. The agitation might cause a relapse, a return of inflammation of the brain, and either destroy life or deprive her husband of reason. Still, he was much better, and she prepared him for his lawyer's presence. He came. But before his being in the hotel was known to Mansfield, he visited Uncle Oliver, who was laid up with a fit of the gout. While Madeline's husband slumbered in the easy chair, to which he had been removed, she went to her uncle's room, and found the old gentleman in a state of great excitement. As she entered, she heard such epithets as, 'the fool,' 'the idiot,' 'the senseless brainless fool.' 'It's of no use, Mr Bramwell,' quoth the old gentleman when Madeline stood by his side—'It's of no use; there is no such thing as a sensible woman—no such thing. One rushes into one extreme, like Mrs Smith; and the other, like Madeline—and yet, I tell you what it is, sir,' he continued, moving his gout stool with his stick—'I'll tell you what it is, it does not at all signify to such a woman as Madeline who she marries; it is sufficient that he is her husband—that is all, sir.'

'My dear uncle,' said Madeline.

'Here, again, she gets over me, sir, with her softness, and drives me mad with her resolution. Look at her; the shadow of herself—faded—fading; nearer death at this moment than him she has been watching over and praying for, as if he were a saint instead of a sinner.'

'A saint would not need my prayers,' replied Mrs Mansfield, parrying the old gentleman's bitterness.

'Pshaw,' persisted Uncle Oliver.

'Uncle!' interrupted Madeline.

'But, sir,' observed Mr Bramwell, 'do you not see that Mrs Mansfield's happiness consists in the sacrifices you deplore. She is like the angels—rejoicing over the one that repenteth; like the martyrs—glorying in her duty, as they did in their faith. Mr Mansfield will strengthen in her strength, and become a new creature: he will see the world as it is—he will.'

'He will do no such thing,' exclaimed bitter Uncle Oliver. 'When he does, I'll eat my crutch!'

'Remember your promise,' said Mr Bramwell, laughing. Uncle Oliver remained silent, and the lawyer resumed. 'As I was saying, such scenes as have passed between Smith and his wife make me bless my bachelor estate. A woman who cannot indulge her husband, ought not to live beyond five-and-thirty. We stiffen mightily in all things after we pass thirty. Don't you think so, sir?'

'No, sir; *I* do not,' said the testy Oliver. 'But I heard that Elizabeth had been spoken lightly of, and that Joseph, through her ill humours, had absolutely got a habit of drinking.'

'They say so,' observed the cautious lawyer.

Those who have not watched the fearful ravages of a disease such as Mr Mansfield encountered, are invariably shocked at the appearance of the convalescent; and while his friends, who have been with him day and night, think how much better he is, strangers believe him to be on the brink of the grave. The witty, high-spirited, handsome Mansfield—the man whose word established the reputation of a horse, the character of a tailor, the excellence of a new opera or a new novel, and whose bow, so slight, yet, when necessary, so impressive, was reported as 'the most elegant thing in the Park'—was now a worn, attenuated, panting skeleton, unable to think, but not to feel, tears rushing on the smallest occasion to his aching eyes; while his mind, reeling from over-wrought excitement and disease, could not rely upon itself. It was piteous, while he signed, and assigned, and did as Madeline requested, to hear his childlike intreaties that she would not wrong herself, that she would leave him to perish rather, that she would let things take their course; while she soothed and calmed him, fixed in her high-mindedness to pass most likely all the remainder of her days in comparative poverty, glorying in the feeling, that her practice and precept would, by God's blessing, give her such power over her son, that he would feel hereafter that the glory of an honest name was better than the glitter of dishonoured gold.

'Did you see her when her folly was completed?' whispered Uncle Oliver to Mr Bramwell. 'Did you ever see such a change in a human being? You would have thought she had just received, instead of just resigned, a fortune; while her husband was ya-ing and ha-ing, and wiping his eyes;' and then Uncle Oliver wiped his. 'To-morrow, as he is able to be moved, they leave the hotel and go to Versailles,' continued the old man. 'Ah, sir, she has sold every jewel she had in the world, and offered Lewis six months' wages to leave them; but the old fellow intreated to remain. Don't talk to me about the wickedness of human nature. Sir, I glory in human nature. There are specimens of it in all ranks of life, that should have temples built to them. Those who undervalue it do not deserve well of it; you may carry *that* as a conviction to your grave.'

'I believe you are right,' said Mr Bramwell.

'I am, sir; I am always right; and I am right in leaving Madeline for a time. It breaks my heart that I have not thousands to give her. I try her too much, and she has enough without me. I want to see after that fool Smith and his wife, and shall be in London a day or two after you.'

Madeline was now alone with her husband, suiting her expenditure to their narrow means, and rejoicing that she had been able to defray the expenses of his illness from a fund raised by the sale of her jewels. At first Mansfield's returning health brought back many of his old habits, and though he tried to restrain them, the very necessity for doing so produced an irritability of temper which would have worn out any human being less sweet than Madeline. It is certain that we are less grateful for large than for small sacrifices. If Mrs Mansfield had been content to think, 'I have given up a fortune to save and to reclaim him, and will do no more,' she would never have succeeded in reforming her husband. A great sacrifice is very frequently felt as a reproach, when a small one is considered a mark of affection. Once, and only once, he questioned her as to the events of the day when she visited his hotel. Certainly it would be easier for any woman to praise the exquisite delicacy and truth of her statement, than to follow her example; it is the passage in her life which has always been to me the most exalted.

Mansfield, abashed more by her heroism of the heart than by all her more business-like exertions or patient endurance, implored her forgiveness, and spoke of his being so degraded in such sinless eyes as hers with the simplicity of a child that makes confession at its mother's knee. And now, poor as they were, Madeline began to feel the reward of her forbearance. Never, in the days of his early love, had Mansfield evinced the same continuing tenderness, guarded by a watchfulness over himself, that he did now: he seemed to look upon her as a protecting angel. All unhealthy excitements being far from him, his mind, refined and polished, strengthened also. He was, like those of his peculiar temperament, much the creature of habit, and what he did to-day he wished to do to-morrow. His affairs had been at last skilfully managed, and he could not meet a man whom he need

have been ashamed to look in the face. Still, the idea of being called 'poor Mansfield' haunted his imagination so much, that Madeline had never hinted at their return to England, which she still fondly thought of as their home. Mansfield would have been much happier, had it not occurred to him so frequently as to retard his recovery, that his wife was hastening before him to another world; and certainly those who had known her a few months before, would hardly have recognised the outline of her former self. They had been inhaling the soft evening breeze, which does not bring, as with us, those heavy dews fraught with danger, now sauntering along a shaded alley, and then sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, when, just as they were seated, they heard a laugh from the path they had quitted, and immediately after the sound of English voices.

Mansfield grew at once red and then pale. 'It is really too bad,' he exclaimed; 'we must plunge farther into the depths of France to escape these perpetual intrusions.'

Madeline's colour was also heightened, but from a different cause—she thought she knew the female voice. 'How shall we retreat?' she said; 'we must pass them to get home.'

Mr Mansfield rose, and took hold of Arthur's hand. 'If we walk quickly,' he replied, 'we can pass the wood before they leave it.' But his calculation was wrong; a group of persons emerged from the shade as they reached the spot Mr Mansfield had spoken of.

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed the lady in a loud strange tone, 'there are the poor Mansfields!' and the same moment Mrs Mansfield's hand was grasped, and her cheek kissed, by Mrs Smith.

As well as Mr Mansfield's confusion and annoyance permitted him to observe, there were two ladies and two gentlemen of the party, one of whom was Mr Orepoint, who advanced and held out his hand to Mr Mansfield.

'Well,' continued Mrs Smith with more than her usual volubility, 'who could have fancied meeting you here, after all that we heard; but, Madeline, you were always an angel.' Then turning to Mansfield, she said, holding up her finger, 'Ah, you naughty boy! Indeed, you are such a naughty man, that I don't think I shall speak to you! You know I am not at all like my cousin?'

'I am quite aware of it,' said Mr Mansfield, bowing proudly.

'Not a bit. My goodness, how ill you both look! But no wonder, you have gone through so much. We drove down here to see the water-works, or fire-works, or whatever they are; but it's the wrong day, so we must come again.'

'And where is your husband?' inquired Madeline; while Mr Mansfield, having regained his self-possession, addressed a few words to Mr Orepoint.

Mrs Smith was disconcerted, and hurriedly replying that she had left her husband with a friend at the place where they dined, hastened away as the objects of her remark made their appearance.

'I beg your pardon,' said poor Smith, lifting his hat, for he did not recognise them immediately, and he looked stupidly wise while he spoke—'I beg your pardon; but have you seen my wife?'

Few words ever caused Mrs Mansfield a more acute pang than these. The kind, simple, absent, and thoughtless man, so completely, so entirely changed. There was a tipsiness about his dress and gestures—in the way his foot moved when he meant to stand still, as if it clawed the earth for support—in the careless rest of his hat, and the slothful sit of the stock and half-buttoned waistcoat. Absent and strange he had always been, but it used to be the absence of mind, not the presence of semi-intoxication.

'Do you not know me?' said Mr Mansfield.

'And me?' added Madeline.

He was, indeed, earnestly rejoiced to see them. 'I know you!' he repeated; 'to be sure I do, and have heard so much about you. Why, you were town-talk for a month; first abused, and then praised, and then forgotten.'

Mansfield turned away, and Smith continued.

'I would rather see you, Mrs Mansfield, than any living creature. You are the only one who can do anything with *her*. She is worse than ever. We separated—yes, that was it—and then it was made up by Uncle Oliver, and I agreed to bring her here for a treat; but we quarrelled all the way. And here we met Orepoint—and now she is as troublesome as ever. I cannot comprehend how our little disagreements grow into such feuds. Perhaps you could talk to her. But how very odd I am. I must go and console Mansfield, and tell him all the people said.'

'No,' interrupted the anxious wife, 'do not speak to him at all of the past; he cannot bear it.'

'Oh, very well—as you please,' answered Smith with an air of stupid astonishment; 'as you please. Not hear of the past; oh, very well, I'll take care to remember that. I remember, too, what you told me about clubs, and I told her of it; but she drove me there to get rid of me. That's a charming thing: a man marries to make his home comfortable, and then his wife drives him to the club!'

Mrs Mansfield could endure a great deal, but she could endure this no longer.

'Madeline,' said her husband, after they entered her apartment, 'I do not think I ever felt the fulness of what you have done for me until within the last hour. If you had been such a woman as your cousin, what should I have been now? How you have borne with me, and why, I cannot tell. I have been your bane, while you have been my blessing. The more evil I have done, the more watchful, and protecting, and fervent has been your love. He who sees and hears me, knows that I only think there is hope for my future, because of the glory with which *your* affection has encompassed me. I say, surely I must be reserved for some good purpose, or I could never have retained her love. May He, who gave me an angel as my guardian, make me in some degree worthy of her. Oh, if I could but obliterate from your memory my past neglect, my unfaithfulness, I should care for nothing else; for, in all the business transactions which you investigated, there was no dishonour!'

'Thank God,' replied Madeline, 'there was not, and I knew there would be none; and He also knows, that my love is as deep for you as ever.'

'I know that,' he replied; '*but your trust is gone.*'

She raised her eyes to his—eyes whose lustre had never been dimmed by the least wavering of untruth.

'*It is gone!*' he repeated passionately.

'It was gone, dear Mansfield,' she answered. '*It has returned;* it has been returning. Are not your feelings and sentiments changed? Have I not reason for confidence? Yes, my confidence is established.' And Mansfield believed her.

Mrs Mansfield never saw her unfortunate cousin after that night, though, in three weeks, she heard she was deserted by a man who lamed her husband for life in a duel in the Bois-de-Boulogne.

It is time this story were concluded; and yet how limited its space to describe the events of a life. I have, after all, made but a feeble sketch of Madeline; and though Uncle Oliver has not ate his crutch, he confesses he ought to have done so; for he has ceased to wish her to call her husband 'a rascal.'

Mr Mansfield had not been a year abroad, when an excellent appointment was offered him in one of the public offices. He shrunk from a London residence, fearing to meet cold eyes and distant bows from those who had revelled *with* and *in* his wealth. And Madeline—what said she? Why, she laughed, and said surely her husband jested; if such looked cold, *they* would look colder, and if a distant bow were given, not only *seem*, but *wish* to cut the giver. And she walked down the streets where once her carriage rolled—with the dignity

of a most honoured and honourable woman; and those who saw it were ashamed to call them 'the *poor* Mansfields' any longer—for self-dignity commands even a fool's deference. And by degrees, to the delight of the faithful Lewis, carriages drove up to their door, and she received the visitors as if they had parted but yesterday, yet declined their invitations as cheerfully as Mansfield had declined 'the club:' and then her son—if she had no other reward for her past endurance, his honour and his love might have been envied by the mother of the Gracchii; and his father loved him as dearly, and was as proud of him as she was, nay, *is;* and it is delightful to see how the young whom she knows honour her; how husbands point her to their wives, and mothers to their daughters; and even while all lament they cannot be like her, yet all *believe in her*, and still she is unconscious that she deserves either praise or admiration. For all that people talk about the impossibility of happiness with her husband after his past errors, she *is* happy; and she has made him—no, not as good—for, truth to say, that would be impossible—but her forbearance and uprightness in the time of need have made him what now deserves to be respected. Men's moral offences are written on sand, while women's are graven on steel; and 'the world,' particularly when it became known that Mr Mansfield had got 'a good situation,' seemed to think that, as Mrs Mansfield had been merciful, they ought to follow her example. They say also that she made him what he is, not by what the world calls 'talent' either—which, as a means of happiness, is so greatly overrated—but by a womanly tenderness of nature—by strong affection, a clear intellect, a Christian reading of her duty, and a determination, if it cost her her life, to perform that duty, the motto of which is—BEAR AND FORBEAR.

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

TOURS—METTRAY.

AT length at Tours—the beautiful Tours—the capital of ancient Touraine, and whose royal residence of Plessis every one has heard and formed an idea of, from the account given by Scott in his Quentin Durward. Tours may be called the great centre town on the Loire, as well as the mid station for travellers from England to the south of France. At present it is reached chiefly by the railway from Paris to Orleans, and the steamers down the river; but when a railway now forming from Orleans to Tours, by way of Blois, is completed, the conveyances on the Loire will be almost entirely abandoned, as they, indeed, deserve to be. With hopes raised of spending a few days in this interesting provincial capital, it was with no small pleasure that on one of the finest afternoons of the season we came in sight of the lofty towers of St Gatien, rising from the rich and level plain on the left or south bank of the river. Sweeping past a woody islet, and darting beneath a long and handsome stone-bridge of fifteen arches, our little steamer hauled up alongside the extended line of sloping quay in front of the town, and in a few minutes we were in the heart of Tours, at a hotel—the Faisan—in the Rue Royale, and, as it luckily proved, one of the best inns in this part of France.

We remained a week in Tours, looking about the town and its neighbourhood; for it is a place one cannot despatch in a day. The situation, to begin with, is not in the least picturesque, in which respect it is the reverse of that of Blois; yet it is all one could wish for a large town. Placed conveniently on a stretch of level country, with one side bearing on the river, and the other extending southwards in the direction of the Cher, only a mile or two distant, no inland town could be more favoured. Connected with the northern bank of the Loire by the bridge already noticed, a suburb of considerable size has extended in this direction, over the very beautiful vine-clad hill which lies facing both river and town. Tours is of great antiquity, having been a station of the Romans, who increased its size and means of defence; and, judging from an ancient semicircular arch still existing, in connexion with an island in the river, I should suppose they bridged the Loire at this point. The history of Tours is a type of history generally—a succession of conquests and oppressions. The Gauls were conquered by the Romans, who were conquered by the Visigoths, who were conquered by Clovis (506), whose conquest was wrested by the usurper Thibault de Blois (940), whose heirs were conquered by the counts of Anjou (1204). These, it will be recollected, were English princes, and they in their turn were expelled by the French monarch, since which time the town has not changed masters. Henry II. of England built a species of castle within the town, which still exists as a barrack for soldiers, and is one of the objects of antiquarian curiosity in the place. Under its successive superiors, including an archiepiscopate of no mean power, Tours spread and luxuriated in various styles of middle-age architecture; and, till the present day, few towns in France can exhibit so many curious edifices of an antique taste, though it will require both time and patience to look for them. Externally, and if we keep only to the main avenues, the town has to all appearance little ancient about it. The aspect is that of a modern and substantial town, built of good sandstone, well paved, respectable, and the seat of a busy and thriving population, amounting to thirty thousand in number. Another feature strikes the tourist at a glance—the variety of signboards in English: our old friends, 'spirits, porter, and ales; hair-dressing; wines, soap, and candles; blacking; umbrellas;' and fifty other phrases equally significant, here start into existence. Of course we accept their appearance as an undoubted token of the residence of English in the town and its environs, and who, as I understand, number about five or six hundred. For the further accommodation of this numerous body there are at present two English chapels, in one of which we had the satisfaction of forming part of a congregation of nearly two hundred individuals, on the Sunday during our stay.

Tours, from the general amenity of its climate, and the respectable tone of its society, is evidently well suited as a resort for the class of migratory English who occasionally reside abroad. Yet, with the extravagances and gaieties in which it is almost a fashion to indulge, I should doubt if a residence here were advisable to those who incline to study economy in their style of living. That the town, however, possesses many pleasing traits of character, is undeniable. With the principal streets laid out at right angles, and a grand rue—the Rue Royale—running for a mile southwards from the bridge, and with these streets liberally accommodated with trottoirs for foot-passengers, the traveller may well hold up his hands in admiration when he visits Tours. There is room for praise as well as admiration. The improvements of Tours are all owing to the zeal and good taste of its mayor, M. Walwein; and we have here another striking proof of what can be done, even in untoward circumstances, by the perseverance of a single individual. Under his direction, as I am informed by a local guide, the public walks have been extended and improved, footpaths have been made and paved, gutters removed from the middle to the sides of the streets, new thoroughfares opened, and public edifices constructed. A handsome *place*, or square, at the north end of the Rue Royale, facing the bridge, has been lately balanced by an elegant open place at the southern

extremity; and here is just finished a large edifice of Grecian architecture designed for the courts of justice, gendarmerie, and prison of the department. I went to visit this structure while the workmen were still employed upon it, and found that the cell part of the prison was constructed precisely on the plan of Pentonville, and therefore for the solitary confinement of criminals. Thus, the evil done by a bad arrangement in England is not confined to that country, but is copied as something meritorious by a foreign nation.

We spent, as I have said, a Sunday in the town, and had therefore an opportunity of seeing it in its holiday dress. The day was a fête of some kind, and hence there was a more than usual degree of recreation. After the morning service in the churches, the streets became crowded with hundreds of country men and women, the latter in their fanciful Touraine costume, and all neat, clean, simple-looking, and orderly. The public walks, environed with trees, near the bridge were lined with booths of goods of many sorts for sale, and the spacious *place* adjoining was well garnished with shows, in front of which mountebanks tumbled and gamboled about, to the vast admiration of the dense crowds who came to witness their buffooneries. In our walk through the fair, as I must call it, I was struck with the appearance of a lonely little show at one corner of the square, which was very much overcrowed and snubbed out of countenance by the superior attractions of some great shows beside it. Nor was it a show of the ordinary *spectacle* class, but one purporting to be an exhibition of snakes which could be twisted into knots, and tied round men's necks like a boa. It seemed no easy matter for this little show to bear up against the clang of music from the tumbling show on its right, and, in desperation, its solitary outside performer kept up an incessant beating on a drum. Yet this beating was not altogether voluntary. The drummer was a slender and swarthy girl, in a fantastic and tawdry dress, and the poor creature was evidently under the immediate and terrific control of a species of ogress, who acted as money-taker, and was probably the wife of the exhibitor within. Frequently did we turn our steps towards this little show, to see how it was getting on in the struggle, and on every occasion did we observe that *la tambourinère* was at her post, fighting away as in a paroxysm between death and life on her small brass drum. At length, at one of our rounds, when it was pretty far on in the afternoon, to our surprise the drummer all at once stopped in her mad career. She threw down the drumsticks; not another beat would she give on the noisy engine before her. The passion of the ogress was instantly roused by this flagrant instance of insubordination; but it was all of no use; the poor girl folded her arms—the drum, the show, snakes, and all, might go to the bottom of the Loire for anything she cared; not another rattle would she give; the ogress might do as she liked. Amidst the storm of French uttered by the savage mistress of the establishment, one could only hear the word *pourquoi?* and to this the ill-used slave of the drum at last replied; her 'opening speech' being one of the finest pieces of natural eloquence, both in language and gesture, to which it has been my fortune to be a spectator. Her indignant answer to her superior disclosed the touching appeal—that she was dying from hunger. 'Here,' said she, 'have I been exerting myself in your service all day long, and food have I not tasted for many hours. I am tired. I can drum no more; and I defy you to compel me. Unless you give me something to eat, I shall resist your tyranny.' The appeal, I am glad for the poor girl's sake, had its proper effect. The ogress put into her hands a sous—a single halfpenny—but it was enough. The starved *tambourinère* darted off through the crowd, threading her way amid the stalls, till she came to one, a kind of vagrant restaurant, where she had the happiness of purchasing a handful of frizzled potatoes, with which she regaled herself in returning to her duties. Nor was she long in ascending to her platform. Inspired with her humble meal, she recommenced her occupation, and we left her performing on her drum with renewed vigour and animation.

Besides a public museum, which was crowded with visitors in the latter part of Sunday, Tours possesses some other objects of attraction, including several interesting ecclesiastical structures of old date. The cathedral of St Gatien, in the eastern part of the town, a fine specimen of the florid Gothic, finished in 1510, is grand and imposing, with some fine old painted glass windows, and lofty turrets, whence a prospect of great loveliness, towards the union of the Loire and Cher, is to be obtained. But there are relics of a cathedral in Tours considerably more ancient. These are two tall and bulky towers standing awkwardly apart on opposite sides of a street called the Rue St Martin, and are all that remain of the once celebrated and richly-endowed cathedral of St Martin of Tours—long the fountain of learning and civilisation amid ages of barbarism—long the resort of pilgrims from the most distant parts of Europe. Its costly embellishments and relics were first plundered and scattered abroad by the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century; and at the revolution the whole fabric was razed to the ground, two of its five towers being alone suffered to remain standing. A mean street now passes over the spot where Louis XI. once knelt before the splendid shrine of St Martin. Tours exhibits other tokens of ecclesiastical desolation, though, in this respect, it is no way remarkable. In a back court of the Rue Royale we found the fine old Gothic church of St Julian transformed into a stable and diligence depôt, the horses being stalled in one of the aisles, with a hay-loft above. In a different part of the town, we observed the church of St Clement occupied as a corn and meal market. These spectacles of desecration were affecting; but, coming from a country where much finer buildings had been literally pulled in pieces, I was inclined to acknowledge that it is, on the whole, less distressing to see churches employed as stables or coach offices—for in that manner they are of some use to mankind—than to observe them lying in utter ruin, and of not the slightest use to anybody. The Scotch, it is clear, have not a word to say against the French reformers, well as they deserve castigation.

A high and antique fronted house in the Rue des Trois Pucelles is pointed out by tradition as that once occupied by Tristan l'Ermite; of which, however, reasonable doubts are entertained. The northern extremity of the Pucelles issues upon the boulevard-like walk along the Loire, below the bridge; and by pursuing this, first for half a mile on the high bank of the river, and then another half mile or so to the left, in an inland direction, we come upon the hamlet of Plessis, a scatter of cottages and farmeries, hedges, old walls, and gateways, with many sunny garden-plots and fields; the whole, to all appearance, the wreck of something great in days of yore; and in the midst of the scene of fallen and forgotten splendour, do we find all that can now be shown of Plessis le Tours. Approached by a lane between two hedges, we have no long time to pause, for, standing sentinel at an old wooden gate in the aged wall, is seen the sole guardian of the enclosure, a sun-burnt and poverty-struck paysanne, in a pair of wooden shoes, ready to pounce upon us, and exhibit every stone, cranny, and crevice in Louis's stronghold—for a very small gratuity.

There is something excessively disappointing in a visit to Plessis le Tours. Instead of finding anything like a castle or palace, we have before us, within an enclosed and ill-kept garden, a brick house of two storeys, remarkable for nothing but white sandstone quoins to the windows. At the south-west corner, a spiral stair admits us to the upper floors, empty and tenantless, but habitable. Two or three niches in the staircase, and certain old mantel-pieces of large size, are the only remains of an antique appearance. A mean wooden turret outside the staircase has been erected as a shot tower. It is evident that this com-

monplace mansion is only a part of a much larger structure now cleared away, and that which remains has been altered considerably since the era of Louis XI. The lower storey, sunk beneath the ground on the western or garden side, is entered from a lower bank on the east, and on this side we visited several gloomy and comfortless dungeons, one of which is used as the dwelling of our humble conductress. The entrances to these vaults from the floor above have been built up. At a little distance, other vaults are pointed out beneath a patch of waste ground; and at the western extremity of the garden is shown a dungeon to which a flight of steps has lately been given, along with some other repairs. This, by a modern inscription on the wall, is styled the prison of Cardinal de la Balue. Towards the south and west, we have a pleasant prospect of the rich flat vale of the Cher and Loire—at the time of our visit jocund with the array of yellow harvest. Within the enclosure in which we stand, everything, from the dilapidated sun-dial to the untrimmed bushes and weed-covered parterres, wears the air of desolation and neglect. With exterior defences thrown down, fosses filled up, and the chatelaine transformed into a bare-legged paysanne, the whole scene seems a vulgar burlesque of a poetic dream. Departing, robbed of a sentiment, we feel that in some cases it would be better not to disturb the visions of the imagination.

One day during our stay at Tours was devoted to an excursion to Mettray, a village about four miles distant in a northerly direction, and situated in the midst of a piece of country so prettily embellished with hedgerows and trees, as to remind us of English rural scenery. Mettray can be reached at certain hours daily from Tours by omnibusses; but we preferred a private voiture; for we wished to spend some time in our inquiries in this interesting locality. And Mettray is worthy of a visit from every Englishman passing down the Loire. Here, some years ago, was begun a benevolent experiment to reclaim juvenile offenders and outcasts, of whom in France there is a fully greater abundance than in our own country. A volume might be written on Mettray: I can find space for only a few brief explanations.

The founder of the *Colonie Agricole de Mettray*, as it is properly styled, is an enthusiastic philanthropist, who, animated by what he had seen of a rural penitentiary for youth at Horn, near Hamburg, returned to France, and commenced operations along with his friend, the Viscount Bretignères de Courteilles, on the estate of the latter gentleman. The project, after receiving the countenance and pecuniary assistance of a society formed on purpose to encourage it, was begun in 1839, since which time the establishment at Mettray has been gradually increasing in importance, and may now be said to be in as prosperous a condition as could reasonably be expected. I do not know any institution in England with which to compare Mettray. It is not a place of voluntary retreat, like a House of Refuge, because young criminals are sent to it by courts of justice; neither is it a prison, for it has no bolts, bars, or environing walls, and is, to all appearance, a singularly neat and orderly cluster of rustic cottages and mansions, in the midst of gardens, play-grounds, and fields. Arriving at the gateway where strangers are set down, we were shortly waited upon by one of the resident directors, a venerable gentleman in an ample blue surtout, and a long white beard. By this courteous old person we were obligingly conducted over the establishment, beginning with the dormitories, the workshops, the school-room, and the chapel, and ending with the infirmary, the kitchen, and the general sale depôt of manufactured articles. Explanations of the discipline and mecanique were given as we went from point to point, and various pamphlets were put into my hands, which are now lying before me, and at the service of any one who would wish to imitate the good deeds of the founders of Mettray.

In organising the institution, it has been a leading and judicious principle to imitate, as nearly as possible, the plan of parental supervision. All the inmates are divided into *families* of forty boys, each family under the general charge of a chief. Under this functionary are two *contre-maitres*, each having the special direction of a *section* of twenty boys. These contre-maitres are assisted by two lads, chosen by the prisoners from among themselves under certain regulations, and whose duties last for a month. The title given to these assistants is *frère aîné*, or elder brother, and it is an object of ambition to be considered worthy of such an appointment. The houses, ranged along two sides of a spacious garden, are individually adapted for the accommodation of a family. On the ground-floor is the workshop, with a shed outside for receiving implements of field labour. The upper part of the house consists of two floors, each containing twenty hammocks, and also bed-closets for the superintendents. The lower of these sleeping-rooms being cleared during the day, by slinging aside the hammocks, is used as a refectory for the whole forty boys. At night, the dormitories being kept lighted, are under the surveillance of the contre-maitres and chiefs, who, by apertures in their respective closets, can watch the movements of their charges, without being themselves seen. I see, by one of the printed reports, that the cost of each house, including furniture, amounts to 8300 francs, or L.332, and that the annual rent per boy is under ten francs. In some instances the houses have been free gifts of wealthy donors, from motives of piety or benevolence. In one case a father has built a house in memory of a beloved daughter—a fine trait, I think, of paternal feeling. One of the royal princesses has also contributed a house to the establishment, which is patronised by the first families in France. Having viewed the houses and workshops of shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, harness-makers, and blacksmiths, we were taken into the large school-room, where at certain hours instruction is given of an elementary kind, including the inculcation of religious and moral precepts. The chapel adjoining is a neat, though plain structure, and suited for the Roman Catholic form of worship; all other sects being excluded from the establishment, in order, as it is alleged, to prevent discussion and the growth of antipathies among the inmates—a poor apology, it will be considered, for limiting the charity to the members of one form of faith. In the infirmary, an airy suite of apartments, we found only a single patient. This department is under the management of three females; and, need I say, they are Sisters of Charity? The cleanliness, order, and tastefulness of this and other parts of the establishment charmed us, and, to mark our general approval, we purchased a variety of articles at the depôt.

During our perambulations over the grounds, we had occasion to see parties of the inmates at work in the fields. With a dress mostly of coarse linen, straw hats, bare legs, and clumsy wooden shoes, they cut a miserable figure, and a more ill-looking set of swarthy boys and lads could scarcely be pictured. The dress of the contre-maitres at the heads of their divisions was a little better, but also of linen; they appeared to exert a firm control over their gangs or families, and are, as I was informed, a respectable class of young men, who, by their training here, are well fitted for taking the command of similar establishments elsewhere. The number of inmates or prisoners in the colony at the time of my visit was 190.

To understand the principle of seclusion at Mettray, it must be recollected that there is a law in France which sweeps the country of juvenile offenders. Every boy or girl under sixteen years of age, convicted of a crime, is considered *guilty without discernment*, and if not claimed by parents, is retained in prison till twenty years of age. This partly accounts for the vast number of juvenile detenûs which I saw in various quarters; but there is another cause. Many children are abandoned and thrown upon the public in a very heartless way, and being seized by gens-d'armes wherever they may

wander, they help materially to fill asylums and prisons. I was informed that such abandonment of children is frequently a result of second marriages—the man who marries a widow with children turning the whole into the streets. I do not remember having ever heard of any such barbarity in England, ill as step-children are sometimes treated. Mettray has received inmates, or colonists, as they are termed, from many of the principal prisons, where they have been selected from the mass for general good conduct, or other favourable circumstances, and also increased its numbers by taking boys abandoned by nurses or parents, or who are houseless and vagrant orphans.

The great object entertained by the founders and conductors of Mettray is thoroughly to discipline and purify minds tainted with crime, or affected by unsettled habits; and, by instruction in different kinds of labour, strictly suitable for rural districts, put the unfortunate inmates in the way of earning an honest livelihood on dismissal. The question arises, Will the projectors succeed in their benevolent intentions? According to their own account, everything promises well for the institution. The boys are no doubt exposed to the most beneficial influences, and if anything can reclaim from incipient wickedness, this must do it. Still, the formidable difficulty remains, of establishing the reclaimed youths in respectable situations throughout the country after leaving the colony. As the number is not great, this may be accomplished by dint of friendly interposition; but that an annual dispersion of some thousands could be effected—supposing France to be provided with such a colony in every department—is, I fear, not among things possible, unless the army were employed as a regular means of consumption. On the score of relieving the prisons, government pays, I believe, 160 francs for each convict annually; and as the produce of the labour greatly aids the voluntary contributions, the financial part of the scheme is encouraging. How far a colony of such a mixed character could be made to answer in England, is doubtful. The boys of Mettray do not run away, which, to an Englishman, seems very incomprehensible. But there are powerful reasons for this apparent self-denial. Independently of French, and, indeed, continental boys generally, being a poor-spirited set of urchins, without that love of adventure which is a mainspring of juvenile delinquency in this country, and is, in fact, a mainspring of all our greatness as a nation, it would be almost impossible for a colonist to abscond undetected. Were he to attempt such a freak, a gendarme would pick him up at the first town in which he set his foot, and he would be sent to prison in disgrace. Besides, no money is given to the colonists; the overplus of certain gains being carried to their account in the savings' bank of the establishment.

On the whole, the impressions made on our minds from a visit to Mettray were of an agreeable kind, and I felt assured it was, morally speaking, prodigiously in advance of prisons of all sorts, and would not unlikely form a model for further and perhaps still more favourable experiments in juvenile reclamation.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES CONCERNING ANIMAL FOOD.

WHILE nearly every year adds to the list of vegetables and fruits that appear at our tables, it is wonderful how slow we are, through sheer prejudice, to venture upon eating any animal food except that which we have been accustomed to from infancy. Yet great portions of the globe have testified to the excellence and wholesomeness of many of the meats which the people of Britain, 'too nice by half,' cannot be persuaded to eat, except when in the greatest extremity. Surely, out of the thousands of animals known, it is unreasonable for us to think that none are adapted to the British palate and stomach but oxen, sheep, deer, pigs, venison, hares, and rabbits? To look at a 'dead dog,' and fancy the eating of its flesh, is certainly a contemplation full of disgust. But supposing dogs and cats were kept and fed purposely for killing, in the same methodical way that cattle and pigs are, what valid objection can there be to eating their flesh when nicely dressed? The answer is simply —prejudice. That they are good eating, we are assured by millions of our fellow-creatures in other parts of the earth. Mutton is despised in various countries where sheep abound to excess, and are regarded as vermin of the land. Dr Richardson tells us that the natives of the arctic regions eat the flesh of the North American lynx, a feline animal, and adds, that the meat is white and tender, much resembling that of the American hare. The Guachos of South America are in the frequent habit of eating the flesh of another feline animal, the puma. Darwin, in his interesting *Journal* (p. 135), relates, 'At supper I eat puma meat, which is very white, and remarkably like veal in taste. Dr Shaw was laughed at for stating that the flesh of the lion is in great esteem, having no small affinity with veal in colour, taste, and flavour. Such, certainly, is the case with the puma. The Guachos differ in their opinion whether the jaguar is good eating, but are unanimous in saying that the cat is excellent.' The flesh of cats and dogs is well known to be generally eaten in China and some other parts of the east; that of the dog, indeed, over much of the southern hemisphere, where, however, it is, in some places, reared exclusively on vegetable diet. The reader, perhaps, may remember that the life of the celebrated voyager, Captain Cook, was saved by timely recourse to some unsalted meat, a dog having been slaughtered to supply it: and we think it is Hearne (or some more recent explorer of arctic America), who, when compelled by famine to overcome his aversion to feed on dogs' flesh, found it to be unexceptionable food. Townshend, in his *Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains*, states that he has often eaten and relished it, and has no other objection to this diet than the sentimental one of repulsiveness at having so faithful a companion of man killed to appease his appetite: the same romantic squeamishness had induced De Capel Broke, and other tourists, to censure the Norwegians for rearing a breed of dogs solely for the sake of their fur. Captain Lyon, in his *Private Journal* (p. 90), says, that during his voyage, the flesh of the arctic fox was frequently eaten, having an inviting appearance, though very fat. At first all the crew were horrified at the idea of eating foxes, but very many soon got the better of their delicacy. The captain himself frequently supped off it, and assured us that it much resembles the flesh of the kid. Captain Cartwright, in his *Journal of a Residence in Labrador* (vol. i. p. 3), relates that he was offered 'part of the fore-quarter of a wolf, but it proved so hard, dry, tough, and rank, that I could not swallow but one mouthful.' Two pages further on, he mentions that he finished it, and expresses his belief that his stomach will not refuse such food again during his residence there. Perhaps the wolf he tried was not in the tenderest condition.

The traveller Bell observed whole rows of badgers hung up for sale in China, just as rabbits are displayed in the British markets; and those who have partaken of the meat, especially of the hams of the European badger, report that it is excellent. Major Lloyd, in his *Field Sports of the North of Europe* (vol. ii. p. 46), remarks, 'Its flesh is very eatable when parboiled in bay-seed water, or still better in salt water, and afterwards roasted and left to cool, and used for luncheons; it has then been regarded by epicures as a real delicacy; but it must be the flesh of very young badgers.' Of an allied species, the carcajou of North America, the Hon. C. A. Murray relates in his *Travels* (vol. ii. p. 59), that 'We made our soup, and I broiled my badger; his own fat was all the basting he required; and when he was served up, we all agreed that we had never eaten better meat: it had but one fault, being so exceedingly fat, that it surpassed, in that respect, any pig or other

animal that I ever saw. Fortunately it was young, or it might not have been so tender as it actually proved.' Even of the fetid skunk of the same continent, we are informed, in Carver's *Travels* (p. 452), that 'Europeans who have fed on them, after the receptacles of the odorous fluid had been carefully extracted, have found them very sweet and good.' The African ratel also is described as excellent; and perhaps all the weasel tribe only require to have the nauseous glands carefully extracted, though Bell the traveller mentions, from report, that the flesh of the ermine is extremely bad. It was formerly customary to eat the otter on lenten days for a fish!

Bear's flesh, and especially its hams, is very highly esteemed; while the racoon also is considered excellent, more particularly in the months of September and October, when fruits and nuts are abundant. The flesh of the Polar bear, although it has sometimes proved unwholesome, is stated, in Captain Parry's appendix to his Fourth Voyage, to be 'free from any disagreeable taste: it became a valuable and timely addition to our stock of provisions, and served materially to restore the strength of the party.' Hence it may be suspected, that the ill effects resulting from the use of this diet are attributable to some particular food the animal had been eating. Mr Jerdan gives his personal testimony that the flesh of the hedgehog is excellent; and a mole-catcher relates that he was in the habit of eating the moles he caught, and said that if folks generally knew how good they were, but few would fall to his share. The armadilloes are exceedingly foul feeders; yet all who have partaken of their flesh agree, that one 'roasted in its own shell' is most delicate eating.

Audubon declares that he has never tasted the flesh of the cormorant, nor, as long as he can help it, will he ever do so; but M. Schomburghk says that he has frequently eaten of the cormorant of Guiana, which is really very good, after having been, like other waterfowl, skinned previously to dressing. It is said that a buzzard, and particularly a pern, or honey buzzard, is esteemed an excellent dish in some parts of France. The goodness of the eggs of the cormorant another person has testified to; and we are tempted to suspect that any eggs of the bird described as otherwise, were none of the freshest when tasted. We have heard of cormorants being sold for wild ducks to the Londoners, who often purchase the eggs of rooks and crows as plovers' eggs.

To follow out their notion, that the flesh of all carnivorous animals is unfit for the table, people should be more particular than they are in eating fish, lobsters, &c. Many English gourmands would sicken at the idea of a dish of snails, which in Hungary, more especially, is esteemed a delicate, and is a very frequent viand; so much so, that not a few of the peasantry even pay their rents with them, according to Paget's *Travels in Hungary and Transylvania*; but a Hungarian lady would be fully as much horrified at the thought of swallowing an oyster, and would, at least, have this advantage over the British epicure, that snails are vegetable feeders. We can fancy a civic *bon vivant* commiserating the 'barbarism' of the Persian princes who not long ago visited this country, and testified their abhorrence at the custom of eating turtle! But that we, civilised and enlightened flesh-eaters, are altogether free from irrational and totally unfounded misapprehension on the subject of eating the flesh of creatures of prey, is, the reader will perhaps begin to think, a little questionable; if he do not go so far as to imagine that a hint might be profitably taken on this subject, as on some others, from the considerably under-estimated Chinese. At all events, those who are disposed to rail at others for their fastidiousness about eating pork, may ponder a while upon the reasonableness of their own aversion to partake of various other kinds of flesh, and hesitate before condemning as 'unclean' and improper food what they only presume to be so as a mere matter of course; stigmatising, by the appellation 'carrion,' what, in truth, they might have eaten with great relish, had the tide of conventional prejudice happened to flow in the opposite direction.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR MAGINN.

Although not the author of any single or important literary work, yet few persons contributed more brilliantly or more extensively to the periodical literature of the last twenty years than the late William Maginn. His writings, however, having appeared, in most instances, anonymously, his name is but little known beyond those persons who are actually connected, either by profession or taste, with the literary world. The career of the most celebrated men does not always furnish the most instructive biographies; and although the present memoir is not that of a widely-famed person, and affords, moreover, an example better to be avoided than imitated, yet it presents much to interest and to instruct.

William Maginn was the son of a schoolmaster at the head of a flourishing establishment in Cork, where he was born in July 1794. At an early age he showed remarkable aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and by the time he had reached his tenth year, had become sufficiently proficient in the classics to enter as a student at Trinity college, Dublin, where he gained a distinguished reputation, and carried off several prizes. Having finished his career as a scholar, he returned to his father's roof, to take upon him the duties of a teacher. He had not long shared in the labours of tuition, before the entire management of the school devolved on him; for, when he was little more than twenty, he had the misfortune to lose his father. Although so young, Maginn continued to superintend the establishment—now his own—with great success. Happy, perhaps, would it have proved for him had he finished his days as a schoolmaster.

At that period Cork was making itself celebrated above other large towns in Ireland for literature and scientific inquiry. Besides a society of young men formed for the diffusion of knowledge, of which Maginn was a member, it could boast of a Quarterly Journal started by a native bookseller, and of which (if we have been correctly informed) Maginn was appointed editor. His articles, mostly of a critical, but gay and amusing character, attracted some attention; and these, together with the reputation he left behind him at college, obtained for him his degree of LL.D. at the early age of twenty-four. He continued to employ his leisure hours in throwing off articles, epigrams, satires, and jests, for the local prints, till, wishing for a wider field for his peculiar talents, he sent a volunteer contribution to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, which had been in existence about two years. This was the curious Latin translation of the ballad 'Chevy Chase,' which appeared in the number for November 1819. From that period, and for two subsequent years, Maginn was a regular, though anonymous and unpaid contributor to 'Blackwood.' In his private correspondence with the proprietor, he adopted the signature of R. T. S.; and when Mr Blackwood, highly appreciating his services, delicately offered him remuneration for his valuable contributions, he directed the check to be drawn in favour of Ralph Tuckett Scott, in which name the money was paid by the bankers. In 1821, Maginn, still keeping up his incognito, declared by letter his intention of paying Mr Blackwood a visit in Edinburgh. True to his leading propensity, Maginn determined to turn the interview into a jest. There occurred in his contributions certain personalities which had already got Mr Blackwood into trouble with the persons satirised, and the facetious doctor, being perfectly unknown to the publisher, determined to personify one of the injured par-

ties. Accordingly he presented himself at Blackwood's shop, and formally asked for a private interview with that gentleman in as broad an Irish accent as he could assume. The rencontre is thus described in a letter from Dr Moir of Musselburgh (the 'Delta' of Blackwood's Magazine) to the author of a memoir to which we are indebted on the present occasion.*

'On being closeted together, Mr Blackwood thought to himself, as Mr Blackwood afterwards informed me, "Here at last is one of those wild Irishmen—and come for no good purpose, doubtless."

"You are Mr Blackwood, I presume?" said the stranger.

"I am," answered that gentleman.

"I have rather an unpleasant business, then, with you," he added, "regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are so and so; would you be so kind as give me the name of the author?"

"That requires consideration," said Mr Blackwood; "and I must first be satisfied that——"

"Your correspondent resides in Cork; doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that."

"I decline at present," said Mr Blackwood, "giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business, of your purpose, and who you are."

"You are very shy, sir," said the stranger; "I thought you corresponded with Mr Scott of Cork?" mentioning the assumed name under which the doctor had hitherto communicated with the magazine.

"I beg to decline giving any information on that subject," was the response of Mr Blackwood.

"If you don't know him, then," sputtered out the stranger, "perhaps—perhaps you *could* know your own handwriting;" at the same moment producing a packet of letters from his side pocket. "You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman."

Such was the whimsical introduction of Dr Maginn to Mr Blackwood; and after a cordial shake of the hand, and a hearty laugh, the pair were in a few minutes up to the elbows in friendship. The doctor remained in Edinburgh, at Mr Blackwood's house, for several weeks; and was introduced to Professor Wilson, Mr Lockhart, R. P. Gillies, Mr Hamilton, Mr Howison, and other prominent literary characters, as well as several leading and influential members of the Scottish bar.'

As it has unfortunately happened with many other persons in similar circumstances, Dr Maginn's literary successes had no beneficial effect upon his worldly prosperity. The applauses which his writings were continually calling forth flushed him with hopes which were, alas! never realised, and induced him, two years after his Edinburgh visit, to take three important steps — he married, gave up his school, and went to London.

It must be owned, in palliation of the apparent rashness of the last step, that his hopes of distinguishing himself in London were better founded than those of nine-tenths of the authors who make a similar venture. His fame in the departments of poetry, romance, criticism, classical lore, parody, and burlesque, had preceded him, and given him a status in the opinions of the booksellers which promised to insure constant employment. His first commission was from Mr Murray, and shows, from its importance, the exalted notion which that shrewd bookseller entertained of his abilities. Lord Byron had recently died, and the letters and papers of the gifted poet were put into Dr Maginn's hands, for the purpose of working them up into an elaborate biography. From a difference of opinion with the publisher, the doctor subsequently gave up the commission, which was intrusted to Mr Moore. During Maginn's second year in London, Mr Murray started a new daily newspaper, called 'The Representative,' one of his arrangements for which was the appointment of Dr Maginn as correspondent at Paris. Thither therefore, the latter repaired; but the newspaper, after a short existence, proved a failure, and on its cessation, the doctor returned to London.

The biographer whose account we follow, states, in continuation, that from this period till the year 1829 Dr Maginn earned a 'scanty' subsistence by writing for magazines, annuals, and newspapers. How a gentleman of such high attainments, and whose talents were known and appreciated by persons capable of giving him constant employment, was able only to gain a scanty livelihood, must appear strange to those unacquainted with the doctor's convivial habits; but when these are taken into the account, the mystery vanishes. Maginn possessed powers of conversation, and a brilliancy of wit, which caused his company to be universally coveted, and he was never sparing of it where good fellowship existed. By Mr J. W. Croker he is thus described in a letter, which we have had an opportunity of seeing:—'On the few occasions of my having the pleasure of being in his society, his conversation was very lively and original—a singular mixture of classical erudition and *Irish fun*. There was a good deal of wit, and still more of drollery, and certainly no deficiency of what is called conviviality and animal spirits. I remember, on one occasion, having heard from some common friend that he seemed to be throwing away a great deal of talent on ephemeral productions. I took the liberty of advising him to direct his great powers to some more permanent objects, and he told me that he contemplated some serious work, I think on the *Greek drama*, but of this I am not quite sure. It might have been the *Greek orators*. I had a high opinion of his power to illustrate either.' For this, or any great work, however, Maginn's temperament was an effectual disqualification. His inclinations drew him more frequently to scenes of conviviality than to the solitude of his study; and as he could not *always* work and amuse his hosts of acquaintance at the same time, he frequently disappointed the expectations of publishers who relied on the matter which he agreed, but too often failed, to furnish. From some such cause he broke, in 1828, with Blackwood, and ceased to contribute to his periodical for some years afterwards. Still, his convivial peculiarities did not affect him so much as they would have done less gifted individuals. It would seem that, no matter where or in what company, so great was his facility of composition, that he was able to write. 'Occasionally,' says our authority, 'he would sit back in his chair in the middle of a sentence, and tell a humorous story to whoever was near him (for he seldom wrote except in company, and generally with all kinds of noises about him)—or commence a criticism on whatever book lay within his reach, or discuss some topic of the day; but his mind was evidently at work on the subject of his paper, and he would break off suddenly from his talk, resuming his pen, and writing away with the greatest haste.'

On the establishment of the Standard evening newspaper, Maginn was appointed joint editor with Dr Gifford, and in 1830, he, in conjunction with Mr Hugh Fraser (not the late James Fraser, publisher, as is generally supposed), founded Fraser's Magazine. To this publication he contributed with a zeal and industry which showed that his capability of writing at all times and seasons must have increased upon him; for his labours did not appear to his friends to deprive him of one of his many convivial hours. Besides his contributions to the Standard and Fraser's Magazine, he also wrote for the John Bull and other periodicals. He did not, however, retain his appointment long in connection with the Standard.

One of Dr Maginn's papers in the new magazine was productive of serious consequences. It was a critique on a recently published novel, called 'Berkeley Castle,' which was written in the back parlour of the publisher's shop, in company, as usual, with some intimate friends, and when 'the whole party were heated with wine.' The review was extremely severe upon the book, and on being published, the offended novelist took a sum-

* In the Dublin University Magazine for January 1844.

mary mode of revenging himself, by inflicting a severe personal chastisement on the publisher. On this reaching the ears of Maginn, he instantly forwarded a note to the enraged author, stating that he was the writer of the article. A duel between Maginn and the author of 'Berkeley Castle' was the consequence. Three shots were exchanged; at the third, Maginn's bullet touched the collar of his opponent's coat, while the heel of his own boot was grazed in return—a narrow escape for both parties—and they both left the ground without making any arrangement for reconciliation.

This happened in 1837, by which time the doctor, from causes which it is not necessary to specify, was surrounded with pecuniary difficulties; and the rest of his career was one of wretchedness and poverty. He was arrested, and thrown into prison several times. Yet through all his misfortunes he retained his gaiety, and, that his family might not share in his troubles more than necessary, he sent them to France. In 1841 his friend Fraser died, and an incident occurred at the funeral which is recorded as an instance of exception to Maginn's general character, to which sentiment and romance were quite foreign. The obsequies took place at Bunhill Fields, in the same graveyard which holds the remains of John Bunyan. 'As soon as the ceremony was over, the doctor said to the grave-digger—"Grave-digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan." The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who appeared particularly thoughtful. As they approached the place, the doctor turned to the person who accompanied him, and tapping him on the shoulder, said quietly—"Tread lightly." Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, and seemed unconscious of any one's presence. The bright sunshine poured around him. At length he seemed moved, and turning away, exclaimed in deep and solemn tones, "Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers."'

The early part of the year 1842 Dr Maginn spent in the Fleet prison, where he was for the last time placed for debt. His health had been long declining, and on being liberated about May, he retired to live at Walton-on-Thames, waiting a government appointment which had been promised him. Even if this hope had been realised, it was doubtful if health equal to the duty now remained to him. His condition at this period, as described by a friend, presents a melancholy picture. 'When I was ushered up stairs, the first glance I gave towards him did indeed surprise me. He was in bed, with a blue striped worsted shirt drawn tightly around him, and was supported by pillows. An old Greek Homer, on which he appeared to have been meditating, was on the bed by his side. He was quite emaciated and worn away; his hands thin, and very little flesh on his face; his eyes appeared brighter and larger than usual, and his hair was wild and disordered. He stretched out his hand and saluted me.' On a second visit, the narrator continues, 'He told me that there was no money in the house; that he was extremely anxious to get to town to have medical advice, as he could not bring a physician down from London; that he was quite lonesome in Walton, having no one to come and speak with him. He requested me to look out for a lodging in Kensington; expressed a strong desire to go to Cove, saying he was sure a sea voyage would serve him considerably; "but," said he, "what can I do—I have not a farthing to bless myself with." He did not seem any way apprehensive of death.' The same friend wrote on his behalf to the prime-minister, who some days after sent Maginn a handsome present; but though it came two days before his demise, he died in ignorance of it. He breathed his last on Thursday, 19th August, 1842.

Dr Maginn's person was tall, more so than it appeared to be, for he had a slight stoop. His hair had been gray from an early period of life, and at his death was nearly white. His manners were always lively and good-humoured, and his conversation was peculiarly entertaining, from the fund of anecdote from which he constantly drew to enliven it. He had a slight stutter, and a 'brogue,' which heightened rather than diminished the effect of his stories. Gifted with high mental endowments, he employed them in early life in acquiring an amount of classical learning which is seldom equalled; and, unlike men who are merely learned, his playful fancy enabled him to turn his knowledge to the utmost account in literature; for if ever a man possessed the pen of a ready-writer, it was Dr Maginn. Yet what have been the results of all these great natural gifts to his fellow-creatures? Only a scrambling subsistence to himself, and some transient amusement to the public. It is lamentable to think of such a career; but it is a powerful illustration of the uselessness of mere talents where there is not a directing aim above the mere frivolities of the minute, and a governing self-respect and prudence.

PROPOSED CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

Referring our readers to an article at page 413 of our eleventh volume, entitled 'Overland Routes to India,' it will be perceived that the only land which it is actually necessary to cross between Great Britain and India, is the seventy-two miles which divide the Mediterranean from the Red Sea. This tract, being generally flattish in character, has been the subject of numerous plans for intersection by a navigable canal; so numerous, indeed, and so invariably abandoned after a due amount of discussion among European journalists, that the very mention of such a thing is now apt to excite ridicule. Again the subject has been brought prominently into notice; whether once more to be set aside as a nine days' wonder, remains to be seen. There can be no doubt of the vast value to England of such an undertaking; for it would open up a ready sea-communication not only with India, but our Australasian possessions. The difficulties to be encountered in carrying the project into execution are twofold: first, the circumstance of the country being in a wilderness condition, under the sway of Mehemet Ali, in whom and his successors capitalists may not have the most perfect faith; and, second, the peculiar engineering impediments in the line. We are inclined to believe that, in the event of a company being formed to prosecute the undertaking, the British government could easily secure, by purchase, a perpetual sovereignty, or at least vested and guaranteed right, over the tract between the Mediterranean and Suez, by which the danger of political aggression would be for ever averted. The engineering difficulties are more formidable.

According to M. Girard, one of the scientific men who accompanied Napoleon's army to Egypt, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean were, at an early period of the world's history, united; the isthmus having been formed by the joint depositions of the mud of the Nile (which runs parallel to it on the west), joined to the detritus left behind by the current of the Mediterranean. Lyall adds, that the sands blown from the deserts on each side of the isthmus also afford continual supplies of material to this new land. Certain it is, that great encroachments upon both seas are to be traced in history. In the time of Herodotus, the isthmus was only half its present breadth; and down to that of Arrian, the town of Heroopolis, which now stands half-way between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, was on the coast. Even so late as 1541, the harbour of Suez was sufficiently deep to admit the fleet of Solyman II.; but at present it is a sand-bank, and so shallow are the waters near it, that the steamboats employed between that town and Bombay are obliged to anchor some distance from the shore, and passengers can only disembark in small boats, which take several hours getting to land. Lastly, all geologists agree that the isthmus is daily gaining in width, by the accession of fresh deposits on the shores of the Mediterranean. Another corroboration of the conjecture of the original

junction of the two seas, is the existence of a chain of salt lakes which occur at intervals across the whole isthmus.

The land thus formed consists of loose stones, shells, and sand, with a basis probably of rock; for the drift carried eastwards by the great current of the Mediterranean—consisting at first of loose materials—has been gradually consolidated, by the abundance of carbonate of lime contained in the overflowings of the Nile. The isthmus, then, is formed by constant contributions from the surrounding country, which consists of the banks of the Nile on the west, the Arabian desert of El Tyh on the east, the Red Sea and the eastern desert of Egypt on the south, with the Mediterranean on the north. Such is the country through which it is proposed to cut a canal.

On the advantages of such a work, it would be idle to expatiate. The chief object is to set about inventing means to get it accomplished, and these are laudably pointed out and advocated, first by Captain Vetch,* and next by M. Linant, a French engineer, who has surveyed the ground with a view to the formation of the desired canal, and the result of whose labours are communicated to the world in a pamphlet by Mr Anderson, managing director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Captain Vetch proposes three lines: the first runs directly from the head of the Red Sea to the Mediterranean at Tineh, near which a former embrochure, now filled up, helped, with its other mouths, to empty the Nile into the ocean. The second line passes from the same place into the Bitter Lake, the southernmost of the chain before-mentioned, continuing from the head of the lake to Tineh. The third line runs also through the Bitter Lake, but makes its egress through the remains of the ancient canal, which unites it to the Lake Sababyar, and thence crosses the isthmus to Tineh. The third and longest route we believe to be the most practicable; for Captain Vetch's first line rejects the advantage afforded by the lakes, while his second only makes them partially available. He proposes that the canal should be sufficiently wide and deep to admit large ships; the dimensions being—depth, 21 feet; width, 96 feet at bottom, and 180 feet at the water-line at top. Happily for such an undertaking, it has been ascertained that the bed of the Red Sea is thirty-two feet higher than that of the Mediterranean, and thus affords a sufficient fall of water (about five inches to the mile) to keep up an effective scour, so as to preserve the bed of the canal from deposits. He estimates the expense of the work at two millions sterling.

M. Linant's views are far more moderate. His canal—which is identical with Captain Vetch's third line—would, he states, only cost £175,000, but it would be scarcely ten feet deep, and only 130 feet wide at the top. This would of course only admit small vessels, and involve the inconvenience of transhipment from the European vessels at Tineh, instead of admitting those vessels through the canal in the way direct to India. This kind of economy cannot be regarded as wise; indeed so great an undertaking scarcely involves a question of economy. A few hundred thousands of pounds, compared with the incalculable advantages which such a work would confer on the commerce of this country, should never be an object. We question whether Captain Vetch's estimate, again, is not far below what the real cost of the undertaking would prove.

In spite of Linant's authority—always respected in reference to Egypt—it is difficult to agree either with him or Captain Vetch when they say that 'the nature of the soil' is one of the things which presents great facilities for excavating a canal. Such a statement but little coincides with the opinion of former writers, and, indeed, with facts. The soil, especially that of the tract lying between Lake Sababyar and Tineh, is loose and shifting, and constantly receiving accessions from the Arabian desert; while the Etesian, or north-west winds, which blow regularly in July and August, distribute them over the country. All this would prove a serious matter to any but a *walled* canal. It is partly by these sands that the Pelusaic branch of the Nile is so completely filled up, that not a trace of it is now to be seen. We mention this, not with the view of throwing a damp on an enterprise which is, nevertheless, quite practicable, but to show, in opposition to the above authorities, that the nature of the soil presents difficulties they are inclined to undervalue, and that, in all probability, both blasting and masonry will be necessary. Both estimates of the expense, therefore, are lower by a great deal than we can hope the work will cost.

* Inquiry into the Means of Establishing a Ship Navigation between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, &c. By James Vetch, Captain R.N., F.R.S. London: 1843.

CHEERING SENTIMENTS.

[From a work of which we have already spoken favourably—'Letters from New York,' by Maria Child.]

Let science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect or humanise the heart, be open to 'Tom, Dick, and Harry;' and thus, in process of time, they will become Mr Thomas, Richard, and Henry. In all these things the refined should think of what they can impart, not of what they can receive. As for the vicious, they excite in me more of compassion than of dislike. The great searcher of hearts alone knows whether I should not have been as they are, with the same neglected childhood, the same vicious examples, the same overpowering temptation of misery and want. If they will but pay to virtue the outward homage of decorum, God forbid that I should wish to exclude them from the healthful breeze and the shaded promenade. Wretched enough are they in their utter degradation; nor is society so guiltless of their ruin as to justify any of its members in unpitying scorn.

And this reminds me that in this vast emporium of poverty and crime there are, morally speaking, some flowery nooks and 'sunny spots of greenery.' I used to say I knew not where were the ten righteous men to save the city; but I have found them now. Since then, the Washington Temperance Society has been organised, and active in good works. Apart from the physical purity, the triumph of soul over sense implied in abstinence from stimulating liquors, these societies have peculiarly interested me, because they are based on the law of love. The pure is inlaid in the holy, like a pearl set in fine gold. Here is no 'fifteen-gallon-law,' no attendance upon the lobbies of legislatures, none of the bustle or manœuvres of political party; measures as useless in the moral world as machines to force water above its level are in the physical world. Serenely above all these stands this new genius of temperance—her trust in Heaven, her hold on the human heart. To the fallen and the perishing she throws a silken cord, and gently draws him within the golden circle of human brotherhood. She has learned that persuasion is mightier than coercion; that the voice of encouragement finds an echo in the heart, deeper, far deeper, than the thunder of reproof.

The blessing of the perishing, and of the merciful God who cares for them, will rest upon the Washington Temperance Society. A short time since, one of its members found an old acquaintance lying asleep in a dirty alley, scarcely covered with filthy rags pinned and tied together. Being waked, the poor fellow exclaimed in piteous tones, 'Oh, don't take me to the police office—please don't take me there.' 'Oh no,' replied the missionary of mercy; 'you shall have shoes to your feet, and a decent coat on your back, and be a man again. We have better work for you to do than to lie in prison. You will be a temperance preacher yet.'

He was comfortably clothed, kindly encouraged, and employment procured for him at the printing-office of the Washington Society. He now works steadily all day, and preaches temperance in the evening. Every week I hear of similar instances. Are not these men enough to save a city? This society is one among several powerful agencies now at work to teach society that it *makes its own criminals*, and then, at prodigious loss of time, money, and morals, punishes its own work.

The other day I stood by the wayside while a Washingtonian procession, two miles long, passed by. All classes

and trades were represented with appropriate music and banners. Troops of boys carried little wells and pumps; and on many of the banners were flowing fountains and running brooks. One represented a wife kneeling in gratitude for a husband restored to her and himself; on another, a group of children were joyfully embracing the knees of a reformed father. Fire companies were there with badges and engines; and military companies with gaudy colours and tinsel trappings. Towards the close came two barouches, containing the men who first started a temperance society on the Washingtonian plan. These six individuals were a carpenter, a coach-maker, a tailor, a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and a silver-plater. They held their meetings in a carpenter's shop in Baltimore, before any other person took an active part in the reform. My heart paid them reverence as they passed. It was a beautiful pageant, and but one thing was wanting to make it complete; there should have been carts drawn by garlanded oxen, filled with women and little children bearing a banner, on which was inscribed, WE ARE HAPPY NOW! I missed the women and the children; for, without something to represent the genial influence of domestic life, the circle of joy and hope is ever incomplete.

But the absent ones were present to my mind; and the pressure of many thoughts brought tears to my eyes. I seemed to see John the Baptist preparing a pathway through the wilderness for the coming of the holiest; for like unto his is this mission of temperance. Clean senses are fitting vessels for pure affections and lofty thoughts.

SMALL-TALK.

SMALL-TALK is like small change; it flows
A thousand different ways, and throws
Thoughts into circulation,
Of trivial value each, but which,
Combined, make social converse rich
In cheerful animation.

As bows unbent recruit their force,
Our minds by frivolous discourse
We strengthen and embellish;
'Let us be wise,' said Plato once,
When talking nonsense—'yonder dunce
For folly has no relish.'

The solemn bore who holds that speech,
Was given us to prose and preach,
And not for lighter usance;
Straight should be sent to Coventry
Or *omnium concensu*, be
Indicted as a nuisance.

Though dull the joke, 'tis wise to laugh;
Parched be the tongue that cannot quaff,
Save from a golden chalice;
Let jesters seek no other plea,
Than that their merriment be free
From bitterness and malice.

Silence at once the ribald clown,
And check with an indignant frown
The scurrilous backbiter;
But speed good humour as it runs;
Be even tolerant of puns,
And every mirth-exciter.

The wag who even fails, may claim
Indulgence for his cheerful aim;
We should applaud, not hiss him;
This is a pardon which we grant
(The Latin gives the rhyme I want),
'Et petimus vicissim.'

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Captain Cook's Cabin Kettle.—This relic of Captain Cook is said to have been given to his heirs, among other property, after the arrival of the 'Resolution'—the ship in which he performed his last unfortunate voyage. According to a local paper, it is now the property of James Gibb, Esq. of Castleton, near Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, who obtained possession of it in the following manner:—'The last heir of Captain Cook,' says our authority, 'who possessed this cabin utensil was Dr Cook of Hamilton, who had it for a length of time; but it so happened that his lady did not place so great a value upon it as he did, and therefore sent it to the late Mr Reid, coppersmith, Hamilton, to be disposed of as old brass, when, fortunately, Mr Gibb happened to be in the coppersmith's at the same moment, and seeing that the kettle was likely to be of some use, and rather a neat article, agreed to purchase it for a trifle. Some years after this, some other of Captain Cook's descendants ascertained that it had been sold as old metal, and then made application to Mr Gibb to give it up; but as he had bought it in ignorance at the time that it had belonged to Captain Cook, the more the applicant desired to have it, the more Mr Gibb desired to keep it; and as its previous possessor had placed so little value on it, there was virtually no loss in its changing hands, as it would be cared for and preserved the longer by one who had the good sense to see its worth. Mr Gibb has since been offered thirty guineas for the kettle, but, of course, will not part with it. The kettle appears to be of French manufacture, is placed on a brass stand, and has a spirit-lamp to keep it boiling when on the table. It is believed to be about seventy-six years since it was made, and, like Napoleon Bonaparte's portable beef-steak pan, must have been a singular curiosity in its day, although there are plenty manufactured now in Birmingham nearly similar in construction.'

The so-called last of the Stuarts.—In a late number of the Perthshire Advertiser newspaper, the following is given respecting, as is said, a member of the house of Stuart:—'This most wonderful character still lives at Tweedmouth. He will complete his 115th year at Christmas 1843. His father, General John Stuart, was a cousin of "Prince Charlie" the Pretender. His grandmother was the Lady of Airly, well known in old Scotch song. James Stuart saw those memorable battles during the rebellion in 1745, Prestonpans and Culloden, and has spoken to, and had wine with, the Pretender. He served on the side of the royalists in the American war, and was at the battle of Quebec, where General Wolfe lost his life at the moment of victory. He served on board a man-of-war for many years, under those naval heroes Admiral Rodney and Rear-Admiral Hood. He has been five times married, and now lives with his fifth wife, 75 years younger than himself. He has had, by his several wives, 27 children; 10 of them have been killed in battle—5 of them in India, 2 at Trafalgar under Nelson, 1 at Waterloo, and 2 at Algiers. For nearly 60 years he has travelled in the Border districts as a wandering minstrel, playing on a fiddle; but he never asked alms from any one. Hundreds of persons can bear testimony to his amazing strength, from which circumstance he got the by-name of "Jemmy Strength." Among other feats, he could carry a 24-pounder cannon; and he has been known to lift a cart-load of hay, weighing a ton and a-half, upon his back. Many a time he has taken up a jackass, and walked through the toll-bar, carrying it on his shoulders. It will be long before we can look upon his like again; to hear his stories of 1745, and his glowing descriptions of the Young Chevalier.' [There is an evident mixture of fable in the story of this old man, although it was first given to the world by Mr William Howitt. Prince Charles certainly never had any such cousin, and indeed no *first* cousin whatever. The Lady Airly of Scottish song, born in 1596, was a grandmother in 1640: how could any daughter of hers have borne this child in 1728, the apparent date of the old man's birth? Seeing there is here downright fiction, we must take leave to avow our scepticism regarding other parts of the story, the circulation of which in so many channels, without any expression of doubt, certainly gives us no exalted idea of the historical knowledge of our age.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

New Mode of Planting Apple-Trees.—A horticulturist in Bohemia has a beautiful plantation of the best apple-trees, which have neither sprung from seeds nor grafting. His plan is, to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them in a potato, and plunge both into the ground, having put an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up, and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit, without requiring to be grafted.—*Canada Newspaper.*

Again it is respectfully announced that no communications in prose or verse are required, and that the editors will not hold themselves responsible for the safety or return of any article which may be sent in opposition to this frequently-explained rule. It is likewise a principle in the conducting of the Journal not to answer correspondents in its pages; the editors considering that it would be unjust to occupy space with matter addressed and interesting to only *one* out of many thousands of purchasers of the work.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 7. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1844. Price 1½d.

GROANS OF THE INTERNAL GENII.

If it were allowable to revive a practice of the ancients, and suppose things material to be attended each by its own particular genius or spirit, I think it might be allowable in the case of the human stomach, which seems to me in itself to make such a near approach to intelligence and reason, that I scarcely can divest myself of the idea, that it really is a distinct living thing, or entity. I always feel disposed to regard this respectable viscus as a decent, steady sort of servant, that keeps constantly at home, quiet and inoffensive, disposed to go through his work to the best of his ability; nay, anxious to strain a point in his master's service as far as possible, and only unfortunate in being frequently put to tasks so far exceeding his strength, that he entirely breaks down under them, and becomes old and infirm before his time. It is surely a great pity that such a worthy sort of people should be thus hardly dealt with—sufferers, as it were, for the faults of others, not their own. I sympathise with stomachs very much. This has led me to ponder somewhat upon their situation in life, and to reflect if, at a time when oppressed slaves, oppressed aborigines, oppressed everybody, are taken by the hand, something may not be done in behalf of an equally oppressed people much nearer to us, not to speak of much dearer. Thus musing, I have at length thought of allowing an orator of the race to speak for himself and his brethren through these pages; and the following is the substance of his address:—

'Being allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us, or otherwise are thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bewailing the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes; and indeed we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much, which is always a voluntarily-incurred evil. Strange, however, to say, none of them are willing to own that they ever give us any trouble on this score, and it is amazing what ingenious excuses they will plead for themselves when they begin to feel the sad effects of their excesses. I have known a gentleman, when suffering under a tremendous overload of dinner at a corporation feast, lay the whole blame of his woes upon a glass of water he had chanced to drink after his soup. Another, feeling himself dreadfully ill the day after a long sitting with a set of convivial friends, was quite at a loss to account for it, till he suddenly remembered that, in the course of the evening, he had been induced to eat a roasted potato. This satisfied his mind at once, and so, as he crawled that afternoon along the street, and was asked by his companions in succession what was the matter with him, "Oh," he would say, "that potato I took last night! Feel dreadfully unwell to-day—all owing, sir, to the potato." In fact, there is nothing respecting which mankind labour under a greater delusion, than the amount of their indulgences at table. I have known some who were in the way of destroying themselves by excess, and yet their constant impression was, that they suffered from being too abstemious; and thus they would go on, endeavouring to remedy the evil by that which only tended to increase it, until all went to wreck.

What a pity that nature, when she was about it, did not establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs, for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be to this day completely in the dark as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes, when we would require mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in regarding our masters! "What's this now?" will a stomach-genius say; "ah, detestable stuff! What an everlasting fool that man is! Will he never learn? Just the very thing I did not want. If he would only send down a bowl of fresh leek soup, or barley broth, there would be some sense in it:" and so on. If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavoured to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down stairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the

drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is—soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, sherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up higglety-pigglety together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice, and to it we set, with as much good will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him, that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two's drinking; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bother Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of. In fact, this said wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us poor genii into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for while this vinous shower is going on, I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyse us in this manner for hours, not always indeed with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which, the lemon, is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior. All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbours, and ruining his own. My only relief from such visitations is usually derived from Coffee or Tea, two old steady allies, for whom I have a great regard. A cup of either of these beverages generally helps wonderfully to dispose of the crude wine-drenched mass which I have in hands, and enables me to get the field cleared in time for next action.

I am a lover of early hours—as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having perhaps at that time got all our labours past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast-time. Well, how it may be with others I can't tell; but so it is, that my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a hardship of the most grievous kind. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his nightcap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. Such, oh mankind, are the woes which befall our tribe in consequence of your occasionally yielding to the temptation of "a little supper!" I see turkey and tongue in grief and terror. Macaroni fills me with frantic alarm. I behold jelly and trifle follow in mute despair. Oh that I had the power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own! Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the necessity for something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water loaded with sugar, that causes every villicle in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does he always rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer in long succession, during all which time I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work. While such is my real predicament, my infatuated master is fully persuaded that he is doing something vastly in favour of my business, and calculated to promote his own comfort. He feels the reverse when he at length tumbles into bed, to fester and toss till morning, when, my labours being still unaccomplished, he will awake with a burning headache, a parched tongue, and uneasy sensations all over—call for a glass of soda-water *electrified* (this is his wretched slang for the infusion of a glass of brandy in it); and thus vainly think to get rid of his pains by that which is only calculated to prolong them.

These may be said to be a sample of my present distresses; but there has never been a time when I was better used, nor do I hope ever to be treated more considerately till the end of the chapter. I have but an obscure recollection of my infancy; yet I remember sufficiently well that at that time they were perpetually giving me things in the highest degree unsuitable, and generally far too much at a time, or else a proper quantity too often, which I have generally found to come to much the same thing. It was particularly hard, in those days, that, if my young master's nurse took anything that disagreed with her, I immediately became a sufferer by it, who was not only innocent of all imprudence myself, but whose very master was equally innocent—the purest case of paying the penalty of another's offences that could well be imagined. Then came the sad stuffings with cake and pudding, to which my boy-master subjected me whenever he could obtain the means—which I remarked to be particularly likely to happen when he visited aunts and grandmammas; a class of relations who, unfortunately for me, feel themselves under none of those salutary restraints, as to the young, which Solomon has wisely imposed on parents—wisely in all respects, I may say, but that of his not extending his injunctions to a wider circle of relationship. Well do I remember the dreadful poses I used to get into when the foolish young rogue chanced to gorge about thrice the quantity of an indigestible pabulum which he ought to have taken even of a digestible one. Laden so much beyond my strength, I became rigid in every muscle, and could only grasp my burden in mute and nervish despair. His anguish on those occasions was truly dreadful; but the truth is, it was all my anguish in the first place, and he only felt it reflectively. Then came the doctor with his doses of things black and dismal as Erebus, but all vouched for as necessary in the case; and of these nauseating processes the whole misery fell, of course, upon me. It was like cutting a man to pieces while relieving him of a burden which had been tied upon him. Many a time have I prayed my neighbour Pylorus—a jealous door-keeping fellow he is—to allow a little of the mess to pass out of my charge unchymified, that I might get elbow-room to proceed with the remainder; but never one particle would he take off my hands in this way, having a trust, he said, to that effect, which he could not neglect or betray without ruining the whole concern. I used to execrate him in my heart for a stingy ultra-virtuous dog; but I have since come to acknowledge that he was in the right of it, and, indeed, my petition was only an effort of despair, like that of drowning men catching at straws. These bouts, after all, were only severe at the time, and I used to rebound from them wonderfully fast. Alas! my experiences since have sometimes inclined me to look back upon them with a sigh. I was young and stout then. The statutory four meals a-day were scarcely a trouble to me. There was hardly any stuff I could not get the better of, if it only were not given in a quantity absolutely overwhelming. I participated in that bounding vitality which makes difficulties rather pleasant than otherwise to youth, provided they only do not go very much too far. I cannot now pretend to undertake the jobs that then were light to me, and which I would have laughed at as trifles. The saddest consideration of all is, that, so far from those days ever returning, I must now look forward to much worse than even the present. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish, and evil-

disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master, and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumblings, which will, of course, not last over long, and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master, the cause of all my woes, must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stomachs—for they may depend upon it, that whatever injustice they do to *us* in their days of health and pride, will be repaid to *themselves* in the long-run; our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes, but acts towards all, like Sarah Battle, according to the rigour of the game.'

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

One thing strikes an observer of nature above all others, that whatever animals require for the economy of their situation upon earth, *that* they, by the bounty of Providence, possess. And there seems to be no other limit to the faculties bestowed upon the various tribes: whatever any particular species imperatively needed in order that it might fulfil its destiny here, is enjoyed by that species. It is very obvious, considering the way in which many animals live, and particularly their social habits, that a means of communicating ideas from one individual to others was amongst the requisites of their situation: accordingly, all such animals have a means of communicating ideas; have, in short, what we comprehensively call language. Perhaps there is no species altogether deficient in this power; but of this we cannot speak with any degree of certainty; we only can say that there is a considerable number of the families of the inferior animals which can be proved to possess and use a means of communicating their ideas. Some of these means we can distinguish and understand; others are as yet beyond our observation, and are of so mysterious a character, that even conjecture as to what they consist of is set at defiance.

The insects are the lowest tribes in which a communication of ideas has as yet been detected. Rather unexpectedly, this does not seem to be connected with any of the numerous kinds of sound statedly emitted by insects, but to consist chiefly, at least, of silent signs made through the medium of the sense of touch. In ants and bees, it has been observed to consist simply in a mutual rubbing of the antennæ, or feelers, an organ of wonderful delicacy of organisation, and which may comprehend a far greater variety of sensation than we have any idea of from what we feel in our own frames. These remarks, however, are not exclusive of the fact, that, on some particular occasions, a special sound is employed by insects to convey a certain kind of intelligence. One striking instance of a communication of intelligence by ants was observed by Franklin. He had a pot of treacle in a cupboard, to which the ants found access, and on which they regaled themselves very heartily, till he discovered them and drove them away. He then, to insure the preservation of his treacle, hung the pot by a string from the ceiling. It chanced that one ant had been left in the pot, and this animal he soon after observed leave it by the string, and pass along the ceiling towards its nest. In less than half an hour a great company of ants sallied out of their hole, climbed along the ceiling, and descending by the string, resumed their banquet at the treacle. As one set was satisfied, it left the rich repast to give place to another, and there was a constant passing up and down the string till the whole was eaten up. In this case there could not be the least doubt that the single ant had given information of a means having been left by which they could again approach the pot, and this information led to the new attack which the colony made upon it.

The possession of language by ants is pretty fully illustrated by Messrs Kirby and Spence in their elegant *Introduction to Entomology*. 'If you scatter,' say they, 'the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with a proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these in their turn become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.'

It has been observed of ants, while working, that the superintendent will occasionally make a particular noise by striking his antennæ against the wall of the nest, when the workers emit a sort of hiss, and immediately begin to exert themselves more strenuously. This seems to be a sort of call to make the labourers work harder, and an answer on their part expressing obedience. The same thing has been observed in what is called a march of ants: the soldiers standing by make the particular sound with the antennæ, when the ordinary ants answer with a hiss, and immediately increase their pace. When a military expedition is contemplated, spies are previously sent out, as if to reconnoitre, and bring intelligence. After their return, the army assembles, and begins its march towards the place where the spies had been reconnoitring. Upon the march, communications are perpetually making between the van and rear; and, when arrived at the camp of the enemy, and the battle begins, if necessary, couriers are despatched to the formicary for reinforcements. It has been also observed, that ants can communicate an alarm of approaching danger, by which the community is put upon its guard; and this signal at once excites the defensive courage of the neuters, and awakens a sense of fear in the males and females, who are seen, consequently, retreating to the nest as to an asylum.

Messrs Kirby and Spence thus describe the *language* of ants:—'In communicating their fear, or expressing their anger, they run from one to another in a semicircle, and strike with their head or jaws the trunk or abdomen of the ant to which they mean to give information of any subject of alarm. But those remarkable organs, their antennæ, are the principal instruments of their speech, if it may be so called, supplying the place both of voice and words. When the military ants go upon their expeditions, and are out of the formicary, previously to setting off, they touch each other on the trunk with their antennæ and forehead; this is the signal for marching; for, as soon as any one has received it, he is immediately in motion. When they have any discovery to communicate, they strike with the antennæ and forehead those they meet in a particularly impressive manner. If a hungry ant wants to be fed, it touches with its two antennæ, moving them very rapidly, those of the individual from which it expects its meal; and not only ants understand this language, but even aphides and cocci, which are the milch kine of our little pismires, do the same, and will yield them their saccharine fluid at the touch of these imperative organs. The helpless larvæ, also, of the ants are informed by the same means when they may open their mouths to receive their food.'

The communications amongst bees are much of the same character as those amongst ants, and the means

seem to be nearly the same, namely, a particular use of the feelers. When a swarm is about to go off, scouts are sent out to choose a situation; these are observed to hover about a particular place for a little while, as if considering its eligibility, then return, as to communicate the intelligence; after which the swarm goes off, and settles on the place fixed upon. A wasp has, in like manner, been observed to go and give information in his nest of any deposit of honey or food which he had met with, when the whole fraternity would sally forth, go direct to the place, and partake of the treat.

It must be remarked, that ants and bees are so far peculiar creatures, that they live in societies forming a species of commonwealth. This mutual relation, and the various duties which they have by reason of it to perform in concert, make language necessary to them; and language, accordingly, as we see, they have. It is probable that all other animals of their humble kind, which form more or less perfect societies, also possess some power of imparting their ideas to each other by means of regular signs instinctively suggested and instinctively understood, and which, like other matters of instinct, know no variation from one generation to another. This is probable, because there seems to be no other rule on the subject than that, where such a power of communicating ideas is required in the economy of the species, it is given; but we are not aware that there are any ascertained facts which entitle us to speak of this as more than merely probable. We must ascend out of the articulated sub-kingdom, before we find any other ascertained instances of the possession of language by the inferior animals.

And the first examples that we encounter cannot, it must be acknowledged, be reckoned as a language nearly so perfect as that of the above insects. The frogs croak at certain periods as a call to the female; but this only expresses a certain feeling: the modulations do not represent a variety of ideas. We may say nearly the same thing of the hiss of the serpent, the singing of birds, the lowing of kine, the roar of the fiercer animals, and so forth. These sounds express a particular feeling, but in no other respect can they be considered as language. One is the note of anger, another of hunger, another of destructiveness. There is one, however, which naturalists have remarked as universally understood, and this is the signal of danger. 'The instant that it is uttered, we hear the whole flock [of birds], though composed of various species, repeat a separate moan, and away they all scuttle into the bushes for safety. The reiterated "twink twink" of the chaffinch is known by every little bird as information of some prowling cat or weasel. Some give the maternal hush to their young, and mount to inquire into the jeopardy announced. The wren, that tells of perils from the hedge, soon collects about her all the various inquisitive species within hearing, to survey and ascertain the object, and add their separate fears. The swallow, that shrieking darts in devious flight through the air when a hawk appears, not only calls up all the hirundines of the village, but is instantly understood by every finch and sparrow, and its warning attended to.'* The notice of food, which we so often hear from the domestic hen addressed to her straggling young, and the invitation to gather when dispersed, are other parts of speech amongst birds, but which appear to be different in different species. Buffon thought the singing of birds an act of gallant attention on the part of the male to his mate, to cheer her during the business of hatching; but this is a mere poetical fancy. It certainly, however, is connected with certain constitutional changes in the animal, appropriate to the season; and the melodies of the grove and the flowers of the field—two of the most beautiful things in nature, everywhere enjoyed in reality and in literary allusion—may be considered as bound in an exquisite analogy, not less interesting to the philosopher than the poet, being alike glorifications of the passion of love. There is, it is well known, great variety of song amongst the feathered tribes, but this seems to be simply owing to the variety of organisation, and not designed to express any particular ideas or feelings in particular birds. Each gives voice to the feelings of the season in its own way, as its organs for the time enable it; and the rich notes of the blackbird, and delicious trills of the nightingale, convey but one meaning with the twitter of the sparrow, and the monotonous *falling third* of the cuckoo.

There is, however, even so low as this class of animals, a means of communicating ideas altogether independent of the stated and familiar cries and notes. Such a conclusion we must needs come to, when we know that many anecdotes like the following could be produced:—'An old goose, that had been for a fortnight hatching in a farmer's kitchen, was perceived on a sudden to be taken violently ill. She soon after left the nest, and repaired to an out-house, where there was a young goose of the first year, which she brought with her into the kitchen. The young one immediately scrambled into the old one's nest, sat, hatched, and afterwards brought up the brood. The old goose, as soon as the young one had taken her place, sat down by the side of the nest, and soon after died. As the young goose had never been in the habit of entering the kitchen before, I know of no way of accounting for this fact, than by supposing that the old one had some way of communicating her thoughts and anxieties, which the other was perfectly able to understand.' This is reported to Mr Loudon's Magazine by a gentleman named Brew, residing at Ennis, who adds, 'A sister of mine, who witnessed the transaction, gave me the information in the evening of the very day it happened.'

In the mammalia, the existence of such a language is borne out by almost daily observation. A bull, seeing a cow straying behind the rest of the herd, will go towards it, and call something, which causes the cow to rejoin her companions. We have been assured of the truth of the following incident by a gentleman who witnessed it, and who says that it agrees with many other anecdotes of cattle which he has heard:—A number of cattle were placed together in a field, for the purpose of feeding on turnips. Two of the number became extremely troublesome to the rest, butting at and leaping upon them, and seeming to take a malicious pleasure in disturbing them in eating—in short, playing the tyrant over their more peaceable companions. This was patiently endured for some time; but at length a sort of conference was held by the peaceable cattle; they literally laid their heads together, and seemed to converse on the subject of the annoyance to which they were exposed, and, we may be allowed to add, on the proper means to be adopted for putting a stop to it. These cattle were then observed to make a simultaneous rush at the two offensive ones, whom they attacked in such spirited style as to drive them out of the field.

Unquestionably there was here some species of language employed; otherwise, how could the common sentiment have been ascertained, or the uniform movement concerted? A curious question now arises—Has each species or genus its own language, or is there a language common to several species or genera? It would appear from the following anecdote, that the latter supposition is the true one:—'Last spring,' says Mr Barker of Bedale, Yorkshire, writing in 1834, 'an old mare (she has, I believe, completed her twentieth year, and has lost an eye) being relieved, in consideration of age and infirmity, from heavy labour, was turned out in company with a cow and four or five heifers into a small field at a distance from their former companions. The grass in this enclosure was not very plentiful, and the adjoining pasture being adorned with luxuriant vegetation, and divided by an indifferent fence, they frequently took the liberty of trespassing upon the neighbouring property. This, indeed, occurred so often, that a watch was obliged to be set upon their actions; and one day a singular instance of animal instinct [intelligence?]

* Journal of a Naturalist, p. 272.

was observed. The mare, doubtless tired of staying so long at home, made the circuit of the field, with a view to escape from her confinement, and having discovered a place suited for her exit, she returned to her horned companions, who were ruminating at a little distance, and having approached the cow, she gently struck her on the shoulder, first with her hoof, and then with her head. The cow being roused from her revery, the loving friends advanced together to the gap, and having jointly reconnoitred it, returned to the rest, and then, the old mare leading the way, the whole company leaped over in succession after her.'*

The Ettrick Shepherd's anecdote of the small dog which, being ill used by a large one at an inn, went home and brought a friend of superior strength to avenge its wrongs, completes our list of illustrations for the meantime. To multiply such anecdotes might become tedious, as a few are sufficient to establish the fact, that a means of communicating ideas and sentiments does exist among the animals inferior to man. That this language among the insect tribes chiefly consists of signs by touch, we have seen. Of what nature is the language of the mammalia? These can convey expressions of hunger, impatience, and some other feelings, by their looks and attitudes; but this is only such natural language as we ourselves possess, and often employ. They have evidently another mode of communicating their ideas, in which, as far as can be observed, neither sounds nor signs are used. Of what nature is this silent speech? Who can give an answer?

THE MAD ENGLISHMEN.

A STORY OF OSTEND.

JOURNEYING lately in the diligence from Ostend to Ghent, I fell in with a Belgian travelling companion, with whom I had some agreeable chat relative to the country through which we passed, and its inhabitants. He was a native of Ostend, a town which has endured many vicissitudes of fortune, and of which he seemed to know many amusing stories. One of these I shall try to recall to remembrance, in the words in which it was told:—

In the year 1817, two Englishmen arrived in Ostend; and, from their movements, appeared to be two singular originals. One was short, stout, and red-haired; the other tall and thin. The short one was named Richard Mowbray, and his tall companion was William Featherington. Both were in the prime of life, between forty-five and fifty-five. From head to foot both were gentlemen, and their passports were in the best order and regularity. Upon stepping ashore, they were conducted, at their desire, to the Scheldt inn, in the Gudule Street. The host was by name Rysvoort, and his inn had by no means the best reputation in Ostend. The innkeeper was of course enchanted by the arrival of such unlooked-for guests. They occupied the best apartments in his house, and ordered the choicest fare. The cook busied herself in setting before them a most miserable dinner, and our host did the same by two bottles of execrable wine. The islanders ate and drank with the most perfect satisfaction. But the reckoning? Upon this head the host was quite at ease. The next morning his enormous charges were paid with the utmost indifference. Thus far all was excellent: but Van Rysvoort, unused to such birds of Paradise, feared every moment they might depart, and continue their journey to Brussels. He very sagely concluded that the Englishmen did not cross the sea to see Ostend merely, and to pay roundly for his bad cheer.

The pair, however, showed no signs of departure: a diligence offered them every opportunity. The Englishmen remained quietly; all intercourse with the townspeople they avoided—the sights they troubled themselves not at all about. Every day they walked into the country, and ate and drank, smoked, slept, and read the papers, and lived as quietly and peaceably as angels. No letters came to them—they sent none off; the world was dead to them, and they were dead to the world.

Every third morning they regularly paid their bill; took nothing off, although the landlord daily charged a threefold price for everything. Van Rysvoort spoke usually but little too, and troubled himself about his guests still less, since they paid so well; but these self-same Englishmen took up all his attention. He puzzled his brain over and over again, and at last took his wife into his counsels; but as they could not even conjointly solve the mystery, they consulted with friends and neighbours upon what these Englishmen could possibly be doing at Ostend.

'They are spies,' said one. 'Birds of flight, who are escaping punishment,' said others.

At last the town-clerk, who had been some years in England, settled the matter.

'Do not trouble your heads; I'll tell you what these two Englishmen are—they are nothing more nor less than mad Englishmen. Do you know what that means? Listen, and I'll tell you. I knew in London a man who, in his old age, took to leading such a beggarly life, that for fifteen years he lived as the most wretched of paupers. From his fellow-beggars he received every sort of annoyance; his mode of life brought on him cudgellings and imprisonments; but he still persisted. At last one morning he was found in a lane frozen dead! And listen, he left a will—valid, and drawn up by a notary—in which he disposed of more than L.50,000 to a village he had never seen nor known. Confess that that was a mad Englishman. Such are those now lodging in the Scheldt.' So spoke this clever man. But Van Rysvoort answered, 'Mad or not, they are good customers; they live and pay well; never complain; and if I only for five years could keep such guests, I should become a made man.'

A week after this consultation, and three after their arrival, the Englishmen called their host, and thus addressed him:—'Herr Van Rysvoort, your hotel pleases us very much, and if our proposition pleases you, we may continue our acquaintance with each other.'

'My lord,' answered the delighted host, with a low obeisance, 'I am quite at your disposal; say your wishes, and they shall become mine; for I know what I owe to such distinguished guests.'

'My good friend,' said the little fat man, 'your hotel is by no means so large as it ought to be; you know you have but three apartments in which a gentleman can be accommodated, and these look upon the street. The rattle of carts and carriages makes noise without end. We love quiet. We are here every instant disturbed. Our health must sink under it. In short, the noise is unbearable.'

'I am very sorry to hear it, my lord: what can I do? You are quite right. It is true the traffic is without end, but I cannot shut up the street.'

'Certainly not; but the thing is not so difficult after all.' 'What does my lord mean?'

'The cost cannot be important, and we willingly bear the half.'

'Pray, continue, my lord,' cried out the landlord with a frankness and warmth most unusual to him.

'You have, behind your house, a small garden, in which nothing grows; the old wall is also in ruins. Could you not build there a small house, with three comfortable rooms, and there we shall find a quiet lodging? If you freely give into our plan, as we have said, we will pay the half. When we leave, the house will belong to you; but should this not please you, we must go, although we would willingly remain.'

Van Rysvoort seized eagerly upon the proposal, finding his own advantage in every view; he kept his customers, and enlarged his house at their expense.

The same evening the *honest* Van Rysvoort consulted with a builder, who, at one and the same time, was his

* Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, vii. 502.

gossip and godfather. The builder set briskly to work next morning; for the Englishmen would admit of no delay, and as they marked out the ground, all was quickly in progress.

From morning till night Mr Richard Mowbray and Mr William Featherington never left the workmen. Van Rysvoort took great interest in what was going on, but said nothing. It is true he was not quite contented that the haste with which the Englishmen hurried on the building gave no great guarantee for its durability. He would have been better pleased, perhaps, had the building not been raised quite so much in the corner by the old wall, and that it had been carried up a storey or so higher; but his guests were inexorable, and would only allow of one floor. In fourteen days the garden-house was completed, as if by magic. The Englishmen were so delighted, that they took immediate possession.

Van Rysvoort and his wife were now convinced that none but mad Englishmen would leave a good dry house for a new and wet one. However, that was the business of his guests, and being to all appearance a freak, they resolved that it should be well paid for. The entire building, according to the accounts of the artificers employed upon it, cost 2374 florins—a sum which the innkeeper considered so unreasonably low, that he increased it to 4748 florins—for his own benefit. Monstrous as was the bill presented to them, the Englishmen paid it, the avaricious host consoling his conscience with the reflection, that it was all little enough for accommodating such crazy lunatics within his premises.

This matter being settled, the Englishmen, now installed in their garden-house, seldom made their appearance out of it. They ate, drank, smoked, and read the papers as usual; but the most curious part of our story is, that they allowed no one to enter, and even made the beds themselves.

All this time their accommodation was not of the best order. Perhaps the Frau Van Rysvoort wished to try how little they could be pleased with. Nothing could be worse than their eating and wine; for *honest* Herr Rysvoort's reasoning was, that before mad Englishmen should drink of a good vintage, they must learn to value it. The facility with which they paid his double charges was only equalled by the uncomplainingness with which they swallowed his ill-prepared viands.

The more shamelessness he exhibited, the greater became the forbearance of his guests. The brain of mine host was always at work to solve so much mystery; he even ventured to display a certain dogged anger; still, he moved not the equanimity of his customers. The most puzzling and annoying circumstance was the making their own beds. Why did they always keep themselves fast locked in? Why did they burn a light all night? They moved into the garden for quiet sleep; and yet, since they had possession, they appeared to sleep not at all! Van Rysvoort lost himself in wild conjecture. He stood at his window for whole nights watching the light in the Englishmen's rooms; and at last so puzzled his senses with his guests, that he could no longer enjoy life. The bewildered and tormented landlord now took a good friend or two more into his counsels, and the result of a long deliberation was, that the two Englishmen were neither more nor less than false coiners. Van Rysvoort, not a little alarmed at this verdict, passed in review the whole of the gold pieces he had received from the Englishmen, but found amongst them not a suspicious piece. Urged by his thrifty better half, he took a guinea to a neighbouring Jew money-changer to ascertain its weight and purity. The Jew made every usual test, but declared it good. Now was the *honest* innkeeper quite at his wit's end; so was his wife; and so was his gossip and godfather, the builder.

Things went on in this manner until the middle of October, when the Englishmen suddenly changed their mode of living. Each bought a gun and a shooting-pouch, and went out—but never together—as they said, to sport upon the *dunes* and canals. At last, one evening Mr Featherington called the innkeeper, and informed him that they were both going upon a three-days' shooting excursion.

And sure enough, the following morning, long before sunrise, a carriage was waiting at the door, and the Englishmen, in full sporting trim, jumped into it, and drove off.

So precipitate were they, that the innkeeper had no time to make them his lowest bow, nor to wish them a pleasurable excursion. During the next three days, Van Rysvoort was in a state of considerable perplexity. The Englishmen had taken with them the key of the garden-house; and a hard struggle ensued in his breast between curiosity and discretion. Curiosity said, break open the garden-house; discretion said, such an intrusion would lose him his guests.

Wednesday, the fourth day from the departure of the Englishmen, arrived, and still they did not appear. In the evening a council was held in the inn; the sitting was long and stormy; all sorts of surmises and strange hypotheses were indulged in.

On the Thursday, Van Rysvoort put on his greatcoat most wofully, and went to give information to the police. He, however, took this step very unwillingly, as he wisely calculated that, in the event of his guests having met with an untimely end, he could not quietly possess himself of their valuables. The commissary and three gens-d'armes attended at the inn, to clear up the mystery.

As a matter of form, three knocks at the door summoned to a surrender. Of no use—no reply. Then, as a matter of course, followed the forcing the entrance. The happy long-wished-for moment was now arrived. Lo! what came to sight? Nothing, literally nothing!

The police functionaries and the innkeeper started back in amazement. Then followed a long-drawn breath from the head-over-head peeping band of curious friends and relatives pressing on the background. A gendarme drew his sword, and valiantly rushed into the apartments. But there was nothing to encounter but two empty trunks and an open letter. With these trophies he hurried back. A new movement then took place. The commissary read as follows:—

'My dear Van Rysvoort—Convinced that you are as well versed in the chronicles of your town as you are in your ledger, of whose exactitude you have left us nothing to doubt, it may be useless to tell you that Ostend, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was mixed up in the war then raging between Spain and Holland. Your town was, from the year 1601 to 1604, exposed to those vicissitudes that all so situated are liable to, until the Dutch garrison was forced to yield to the Spanish general Spinola. Amongst the defenders who fought like heroes under the colours of the United Provinces, were many Englishmen, sons of the first families of our country. In this band was one of our ancestors, who was treasurer of the expedition. Before the town capitulated, he with great caution hid from the capture of the Spaniards the treasure-box.

Soon after, he returned to England and died, but not before he had given to his family some intelligence of the concealed treasures. This good fortune has devolved upon us: your house and garden were pointed out as the spot. Once upon our track, we lost no time in installing ourselves in your inn, and soon found reason to be satisfied with our operations. We have succeeded, without giving rise to any suspicions, in obtaining the possession of the treasures so long and deeply buried in oblivion, and in appropriating them to ourselves, their right destination. How we operated, need now no longer be a secret; but, Herr Van Rysvoort, we must premise our disclosure by declaring, upon our honour as gentlemen, that we have fairly let you into one half of the treasures. So long as Ostend exists, no innkeeper will have again such profitable guests. You have robbed us through thick and thin, as though we had fallen into the hands of a banditti. You have not only doubly, but hundredfold chicaned us. We were determined to shut our eyes to your proceedings. As we promised,

you have profited. In the furthest room you will find a portion of the floor broken up: you will also find a hole ten feet deep, at the bottom of which lies an iron chest. We took our time in removing the old ducats of Charles V. The chest we bequeath to you, with the recommendation that you fill up the chasm again at your convenience.

Perhaps you will wish to know how the "mad Englishmen" are really named. We are very sorry in this respect to be unwilling to oblige you. The discovery would be of no use, as we firmly intend never to set foot again in your memorable town, or in your inn. Do not trouble yourself with any reflections upon our conduct. The finance minister of Queen Elizabeth can alone call us to account; and he, good man, has already given up his claims full two hundred years ago; so, upon his score, we lightly trouble ourselves.

For the future, in laughing over the very questionable conduct you have shown us, we shall always bear witness to the high esteem with which we are impressed as to your character as a man and an innkeeper. In the hope of never seeing you again, with our hearty farewell, we give you leave to call us, and to speak of us, as the MAD ENGLISHMEN.'

Van Rysvoort rolled his eyes and bit his lips; but to what purpose? The first transport of rage having passed away, the innkeeper ended the matter by an observation which did honour to his perception, 'That these Englishmen, after all, were not so mad as they seemed to be.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WAGES.

IT is marvellous to observe the extensive ignorance which still prevails respecting the true cause of a rise and fall in wages. In a Van Diemen's Land newspaper, just received, we perceive that loud complaints are made by agriculturists on account of the high wages demanded by the persons whom they employ, including artificers of various classes. At a public meeting of landowners and farmers, called to consider the subject, it is stated, as a grievance, that while they cannot get more than 3s. per bushel for wheat, or more than 2d. to 2½d. per lb. for their butcher-meat throughout the year, the 'non-productive classes,' as they term them, will not correspondingly lower their rates of wages. They then go on to resolve, 'That as under these disadvantages the farmer cannot clear his expenses, much less make any profit, an effort should be made throughout the colony to awaken all classes to a sense of this unequal state of things; and, as one means of relief at hand, every discouragement should be offered to high wages, as in the end equally injurious to master and servants; and that, except in particular circumstances, the following standard should be adopted:—A good shepherd to receive L.15 a year, with rations; good ploughman from L.10 to L.12 a year, with rations; a labourer L.9 a year, with rations; sheep-shearers 7s. 6d. per 100 fleeces, or 3s. 6d. per day; and reapers in the same proportion. And as in no case is there so much unfairness practised from the adoption of different measurements, this meeting is of opinion that sawyers are sufficiently remunerated at 2s. per 100 feet, government measurement.'

In this resolution of the wise agriculturists of Van Diemen's Land we have a repetition of one of the most extraordinary fallacies that ever bamboozled the brains of mankind. The editor of the paper, in a single sentence tacked to the account of the meeting, sets the whole to rights. He says, 'It will be impossible to enforce the above resolutions, because there are few free labourers and mechanics in the colony.' Precisely so. All the legislative enactments, all the resolutions which could be framed, cannot raise or depress the wages of labour by a single farthing. Unions among employers, and unions among employed, to fix rates of payment, are equally futile. The amount of wages in every instance, and in all countries, depends on the number of persons seeking to be employed, and the quantity of employment for them. In short, demand and supply in the market is the true and only standard in this as in any other branch of affairs. The loaf might sink to 1d., or rise to 1s., and so might the price of other articles fluctuate, without affecting the wages of labour in the least. Some people seem to entertain a notion that if food were to become very low in price, the mass of labourers, by being able to live more cheaply, would accept of lower wages. This is a complete delusion. Labourers, among whom we include all sorts of workmen and servants, do not strive the less to get good wages because they can buy better bargains with their money. This, indeed, is proved from the fact of labourers, in Van Diemen's Land and North America, seeking higher wages than their brethren are paid in England, although they can buy food at a fourth of the price. Neither do employers study prices when about to hire assistants. No mistress of a family sends out to inquire the price of bread, beef, ribbons, or calico, before agreeing to pay a certain wage to her servant; she is guided exclusively by the consideration, whether she could not get as good a servant for *less* money; while the servant, on the other hand, is in the same manner influenced by the consideration, whether she could not elsewhere get *more* money. So is it with all others who have employment to give or to take. The Van Diemen's Land agriculturists must either import more servants, or have less work to execute, if they wish to *lower* wages.

NEW TRICKS IN LONDON.

There are few who are acquainted with the streets of the metropolis, but must have occasionally noticed some poor and wretched object gathering together the contents of a parcel of lucifer matches, which have fallen from her hands on to the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare. In nine cases out of ten this is purposely done to excite the sympathies of the passer-by. It would seem, however, that, encouraged by the success which has attended this system, a desire has been raised to improve upon the original idea. The vagrant, having selected for her object a well-dressed, charitable-looking person (a country gentleman with drab gaiters is sure game), places herself suddenly in his way, and down go the matches. The innocent victim of premeditated collision is immediately surrounded by a host of ragged confederates, who loudly cry shame. The public take up the part of the 'suffering,' and a compromise is entered into by the payment of an amount in silver. This trick is often performed by a woman in High Holborn, who, during the hours of the labourers' dinner, would represent the wife of one of that class with some pieces of crockery ware and a bottle of greasy water suspended in a pocket handkerchief. Yesterday the match-trick was performed with great success upon the pavement of the National Gallery, and although at one time there were more than three parties at work upon this small space, the results appeared to be highly encouraging.—*Municipal and Poor-Law Gazette.*

The prevalence of such tricks in London must have very peculiar effects upon both the distressed and the comfortable classes. They have a partial success with the few who are simple and inconsiderate (probably for the most part with strangers from the country); but the only effect upon the great bulk of the London population, is to create a suspicious and a sceptical tone of mind with regard to the appearances of human misery generally, under which, of course, the really distressed must suffer as well as the impostors. This is not taken sufficiently into account when we hear of extreme cases of destitution, the non-relief of which, in the midst of a large and wealthy capital, naturally excites surprise. We do not reflect that the great bulk of the people are so accustomed to see trick and roguery going on every day under the guise of

misery, that they come almost to doubt the existence of genuine wretchedness. All unfortunate persons have, then, a strong interest in repressing deceit like that above-described; which is, in fact, a killing of their gold-egged goose, and the cause of an enormous amount of money being kept in pockets which otherwise might open and flow freely to their relief. The bad effects of imposture do not stop here. It is impossible that such tricks can abound amidst any people, however benevolent and frank by nature (and this is a general characteristic of the English), without producing habits of feeling of quite an opposite kind. Their tendency is to associate all misery with the idea of imposture, to make all impulsive compassion appear as mere simplicity and weakness, and to justify a complete shutting up of the heart as only a proper precaution against being cheated. Philanthropic or benevolent objects may, in such a place, be attended to—and in London they are so to a remarkable extent—but, this being done only in a public and formal way, by the payment of rates and subscriptions, rather than the direct giving of relief to a distress which meets the view, it cannot give the same exercise to the sentiment of benevolence which is to be derived from actual contact with a fully-credited misery. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find that that place in the mind which, amongst simple provincials, is occupied by a ready-flowing pity for all kinds of distress, is, in many equally well-meaning metropolitans, filled by something quite different—a disposition to doubt, suspect, and scoff at all individual appearances of misery. At the same time, the abundance of quackery and unfounded pretensions in business and the professions peculiar to a large city, adds to this unfortunate effect, and renders it almost impossible for any one who is wide awake to take anything whatever upon its own simple showing. It is unnecessary to point out how often the true and good must thus be rejected, and all the benefit derivable from it lost, from the impossibility of establishing its credit—how much labour and pains must thus, in many instances, be thrown away—above all, how demoralising must be this tone of mind generally, seeing that it makes all humane feeling a laughing-stock, and every pretension to virtue and good intention a mockery. This must be reckoned, we suppose, among the disadvantages of very large cities, to be balanced off against the mental activity which they keep up, the pleasure of being unknown and solitary if you choose, and the opportunity of attending shows and entertainments which there is no getting anywhere else.

SEPARATE EDUCATIONAL EFFORTS.

The newspapers have lately informed us of a meeting of the Congregational body, when upwards of seventeen thousand pounds were subscribed for educational purposes, and a determination was expressed to raise the sum to one hundred thousand, within five years, for the same objects. It appears that this liberality is designed mainly for the establishment of day-schools in connexion with this religious body. At the same time, similar efforts are in the course of being made by the Wesleyan Methodists, but with views equally confined to that particular denomination. There is also a design entertained of establishing a college in the midland district of England—Leicester has been named as the site—for the secular education of youths against whom the universities are closed. While these movements are making in England, it is understood that the now largely increased body of seceders from the establishment in Scotland, are much inclined to establish common schools and a university of their own, in order that the youth of their various denominations may be educated independently of the seminaries of the established church. The tendency, indeed, of the present time is manifestly in favour of sectionising education in conformity with religious sections, and having as many sets of schools and colleges as there are religious denominations in the land. Ten years ago, it did not appear as if educational efforts were to take this turn; there was then some prospect of a national system of education, such as exists in Holland, Belgium, America, and many other countries, by which all our youth might have associated together in their school-days, without regard to differences on one special point. Now, the prospect seems to be abandoned as hopeless. So be it, since better may not be. But let this great country be aware of the evils of which it is laying the foundations. The unavoidable effect of this dissociation of the people in their youth, according to religious denominations, will be to make them in their mature years aliens from each other. Religious sects will become equivalent to castes in India. The common feelings, in which the union and strength of a people reside, will be attenuated, while all the divided feelings will wax in strength. Class will feel coldly, or despitefully, or hatefully, towards class, and this mainly because they *know not each other;* whereas, if they had all been thrown together in their tender years, they would have formed special friendships, perhaps to last through life, or at least had a sufficient personal intimacy to produce a kindly feeling, and make distinctions in faith appear as no proper cause for mutual distrust or hatred. Already, in the great distinctions which wealth and rank, employing and being employed, produce in this people, there was sufficient cause of disunion, and the effects of these distinctions are even now painfully, and perhaps threateningly, apparent. But these distinctions are as nothing to what must henceforth take place if the separate system of education be persisted in. DIVISION must then take the presiding place in Britain, and the days of her greatness, if anything of our own doing can bring them to a close, will terminate through this cause.

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

SAUMUR—FONTEVRAULT.

AGAIN on our travels down the green valley of the Loire, and, for the sake of variety, pursuing our journey from Tours by land, on the north bank of the river, instead of threading our way by steam among the many islands and sandbanks which here, more than ever, encumber the navigation of the stream. In our route, we have, for the most part, on our right a high bank here and there perforated with cavernous cottages and wine vaults, and on our left the broad current of the Loire, increased by the waters of the Cher a few miles below Tours. Yet one cannot say, with any certainty, where the Cher throws in its tribute to the flood, for on the left bank of the Loire the land is so flat as to permit all sorts of deltas and breaks in the united body of waters; and indeed, for nearly as far down as the junction of the Vienne, there may be said to be a kind of two rivers running parallel to each other, only that they are occasionally touching and parting, with many an island between, flat, green, and covered with aquatic plants and willows. The Cher, after receiving the Indre, considerably increases the Loire; but the Vienne adds at least a third to its volume; and but for the many islands which still break it into various channels, it would be a truly noble river. On approaching Saumur, we entirely lost sight of the Loire, in consequence of our route making a detour to avoid an extensive marsh, and it did not again make its appearance till we were crossing a series of bridges, stretching from island to island, and finally reaching the southern or left bank of the river.

In crossing the bridges at Saumur, the view of the town, with its stretch of light-coloured stone mansions facing the Loire, and its old castle on a ridge of ground behind, has an effect more pleasing than a closer inspection of the place is apt to convey. Although a

town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the centre of a populous district, Saumur is exceedingly dull, a character it is said to have possessed since the flight of a large body of its most industrious and wealthy inhabitants on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. With little or nothing to interest the tourist, and inns whose performances are very inferior to their pretensions, my only reason for staying a day or two in the town was to visit certain remarkable Druidic remains in the immediate neighbourhood, also the prison of Fontevrault, the largest *maison de détention* in France, which is situated at a few miles' distance.

The Druidic monuments, which I presume to be of an age coeval with those of Stonehenge, I was desirous of not passing unnoticed, for they are among the most perfect in existence, having survived the storms, social and otherwise, of the last two thousand years, with scarcely any change in their appearance; and, if undisturbed, they may remain in their present entire condition for thousands of years longer. These very interesting relics are situated at about the distance of a mile and a-half from Saumur, in a southerly direction, and are reached by a public road which crosses the river Thouet, a small and sluggish tributary of the Loire immediately behind the town. Conducted aside from the highway along a by-path on the left, we speedily attain the object of our search, among vineyards and gardens, and placed within a walled enclosure, to which a humble keeper admits us by a wicket. The situation may have been more conspicuous when the country was unenclosed and uncultured; at present, by being on a level plain, and environed with hedgerows, trees, and scattered cottages, it is particularly obscure.

I was surprised by the large dimensions of this work of a remote and rude antiquity. We had before us a species of house or hut, formed of a few enormously large slabs of stone, closed on the top, sides, and further extremity, and open at the east end, which was towards us. Entering this curious mansion—got up, as one could fancy, by the frolic of a boy giant, from the unshapely blocks of a quarry—we found that, as nearly as could be judged, it measured about fifty feet in length by twelve to fifteen in breadth; each of the sides consisted of only four stones; one blocked up the end, and four composed the horizontal roof. The stones being unhewn, did not join very exactly, but admitted of gaps, through which the light and air penetrated. Nor were all of uniform size, some being larger than the others, and one was probably twenty feet across. The interior was empty, with an earth-trodden floor. All was antique in aspect, except the portal, which has in modern times been partially built up to a reasonable compass, and most likely with a view to protect the place from intrusion. There was, however, no door either to shut or open. In England, a Druidic remain of this kind has been ordinarily called a *cromlech*; in France, it is popularly known as a *pierre couverte*, and it was by this name I sought out that which was now before me. The garçon who had piloted us to the spot, and sat very much at his ease on the top of the low wall of the enclosure, while I took a sketch of the structure in my note-book, now ventured to hint that the sun was sinking, and that if monsieur and madame wished to see the other *pierre couverte*, no time was to be lost. I had not calculated on a second. '*Allons*, my good little fellow, by all means let us see the other;' and the other we happily reached while the sun had still a trifle to descend on the western horizon. This second cromlech is situated at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the other, and occupies a most conspicuous position on the summit of a knoll or low hill, at present laid out as arable lands. This hill, consisting of an upheaved mass of pure sand, has, in the course of time, been divided by a rivulet, which has created a broad sandy ravine, now employed as an execrable road by the peasantry to their small fields; and on the top of the shelving bank, the *pierre couverte* is seen relieved against the evening sky.

On reaching this cromlech, we found that it is much smaller than the one in the low grounds, but built on the same plan of upright stones supporting a horizontal slab as a roof. The stones are neither so large nor so numerous; yet the thing altogether, insignificant as it is in comparison, is imposing in effect, and would doubtless make the fortune of a London tea-garden, though here treated with as little consideration as if placed by the side of a Scottish highway. In extent it may measure about fifteen feet in length by eight in breadth, a single broad stone, as in the former instance, closing the western extremity of the structure. How the stones of either structure, some of which must weigh fully twenty tons in weight, were brought to the spot, and raised in their present position, is a question I gladly leave to be solved by those who kindly undertake to puzzle themselves about the building of the pyramids, and other mysteries of that sort, for the benefit of mankind. What were even the uses of these gigantic cromlechs, it is difficult to imagine; all the more obvious suppositions of their having been designed as tombs, or altars of a barbarous sacrifice, being open to objections which would be out of place for me to discuss. The smart Flibbertigibbet, my conducteur to the *pierres couvertes*, intimated that there was a single standing stone, of a similar kind, in a field at some distance; but the lengthening shadows of evening admonished us that it was time to depart from a scene which would appear to have been a metropolis of Druidism; and so, without seeing this less remarkable relic, we returned to Saumur for the night.

The brilliant sunshine of a new day brought with it the wish to pay our intended visit to Fontevrault, for which I had procured an order for admission from the minister of the interior before quitting Paris. Fontevrault lies quite in a different direction from the curiosities already noticed, and at the distance of eight or nine miles from Saumur. Hiring a carriage for the occasion, we pursued a route up the left bank of the Loire for a few miles, after which, striking into a cross-road on our right, we found ourselves following the sinuosities of a small but beautiful valley, till, having passed several ancient hamlets, and attained a rising ground in the midst of a woody and sequestered region, we found ourselves in the old-fashioned village or town of Fontevrault. Having deposited our voiture at a small inn in the *place*, I proceeded across the way to a large barrack-like building, whose gateway was well guarded by a party of soldiers, and announced myself to the concierge of this mighty hive of human beings, the great prison of Fontevrault. While I am waiting in the porter's lodge till my errand is announced to the governor, let me tell the reader something of the history of the place we are about to visit.

About the year 1098, France became agitated by the extraordinary preaching of a priest called Robert d'Arbrissel. Haranguing multitudes of all classes of people, and dwelling on the value of a religious life, he attracted a vast number of followers. Husbands abandoned their wives, wives their husbands, parents their children, and young females their families, to obey the fanatic impulse. More than three thousand persons left their houses and their connexions to follow this remarkable man from town to town, and from city to city; persons of all ranks and conditions, of every age and profession, men and women, some of respectable character, others of notoriously bad repute, followed in the great train of the agitator. The number of his disciples continuing to increase, it became so difficult to conduct their migrations, that he resolved to select some spot where he might locate them as a religious society. After seeking a resting-place for himself and his flock in many spots along the banks of the Loire, the preacher at length selected one at a few miles' distance from that river, on the borders of Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou, amongst the woods and wilds of Fontevrault, possessing, as a chief recommendation, a beautiful spring, which in all seasons furnished an abundant supply of pure and excellent water. Here, amidst

the forest shades, the pious multitude at first constructed cabins of wood and turf; a small chapel was next built; and deep and wide ditches were dug throughout the encampment, to separate the dwellings of the men from those of the women. The neighbouring towns and villages vied with each other in furnishing food and clothing for this holy host; the nobles of the country endowed them liberally with lands, including the spot where they had pitched their settlement; contributions flowed in from kings and princes; whole families came to join the new settlers, and threw all their wealth into the common treasure, which was speedily swelled to a considerable amount. In 1102, the foundations of the great church were laid, and the building erected, under the superintendence of a lady of the princely house of Champagne. Robert d'Arbrissel, whose energy had carried him over every difficulty, now saw his flock well lodged and pastured. Three hundred of the best instructed and most respectable of the female converts were placed in buildings near the newly erected church, and charged with the duty of chanting the sacred offices; the others were divided into companies of a hundred and sixty each; whilst those of doubtful character were placed by themselves in a building called La Madeleine. The lepers and the infirm were lodged in another edifice called St Lazarus; and the able-bodied male portion of the colonists was accommodated in a distinct residence named St Jean de l'Habit. Thus, the great and miscellaneous conventual establishment, composed both of nuns and monks, was fairly set on foot. As eminent for his humility as for his other virtues, the founder assumed to himself no authority over his followers, but placed the pastoral staff in the hands of a female ruler, Petronilla de Chemille, and gave an example to the whole body of dutiful obedience to her as superior. In 1117, Robert d'Arbrissel died in the odour of sanctity, leaving the monastery of Fontevrault as a monument of his genius. The singular constitution which he had imposed, of making the nuns the superiors, and the monks subject to them, remained in force; and the abbess of Fontevrault, who was generally a lady of rank, was for ages one of the most important religious functionaries in France, her power being vastly increased by the spread of monasteries of the same order, of which, ultimately, there were as many as fifty-seven throughout France. It is needless to pursue the history of Fontevrault through the seven hundred years which followed its foundation, further than to say, that it was one of the most imposing religious establishments in France, and was selected as the burial place of Henry II., his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, and other members of the royal house of Anjou. At the revolution of 1793, like similar institutions throughout France, the monastery was dissolved, and the whole establishment, with its splendid endowments, sequestrated; the lady superior, with her numerous train of nuns, monks, and servants, was turned adrift to the world; many of the tombs and monuments were desecrated and destroyed, and the various buildings devoted to the purposes of a national prison for criminals.

And so this was the end of the pious dream which led the almost sainted Robert d'Arbrissel to imagine he had founded an establishment which should last throughout all generations. Of the extent of the overthrow, no one can have any adequate idea without visiting the place. I had anticipated seeing two or three houses and courtyards, whereas, to my surprise, the establishment appeared to cover some forty or fifty acres, occupying the gentle slope of a hill towards the south-east with part of the valley below, and embracing a collection of houses, churches, cloisters, courtyards, workshops, and inferior structures, all in such excellent order, and so admirably adapted for their present purpose, that the nation may be supposed to have congratulated itself on having got the whole so good a bargain—that is to say, for nothing. But enter Monsieur the governor, a tall hearty-looking gentleman in a brown beard, who assures us that it will give him great pleasure to show us over the establishment, though he regrets to tell me it is a jour de fête—*l' assomption de la vierge*—and that, therefore, it is a holiday in the prison. I now recollected having passed numerous parties of peasants in holiday attire wending their way to Saumur, and should have earlier bethought myself of the unsuitableness of a visit to Fontevrault on such a sacred occasion. However, it was of no use now entertaining any regrets on the subject; perhaps it would be more interesting to see the hive in repose; and I accordingly assured Monsieur that a sight of the place to-day would do as well as any other, particularly along with his obliging explanations. '*Eh bien—à plaisir.*'

As we crossed an open square towards the department shown first to strangers, I learned, what I was not clear upon before, that Fontevrault accommodates three classes of offenders—boys, men, and women; that the discipline is according to the silent system, in which masses herd and work together, but without liberty to converse; and that at present there were two thousand of one kind and another in the different divisions. As to these divisions, and their subdivisions, each is very suitably confined to a distinct suite of buildings, with its court and cloisters, so that the establishment is more properly a collection of prisons than a single prison; and all connexion, as well as chance of escape, is cut off by high walls, on which at intervals are walks and turrets, whence the armed sentinels have a complete command of the courts beneath.

The department to which we were first introduced was that of the boys, of whom there were about three hundred, all dressed in the same kind of coarse attire and wooden shoes which I had seen at Mettray. Under the immediate control of officers, they were caused to exhibit various military manœuvres, and finally marched off in order to a farm in the neighbourhood without any guard. There was a liveliness of manner about these boys which was pleasing; and, evidently on the best terms with the governor, they crowded round him, before setting out, to petition for a *tambour*—if they only could be allowed a drum, they would be so happy. This request, however, was not granted. Having seen the interior accommodations of this department, we went on to the next, which was the infirmary of the male part of the establishment, consisting of a cuisine, several floors with beds, a pleasant courtyard and cloistered walk, all neat, clean, and airy. In one of the dormitories a priest was engaged in administering ghostly consolation to one of the unhappy inmates. Proceeding from this portion of the establishment, we next were admitted into the department appropriated to the female prisoners, for whom one of the most extensive monasteries in the cluster must have been selected. At the time of my visit there were five hundred women within its walls, independently of attendants, all of whom were Sisters of Charity. Admitted at a postern by one of these meek ministers of mercy, we went through different buildings, containing bed and work-rooms, also a school for instruction, and finally issued upon a large open court, where nearly the whole five hundred were before us at a single glance. It was a very curious scene. Under the eye of Sisters of Charity, planted like sentinels at different points, and striking in appearance from their dark habiliments and ample white coifs, the whole body of women walked in single file at the distance of several paces from each other, and in an endless serpentine evolution across and round the courtyard. In plain attire, with downcast looks, and hands crossed in front—if not occupied in holding a book of devotion—did this singular regiment of women perambulate, in slow-measured steps, and in perfect silence, before their superiors; and thus are they exercised in the open air for hours, particularly when prevented from labouring at their appointed tasks on the occasion of holidays. On ordinary work days they are employed in classes, making lace, sewing, washing, and performing other services profitable or useful to the general establishment.

Leaving this remarkable assemblage of females, con-

demned, for their crimes, to pass years of confinement here, we arrived at the great depôt of adult male prisoners, of whom there were twelve hundred altogether, but separated into divisions, each closely superintended by officials in uniform, provided with cutlasses. All were here, likewise, undergoing exercise in open courtyards; walking, like the females, in endless and regulated convolutions. Their looks were dull and timid; not a whisper was uttered among the entire mass; and the only sound heard was the low measured tramp of the convicts half-echoed from the recesses of the surrounding colonnades. Adjoining these places of out-of-door resort we found various workshops, and ascending from a vast kitchen, we arrived at the principal dormitories, each on a floor constructed within the nave of the ancient church, and furnished with beds for five hundred persons. There is thus no separation into cells at Fontevrault during either night or day; close surveillance, as is believed, compensating for the want of solitary seclusion.

Last of all, in our perambulations, we entered the church, of which a portion has been taken to form the above-mentioned sleeping-rooms. The part used for public worship consists chiefly of the transepts, which are seated with mean benches, and contrast wofully with the splendours of a bygone era. In a dingy closet-like recess, we were shown the only objects of curiosity which have survived the violence of the revolutionary mob. These are the mutilated statues of Henry II., his queen Eleanor, Richard, and Isabelle widow of King John. Propped up in a recumbent position, and with much of the sculpture broken and defaced, they form a sad memorial of fallen greatness. The tombs over which the effigies had been originally placed were, with that of Robert d'Arbrissel, violated at the Revolution, and their contents scattered to the winds. From this melancholy spectacle the governor conducted us to the base of the *Tour d'Evrault*, a tall and handsome turret of peculiar architecture, dating from the foundation of the abbey. Its lower storey is now used as a granary and storehouse. The other parts of this extensive establishment, including a mill moved by a steam-engine, need no particular notice. When we had made the complete tour of the place, however, more, it seems, remained to be seen. The governor, who was never weary of explaining the mecanique of his establishment, which he considers a model of excellence, now hoped that we would visit the farm belonging to the prison. Of course this was gladly assented to, and we all drove off down the valley by the road towards Saumur, till we arrived at the spot in question.

Spreading up the face of one of the pretty green hills, and with an agreeable south-eastern exposure, we found a farm of several hundred acres in extent divided into fields with different crops; also several in grass for cows, and some land laid out with vines. Here we encountered the whole troop of boys marching back to their prison quarters, the visit having been only for the sake of exercise. All smiled as they passed us, touching their caps in military fashion; and on inquiry, I learned that so well-disposed are they towards the system of discipline, that they do not think of absconding; but, as I said on a former occasion, it would be unavailing to run away in a country where the police are too sharp to leave vagrant criminals undetected. The farm-offices were examined, from the *maison des élèves* (calf-house) to the *salle à manger*, in which we had the happiness to partake of a bowl of excellent milk fresh from the cool and well-managed *laiterie*—the governor the while plying us with observations on the great superiority of giving convict-boys out-door labour on a farm such as this, on which those under his charge worked daily, to immuring them in cells like so many wild beasts. He was an enemy altogether to the solitary system of imprisonment, and argued strongly for allowing prisoners to live and work in the society of their fellows, under proper moral government. I did not consider it necessary to argue this somewhat perplexing question, on which much may be said on both sides; and therefore, with a thousand thanks for his kindness, we bade this very obliging gentleman adieu, and were soon on our way to our temporary home at Saumur.

THOUGHTS OF AN INVALID.

Sickness is generally thought to 'pull down' the mind. Perhaps the real effect thus described is often nothing more than a reduction of the worldliness of men's ordinary thoughts, and an awakening into comparative power of the gentler affections. The world of the heart opens to us, under the dependency of invalid life, its troubles and its fears, as the world of the sterner intellect passes out of sight, and our confidence in the resources of self becomes shaken. Thus, it may be that, while the mind suffers in one respect, it gains in another. Certainly, at least, the result is to throw it into a new phase of being: the invalid tone of mind is something quite by itself. It will be different, of course, in different persons; yet its own general character must ever remain tolerably distinct. Our literature does not possess many representations of the invalid's current of reflection and sentiment; but the limited list receives an important addition from a volume which has just appeared—anonymous, but well known to be from the pen of Harriet Martineau.* This distinguished lady has, we lament to learn, been confined with severe illness for several years. She occupies a cheerful cottage, placed in a situation which commands an extensive sea and land prospect, near the port of Sunderland. Her condition is one attended with frequent painful paroxysms, and, to judge from what she says in this volume, she does not hope to recover; but she has many intervals of agreeable sensation, during which her mind can exert itself with nearly all its wonted power and activity. The present volume is partly descriptive of her condition and its various resources for a modified happiness; partly a record of thoughts which have occurred to her in this peculiar state of existence. It is a book which all her friends must receive with a deep, though it may be a melancholy, interest; and they will find in it even more reason than they have ever had before, to admire the heroic good intentions and aspirations of the gifted author.

The reigning mood of our invalid is to make the best of everything—to profit from affliction, and to rejoice in every remission and alleviation of her distresses. In her first essay, she sets herself to prove that pain in its nature is transient, but that all good is lasting. 'During the year looked back upon,' she says, 'all the days, and most of the hours of the day, have had their portion of pain—usually mild—now and then, for a few marked hours of a few marked weeks, severe and engrossing; while, perhaps, some dozen evenings and half-dozen mornings are remembered as being times of almost entire ease. So much for the body. The mind, meantime, though clear and active, has been so far affected by the bodily state as to lose all its gaiety, and, by disuse, almost to forget its sense of enjoyment. During the year, perhaps, there may have been two surprises of light-heartedness, for four hours in June, and two hours and a-half in October, with a few single flashes of joy in the intermediate seasons, on the occurrence of some rousing idea, or the revival of some ancient association. Over all the rest has brooded a thick heavy cloud of care, apparently causeless, but not for that the less real. This is the sum of the pains of the year in relation to illness. Where are these pains now? Not only gone, but annihilated. They are destroyed so utterly, that even memory can lay no hold upon them. * * What remains?

All the good remains.

And how is this? whence this wide difference between the good and the evil?

* Life in the Sick-Room. Essays. By an Invalid. Pp. 221. London: Moxon. 1844.

Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas —with the unseen realities which are indestructible. This is true even of those pleasures of sense which of themselves would be as evanescent as bodily pains. The flowers sent to me by kind neighbours have not perished—that is, the idea and pleasure of them remain, though every blossom was withered months ago. The game and fruit, eaten in their season, remain as comforts and luxuries, preserved in the love that sent them. Every letter and conversation abide — every new idea is mine for ever; all the knowledge, all the experience of the year, is so much gain. Even the courses of the planets, and the changes of the moon, and the haymaking and harvest, are so much immortal wealth; as real a possession, as all the pain of the year was a passing apparition. Yes, even the quick bursts of sunshine are still mine. For one instance, which will well illustrate what I mean, let us look back so far as the spring, and take one particular night of severe pain, which made all rest impossible. A short intermission, which enabled me to send my servant to rest, having ended in pain, I was unwilling to give further disturbance, and wandered, from mere misery, from my bed and my dim room, which seemed full of pain, to the next apartment, where some glimmer through the thick window-curtain showed that there was light abroad. Light indeed! as I found on looking forth. The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old priory; but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbour, while the market-garden below was glittering with dew, and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring except the earliest riser of the neighbourhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed her pigs, and let out her cows; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens, presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment; but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated, as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore. This is an illustration of the universal fact. That brief instant of good has swallowed up long weary hours of pain.'

To us, with much deference, it occurs that the distinction here made by Miss Martineau might be more philosophically stated. The pains are transient because they are bodily; the agreeable circumstances are lasting because they are mental—proper subject-matter for the memory. If our author's distresses were mental, she would find that they are as lasting as any agreeable recollections ever are. It is not, therefore, in our apprehension, correct to argue, as a general fact, from these premises, that evil is transient, and good permanent—although there may be other arguments for this conclusion.

Miss Martineau pleads strongly for placing permanent invalids in a rural situation, where they may be able from their window to behold natural objects, and the various elemental changes in which a subdued spirit is so well fitted to take an interest. In her own retreat, she, by means of a telescope, commands an immense stretch of landscape, and observes whatever is going on within scope of her vision with undecaying pleasure. The passage in which she describes her observations from her window is one of the finest in her book. 'Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites, lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays, the sportsman with his gun and dog, and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them now talking in a cluster, as they walk, each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railroad, and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill now in motion, and now at rest; a lime-kiln in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies, I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head (for it is now chill evening); and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I? there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing.'

'How different,' she adds, 'are "the seasons and their change" to us, and to the busy inhabitants of towns! How common is it for townspeople to observe, that the shortest day is past, without their remembering it was so near! or the equinox, or even the longest day! Whereas we sick-watchers have, as it were, a property in the changes of the seasons, and even of the moon. It is a good we would not sell for any profit, to say to ourselves, at the end of March, that the six months of longest days are now before us; that we are entering upon a region of light evenings, with their soft lulling beauties; and of short nights, when, late as we go to rest, we can almost bid defiance to horrors and the depressions of darkness. There is a monthly spring of the spirits, too, when the young moon appears again,

and we have the prospect of three weeks' pleasure in her course, if the sky be propitious. I have often smiled in detecting in myself this sense of property in such shows; in becoming aware of a sort of resentment, of feeling of personal grievance, when the sky is not propitious; when I have no benefit of the moon for several nights together, through the malice of the clouds, or the sea-haze in spring. But now I have learned by observation where and when to look for the rising moon; what a superb pleasure it is to lie watching the sea-line, night after night, unwilling to shut the window, to leave the window couch, to let the lamp be lighted, till the punctual and radiant blessing comes, answering to my hope, surpassing my expectation, and appearing to greet me with express and consolatory intent! Should I actually have quitted life without this set of affections, if I had not been ill? I believe it.'

This, we think, is not only in the finest possible feeling—it is the purest possible poetry.

Our author indulges, in the course of her volume, in some speculations on the advance, for which our age is remarkable (with some strange exceptions), in the means of promoting the public comfort and happiness. She is loud, and justly so, in praise of the new postage, whose only fault is its not having been carried to completion, which, however, is not the fault of its originator. The following are curious reflections:—'As for the discoveries or quackeries of the time (and who will undertake to say in what instances they are not, sooner or later, compounded?) how clear is the collateral good, whatever may be the express failure? Those who receive all the sayings of the Coryphæus of the phrenologists, and those who laugh at his maps of the mind and his so-called ethics, must both admit that much knowledge of the structure of the brain, much wise care of human health and faculties, has issued from the pursuit for the benefit of man. This mesmerism again: who believes that it could be revived, again and again, at intervals of centuries, if there were not something in it? Who looks back upon the mass of strange but authenticated historical narratives, which might be explained by this agent, and looks, at the same time, into our dense ignorance of the structure and functions of the nervous system, and will dare to say that there is nothing in it? Whatever quackery and imposture may be connected with it, however its pretensions may be falsified, it seems impossible but that some new insight must be obtained, by its means, into the powers of our mysterious frame—some fixing down under actual cognizance, of flying and floating notions, full of awe, which have exercised the belief and courage of many wise for many centuries.

After smiling over old books all our lives, on meeting with quaint assumptions of the humoral pathology as true, while we supposed it exploded, behold it arising again! One cannot open a newspaper, scarcely a letter, without seeing something about the water cure; and grave doctors, who will listen to nothing the laity can say of anything new (any more than they would tolerate the mention of the circulation of the blood in Harvey's day), now intimate that the profession are disposed to believe that there is more in the humoral pathology than was thought thirty years ago, though not so much as the water curers presume. Is it not pretty certain, then, that something will come of this rage for the water cure (something more than ablution, temperance, and exercise), though its professors must be embalmed as quacks in the literature of the time? Is there not still another operation of the same principle involved in the case? Are we not growing sensibly more merciful, more wisely humane towards empirics themselves, when they cease to be our oracles? Are we not learning, from their jumbled discoveries and failures, that empiricism itself is a social function, indispensable, made so by God, however ready we may be to bestow our cheap laughter upon it?'

There is much truth here. All regular medical men allow that the best medicines have been discovered and brought into use by men called quacks. The regular men are, very laudably, cautious; but perpetual caution makes no advance. The empiric ventures on new courses—some of which are the suggestion of a happy ingenuity—and often succeeds. There can, then, be no sort of doubt that empirics fulfil a good design in providence. So is it in a great degree with science. Discoveries which have anything startling or prejudice-exciting about them, are generally seen to attract and obtain reception from not the highest class of intellects; these are often more tender on the score of reputation than they are conscientious (conscientious to give a patient inquiry) or manly (manly to encounter the empty scoff of ignorance in the cause of truth). The irregular adventurous wits, with fewer sober qualities to admire, but probably as good, or even better intentions, rush on to embrace what convinces them without scruple. They thus become the nurses of truths which otherwise would perish. We fear, however, we cannot acquit Miss Martineau of prejudice in at least one of the subjects of the above remarks. Phrenology has done more than she admits; its advocates are to a man philanthropists, as if in virtue of their philosophical profession; and their ideas in education, in criminal jurisprudence, and with regard to the regulations of labour, are far in advance of the age. Our author is a lover of truth and a professor of candour; she ought, as such, to examine every system professed by honest men, before even using a light word regarding it: *queritur*, has she done so?

Miss Martineau, in a manner worthy of her, deprecates the absurd attempts made, by complaisance and fear of giving pain, to console and cheer the invalid, and strongly advocates the more conscientious as well as rational course of acknowledging the real nature and prospects of the case. 'One and another,' she says, 'and another of our friends comes to us with an earnest pressing upon us of the "hope of relief"—that talisman which looks so well till its virtues are tried! They tell us of renewed health and activity; of what it will be to enjoy ease again; to be useful again; to shake off our troubles, and be as we once were. We sigh, and say it may be so; but they see that we are neither roused nor soothed by it.

Then one speaks differently; tells us we shall never be better; that we shall continue for long years as we are, or shall sink into deeper disease and death; adding, that pain and disturbance and death are indissolubly linked with the indestructible life of the soul; and supposing that we are willing to be conducted on in this eternal course by Him whose thoughts and ways are not as ours, but whose tenderness—— Then how we burst in, and take up the word! What have we not to say, from the abundance of our hearts, of that benignity, that transcendent wisdom, our willingness, our eagerness, our sweet security—till we are silenced by our unutterable joy!'

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.

The inordinate space of time which is demanded during every six days in the week from men engaged in business, has, from the magnitude of the evil, begun to attract public attention, and may therefore, as we think, form the subject of a few additional observations.

The invariable traditions of old people assure us, that since the middle of the last century the hours of work have been gradually extended, and the old-fashioned holidays rapidly abridged. In former days the substantial tradesman never thought of keeping open his shop after sunset in summer, and after six o'clock in winter. Then, at dinner-time, business was stopped to give him and his assistants proper leisure for the enjoyment of the mid-day meal; as is the case now in Germany, where it is as impossible to rouse the shopkeeper into activity between the hours of one and two, as it would be at midnight. But in London at the present moment the case is widely different; the hours of busi-

ness have encroached upon those proper for meals and rest to an extravagant degree—the consequence of the augmentation of human wants accompanying a vast increase of population. It would seem that either so immense an aggregate of business has to be done to supply those wants that a reasonable section of the day is insufficient to get through it; or, that the business is generally conducted on essentially bad arrangements, which occasion so great a waste of time, as to oblige people to do that at one part of the day which ought to be transacted at another. In a few cases the first, while in a great majority the second, reason applies.

With a view to remedy the mischiefs which the present system is occasioning, an association has been formed in London of the individuals who suffer most by it, namely, linen-drapers and their assistants; and the better to forward its views, the society offered a prize of twenty guineas for 'the best practical essay on the evils of the present protracted hours of trade.' The prize was gained by Mr Thomas Davies, a young man who, till lately, had to endure all the disadvantages arising from the system against which his pen has been successfully directed. His treatise exhibits a degree of research and literary skill not to be expected from an individual whose general avocations have been of a nature hitherto far from literary.*

'Of all the various objects which strike the attention,' commences the prize-essayist, 'and excite the wonder of a stranger upon his first arrival in the "Great Metropolis," there are few more prominent than the many glittering shops which meet his gaze in every direction. While passing along the principal streets, you meet with a succession of plate-glass fronts constructed in a costly manner, and often displaying a high degree of architectural skill. Within the windows, and separated from the gazer by enormous squares of glass, the transparency of which seems to mock the foggy atmosphere without, are displayed, in the most skilful manner, all the rich variety of woman's dress. It is as if at the bidding of some magic power the silks of the east, the cottons of the west, and the furs of the north, after having been wrought into a thousand various forms and patterns, had been collected into one gorgeous exhibition, to illustrate the triumphs of art in ministering to the adornment of the human form. The interior of these shops is not less worthy of attention than the exterior. Some of them, from the profusion of glass-reflectors which they exhibit, might be called "halls of mirrors;" while others, with their stately columns and luxurious carpets, seem to rival the palaces of princes. Perhaps few of the fair purchasers who admire these shops and their contents, ever bestow a thought upon the condition of the young men who so blandly and politely serve in them. Yet it is a mournful fact, that there exists, in connection with all this bright display, much of positive evil, not to say of misery.

The best shops in the best neighbourhoods are generally opened at seven o'clock in the morning, at which hour a certain number of the young men come down to make preparations for business in their several departments. At eight o'clock (or in some cases at half-past seven) the others, who may be called the seniors, come down, when the former party are allowed to retire for half an hour for the purpose of dressing. After their re-appearance, there is no further release from the engagements of the shop (excepting for those wonderfully short periods of time in which assistant-drapers manage to consume the necessary quantity of food at meals) until the whole business of the day is over, and every article, from a piece of silk to a roll of ribbon or a paper of pins, has been carefully put into its appointed place. Sometimes, when, owing to the weather or some other cause, there have been but few customers during the day, this re-arrangement is completed by the time of shutting the shop, which in the present case is from eight to nine o'clock in the winter, and from nine to ten in the summer. But on busy days, and during nearly the whole of the spring and former part of the summer, it is often found to be impossible to leave the shop within one, two, or three hours after it has been closed; so that, during a large part of the year, it is a common thing for these young men to be pent up in the shop from six or seven o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven at night.'

This is a description of the present mode of carrying on business, as it appears in the most favourable aspect. In many shops, the young men are often unable to retire to rest until one or two o'clock on the Sunday morning.

The effect of these long hours upon the health is next demonstrated. To understand the kind of air which drapers'-assistants breathe, it is necessary to explain that, however elegantly ornamented the shops of London may be, they are but indifferently ventilated; that in populous neighbourhoods they are frequently filled with customers during the greater part of the day, whose united respirations exhaust the air of its vital principle, or oxygen; and that for a considerable period of the winter, the same effect is produced in a much greater degree by the gas which is burned; each burner vitiating, upon an average, as much air as four persons. Excessive fatigue is also a consequence of the occupation. Shop-assistants are *never* allowed to sit during business-hours; even at their meals, the time occupied by such a mode of rest seldom exceeds an hour during the whole day, but in most houses only half an hour. Neither is the constant exertion of the assistant physical merely; it involves much mental anxiety 'about matters which, indeed, to a mere spectator may seem very trivial, but which are to the person whom they concern really important. The nature of this anxiety may be best understood by an example:—A lady enters a shop, and desires to look at some dresses or shawls. Now, it would be supposed that the assistant-draper has merely to exhibit these articles in the most advantageous manner, and that it makes little difference to *him* whether she happen to like one of them or not. Far otherwise: in some cases it is at the peril of losing his situation that he fails to persuade the lady to buy; in nearly all cases, the frequent repetition of such failures is sure to produce such a catastrophe. It will be obvious, that from this cause alone the mind of the young man must be alternately moved and agitated by fear and hope; by fear of losing his situation, and by the hope that, by means of success as a salesman, he may render his services more valuable, and thus obtain a larger salary.'

In a moral point of view, the effects of such unceasing attention to business is highly prejudicial. The young men have no time to improve their minds by reading, or other means; and it is sincerely to be hoped that, should the association for which this pamphlet was written succeed in their object, the persons benefited *will* make such use of the leisure as will tend to improve them in information and moral conduct. The essayist confidently anticipates that such will be the result, and instances the few houses in which short hours have been already adopted, where he states the best educated and best conducted assistants are invariably to be found.

A remedy for the specific evils of which shopkeepers'-assistants so justly complain, may be easily discovered. It lies partly in the power of masters, partly in that of purchasers. Were the former to close their shops at a seasonable hour, the public would become either more considerate, and buy what they want during daylight—or persons with whom night-shopping is a matter of convenience would make their own arrangements, so as to square with those of the tradesmen. Unfortunately, however, so great is the competition in the retail trade of the metropolis, that were the shopkeepers of a particular neighbourhood to come to such a resolution, one

* Prize Essay on the Evils which are produced by Late Hours of Business, &c. By Thomas Davies. With a preface by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, M. A. Nisbet: London.

keen trader would in all probability break through the rule, and get his shop crowded, about bed-time, with customers who had been too thoughtless to buy what they required at a seasonable hour. The neighbouring retailers would take alarm at this, and the old system be gradually returned to. That the melioration may be effectually carried out, the masters must view the evil in a large and benevolent spirit, as becomes good citizens, and not with the huxtering and selfish views of immediate profit.

But the *high-pressure* is not felt alone by shopmen. Voices crying for relaxation may be heard from other quarters besides the counter. In short, is not almost everybody—that is, every one who has any settled occupation—overtasked! Who, we should like to know, are in the habit of taking things *very* easily? Spurred on by the real or imaginary necessities of their condition, driven by eager rivalry, avarice, and even the incapability of thinking of anything else but professional labour, the bulk of people are, as it were, madly running a race, in which bodily and mental health are among the least of their considerations. Unwearied application to business is clearly a characteristic of the age, for it is seen in every station of life, from the highest to the lowest. It is a fact, that the most exalted officers of the state, in point of long hours and the actual business they get through, work as hard as the linen-drapers' assistants. Let us, as an example, take a glance at a lord chancellor's daily routine of duties. In term time, he enters the court of chancery about nine o'clock in the morning; there he sits to hear the arguments of counsel, and out of their specious sophistries to pick, if he can, the actual facts and truth of the case—to which end his mind and attention is kept constantly on the stretch. Besides this, he has a hundred routine duties to go through, connected with chancery affairs, at his chambers. This occupies him most likely till half-past three or four o'clock. At a quarter to five he is seated on the wool-sack of the House of Lords. There it is his business not only to hear, but to make speeches; which not only contain argument, but facts upon which he is not unfrequently questioned, and for which he must have been at some previous pains to acquire. This detains him till seven or eight, and sometimes till after midnight. But should he get home early, piles of affidavits, relative to the cases he has to adjudicate, await his perusal. If, aside from these constant duties, he should have an hour to spare, it is occupied at a cabinet-council in hearing appeals before the privy-council, or from the bar of the House of Lords. Even during the vacations he is liable to constant interruptions; for wherever he may be, he is accessible in urgent cases requiring his interference, concerning the affairs of minors—to some thousands of whom he is guardian—and lunatics, of all of whom he is the legal keeper. An equally laborious career is daily run by the prime-minister, by the secretaries of state, the judges, leading counsel, by physicians in large practice, and others.

We do not allude to such instances of overtasking in high places with any hope of modifying the general current of affairs, but only to show to our friends behind the counter that they are not alone under compression. Let us nevertheless hope that, wherever possible, the hours of business may be shortened; and to effect this desirable object, let customers as well as employers be reminded of what they can accomplish.

ALLSTON'S APHORISMS.

In presenting an account of the late Washington Allston, an American painter of eminence, the *Athenæum* places before its readers the following aphorisms of which he was the author. We are told that Mr Allston wrote them on fragments of paper, which he stuck up around his room, as aids to reflection before he began his day's work. Copied into our pages, they may be of use in lowering self-esteem in others besides painters:—

'1. The painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself, is not an artist, but an artisan; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic for his time, and not for his art.

2. He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius; as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.

3. Reputation is but a synonyme of popularity, dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather of a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history, that we do not, as in a churchyard, tread upon some buried reputation. But fame cannot be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated; nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light which projects the shadow which is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and reverenced, even while so little comprehended, as to be often confounded with the substance—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights; like rising and setting stars, they follow each other through successive ages; and thus the monumental form of genius stands for ever relieved against its own imperishable shadow.

4. All excellence of every kind is but variety of truth. If we wish, then, for something beyond the true, we wish for that which is false. According to this test, how little truth is there in art! Little indeed! but how much is that little to him who feels it!

5. Fame does not depend on the *will* of any man, but reputation may be given or taken away. Fame is the sympathy of kindred intellects, and sympathy is not a subject of *willing*; while reputation, having its source in the popular voice, is a sentence which may either be uttered or suppressed at pleasure. Reputation, being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the envious and the ignorant. But fame, whose very birth is *posthumous*, and which is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of will.

6. What light is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual; both requiring an atmosphere in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is, to some minds, a nonentity; even as the sun itself would be invisible in vacuo.

7. Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word; it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it; feel it, and hate it in silence.

8. I cannot believe that any man who deserved fame ever laboured for it—that is, directly. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied. "I write, I paint for fame," has often been repeated; it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame should be placed to the account of reputation.

9. A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained excellence, when it is not all in all to him. Nay, I may add, that if he looks beyond it, he has not reached it. This is not the less true for being good Irish.

10. An original mind is rarely understood until it has been reflected from some half-dozen congenial with it; so averse are men to admitting the true in an unusual form; whilst any novelty, however fantastic, however false, is greedily swallowed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for all truth demands a response, and few people care to think, yet they must have something to supply the place of thought. Every mind would appear original, if every man had the power of projecting his own into the mind of others.

11. All effort at originality must end either in the quaint or the monstrous. For no man knows himself as an original; he can only believe it on the report of others to whom he is made known, as he is by the projecting power before spoken of.

12. There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy a wise man is with himself.

13. Reverence is an ennobling sentiment; it is felt to be

degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness by elevating itself into the antagonist to what is above it.

14. He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit to look down. Of such minds are the mannerists in art; in the world, tyrants of all sorts.

15. A witch's skiff cannot more easily sail in the teeth of the wind, than the human eye can lie against fact; but the truth will often quiver through lips with a lie upon them.

16. It is a hard matter for a man to lie *all over*, nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way; the knees smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance; the legs shake with anger when all above is calm.

17. Make no man your idol! For the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art as morals.

18. The devil's heartiest laugh is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase, "devilish good" has sometimes a literal meaning.

19. There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can *give*, but which every one, however poor, is bound to *pay*. This is praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own; since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another, can never become to him a possession; nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a consequence. As praise, then, cannot be made a gift, so neither, when not his due, can any man receive it: he may think he does, but he receives only words; for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other. This is no fanciful statement; for though praise may be withheld by the ignorant or envious, it cannot be but that, in the course of time, an existing merit will, on some one, produce its effects; inasmuch as the existence of any cause without its effect is an impossibility. A fearful truth lies at the bottom of this, an irreversible justice for the weal or wo of him who confirms or violates it.'

IMPROVED MORALS.

An anecdote which places the low taste of the polite society of Queen Anne's reign in a striking light, is thus related by Sir Walter Scott:—'A grand-aunt of my own, Mrs Keith of Ravelston, who was a person of some condition, being a daughter of Sir John Swinton of Swinton, lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age. She was very fond of reading, and enjoyed it to the last of her long life. One day she asked me, when we happened to be alone together, whether I had ever seen Mrs Behn's novels? I confessed the charge. Whether I could get her a sight of them? I said with some hesitation I believed I could, but that I did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles II.'s time to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the good old lady, "I remember their being so much admired, and being so much interested in them myself, that I wish to look at them again." To hear was to obey. So I sent Mrs Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards, she gave me back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: Take back your bonny Mrs Behn, and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. "But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?" '—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is to be measured not by the quantity of wine, but by its effect on the constitution; not by cups, but consequences. Let no man fancy because he does not drink much that he is not a sot. Pope said, that to him more than one glass was a debauch; and every man who habitually takes more than his stomach can bear, sooner or later arrives at those miseries which are the effects of hard drinking. Every healthy toper is a decoy-duck, and no more proves that health is safe in intemperance, than an unwounded soldier that life is secure in battle. 'Strength of nature in youth,' says Lord Bacon, 'passes over many excesses which are owing a man till his age.' Drunkenness, amongst persons of character and education, is considered, as it ought to be, at once sinful and degrading. The consequence has been increased longevity, and the disappearance among the upper grades of society of a host of distempers that follow in the train of inebriety.—*Brande.*

HINTS TO FARMERS.

In a treatise on Productive Farming, just issued from the press, the following observations occur:—'It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root—it becomes fat, it is true, but, alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly, and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks, that her offspring cannot make bone—or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of eggshells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to evil or judicious treatment, as their own horses.'

NAEBODY KENS YE.

[We extract this piece of drollery from 'Whistle Binkie, Fifth Series,' a collection of original songs published at Glasgow, to which it had been contributed by Mr R. L. Malone.]

Are ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thrivin', my man?
Be thankfu' to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;
Ye'll ha'e plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',
When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;
A' body kens ye,
A' body kens ye,
When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye!

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn!
An' awa wi' the ebb drifts the favours she sen's ye,
Cauld friendship will then leave ye lanely to mourn;
When ye need a' their friendship, then naebody kens ye;
Naebody kens ye, &c.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,
An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befrien' ye,
A five-guinea note, man, will part ye as wide
As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye!
Naebody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't, man! the siller! the siller!
It's the siller that breaks ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye!
When your pockets are toom, an' nae wab i' the loom,
Then tak' ye my word for't, there's naebody kens ye;
Naebody kens ye, &c.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are sae—
It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear aye—
There are those worth the name—gude sen' there were mae!
Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye;
Naebody kens ye, &c.

The frien's wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,
But aye fra our foes in our absence defen's us,
Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace
Wha scorns to disown us when naebody kens us.

CHORUS.

Naebody kens us, naebody kens us,
Poortith's a dry-nurse frae folly whilk speans us—
She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,
Wha winna disown us when naebody kens us.

January 18.—Received the second half of a five-pound note for the benefit of Mrs Reston, which has been handed to her.

Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 8. New Series. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1844. Price 1½d.

SPECTACLES.

According to the encyclopædias and dictionaries, spectacles consist of two lenses so arranged in frames as to aid defective vision. To this end, and to suit every sort of visual deficiency, great varieties of the article have been invented. There are magnifying glasses and diminishing glasses, and glasses through which objects appear of their actual size. There are spectacles for daylight, spectacles for candle-light, and spectacles tinted with all sorts of hues, from pleasing pink to a sombre slate-colour. Some are constructed to enable the wearer to perceive things which are at a distance; others to increase the distinctness of things which are near; Dr Wollaston's periscopic spectacles allow of looking sideways; and De La Court's reflecting glasses make up for the want of eyes in the back of the head, for they reveal what is going on behind backs! Again, viewing spectacles in reference to quality, and as articles of manufacture and trade, there are good, indifferent, and decidedly bad spectacles, the last being made not so much to be seen through, as—like the razors described by Peter Pindar—to sell. These generally give distorted appearances to objects, for the clearer viewing of which they were brought to assist.

It is our purpose in this paper to abandon the literal signification of the word spectacles, and to treat the term abstractedly from the actual article which is seen in the shops, in pedlars' packs, and on the noses of our elderly friends. We seek to give greater currency to the more enlarged, though metaphorical sense in which the word is used by many authors of high repute, both ancient and modern. Thus, Chaucer saith, that

> 'Poverte a *spectacel* is, as thinketh me,
> Through which he may his very friends see.'

And Dryden, in commenting on the genius of Shakspeare, truly observes, that the great dramatist 'was naturally learned—he needed not the *spectacles* of books to read nature.' Thus, as a man is sometimes said to 'see' that which is invisible, such as a fine thought, the point of a joke, or the force of an argument, so would we draw attention not to mechanical, but to psychological spectacles—not to those which aid or derange the actual organs of sight, but to those which assist or falsify the mental vision.

These metaphorical spectacles being worn by a large majority of mankind, are in quite as great variety as the spectacles we have already described, and suit themselves to every age and condition. Ardent and imaginative youth, for example, on first entering active life, wears spectacles which exhibit everything in the brightest colours. Its keen sense of enjoyment, which makes it feel the mere act of existence to be a pleasure, extracts gratification out of whatever is presented to the senses. Painful feelings, when excited in the young, are transient, and serve rather to heighten the effect of general enjoyment than to lessen it. Worldly experience has yet to darken the glowing picture—to give more truthful, and, alas! less favourable views of mankind, but, on the other hand, to exchange for restless and fevered, more permanent and assured sources of happiness. Hence, to the glowing imagination of such natures it is always summer; and they do not, as in after-life, enjoy the coming of the spring, because they know no winter. To them all men appear good, all nature seems beautiful. Such temperaments see everything *coleur de rose*—they wear *pink spectacles*.

These spectacles are by far the most dangerous to the real as well as to the mental perception. 'The habitual use of tinted spectacles,' remarks an experienced optician, 'gives rise to a succession of violent changes of colour, which are painful to the unpractised, and must be injurious to those who have become inured to them.' This is exactly the case with the false medium through which the world is often seen by youthful enthusiasm. Many a young man, viewing mankind in too glowing a light, has had some act of human frailty (by which, perhaps, he is made to suffer) unexpectedly revealed to him—has had the pink spectacles suddenly dashed from his vision! Then, in proportion as all was before unduly brilliant and beautiful, all appears now as falsely dark. He is what is called a 'disappointed man.' His imagination, which at first exaggerated the goodness of mankind, now exaggerates its wickedness. The darkened spectacles which are substituted as much incapacitate him from enjoying the brightness of the sun, as those he previously wore increased it; and he who before saw universal goodness, ceases to believe in benevolence; and the character of every human being appears to be shaded with self-interest or other faultiness. By constantly regarding the shadows of the picture, and those only, he grows old in his fatal uncharitableness, and is reduced to the unamiable condition of a cynic—a Diogenes; but a Diogenes who looks for honest men—not with a lamp, but with a dark lantern—for his vision is obscured with '*clouded*' *spectacles*. Of a similar stamp are those desponding spirits who have a taste for the dismals of this life; who take delight in sighs and sadness, pathetic emotions, and heart-rending wo, and view human nature 'through the lens of a tear.'

Other varieties of spectacles are very generally worn, which are neither pink nor clouded, but work in matters of lesser importance the effects of both. The wearers of them are never contented with truth and nature simply as they see her. If they have to describe Primrose Hill, for example, they will tell you the ascent is almost perpendicular, and make reference to the Alps. A slight drizzle they exaggerate to a perfect torrent; for with them it never rains but it pours. In pictur-

ing a female acquaintance, with however moderate pretensions to beauty, they constantly apply the well-worn similitude concerning angels. Their particular friends are patterns of virtue, their enemies monsters of wickedness. They see everything in extremes, and are themselves subject by turns to the most delightful happiness, and to the direst misery. When a little pleased, they declare they are enchanted; when a little pained, 'the agony is excruciating.' Nothing that passes before, around, and within them, seems to present itself as it does to other eyes; for the fact is, they wear *magnifying glasses*.

Other persons want comprehensiveness of mental vision. Propound to them any grand scheme of benevolence or utility, and they try to scare you away from it by summing up the petty difficulties which lie in the way. Praise the character of a friend, and they peck away the value of your commendations by hinting certain minor faults and immaterial piccadilloes. The spectacles they wear contract their range of vision to a small circle; they cannot see beyond a certain distance, and have not an idea beyond to-day. Things or thoughts of large dimensions are out of their ken, but they have a wonderful discrimination for small ones. They make excellent anatomists and entomologists, while they appear unable to understand the general principles of natural history. Show them the boundless ocean, and they will discourse of pebbles—a landscape, and they talk of plants. Speak of the evils of war, and they will try to remember whether any of their acquaintance has swelled the list of killed and wounded—if they can recollect none, then they cannot see why war should be so much condemned, more particularly since they happen to have a friend who made a fortune as an army contractor, and gives capital dinners. Such men, it will be observed, never see things through the same medium which the rest of the world does; there is always a diminishing power which contracts their vision, and though aiming at principles, they fasten on a mean set of details. Many of this class are to be found in the critical world. A swarm of them fastened on the old English dramatists at the end of the last century, wrote voluminous commentaries on the meaning of single words, and indited portly pamphlets to discuss whether we should write *Shakspear* or *Shakespeare*. In modern times, these minute observers discover, in a new book, where the commas have been left out, or misplaced; or, like Sergeant Circuit in Foote's farce, non-suit an aspiring author in the courts of criticism for leaving out an *s*. These geniuses wear *diminishing glasses*.

Then come your shy people, who cannot look you straight in the face, and only see out of *side-spectacles*; next, those who never see what is before them in its true phasis, and who, do what you will for them, torture the motive of your acts to some impulse quite different to that which dictated it. This is the consequence of wearing *distorting spectacles*.

Above all, we must not forget those psychological curiosities who pride themselves on being extremely sharp observers. They are generally gifted with piercing eyes and busy tongues, and are constantly trying to look round corners—to penetrate into places where there is nothing to see, and to make discoveries where there is nothing to find out. These are amongst the 'clever' of the human race, who boast of never being deceived, for their eyes are everywhere; though, unfortunately, it mostly happens they are everywhere but where they ought to be; and in performing their indefatigable periscope, are so often looking behind, that a stumble is now and then the consequence. These would appear to apply to their mental perception *the periscopical reflecting spectacles*.

There is, besides, a vast variety of spectacles mounted by certain individuals before their mental perceptions, which have no analogy to those to be found in the optician's catalogue. The most generally worn are professional spectacles. Physicians, for instance, often see through medical spectacles. An esteemed valetudinarian of our acquaintance, who has retired from medical practice, invariably answers our ordinary inquiry of 'How do you do to-day?' with a diagnosis of his complaints; and when you succeed in drawing him out concerning the floating news of the day, he makes especial inquiries after the 'public health in your neighbourhood.' He distinguishes his friends not by their outward appearance or general dispositions, but by the state of their health; and instead of calling people by their names, he talks of the lady with the liver-complaint, the gentleman afflicted with bronchitis, or that niece of his who is troubled with syncope. He will point out Mr So-and-so as an excellent person in some respects, but blames him severely for not wearing clogs in wet weather, and talks of the poor man's catarrh as if the complaint were a moral crime. When he travels, he observes nothing but the climate and the diseases of the population: when he makes a call, he takes away the compliment of the visit by declaring he came out for a little exercise—in short, all his actions are regulated by medical principles, and all he sees is presented through a medicated medium. In a similar manner one class of men wear statistical, another geological, and a third gastronomical spectacles, the last judging of every object in nature by its eatableness or drinkableness. Lastly, the man of fashion—like Monsieur Gaultier, whose travels in Spain we noticed in a former number—sees the world through an opera-glass.

It is on account of the number and variety of mental spectacles which different people wear, and the pertinacity with which they keep them on, that truth is so difficult to be met with. Thus, a dozen men shall look at the same object, yet their account of it will differ in some material particulars; for the impressions it makes upon their minds depend entirely upon the kind of spectacles they happen to wear, which, fixing their attention upon especial characteristics, and on them only, blind them to other important features. As an illustration of this, let us suppose a number of individuals looking at some ordinary object—something plain, palpable, and about which it would appear to be impossible to differ either in description or opinion; say, for example, a flock of sheep in a field. The young observer, with his pink spectacles, paints to you their picturesque grouping, the innocent playfulness of their gambols, and the pleasing animation they give to the surrounding scenery: his account of them would be, that they are 'beautiful sheep.' He with the clouded spectacles, on the contrary, instinctively fastens his observation on the black sheep; he picks out the lean ones, and builds a theory thereon, by which he would endeavour to prove the deterioration of stock in this country; describing this particular flock as a 'wretched one.' The man with the magnifying glasses insists that there must be at least twenty score; but his friend with the diminishers pins him down to units; while the statistician with cruel pertinacity counts the whole flock, triumphantly certifying that there are exactly one hundred and thirty-eight sheep and nineteen lambs. He also reckons, that, supposing there be so many pounds of wool upon each sheep, the whole produce of the flock would be so much at the then market price of wool; that this wool would be capable of making so many yards of cloth, which cloth would, if cut to advantage, furnish so many hundred garments. Let us now suppose the gastronomer to make a characteristic remark on the fineness of the mutton, and the rich order it is in for the spit, the statist would launch into another branch of numeration, by setting down the number of joints the whole flock would cut up into: so many haunches, or, if separated, so many legs and so many loins; or, if the loins should be destined for broiling, so many mutton chops. Take the statements of either of these observers separately, and a false, or at most a limited idea of the actual objects would be derived; but put them together, and we are in possession of every fact concerning sheep which it is useful or necessary to know. Thus, the

specific views afforded by the various sorts of spectacles which mankind put on, are of the utmost value, when assembled and properly weighed by persons who do not habitually wear any spectacles.

Few are, however, entirely without mental spectacles at some time of their lives — and how constantly are circumstances changing them! How apt are we to allow health or sickness, prosperity or misfortune, to place spectacles before our vision, which tinge everything around us with the prevailing feeling! In ill health, how 'weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable' are the same objects from which, when in the full enjoyment of health, we derived pleasure and happiness. On the other hand, how many by no means romantic or picturesque scenes are hallowed in the recollection, when viewed through the spectacles created during some moment of delight enjoyed there—the society of a friend we have esteemed, or the smile of one we have loved!

Finally, the optician will tell you that the use of spectacles by persons who do not actually require them, is decidedly injurious; and when once used, it is difficult to do without them. To a clear and comprehensive vision they are not only useless, but detrimental. It is so with the spectacles of the mind, which are either manufactured out of prejudices, or from allowing the perceptions to flow too constantly in one channel, till they draw all objects into it; washing away every fact and every thought into a gulf of false conclusions. 'There are,' says Bacon, 'helps to sight above spectacles,' and these helps it is our duty to invoke by a constant and healthful exercise of our perceptive faculties and reasoning powers.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

SERPENTS.

Of the lower animals, none have been the objects of such wide-spread and long-continued prejudice as serpents. In every country, ancient and modern, they have been viewed with aversion; and yet no class of animals has furnished man with so many mythological symbols and allegories. So many, indeed, are the legends respecting serpents, that it would require a large volume to contain them; the Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient nations having each some peculiar attribute which they ascribed to these reptiles. As the impersonification of the evil principle the serpent is associated with the first transgression and fall of man; snakes armed the hand of Discord no less than the whip of the Furies: as an emblem of prudence and circumspection, they were the attribute of Æsculapius; and, twisted round the caduceus of Mercury, they were the type of insinuating eloquence. Among the Egyptians the serpent was the symbol of fertility; while the circle formed by a snake biting its own tail, without beginning or end, was the chosen emblem of eternity. The origin of some of these allusions is obvious, of others it is obscure; but from whatever cause they may have arisen, it is no doubt to the noxious properties of some of these reptiles, to their peculiar habits and appearance, and to their greater prevalence at an earlier period of history, that we are to ascribe the fear, mingled with hatred and veneration, with which they have inspired the human race.

To rescue this long abused and little known race of animals from the errors which have disfigured their history, and to view them without prejudice as a branch of natural science, has been the object of Dr Schlegel, conservator of the museum of the Netherlands, who has recently issued a work on the subject, now introduced to the British public through the translation of Dr T. S. Traill, professor of medical jurisprudence in the university of Edinburgh.* From his treatise—the only satisfactory one on the subject—we propose to give the reader some idea of the actual character and habits of the serpent tribes.

In systems of zoology, it is usual to divide Reptiles into four great orders, of which the tortoise, crocodile, lizard, and common adder, are the respective representatives. Although all these are comprehended under the term reptiles, or creepers, the three former orders are furnished with feet more or less developed; it being only the *ophidia*, or true serpents, which are totally destitute of these organs of locomotion. The characteristics of a serpent may be said to consist in a very elongated body, furnished with a tail, and covered by a defensive armour of scales; moving along the ground without feet, it advances by undulations, or by the successive expansions and contractions of its own parts. Of the animals so characterised, some are adapted to live on land, others in water; some spend most of their time on trees, others in crevices and burrows. Taken as an entire order, Dr Schlegel arranges them into two divisions—the innocuous, or *non-venomous*, and the *venomous*; and each of these he again subdivides into families, genera, and species. We have not space to follow him in this arrangement, and it will be sufficient for our present purpose to state that, altogether, he describes two hundred and seven species of innocuous serpents, and fifty species of the venomous kind; from which enumeration it will be perceived that by far the greater number of snakes are devoid of those noxious attributes which popular prejudice has so uniformly assigned to them.

The structure of serpents, like every other portion of nature's handiworks, is finely adapted to their respective modes of existence. Serpents are true vertebrated (back-boned) animals; but the usual distinction of vertebræ of the neck, back, and loins, does not hold in their case, all the vertebræ being similar, and only diminishing in size towards the tail, or caudal extremity. The total want of feet necessarily implies the absence of a breast-bone, pelvis, &c. which unite these appendages to the trunk; hence the ribs are free, and the body is capable of a greater amount of mobility than that of other animals. The vertebræ are extremely small and numerous, those of the trunk sometimes amounting to 300, and those of the tail from 150 to 200. They play freely on each other, by means of articulations well-defined; hence that litheness and agility of body peculiar to the serpent tribes. Each set has its own pair of ribs; and the scaly articulations of the abdomen, by which locomotion is performed, always correspond to the ribs which are their levers. The ribs, acted on by the muscles, put in motion the abdominal plates, and these maintain the impulses which are successively communicated to them by the undulations of the body. The speed of these animals depends in a great degree on the nature of the body over which they move; they proceed with difficulty over a polished surface, but escape with celerity on sandy ground, or on a surface covered with dry vegetation. Their celerity, however, has been exaggerated, as it is never so rapid that a man cannot easily escape from them.

The other movements which this peculiar structure of body enables these reptiles to perform are also perfect in their kind. In complete repose, they love to roll their bodies in a spiral form, so that the head alone is slightly elevated in the centre; but having the facility of bending in a thousand different positions, they are often found simply extended on the ground in easy undulations. 'Very often,' says Dr Schlegel, 'in order to observe what passes around them, serpents raise themselves perpendicularly, supporting themselves solely on the tail, or on a part of the abdomen; their trunk is then rigid, and perfectly straight; and most frequently the head is then bent and directed forwards: at other times they bend their bodies as an S, inflating their necks in this position. Suspended perpendicularly from the branch of a tree, the boa resembles a stiff body without life. In descending from a tree, or

* Essay on the Physiognomy of Serpents. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart. 1843.

other tall object, serpents let themselves simply fall to the ground—their form, and the elasticity of their parts, preventing any dangerous consequences from this fall. On reaching the ground, the shock they sustain, instead of proving hurtful, impels them forward, and serves as a stimulus to their subsequent movements.' In water serpents, the tail, which is slightly flattened in a vertical direction, acts as an oar in propelling the body; in tree serpents, the same organ is capable of coiling itself around branches; in burrowing snakes, it is short and conical, so as to secure and direct the movements of the trunk, and perhaps to dig into the earth; while in the greater number of terrestrial snakes, it is so formed as to offer a solid fulcrum for the body, of which it sustains the whole weight when the animal rears itself erect. Several species throw themselves on their prey with huge bounds, and seize it generally with their mouth; others secure it by twisting the tail around it; and the boas also embrace it with the convolutions of their trunk.

To obey these various movements, the general integuments are divided into numerous compartments, which form so many jointings, parallel to the parts they cover. The whole body is thus lithe and flexible, the naked space of skin between the scales being capable of extraordinary expansion and contraction. This is well illustrated in the act of feeding, when serpents are known to swallow animals of much greater volume than their own natural size. For this purpose, not only is the muscular integument of the trunk capable of distention, but the head, unlike that of other creatures, is so constructed, that its component parts (those enclosing the brain excepted) are susceptible of greater or less movement, and generally in different directions. This accounts for the enormous enlargement of the mouths of serpents when in the act of swallowing; the jaws, as well as the other parts of the head, being merely banded together by elastic ligaments. The scales, which are always symmetrically arranged, are of various shapes in the different genera, and are laid over each other, or *imbricated*, like the tiles of a roof; those covering the head, and medial line of the abdomen, being larger than those of the other parts. The epidermis, or outer coating of the skin, is cast or sloughed off at fixed and determinate periods. In order to reject the old epidermis, which begins to detach itself at the head, and especially along the borders of the lips, the serpent passes itself through herbage, and contrives, by means of slow and continued frictions, to disengage gradually the exterior layer of the skin, which is already replaced below by a new epidermis.

The appendages of serpents are few, but by no means uncommon. In some varieties the tail terminates in a simple conical scale, more or less pointed or hooked; in others it is furnished with a *rattle*, often very large, although it is but a simple production of the epidermis. Some of the boas have a pair of hooks situated at the extremity of the abdomen, which seem to aid in progression, taking the place, as it were, of hinder extremities; and in other species the snout or frontal plate is turned up like a hook or spur. Beyond these simple appendages, serpents are entirely naked; the forked wings, tails, and barbs, with which the ancients equipped them, being the unmingled invention of fable or imposture. Serpents have no external ear, and the internal organ is one of the simplest construction, which accounts for the fact, that they have the sense of hearing in a lower degree than any other class of reptilia. The same may be said of their sense of smell, which is by no means delicate. The eye of the serpent presents nothing remarkable, unless that it is covered by the exterior integument which envelopes the whole body. The portion which protects the eye is of course transparent, and is sloughed like the rest of the skin. Dr Schlegel disregards the stories which have been propagated with regard to the *fascination* of this organ in serpents, and finds nothing peculiar either in its appearance or structure to warrant such a belief. Again, the tongue has none of those barbed and spear-like appendages with which fable has armed it. It is certainly divided into two slender filaments at its point, and is capable of being protruded with more or less velocity, but beyond this it is a mere organ of touch, and does not assist either in taste or in deglutition.

With regard to the colours of serpents, there is generally an analogy between these and that of the surrounding objects in the places they inhabit; a circumstance wisely ordered by nature for their protection from their numerous enemies. Among the climbing species many are green, so as to resemble the leaves of the trees they inhabit; some can scarcely be distinguished from naked branches; while others present an appearance like that of an old trunk covered with lichens and mosses. Fresh water snakes are generally of a sombre and uniform colour; the green and blue tints of those inhabiting the sea confound them with the waves of that element. The vipers of the desert are of a dull sandy colour; those of marshes of a dusky brown; while others have their integuments adorned with the most brilliant hues, in rivalry of the tropical flowers amid which they luxuriate. With reference to the markings of the respective races, it is extremely diversified. Some have their bodies striped longitudinally; others have it barred transversely; many are irregularly speckled; while as many are zig-zagged and marbled. The faculty of spontaneous change of tint, which is possessed by some reptiles, such as the chameleon, is only observed in an inferior degree among ophidians, and that principally among the tree species.

The teeth of serpents form the most peculiar of their interesting characteristics. All serpents swallow the animals on which they live entire; hence their teeth are not formed for chewing, but are mere organs destined to inflict wounds, to detain their prey, or to assist in swallowing. These organs are of two kinds; *solid teeth*, which are common to all ophidians; and *fangs*, which are peculiar to such as are poisonous. The solid teeth are generally of equal size, though some species are provided with one or two larger than the rest; they are grooved or channeled, this channel being connected with the glands which secrete the ordinary saliva. The fangs, on the other hand, are always hollow and pointed—the perforation passing from the point to the poison glands situated at the base of these deadly organs. So soon, therefore, as the fangs strike, they press upon the venom gland, and force the liquid through the perforation into the wound inflicted. Situated at the front of the jaw, the fangs are much more liable to injury than the other teeth; hence nature has curiously provided for their protection. At rest, they are folded back in the gums, which form a sort of sheath, and are only elevated when the animal is about to strike with them. Besides, being liable to be broken, there is placed behind them several germs of new fangs, sometimes amounting to six in number, and at all stages of development, so that the animal can never be long without these fatal means of defence. Innocuous serpents are totally destitute of fangs and their accompanying poison glands; but have the ordinary salivary glands much more largely developed than the venomous tribes. The saliva, as is well known, assists in the processes of swallowing and digestion; and to serpents which swallow animals of considerable size, this fluid is of prime importance. In swallowing, a copious discharge of saliva takes place on the prey, which renders it more slippery; and while the teeth fasten themselves on one side of the victim, the other jaw advances and draws it inwards. 'By this alternate play of the jaws, during which the principal part is performed by the lower jaw, the deglutition (swallowing) is effected, after efforts more or less great, according to the volume of the prey. When the animal they attempt to swallow is too large, they are unable to introduce it into their maw until a considerable time has elapsed. Serpents found in this state offer a hideous spectacle.' It must not be supposed from this, that,

during swallowing and digestion, serpents are torpid and defenceless animals; for, when pursued, they have the power of disgorging their food, like the gull and sea-swallow among birds; and so, in an instant, can put themselves in a state of defensive activity.

The deleterious effects of the poison are already too well known to require much description. When fresh, the poison is a transparent fluid of a yellowish-green tint, slightly glutinous; and when dried, becomes viscid, and adhesive. Chemical tests show it neither to be acid nor alkali; it has no peculiar smell; and applied to the tongue, it produces the same sensation as grease. It is only deleterious when mingled with the blood; hence its effects are more terribly and speedily developed when the quantity is great, and when it is directly infused into a vein or other blood-vessel. The effects of the bite depend upon many concurrent circumstances. A part which can be fairly struck, is more dangerous than one struck in a slanting direction; and the last bites are less hurtful, owing to the poison being expended. A large animal suffers less in comparison than a small one: cold-blooded animals feel the effects less than warm-blooded; and in tropical climates, the poison is more virulent and fatal than in temperate regions. Its fatal effect on the human frame is thus described by Dr Schlegel:—'Man speedily perceives an acute pain in the limb wounded by the fangs, which only make two minute punctures hardly visible, from which a few drops of blood flow: the wounded part afterwards swells, and inflammation declares itself with more or less rapidity: the absorption of the poison is announced by general debility; walking becomes painful; the respiration impeded and laborious; the patient experiences a burning thirst; nausea and vomiting quickly succeed, often followed by great distress and faintings, which, joined to the most violent pain, deprive the sufferer of his intellectual faculties. Livid spots surrounding the wound are the precursors of gangrene, which spreads to other parts of the body, and causes death after a longer or shorter interval.'

The antidotes against the bites of snakes are as numerous and futile as the prejudices we have alluded to are unfounded and fabulous. Dr Schlegel dismisses the entire race of charmers and bite-curers as 'most frequently impostors, whose whole knowledge is founded on empiricism;' and details the precautions adopted by men of competent medical skill. These it would be inconsistent with our present purpose to notice, farther than to state, that immediately cleaning the parts bitten, scarification, cupping, and the cautery, are the most effectual. Ligatures above and beneath the wound, to prevent the spread of the poison, should also be resorted to, and sudorifics copiously administered. Chlorine has been administered internally with success; and external frictions with olive oil have occasionally proved of advantage.

Serpents are oviparous animals; the eggs of some being hatched almost immediately after they are dropped, and those of others requiring several weeks of incubation. They are of slow growth, and, like other reptiles, are said to be long-lived. Many travellers, and especially those of a more remote age, speak of serpents of a monstrous size, which they say they have encountered in their travels in intertropical countries; some they describe as forty feet in length. This Dr Schlegel rejects, affirming that the most gigantic do not exceed *twenty-five feet;* while in Europe, the largest known species attains, when full grown, to a length of not more than six or eight feet. Monstrosities do occur among serpents through disease, and through congenital malformations (such as double heads); but forms capable of motion both ways, furnished with barbed wings and other appendages, as depicted by the ancients, rest on no securer basis than popular imagination.

In their habits, the ophidians are partly nocturnal and partly diurnal, though by far the greater number come abroad during the heat of the day. They are all carnivorous, the aquatic species living more or less on fishes, the tree serpents on birds, and the smaller species of terrestrial snakes pursuing insects, mollusca, worms, or other animals of the lower orders. Many, such as the sea species, live in society; but, generally speaking, land serpents are found independent and solitary. Although almost all have a disposition stupid, timid, and wild, yet many, such as the boas, are capable of being domesticated, and of contracting very mild manners. The true venomous snakes, however, never change their ferocious character, and, when captured, refuse to take any food, and so become victims of their obstinacy. Land ophidians hybernate or become torpid during winter, retreating in our climate towards October, and reappearing by the beginning of April. During this period the layers of fat which line their intestines are absorbed; and it is not till after some days in spring that they recover their usual strength and activity. Like all slow breathers, serpents can subsist a long time without food; the boa constrictor has been known to live six months without the least nourishment; and Dr Traill mentions two rattlesnakes which endured for a year and a half in a similar condition.

Serpents are widely distributed over the globe, being more numerous towards the torrid zone, and becoming rare and diminutive in cold regions. Jungles, marshes, savannahs, and other desert places in the tropics, form their head quarters; but the numerous enemies they have among the mammifera and birds, keep their increase in check. The badger, hedgehog, weasel, civet, ichneumon, and other carnivora, pursue them with avidity; the stork, the serpent-eater of the Cape, the kite, laughing falcon, and buzzard, are their implacable enemies, while man wages perpetual war against them wherever he and they come in contact. The desert and unreclaimed wild is the proper field of their increase; the progress of cultivation is always equivalent to their extirpation.

SUSAN OLIPHANT.

A TRUE TALE.

At one end of a village near the celebrated Falls of the Clyde, and close on the river's brink, was situated, some years ago, a neat cottage. It could not, from its size, be the villa of a gentleman, yet it wore a superior look to the dwellings in its neighbourhood. Surrounded by a garden and orchard, the exterior of this cottage-dwelling spoke of modest plenty and humble contentment; nor did its interior disappoint the opinion formed of it. Its inmates were a man, now descending into the vale of years, yet still hale and vigorous; his wife, past middle age; and a lovely girl, their only child. James Oliphant was by profession a gardener; but though his fruit trees yielded abundantly, and his flowers and vegetables were the finest in the neighbourhood; though his wife's dairy was the neatest, and her cream and butter the sweetest, yet could not their apparent means of livelihood account for many of the comforts, and even luxuries, which were to be found in their cottage; and, indeed, there is no reason for concealing the fact, so much to Oliphant's credit, that, having been gardener for many years to an English nobleman, the latter, at his death, left him an annuity which, though small, being husbanded with frugality, and seconded by industry, went a great way. James's wife was an Englishwoman, and this will account for the air of order, cleanliness, and comfort in and around their little abode; for, though we would not be harsh on our countrywomen, who does not know that the things intended by these expressions are only known in perfection in the dwelling of the English peasant? Mrs Oliphant was somewhat arbitrary, and very reserved. She liked to rule, without giving reasons for her conduct; yet she ruled so well, and was so active and attentive to all her duties, that she merited neither unkindness nor reproof, and the voice of discord was never heard in

their habitation, where each knew and performed their own part, for the benefit of the whole. It is true the girl Susan, with her fine forehead and sunny smile, and the depth of feeling in her dark blue eyes, sometimes longed for more cheerful society than that of her parents, or a more unreserved and congenial mind than her mother's, to which to pour forth all its longings, all its aspirations. It would appear they wished her to receive an education and breeding somewhat superior to what a cottage girl might require, for she was exempted by her mother from any part in the menial offices of the little household; and, from a desire to exclude her from the contamination of low companionship, her father was her only instructor: but he was a well-educated intelligent man, as many of his class are known to be in Scotland, so that he was quite competent to direct his child's early education. She was always dressed, too, with a lady-like simplicity, equally remote from coarse plainness and flaunting vulgarity, and her own little room was adorned with care, and furnished with books of elegant literature. Allowed to choose, in a great measure, her own employment, she loved to tend the rich flowers her father's care procured for her, to listen to the happy notes of the birds among the fruit trees; but, above all, to wander on the banks of the Clyde, with some improving books, from whose silent but eloquent companionship the tone of her mind and feelings was insensibly raised to high communing and graceful thoughts, which again diffused a charm over her daily deportment, hardly to be expected from her rank in life. Treated thus with lavish indulgence, without a care or sorrow to cloud her days, what could our young heroine desire more for happiness? But yet, somehow, she envied the fond caresses and unrestrained interchange of feeling and affection which she had witnessed in poorer dwellings than theirs. She wished her mother were not so distant, and that she were invited to twine her arms around her father's neck, when she had repeated to him her daily task; but such were not their winning ways. So she locked the loving emotions of her heart the closer in that pure sanctuary, and contented herself with returning her dear parents' kindness by devoted meekness, and dutiful obedience to all their wishes.

Thus passed Susan's childhood and early youth. When verging, however, on womanhood, she earnestly sought to be allowed to go to the school of the adjoining parish, not so much to seek society, as to acquire some branches of useful knowledge which her father was not competent to impart. After short demurring, and a private consultation, father and mother consented. Eager to improve, the ardent girl pursued diligently and successfully the studies pointed out to her; but ere many months had elapsed, a sudden stroke compelled the aged teacher to call to his assistance a clever young man, the son of an early friend, who was studying for the church, and who wished to fill up his leisure by instructing the young. From this new instructor Susan obtained stores of knowledge of a higher kind than she had received at the hands of the old schoolmaster; and it will readily be anticipated that these were rendered all the more delightful to her, by their coming from a being possessed of the natural qualities which were calculated to awaken a class of sympathies appropriate to her age. With her, the mastering of a task, and the receiving for it the meed of approbation, were now matters of a deeper interest than before; in short, without being conscious of it, she had given her heart to the young teacher. It was not long after this that, a second stroke carrying off the old master, the new one sought and obtained the appointment to his situation; a humble one, but presenting a reasonable security against want. William Macdonald thought he might now, without impropriety, seek the hand of his young pupil, and it required but a few words to make him aware that he already possessed some advantages for the accomplishment of this object. After that revelation — abrupt, and almost unpremeditated on either side—Susan returned no more to school. She shrunk with instinctive maiden delicacy from throwing herself in her lover's way; but we cannot doubt her heart beat rapturously as, after a few days of her unwonted absence, she saw her teacher on a lovely spring evening come to her home to learn the reason. Again and again he came, and she suffered herself to be led by him along the flowery bank of the Clyde. She had found what long she had yearned for, a congenial heart and cultivated mind with which to commune, and she readily promised, provided that her parents' views were in harmony with her own, to be his wife. Need it be said they gave glad consent. Though of humble birth, William's education had been liberal. His bearing was that, we might almost say, of a gentleman; his situation was comfortable; his prospects encouraging. So Susan, only in her seventeenth year, was wedded to William Macdonald.

Mrs Oliphant, exulting, gave her only child a liberal wardrobe, and substantially furnished her bed-room; her father gave her some articles, with his fervent blessing; and Susan took possession of a small but neat dwelling adjoining her husband's school.

Two or three days after the wedding, the young wife was unpacking her trunks, and arranging tidily her clothes, when Macdonald entered. 'What! is school over so soon? I did not think it was so late.'

'Why, you know this is Saturday,' replied the husband, 'leave off fatiguing yourself, and come and take a walk; but what is all this you have spread around you?'

'Dear William, my mother has been very generous and very kind,' replied Susan; 'she has stocked me with clothes and with good house linens; and see, here is a piece of Holland for shirts for you. I mean to begin them immediately.'

It is marvellous how small a circumstance will serve to reveal a propensity hitherto prevented from showing itself. Macdonald possessed many good qualities, but he was envious and avaricious; and the sight of the few articles of value now spread out before him stimulated these hideous feelings into a state of unhappy activity.

'It is very strange how your mother should have so many fine things,' he observed; 'where had she the money to buy them?'

'I know not—how should I? She tells not me her secrets, if any she has; but you forget, dear William, she was for a long time ladies'-maid, and then housekeeper, to a rich and noble family. Doubtless she saved something; but it is so kind to bestow it thus on me, that I think we had better take it gratefully, and never trouble ourselves about how she got it.'

This was said gaily and innocently; yet the next instant, as if stung by an after-thought, a crimson blush spread over the fair face and brow, and she exclaimed energetically, 'Honestly, William, I'll swear it was made. Often, often I've heard my father say how her master's family valued her incorruptible fidelity and honesty.'

'Oh, I doubt not that; I am quite sure of that, my dear girl,' promptly replied the husband; 'but'—the demon spirit of avarice was knocking at his breast—'but do you think your mother has anything considerable?'

'I have not even an idea. We have had every comfort, and lived well. All she has will be mine at her death (I pray God it may be long till then). She told me so the night before we were married: and, by the way, William, what do you think of this? I had almost forgot I was just going to show it to you. My mother gave me this at the same time,' putting into his hands a very small and elegant lady's gold watch; 'it was her young lady's gift on her death-bed—for my mother sat up with her many nights—mother told me to keep it safely; it was the most valuable thing she had, and I had never seen it before. But it is only to look at, William, for me; it is not fit for me to wear, you know; but is it not beautiful?'

'It is a valuable thing, Susan, dear; lay it up care-

fully.' The demon of avarice was gnawing at his heart. He sat buried in meditation while his young wife wound up the watch, put it to her ear, and after looking at it a few moments with girlish delight, replaced it in its case, and locked it in her drawer.

A few weeks after this unhappy event, Macdonald found it necessary to permit his wife to attend the bedside of her father, who was seized with a fatal illness. Susan was most sedulous in her attentions, and sometimes fancied the invalid looked anxiously, as if wishing to speak to her alone. At length, one day, having hastened to the cottage, she found her mother absent in the village on some necessary errand. The child of a neighbour was in the kitchen, who told her her father slept. Stealing to his bedside, however, in a few moments he awoke. 'Is it you, Susan?' asked he feebly; 'where is your mother?'

'Gone out for a few minutes, but I shall get you anything you require.'

'It is to say a few words to you I want, my child. Your mother has a will of her own; but I fear I am dying, and I will not leave the world in peace with a *lie in my right hand.* Susan, dear, though I have striven to be a father to you, you are *no child of mine.* Forgive me, Susan, for ever deceiving you thus. I say, Susan, you are not my daughter,' repeated he anxiously, as she answered not at first. 'Oh, do not talk so, father—father. He is raving!' hurriedly exclaimed the terrified girl.

'Nay, hear me; I *am* in my senses, and speak the truth. When I am gone, tell your mother what I have told you, and that I conjure her to confide in you, and make provision for you out of what is justly yours, not hers.' But at this instant the sound of Mrs Oliphant's return met his ear, and he stopped suddenly, apparently leaving his well-intentioned but injudicious communication incomplete. Shrinking from the idea of his wife's reproach, and trembling under her ascendency, he left *one* exposed to the storm which he avoided, the person whom he ought rather to have sheltered if he could; so thoughtlessly selfish are many even whom the world calls worthy characters. Darting a penetrating glance at the uncertain troubled looks of her husband and daughter, Mrs Oliphant bustled to his side. He had fainted, and his end approached rapidly. Susan whispered her mother that he believed himself dying, which explained, or appeared to do so, the agitation she had witnessed on her entrance, though Susan said it not with that intention; indeed she knew not what to think, nor how to act, so strangely had her father's words bewildered her. Remaining with the dying man till her husband came to fetch her, they together watched the close of the scene, then leaving a neighbour with the new-made widow, they returned to their home, thus early visited with sorrow. William tenderly soothed his weeping wife; but when she reached her dwelling, she shut herself in her room, to ask her sorely agitated heart what she ought to do. 'Can it be so? Am I, indeed, not his child?' A thousand corroborative circumstances flashed on her recollection. 'Whose, then, am I? The concealment tells me.' Having made the communication to her husband without suppressing a word, the poor girl clung to his breast with passionate fervour, as if fearful he would drive her thence; but, pressing her affectionately closer, he said, 'Well, my dear; compose yourself. What is that to us, that it should disturb our happiness for a moment? Are you not my wife—my own Susan still?'

These few words lightened the load of poor Susan's sorrow of more than half its weight; but she knew not that her William cherished in his bosom an adder which was to poison his peace and wreck her happiness. What did it signify to him *who* was her father, provided he could get possession of the ample provision Oliphant's last words pointed at?

The poor gardener laid in the grave, his widow's grief was decent, yet composed. Susan put off her bridal attire for appropriate mourning; and her husband suppressed, with effort, the impatience of the demon-disturber of his repose. After questioning and cross-questioning his poor wife, who now began to be aware of the passion which possessed him, Macdonald at length insisted that Susan should deliver James Oliphant's last instructions to the widow. It had been Mrs Oliphant's habit, as was natural, never to pass her daughter's door without calling; and each evening, when they had not so met during the day, and now, especially, in the retirement of her new-made widowhood, Susan's walk with William was to her cottage. But again and again the sensitive daughter shrunk from her hateful task, till Macdonald threatened to undertake it himself; therefore, knowing he was irritable, and her mother resolute, for fear of an outbreak of temper between the only two beings in the world she had to love, the devoted young wife set out alone to perform her mission. Her mother's cottage was trim and snug as usual; the widow's grief had not hindered her accustomed cares. Susan trembled violently, but at last faltered out the substance of her last conversation with him she had ever called her father. The widow heard her out with marvellously little change of countenance and manner. At the conclusion she wept. 'Yes, my poor girl, there is a mystery about your birth that had better be left as it is, for it has already cost much sorrow. I beg you will, at least, ask no more on the subject at present. A time may come when you will know all.'

Macdonald was not at all satisfied with his wife's report of this interview. Bent on bettering his condition, the good-will of a school in the next town was to be sold, and he coveted the possession; but his wife's mother approved not of the plan, and refused the means. Several violent altercations consequently took place between him and the widow Oliphant on the subject of what he insisted was Susan's portion; and no asseverations of the widow, that she possessed only her own—and that, except by her choice, his wife was entitled to no part of it—nor yet the sorrowful pleadings of the distressed Susan, could stop the unseemly and unwonted strife. At length Macdonald, hoping to force his mother-in-law to meet his views, positively forbade any intercourse between her and his wife, and became harsh and unkind to the young and lovely being who had so lately surrendered her happiness to his keeping. The struggle between avarice and his better nature now became deadly in his breast; and one bitter autumn day he took his way to the cottage of Mrs Oliphant. Outrageous was the war of words in the scene that ensued; and the schoolmaster returned to his young wife in a state of horrible excitement. The fiend had triumphed, and was raging uncontrolled within. He vociferated words of reproach to the unoffending Susan; yea, with coward hand drove her from him, and then fled from the house. The cold chill of despair struck to the heart of the hapless Susan; but when, after a period of time, she found that her husband returned not, she flew rather than walked to the home of her contented happy childhood. Here she immediately perceived that an angry interview had taken place between her husband and her mother.

'My dear mother, tell me all, I beseech you——'

'Mother! I am—for I must now reveal what I hoped to remain secret—I am not your mother.'

'Tell me, tell me in pity,' said Susan, 'have I indeed no mother to fly to in this dismal hour? Oh! I will bless you for ever, if you will only let me call you my mother!' More moved than she had ever been by the piteous looks and words, and yet more piteous situation of the gentle, forlorn, and so lately happy girl, the widow raised her kindly, and besought her to be calm, and hear the tale which the selfish passions of her husband had, by his frenzied provocations, wrung from the long unmoved and imperious woman. Susan fixed a glazed yet anxious eye on the speaker as she proceeded. 'I shall be as brief as possible. The time, however, is come when you must know the truth; and, remember,

the disclosure has not been of my seeking. I was, as you know, housekeeper in the noble family of ——. My lovely youngest lady was your mother!' Susan, in an agony of distress, shuddered, but remained calm. 'There had been, as I learnt from indistinct expressions of my dying mistress, a species of marriage between her and your father, a gentleman of high degree, but it had been secret and irregular. There was not at any rate a vestige of evidence of the deed, and therefore there hung over your birth all the disgrace of illegitimacy. Your father was absent with his regiment. To shield your mother and her family's proud name, I conveyed you secretly to James, my late husband, who was head gardener, and then my suitor. He succeeded in placing you in safety with a nurse, while I remained, for the few days life was granted, with the poor mother. I never left her or her remains till I saw them laid, in unsuspected purity, in a lamented grave. The night of her death she gave me the watch you have, faintly whispering, "Give it to my child, if she survives."'

'Oh! dear and precious legacy of her who gave me being!' wept the desolate orphan, as if over a mother's grave.

'Hear me out, my poor girl. After a short time I joined him who then became my husband; and communicating with your father, who was abroad, was commanded by him to keep the birth of his child secret as the grave that had sheltered its mother, bestowing on me a sum of money, vested in my own name; but (such was the confidence reposed in me) trusting to me to provide for the offspring of error and sorrow. Not unworthy was I of the trust thus confided in me,' proceeded she proudly. 'You know, Susan, I have cared for you; I have educated and provided for you far beyond our seeming station. It was my pride and joy to surround you even with elegancies. Notwithstanding what I told you, after the unfortunate disclosure my late husband made to you, your father yet lives; and some of the books and articles you have were sent to me by him for your use.'

'Which—which are they?' again interrupted the anxious Susan.

'You shall know that by and by,' soothingly replied the woman. 'I always intended you should have abundantly sufficient for your moderate and reasonable wants; but in such a form, and at such times, as I saw best. But the violence, pertinacity, and avarice of your husband has provoked this disclosure, and to his own complete discomfiture; since I have at length convinced him,' she bitterly added, 'that neither the law he threatened me with, nor any power he could appeal to, can procure him what he seeks. The name of your father I am bound to conceal, and neither coaxing nor violence shall force it from me. The only other being who knew it, sleeps now in the silence of death. Even you, poor innocent sufferer for the faults of others, must not ask me this.' But she spoke to nearly insensible ears. Susan's brain had hardly comprehended the latter part of her communications. Seeing the condition of the unfortunate girl, she immediately accompanied her home. The wretched Macdonald, already half-repenting, yet writhing under resentment and disappointment, saw them pass his school window, but forbore to intrude upon them.

Hardly conscious as she was, when placed in her own bed, the heart-stricken mourner pointed to her drawer, and eagerly persisted that her now pitying and anxious attendant should bring her somewhat from thence. The widow at length comprehended her, and placed in the trembling hands of her protegé the watch, the legacy of her dying mother. Clasping and kissing it, she hung its chain around her neck, and hid the bauble in her bosom. When Mrs Oliphant had done what she could for the comfort of the nearly unconscious invalid, she left her to seek medical aid, first calling Macdonald, who, conscience-stricken at what had been his cruel work, hung with tender grief and self-reproach over the uncomplaining sufferer. A dry and burning kiss, a few murmured words of fondness, were all her reply to his flood of tears and passionate intreaties for forgiveness. The same night Susan's senses wholly forsook her; and, notwithstanding all that human skill could do, ere five days more her spirit had fled, the victim of parental error, and of the selfish passions of her protectress and her husband.

When the solemn scene was finally closed, what must have been the sensations of the survivors? We would not seek to veil errors every one must condemn—selfishness and avarice persisted in, and terminating in the untimely death of a youthful wife, the only being blameless in this domestic tragedy. Macdonald obtained employment in a distant town, and returned no more to the banks of the Clyde. We trust he has spent his days in penitence and humble contentment. Mrs Oliphant remained in her cottage, and hired a person to cultivate her garden. It must have appeared, if we have faithfully sketched her character, that she was not a woman of much sentiment or sensibility; yet she mourned for the being she had brought up as her own with a quiet, yet more settled grief, than was to have been expected. Not many weeks after Susan's death, a plain travelling chariot stopped at the village inn, and a noble-looking man, its only occupant, inquired for Mrs Oliphant. Alighting, he was shown to her dwelling, and dismissed his little guide thither, with a liberal recompense. Great was the widow's surprise—much greater than usual the trial of her habitual self-possession—when he stood before her; for, though eighteen years had passed over them, she at once recognised him. After ascertaining that no one was within hearing, 'I come to see you, my good friend,' the stranger said, 'to thank you for your care of my child. Your last letter told me of her comfortable marriage. I may not indulge all I feel; but I would fain for once see her—see the living resemblance, as you have often told me, of my poor unhappy——' Agitation choked his utterance; but his faithful servant wept bitterly. 'Ah! what is this I see?' glancing at her weeds; 'you are lately become a widow; I had not at first observed it. Well, but, Mrs Oliphant'—and he was proceeding with some commonplace words of consolation. ''Tis not my widowhood I mourn, my lord, though that now seems more sorrowful than before. You have come to see your lovely child; and oh! how would her poor heart now have been satisfied! but she sleeps in the cold grave. Alas! do I live to tell it?'—wringing her hands in a paroxysm of distress. The shock was great; but the father listened with deep interest to the particulars Mrs Oliphant chose to give him of the last illness and death of his hapless child, the circumstances leading to which, it may be believed, were smoothed over, perhaps in kindness. The stranger looked around him—he saw the books he had sent her—the flowers she had reared—her favourite canary, in its spacious cage, carolling the cheerful notes she had so often listened to. He asked to have something that had belonged to her, and the watch, which the widow had taken from the inanimate remains, together with its history, was given to him: finally, he shed tears in bitter anguish over the humble grave of the being who had been wronged so deeply.

Such were the emotions wrung by remorse from a heart not wholly lost to the better feelings of our nature. A humbled, childless, unhonoured man, he returned to those scenes of high life, where there are many bosoms besides his concealing under a gay outside a sin and sorrow-stricken heart. Oh that the rich and great would reflect in time on the consequences that may flow from selfishness and error, not only to themselves, but to others, and, above all, to the one party who ever is the most innocent, though the most wronged. Here, indeed, we have seen that an effort was made to provide a moderate happiness for the unfortunate victim; but, even if her married lot had been happier, was it altogether appropriate? Alas! no. Inheriting by nature the high-toned mind and delicate tastes of her parents,

she was cast in a field where these never could have received their proper gratifications, and where unhappiness consequently must have sooner or later befallen her; where, as it was, the shock which they received from one set of adverse circumstances proved the cause of her lamentable fate—a broken heart and an early grave.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SMALL COUNTRY PAPERS.

About two years ago (No. 484, former series), we directed attention to the establishment of small monthly sheets in provincial towns, where the population of the district was inadequate to the support of an ordinary newspaper. At that time only four or five of these publications had come under our notice; now their number is trebled, and we believe with considerable advantage to their respective localities. As media for advertisements, they are employed by drapers, grocers, and others, to communicate with the working-classes, among whom their circulation chiefly lies; and as popular intelligencers, they afford information on many subjects which would otherwise remain unknown to their humble readers. For example, in one now before us, consisting of eight quarto pages, we find nearly two pages of advertisements, a chapter on natural history, a biographic sketch, a tale, some fugitive poetry, and other miscellaneous matter—all more or less instructive and entertaining. The stamp authorities having determined that such monthly sheets must not contain news unless they be stamped, everything of this nature is of course omitted; but this forms no serious drawback, as, under the management of an acute editor, the sheets may always be rendered sufficiently attractive to command a remunerative sale.

We have now to notice the commencement of another class of provincial publications, exclusively devoted to agriculture and allied subjects of rural economy. These are also issued monthly; but are of a superior character, extending from eight to sixteen quarto pages, and of course selling at a higher price, though still considerably under that of a stamped newspaper. There are now three of these in Scotland—the Dumfries Gleaner, the Ayrshire Agriculturist, the Berwick and Kelso Agriculturist; and we believe a fourth is about to be started in Fifeshire. We trust that other counties will speedily follow the example; and that in England, especially, such publications will be adopted as a means of disseminating among the tenantry and rural population that information on agriculture and husbandry which, according to all accounts, they so greatly stand in need of. Of those already commenced, we can speak in the highest terms of commendation. They are not only creditably got up, as regards their exterior, but their matter—original and selected—is carefully prepared, entirely free from party bias; and what adds considerably to their influence is, that all their contributions are authenticated by the names of the authors. Besides their more valuable information, they contain rural sketches, accounts of agricultural exhibitions, ploughing matches, and other local memoranda of a miscellaneous description. A few years hence, and such publications will be productive of immense benefit, not only in disseminating sound practical views within their respective districts, but in 'drawing out' our farming population to detail the results of their own practice and experience. A thousand valuable facts are yearly lost to the country from the backwardness of farmers to put their experience in print; and local sheets, of the kind we notice, if properly conducted, will collect such information, when the city newspaper could never have done so by any possibility. They will thus become vehicles of substantial information, as well as of amusement and interest, not only to the farmer, but to the labourer, who, hitherto heedless of every species of information, may be led to a better state, by having his attention first awakened by the records and descriptions of scenes and operations with which he is personally familiar.

ARTISAN ALLOTMENTS.

We learn from an article in the Penny Magazine, that a piece of ground which was formerly used by the Messrs Gott of Leeds as a tenter-field, has been converted into a common garden for the workmen employed in their establishment. This field, where the woollen cloth, at various stages of its manufacture, was hung on rails to dry, has, by the improved mode of drying in heated galleries, been rendered unnecessary for the purposes of the factory, and has thus been set aside for the exemplary object above-mentioned. The total extent is about eight acres, divided into 142 allotments of nearly equal size. Such of the workmen as take an interest in gardening are allowed to cultivate these little plots, paying a trifling sum in the form of rent, not as a source of profit to the proprietors, but to give the men an undisputed right to the produce which they may have reared. Nearly all the allotments are in a flourishing and healthy condition, each denoting by its produce the taste of its cultivator. Some contain flowers chiefly; while others (and these more general) contain such culinary vegetables as potatoes, cabbages, lettuces, onions, &c. The family of one of the workmen resides in a lodge near the entrance, and to this family the care of the garden is intrusted. Opposite the lodge is a tool-house, where, on hooks and nails properly numbered, hang all the gardening tools, such as spades, hoes, rakes, and so forth, each renter having his own tools. In this tool-house is a board inscribed with the 'rules and regulations' which the proprietors have established for the good management of the garden; such as the hours during which the workmen and their families may have access to the garden, the admission of the friends of the workmen, and other arrangements of a similar character. In a busy town like Leeds, where houses and factories are necessarily congregated very thickly, the existence of a plot of garden-ground is important in respect to the health of those who live near, independent of the good effects likely to result from the maintenance of these kindly relations between masters and workmen.

SILK MANUFACTORY OF M. STOFELLA.

This establishment—at Roveredo, the seat of the silk trade in Austrian Lombardy—has gained a high reputation, not only for the quality of the goods manufactured, but for the philanthropic system upon which it is conducted. We glean the following account of its management from a sketch in the January number of the London Polytechnic Magazine:—Four hundred females are constantly employed, who are not only provided with their living, but every care is taken of their education. A young girl from eleven to fourteen years of age, in poverty, who can produce a certificate of good conduct and health, is apprenticed from four years and a half to six years and a half under an indenture, stipulating that she shall, during her apprenticeship, be provided with board, lodging, clothing, and instruction in religion, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, needle-work, and all the branches of the manufacture of silk. After the first six months each apprentice receives an annual salary of 15 florins (about £1, 11s.), which sum is placed in the savings'-bank of Roveredo. Those parents who are in very needy circumstances, are permitted, after their daughter has been two years apprenticed, to draw an annual allowance. The proprietor himself deposits five hundred florins in the bank every year, for the purpose of being distributed in different awards to those whose industry and skill are found the most deserving at a public examination. In case of death, the parents have a right to claim whatever funds the child may have in the bank. Upon the termination of the apprenticeship the girl is at liberty to return home, or stipulate for employment by the year (that being the shortest period for which any of them can be engaged), and receives an increase of payment according to her abilities. Those who during their apprentice-

ship have behaved well, and distinguished themselves, are provided at the end of their term with tools and furniture to commence business. Their occupation consists in the manufacture of all sorts of silks, and every week twenty-five of the number are alternately instructed in domestic affairs. Certain leisure hours are allowed for meals, lessons, and recreation; and when they walk out, some of the teachers are appointed to accompany them. The whole establishment is conducted by Mr Stofella, and consists of twenty superintendents—namely, one director, one vice-director, six teachers, and twelve overseers.

THE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS.

THE recent visit of nine Ojibbeway Indians to England has been generally felt as an interesting event, occurring as it does so soon after Mr Catlin, by his book and lectures, has attracted so much attention to that remarkable race.

The party consists of two old chiefs, respectively of the ages of seventy-five and fifty-one; four young warriors (including a half cast, their interpreter), two women, and a girl of about ten years old. We do not pretend to give their unpronounceable seven-syllable names, translated into 'the Moonlight Night, the Driving Cloud,' &c. Mr Catlin, on introducing them at a public exhibition in London, explained that they had been brought to England from the north-east shore of Lake Huron at their own desire, on business, we believe, connected with territory, and not solely to be made a show of; and that they did not feel themselves hireling puppets was evident, through the natural and universal language of their gesticulation and expression. Their manner was far more like that of receiving strangers, whom they endeavoured, with much good nature, to amuse. In person they are tall and well made, the men, we believe, all exceeding six feet in height; straight and upright, though not especially muscular; and their step is peculiarly firm and majestic. Most of their dances appeared to us little else than a noisy and inexplicable shuffling, though an Irish lady at our elbow compared some of their movements to an Irish jig. At another time they danced round one of the chiefs, much—it is the only simile we can find—as the May-day sweeps dance round Jack in the Green; and really the chief, in his buffalo blanket, was almost as bulky a personage as Jack imprisoned by the fresh boughs. They keep time to these dances by a monotonous sort of chant, accompanied by the shaking of little bells (looking, for all the world, like a collection of brass thimbles) fastened to a stick eight or ten inches long; their orchestra being completed by a small one-sided drum, formed very evidently of a butter keg or flour tub—such as may be seen in many a London kitchen. Of course the chief or warrior who beats the drum remains seated on the platform; and he who shook the bells was the one round whom they danced. But the note, if we may call it a note, of each instrument was unvaried; in phrenological language, they seemed to possess the organ of Time, but not of Tune; for, monotone as it was, the intervals of time were accurately marked. So much for the peace dances, after which the warriors retired to equip themselves for the war dance; and on our last visit, a trifling incident occurred, which gave rise to a more picturesque situation than can easily be imagined.

During the interval of their absence, some of the visitors had taken the opportunity of presenting articles of different sorts, and of different value, to the two squaws and the child. Among other things a toy was given to the little girl—a bird we think it was, which, by a common movement of the stand (which forms a sort of rude bellows), produced the very unmelodious 'squeak, squeak' so familiar to many a denizen of the nursery. Now, kind reader, imagine our warriors returning with their firm majestic tread, accoutred for the war dance, their bodies glaring chiefly of a bright vermilion (we noticed, among less simple devices, a huge red hand delineated upon the shoulder of one), the jingling of the little bells with which some of their garments seemed fringed, and, above all, the ponderous tomahawk in each right hand; imagine this band, limited in number, it is true, but sufficiently formidable to remind the stranger very forcibly of the 'howling, desolating band' of the poet of Wyoming, without waiting for the

> 'Sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
> To freeze the blood in one discordant jar,
> Rung to the peeling thunderbolts of war.'

The child holds up the toy—'squeak, squeak' it goes—the warriors stop in their stately march; tomahawks are slung at the back of their girdles, and they eagerly gather round to examine the toy. 'Squeak, squeak;' for an instant they look grave and earnest, and this was the moment they would have made a fine picture; the next, the toy was given back to the child with contempt. Have these wild Indians discovered the great truth, that only 'the useful is the beautiful?' a phrase, perhaps, prosaic to some ears, yet to our mind enshrining the very essence of poetry.

The war dance is accompanied by, if possible, louder noises of each description; and as for the war whoop which they introduce so frequently, surely the simultaneous yell of a thousand dogs would be the nearest resemblance. There is this peculiarity, however, that, while performing it, they beat the hand rapidly upon the open mouth, thus producing a sort of shake. With these hints, it is just possible that accomplished imitators of sawing, and grinding, and other unmusical sounds, might achieve something like the Indian war whoop. The war dance is performed by them in their natural state, for the purpose of exciting their feelings to the necessary pitch preceding action; and even executed here, as a scene acted, it is easy to perceive how energetic they become; indeed to a degree that makes the looker-on almost tremble, and doubt if it be only the similitude of passion. There is a kind of rude grace in many of their movements, especially when holding the pipe of peace, ornamented with feathers, in the left hand, and the tomahawk in the right; the warriors raise and present them alternately, thus offering peace or war. The flag of peace, which they also sometimes brandish, is a long strip of red cloth fastened lengthways on a stick, about a man's height, the cloth being stuck all over with white feathers. This, we are told, is held as sacred as is the flag of truce by civilised nations; and if presented in the warmest of the fight, will insure safety and protection.

Although, in the excitement of the war dance especially, they are fierce-looking creatures, there is nothing malignant in the expression of their countenances; on the contrary, in the faces of the women more particularly, one reads a character of placidity, almost of benevolence; a character perfectly agreeing with Mr Catlin's account of his long residence among them, during which time he declares he never had occasion to raise his hand in self-defence; never to his knowledge was robbed of one farthing's value; and never even had occasion to suspect he was wronged. It is much to be lamented that this interesting race of men, through the effect of constant intestine warfare, and vices and diseases introduced by the whites, should be daily diminishing in numbers. One entire tribe, that of the Mandans, which, within these eight years, consisted of two thousand, has been already destroyed by small-pox, save a remnant of some thirty or forty souls, who, in their misery and helplessness, fell victims to their enemies.

Daily, in fact, are their ranks thinning; and, in their sad future, it may be that many a 'Logan' of the wilderness shall deeply feel his desolation, even if he do not exclaim, in the same pathetic words, 'There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature!' This truth it is which makes the visit—the bodily presence of these Ojibbeways—so peculiarly interesting; for even if they do not die away—as if they

had only lived to enrich with their bodies the soil for the conquerors—quite as fast as Mr Catlin predicts, the advance of civilisation must rob the Indians of many of their natural characteristics. To return, however, to the party who, at the moment of our writing, are still to be seen at the Egyptian Hall in London: the squaws, like the men, have swarthy complexions, black eyes, rather small and sunken, and fine jet black hair, which they cultivate with the greatest care, anointing it, as we hear, with the pure fat of the bear, and never allowing it to be cut. The hair, which streamed over their shoulders, seemed fine and glossy, though, we should say, not comparable in point of quantity to the average length and thickness of an Englishwoman's. Yet this must not be held altogether as an argument in favour of the frequent use of the shears, since we know that the Spanish ladies, so famed for the beauty of their hair, have an equal prejudice against the practice of clipping; and we ourselves have recently met a fair young Spaniard, whose luxuriant and much admired tresses had never been profaned by the touch of the scissors.

The manner in which the squaws carry their children is curious and ingenious. Alas! in all rude conditions of humanity, the harder share of labour falls on the poor women; for warriors and hunters are too proud to work. Thus, preparing the skins for their garments, cooking, water carrying, all sorts of drudgery fall upon the squaw, who contrives to carry her infant about with her, though her hands and arms are otherwise occupied. For this purpose a sort of cradle is constructed of bear's skin, in which the child is swathed, the mother suspending it at her back by a strong band which crosses her forehead. The child, of course, is bolt upright, its little shoulders resting against those of the woman; but partly, we should suppose, to defend it from accident, and partly, perhaps, for the convenience of suspending some jingling toys, there is a slight frame-work, ornamented with porcupine's quills, constructed before the upper part of its body. Thus burdened—for the cradle itself is a heavy cumbrous machine—the Indian wife toils on; the movement and laborious action of her own body rocking and lulling, as she believes, the infant to rest.

To particularise their games (in that of ball they especially excel) might be tedious; and the manner in which, after the war dance, they sat, Turkish fashion, to smoke the calumet, or pipe of peace, may be easily imagined. In conclusion, we must congratulate Mr Catlin on the opportunity of presenting so interesting an illustration of his valuable museum; a collection gathered at the price of an amount of physical endurance, and mental energy, seldom, if ever before, voluntarily encountered. We believe, too, that he is sparing neither expense nor trouble in showing and explaining to the Ojibbeway Indians the celebrated buildings and notable curiosities of the metropolis; and, darkened as their minds must be, let us hope they will carry back to the Far West different notions of the white man from those the savage must perforce receive, if the first specimens of civilisation presented to his view be the vile outcasts of society to whom we have before alluded.

SINDE AND ITS AMEERS.

The gradual absorption of Hindustan into the British empire, is one of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of our country. The latest acquisition—in this, as in other cases, by military conquest, and not without the plausible plea of necessity—has been Sinde, a considerable tract of country on the banks of the Indus. This river, in its way from its sources among the Himalaya mountains, runs for a long distance westward, and takes a sudden bend to the south, to be afterwards swelled by the 'five rivers,' which give a name to the Punjab country, and to make its way into the Arabian sea by several mouths. For the last two hundred and fifty miles of its course, it flows through Sinde, which it makes the key of the great water-transit to and from the British possessions of Mid-Asia.

Sinde is a narrow district, situated between Beloochistan on the west, and Hindustan on the east, and only averaging eighty miles in breadth. Except a range of hills which divides it from Beloochistan, the country consists of a plain, so flat, as to present from the sea a similar appearance to that of many parts of the coast of Holland: the waves on which the spectator rides seem to be so much higher than the land, as to cause apprehension that the whole district will be overwhelmed by the ocean. On entering and ascending the Indus, the country is seen to be interlaced with watercourses, consisting either of the minor channels by which the great river finds its way to the sea, or, higher up, of tributaries and canals. During the summer months, that portion of lower Sinde which is occupied by the Delta of the Indus, is laid under water by inundations caused by the melted snows of the distant Himalayas. The mighty stream then rushes furiously through its channels, breaking down banks, ingulfing cattle, men, and their habitations; and, before it joins the sea, uniting in one vast lake its various beds and tributaries. The turbid waters, on receding, leave behind an alluvium so rich, that it requires no cultivation to produce to the husbandman a succession of heavy crops; exactly as it happens with the Delta of the Nile. The upper portion of Sinde, which is chiefly out of the reach of the inundations, is diversified by rocky eminences of slight elevation, and sandy sterile tracts, showing the original character of the lower country before it was fertilised by successive deposits. In these districts artificial irrigation is resorted to, as in Upper Egypt, by means of sluices and canals. These characteristics of the scenery are of course modified by the natural productions of Sinde. The date-palm is found nearly all over the country, but its fruit seldom comes to perfection. Towards the sea, salt marshes abound, separated by jungle, stinted or luxuriant, according to the accidents of the soil, which here, except during the inundations, presents great diversities. In many places the eye wanders over large sombre tracts covered thickly by the camel-thorn and other shrubs; the most peculiar of which is the euphorbia, that drops, after a season, upon the surface of the ground, where it lies decaying, and having all the appearance of bundles of dry sticks collected by invisible hands. The fertility of the alluvial deposits rendering the labours of agriculture light, every description of grain is grown with little more trouble than sowing and reaping. The general climate is said to be as hot as that of any part of India.

The towns of Sinde have a uniform aspect, which is thus described by a recent traveller:—'Nearly all are surrounded with walls, which are intended to be fortifications, but are of a very rude kind, and in complete disrepair, being built of mud, about twenty feet high, and pierced for matchlocks; in the centre of the place is a bastion or citadel overlooking the surrounding country. The Jâts and pastoral classes fold their flocks or herds under the walls, against which they build their reed huts. Every place in Sinde swarms with village curs, the Pariahs of India; and these, in the absence of any police, are valuable, as keeping a constant and independent watch. The wands, or movable villages of the pastoral population, are generally composed of reed mats thatched across rough boughs of the tamarisk. Such are also the materials generally employed by the fishermen and others living on the banks of the river: the houses are generally of one storey, and flat-roofed; in the cities, the dwellings have upper-rooms, but the apartments are small and ill-ventilated. It is impossible to conceive anything so filthy as the interior of a Sindian town. Every inhabitant makes a common sewer of the front of his dwelling; the narrow passage, scarcely admitting a laden camel, is nearly blocked up with dung-heaps, in which recline, in lazy ease, packs of fat Pariah dogs, from whom the stranger, particularly a Christian (they are true Moslems these dogs), need expect little mercy. Flies are so plentiful, that the children's faces are nearly hidden by them,

and it is utterly impracticable in a butcher's or grocer's shop to discern a particle of what is exposed for sale. Add to these mere outlines, crowded streets of filthy people, an intolerable stench, and a sun which would roast an egg, some faint idea may be formed of a Sindian town or city. The inhabitants generally sleep on the roofs of their houses for coolness.

One main street, constituting the bazaar, is always a principal feature in a place of any size. These bazaars have mats, and other coverings, stretching from house to house, as a protection against the fierce rays of the sun. Except the bazaar of Grand Cairo, few places of a similar kind present such vivid, strange, and yet interesting groups, as the great street of Shikarpur, frequented as it is by the merchants of both Central Asia and those of Eastern and Western India. The full pressure of business generally takes place about four o'clock; and then, amidst clouds of dust, in an atmosphere of the most stifling closeness, and amid the loud din of perfect chapmanship, may be seen some of the most characteristic features of the society of the East.

The haughty Moslem, mounted on his fine Khorassani steed, decorated with rich trappings, himself wearing the tall Sindian cap of rich brocade, and a scarf of gold and silk, jostles through the crowd, between whom a way is opened by the Sindian soldiers, who precede and follow him; then follows the Affghan, with a dark blue scarf cast over his breast, his long black hair falling in masses on his shoulders, his olive cheek painted by the mountain breeze, and his eye full of fire and resolve. We have also the Seyund of Pishin, in his goat's-hair cloak; the fair Herati, the merchant of Candahar, with flowing garments and many-coloured turban; the tall Patan, with heavy sword, and mien calculated to court offence; while among the rest is the filthy Sindian, and a small miserable-looking, cringing Hindoo, owning perhaps lacs in the neighbouring street, but fearing the exactions of the Ameers. These present a fair sample of the groups who crowd the principal street of Shikarpur; but we miss the wild Belooch, with his plaited hair and ponderous turban, his sword, matchlock, and high-bred mare; but the freebooter of the desert loves not cities, and is rarely seen in them.' The capital, Hyderabad, situated on a high and rocky island, formed by the Indus and the Fullalee, is not the largest, but the best fortified place in Sinde. In point of size it yields to Shikarpur, which stands on an elbow of the Indus, on the extreme limits of Sinde, towards the north-west. This city is three miles in circumference, and its bazaar, which contains 884 shops, is half a mile in length. Except Tattah (now called Victoria), the southernmost city of any size, and Omarkote, on the south-eastern frontier (famous as the birthplace of Akbar Khan, our destructive enemy of Cabul), there is not another town in Sinde which need be enumerated.—Such are the most marked characteristics, natural and artificial, of the 100,000 square miles of new territory recently added to our gigantic empire in the East. We now turn to the people.

Sinde is but thinly populated; a fact easily accounted for, from the depressing system of despotism to which it has been hitherto subjected. Over this country, 250 miles long and 80 miles broad, are spread no more than one million of inhabitants; just half the number of the population of the city of London. They comprise three distinct classes; consisting of, first, people from the neighbouring territory of Beloochistan, who form the military and governing part of the population; second, Hindoos, dwelling chiefly in towns, and are the sole managers of the trade and commerce of Sinde; third, the natives and cultivators of the soil, or Jâts. To the first class belonged the Ameers, or rulers of Sinde, who, though nominally under the authority of Cabul kings, exercised a perfectly despotic sway over the Sindians.

The word Ameer is identical with emir (governor), of which, according to M. Reinaud the eminent etymologist, it is the plural; though we pluralise it again, and speak of the Ameers of Sinde. They were originally three in number; for, after a long era of civil commotion, Futteh Ali was called to exercise the supreme power, but generously divided it with three of his brothers. He died in 1801, and one of his coadjutors in 1811; consequently the supreme power was vested in the two younger brothers, by name Meers Kurm, and Mourad Ali. The two deceased brothers left two sons, to whom they bequeathed their shares of the administration, but which was denied them by the uncles; hence the country has been harassed of late by a constant succession of civil commotions, till at length the two young chiefs obtained possession of respective portions of the revenues of Sinde, with but a subordinate share of the government. Such was the state of things up to the British conquest last year.

The oppressive rule of the Ameers was scarcely equalled in India—generally famous for the despotism of its native princes. The people of Sinde were the victims of a wholesale game law, which had the effect of rendering the finest parts of the country a vast arena for the sports of the Ameers. They have converted the most fruitful districts into gloomy and impervious forests for the preservation of game; gratifying their passionate fondness for hunting at every possible expense of misery to their subjects. So blind were they in indulging their favourite pastime, that Meer Futteh depopulated, it is said, a district near Hyderabad—so fertile, that it yielded two or three lacs of rupees annually—because it was frequented by a peculiar species of antelope, which he found great pleasure in hunting. It is also recorded of Mourad, that he banished the inhabitants of an ancient village, and razed it to the ground, because the crowing of cocks and the grazing of cattle disturbed the game in the neighbouring lands. Their hunting excursions are conducted with true Eastern magnificence: on setting out, they embark, with their retainers, in state pleasure-barges, called *jumpties*, and every luxury that an Eastern imagination can supply. In the hapless village nearest to the scene of their pastime, are quartered some five or six hundred followers, who, receiving merely nominal wages, are billeted; and, with their horses, devour the goats, fowls, and corn of the inhabitants without mercy.

In these hunting excursions the Belooches resident in Sinde are chiefly employed, for they are nearly all the retainers of the Ameers. A few are scattered in tandas or fortified villages, quite apart from the rest of the population. The second class, or Hindoos, on the contrary, follow more useful occupations. From the rich bankers of Shikarpur, and the influential merchants of Karachi, down to the humblest keeper of a tobacco-shop, they monopolise every species of trade. Persecuted and plundered, despised, and treated most contemptuously, they, like the Jews in Europe, find a recompense for all their sufferings in the money which they contrive to amass. Not that under the government of the Ameers they would put forth the external tokens of wealth, and enjoy the respect usually paid to these insignia; on the contrary, they were compelled, for many reasons, to affect a degree of humility, which, had it been voluntary, might have entitled them to some praise. Their dress was mean, their habits were dirty, and they in most instances found it necessary to lay aside the prejudices of caste, and to neglect the external observances of their religion.* The Hindoos are looked upon and despised by the Sindians exactly as Jews are among other Eastern nations. The Jâts, or cultivators of the soil, like their rulers, are Mohammedans; hence their enmity to the Hindoos may be traced to the peculiar religious tenets of the latter people. They are generally admitted to be a peaceable, harmless, and industrious people, devoted almost exclusively to agriculture and the breeding of cattle. Those re-

* See a comprehensive and well written article in the Foreign Quarterly Review for January, entitled, Sinde, its Ameers and its People.

sident in the tract lying between the southern extremity of Sinde and westward to Hyderabad, rear great numbers of camels, which useful beasts of burden are distributed over the whole country. Indeed the Jât is as inseparable from his camel as the Arab from his steed. Both the traders and agriculturists of Sinde were ground down by a system of taxation, which has always been found to be the most effectively depressing and despotic it is possible to invent; namely, being placed at the mercy of revenue farmers, who were perfectly irresponsible in everything except providing punctual payment of the sums they contracted to supply to the Ameers periodically. To scrape these together, every species of extortion and violation of the rights of property was practised on the devoted people, who, but for the extreme fertility of the soil, would long ago have been exterminated.

Whatever may be said of the military and diplomatic principles on which Sinde has come under the dominion of Great Britain, we believe it to be generally allowed, that, as far as the people are concerned, they will be greatly benefited by the change.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

The French Revolution presents an almost endless gallery of scenes calculated to move the heart to pity and wonder; but it scarcely affords one more affecting than the self-sacrifice of Charlotte Corday. The act of this young woman was, indeed, of a kind which ought never to be regarded in any other light than as a great crime; yet the generous part of mankind seem to have agreed that, all the circumstances being considered, some allowance may be made in her case, without danger to the interests of society.

It was the summer of 1793. The king had been six months dead; France had half Europe hanging on its frontiers, and several rebellious provinces within itself. The extreme danger in which the new republic stood had caused power to pass entirely into the hands of the meanest and most frantic party, led by Marat and Robespierre, while the heads of a more moderate party (Girondins) were not only dispossessed of influence, but banished to the provinces, where they were wandering in danger of their lives. The government represented only the lowest populace of Paris; but it alone possessed the energy capable of carrying the republic through such a crisis, and its supremacy was of a species of facts which, deplore them as we will, occur as resistlessly as the laws of nature.

At this time there lived at Caen, in Normandy, a young woman who, like many others of her sex, had taken a deep interest in the Revolution from its commencement. Descended from Peter Corneille, the poet, Charlotte Corday had much of the poetical temperament. She had been educated in a convent, and had constantly laboured to improve the powers of her mind. Restless under the restraints of her father's house at Armans, she had gone, for the sake of freedom, to live with a female friend at Caen. There she had formed an attachment to a young officer named Belzunce, and what first gave her an antipathy to Marat, was his denouncing her lover as a counter-revolutionist. She continued to watch the progress of events with the greatest zeal till the expulsion of her favourite politicians, the Girondins, from the national convention (June 2, 1793), when she became dreadfully incensed at the party which remained in power, and particularly at the former enemy of her lover. Her feelings were still more highly wrought when some of the proscribed Girondins, Barbaroux, Petion, and others, came to Caen, and discoursed of their wrongs in circles to which she was admitted. Immediately thereafter an insurrection of her party took place in the district of the Calvados, and the idea occurred to her, that nothing could be wanting to its success if the chief of the anarchists in Paris were put to death. Strained up to the height of political fanaticism, she formed the resolution to go to Paris and destroy Marat, aware that her own life must fall as a matter of course, but believing it to be a small price to pay for the salvation of her country.

Behold, then, this woman, young, lovely, intelligent, pure in character, on her way to Paris, bent on a deed from which it is the nature of her sex, age, and education, to shrink with horror. To Barbaroux she represented herself as anxious to obtain the restoration of some papers belonging to a friend of hers, from the minister of the interior, and he therefore gave her a letter of introduction to M. Duperret, a member of his party still left in the convention. He and his companions had been struck by her interesting appearance, and the fervour with which she declaimed in favour of the free and enlightened republic which they had endeavoured to secure; but they had not the faintest notion of the real purpose of her journey. To deceive her own friends, she sent her father a letter announcing that the increasing troubles of France had induced her to seek refuge and quiet in England. At noon on the third day she arrived in Paris, where her first step was to see Duperret, and despatch the business she had with the minister of the interior. Then, eager to lose no time, she drove in a hackney coach to the house of Marat.

This celebrated man was of mean origin, and latterly had supported himself by conducting a paper full of inflammatory appeals to the Paris mob, while he also acted as a deputy, or representative of the nation, in the convention. Of scarecrow figure, and maniacal expression of countenance, he seemed fitted by nature to appear as a supreme demon of discord amidst the storms of such a revolution. The exigencies of the crisis had raised him to vast influence in the convention, where it was not his own voice which spoke, but that of the whole mass of the canaille of Paris, ready at any time to rush into the assembly, and compel a resolution accordant with their own. Marat had, however, been for a short time confined at home with illness, though he was not so ill as to be prevented from writing his paper, and assailing the convention with incessant advices, orders, and remonstrances, all tending to the slaughter of persons whom he suspected of a lukewarmness to the great cause. Charlotte, at her first visit, had been refused admittance; but she immediately returned to her lodging, and wrote the following letter to Marat: 'Citizen, I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France.' In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired, she wrote another, still more pressing, which she took herself at eight in the evening. Marat's housekeeper, a young woman who lived with him as his wife, demurred to admit her; but Marat, having meanwhile read the letter which she had sent, and hearing her name pronounced, gave orders for her being instantly brought into his room, although he was sitting at the moment in his bath. Being left alone with him, she related what she had seen at Caen; then paused, looking earnestly at him. He eagerly demanded the names of the deputies whom she had conversed with, and, snatching up a pencil, began to write them down, adding, 'Very well, they shall all go to the guillotine.' 'To the guillotine!' she exclaimed; at the same time drawing a knife from her bosom, she plunged it into his heart. The wretched man could only utter one cry to his housekeeper, 'Help, my dear!' (*A moi, ma chere!*) when he fell lifeless. The housekeeper, and a messenger who was folding newspapers in an adjoining room, rushed in, and found him covered with blood, while Charlotte Corday stood serene and motionless by his side. The messenger knocked her down with a chair, and the housekeeper spurned her with her *feet*. The

noise attracted the neighbours, and the whole quarter was speedily in commotion. Charlotte arose from the floor, and encountered with placidity the threats and abuse of those who surrounded her. Certain members of the section, drawn to the scene by the spreading tumult, struck by her beauty, her courage, and the calmness with which she avowed her action, interfered to save her from brutal immolation, and conducted her to prison, where she continued to confess all with the same tranquil assurance.

The news of the assassination of Marat spread rapidly through Paris, and excited universal consternation, as well as grief and rage, so great was the importance at this time attached to his public services. The act was instantly attributed by the popular voice to the proscribed party of the Gironde, and made the pretext for excessive severity against such members of that party as were in prison, so that what Charlotte designed for a blow at the anarchists, only did harm to her own friends. 'Such,' says M. Thiers, 'will ever be the case in similar circumstances: a party is proscribed—all are indignant; one, of particular ardour of nature, bursts out with a signal act of revenge, which is laid to the account of the whole, though nothing could obviously be less for their interest, as it invariably is employed to justify further severities.' The utmost honour was paid to the remains of the so-called martyr. The Jacobin club was inclined to demand for him a situation in the Pantheon, notwithstanding a law which decreed that great men should have stood the test of twenty years before obtaining such a distinction. They joined to buy up the presses with which he had printed his paper, *the Friend of the People*, that they might never fall into less worthy hands, but be employed, if possible, by some one who should write as zealously and as ably for the popular cause. His body lay in state for several days; it was uncovered to show his wound; at the same time, from a motive truly French, his visage was white-washed, in order to conceal the darkness produced by a rapid corruption. To pursue the account given by M. Thiers in his History of the Revolution—'The popular societies and the sections defiled in procession past his bier, strewing it with flowers. Each president pronounced an oration. The section of La Republique was the first to approach. "He is dead!" exclaimed its president lugubriously—"the friend of the people is dead, and by assassination! Let us waive all eulogy over his inanimate remains. His eulogium is in his career, his writings, his gory wound, his death! Scatter flowers over the pallid corpse of Marat, my countrywomen! Marat was our friend; he was the friend of the people: it was for the people he lived, it is for the people he died." At these words, young maidens made the circuit of the bier, and threw fragrant flowers on the body of Marat. The orator resumed: "But sufficient are the lamentations; hear the mighty soul of Marat, shaking off its bonds, and saying, Republicans, abstain from further weeping. To republicans is permitted but one tear, after which their country claims all their sympathies. It was not I who was marked for assassination, but the republic; it is not I who call for vengeance, but the republic, the people, yourselves!"

All the societies and all the sections came one after the other around the coffin in which the body of Marat lay extended; and if history record such scenes with some minuteness, it may teach men to reflect on the influence of prepossessions, and lead them to ponder seriously when they mourn the mighty of this earth, or revile the unfortunate of their era.

Meanwhile, the trial of the young murderess was expedited with that rapidity for which republican forms of process were remarkable. Two deputies were implicated in the arraignment; the one, Duperret, with whom she had had intercourse, and who had accompanied her to the minister of the interior; the other Fauchet, late a bishop, previously suspected on account of his connexion with the right side, and whom a woman, insane or malignant, falsely asserted to have seen in the galleries of the convention with the prisoner.

Charlotte Corday, when conducted before the tribunal, preserved her wonted calmness. The indictment was read over to her, after which the court proceeded to call the witnesses. The first who appeared was stopped by the prisoner, without allowing him time to commence his deposition. "It was I," she said, "who killed Marat." "Who incited you to commit this murder?" demanded the president. "His crimes." "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The calamities he has caused since the Revolution." "Who are they who have instigated you to this action?" "Myself alone," she proudly answered; "I had long revolved it in my mind; nor would I ever have taken counsel of others for such a deed. I wished to restore peace to my country." "But do you imagine you have sacrificed all the Marats?" "No," responded the prisoner, with a sigh; "alas! no."

She then permitted the witnesses to conclude, and after each testimony, repeated, "That is true; the deponent is right." She defended herself from one charge alone, namely, her pretended concert with the Girondists; and she confronted only one witness, the woman who implicated Duperret and Fauchet in the case; after which she seated herself, and listened to the remainder of the process with perfect serenity. "You perceive," said her advocate, Chaveau-Lagarde, briefly compressing her defence, "that the accused confesses all with imperturbable firmness. Such composure and self-oblivion, sublime in one respect, can only be explained by the most exalted political fanaticism. It is for you to judge what weight is due to this moral consideration in the scales of justice."

Charlotte Corday was condemned to undergo the penalty of death. Her beautiful countenance evinced no emotion as the sentence was delivered, and she returned to prison with a smile on her lips. She wrote to Barbaroux, to whom she related her journey and achievement in a letter full of feminine grace, spirit, and dignity; she told him her friends ought not to regret her, for a lively imagination and a susceptible heart threaten stormy lives to those who may possess them. She added, that she was now fully avenged on Petion, who had, when at Caen, suspected for a moment her political sentiments.' In another letter to her father, she intreated pardon for having disposed of her life without his permission. 'I have,' said she, 'avenged many victims—prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the service I have rendered my country. For your sake I wished to remain incognito, but it was impossible. I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father! Forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate, for it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart. Never forget the words of Corneille,

C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.

[It is the crime which makes the shame, and not the scaffold.]'

On the second day after the death of Marat (July 15), Charlotte was conducted to the place of execution in front of the Tuilleries. As she passed along, she met the insults of the meaner class of people with the modest firmness which never left her. The better class, affected by her self-devotion and fortitude, as well as by her beauty, beheld her in silence, some of them with tears. She mounted the scaffold with a cheerful and even triumphant air, when, contrary to the custom of the time, not a voice was raised against her. The executioner having removed the kerchief which covered her bosom, she blushed deeply; and when, half a minute afterwards, he held up her head to the gaze of the multitude, this mark of offended modesty had not yet passed away. Many of the men around the scaffold, from a natural emotion of respect, had uncovered themselves; some of her own sex, who had come to revile her, stood mute

and abashed; and when the crowd separated, it was observed to be with a melancholy feeling very unusual at such scenes during the Revolution.

What we know of the extravagant sentiments which reigned at that time, could alone prepare us for an anecdote of a singular nature connected with the death of Corday. A young man, named Adam Lux, a commissary from Mayence, happened to see Charlotte as she was passing to the scaffold. Her appearance produced in him that passion which is usually called love at first sight. Entirely possessed by this feeling, he became incapable of calm reflection, and lost all sense of personal fear. His feelings towards Charlotte were at the same time extended to everything in any way connected with her—even to the guillotine by which she had suffered; which he now regarded as a sacred altar, on which the blood of royalty, beauty, and virtue, were offered up. He published a pamphlet on the death of Charlotte, proposing to erect a monument to her memory, with the inscription, 'GREATER THAN BRUTUS,' and ending with an invocation of her shade from the Elysian fields, where he conceived it to be dwelling with the other illustrious victims of the Revolution. There can be no doubt that the reason of this young man had been overturned by the excitements of the period. But such considerations were not then admissible. He was quickly imprisoned, tried, and executed.

Justice has since been done to both Marat and his murderess. He is universally regarded as an execrable wretch, who stopped at no cruelty in the way of accomplishing his objects, and whom nothing but an extraordinary crisis in public affairs could have ever invested with any public respect. To Charlotte Corday has been awarded unmixed pity and admiration, a meed the more to be prized, that it is given in despite of the natural horror felt at the crime of assassination, and the reluctance of mankind to admit anything which, by palliating it in one case, may tend to encourage it in another. Her portrait is introduced into the popular histories of the period, and in none of these works do we find one harsh word applied to her.

A WORD FROM A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

IN an article entitled 'A Glimpse of the Far West in 1843,' contributed to a late number of the Newcastle Courant by one who subscribes himself 'A Returned Emigrant,' we find the following account of the social condition of the settlers in Wisconsin and Iowa. The description, we take leave to hint, is possibly over-coloured, and should perhaps be taken with some degree of allowance for the disappointed feelings of the writer.

'Independently of the absolute and increasing wretchedness [among the settlers affected with sickness], there are evil circumstances and influences inherent in frontier settlements, like those of Wisconsin and Iowa. The greater part of those who are at present occupiers of land in those territories are "squatters," who have selected a fine piece of land, and taken possession by the erection of a house. They have no title beyond that of choice, backed by brute force; and on the strength of this they proceed to break the land, fence it, raise crops; in short, to treat it precisely as though they had purchased it of the general government. The statute law does not recognise this usurpation of public property; and to protect themselves from its operation, the squatters form associations, every member of which is pledged to help his neighbour in retaining possession of the land he has claimed, but for which he is unable to pay. Thus matters go on for years, until the president, worried by demands, or an empty exchequer, orders that the land be put up for sale. Such of the squatters as hold money, pay; nine-tenths, who could not raise a dollar to save their lives, give themselves no concern about the matter, relying for support on the general association.

An illustration of the working of this system occurred a short time ago at Milwaukie, the principal town in Wisconsin. The land on and around Prairie du Lac was brought forward for sale, after due notice, and the squatters attended in a body to watch proceedings. All were without the means of purchasing the ground they occupied, even at a dollar and a quarter an acre, and consequently took no notice of the officer by whom the business was to be transacted. At length, on the naming of one of the most fertile sections, a person bid, and had the lot knocked down to him. At night, a formidable body of the squatters proceeded to the hotel which the stranger had been seen to enter. A few of the more resolute went at once to his bedroom, and demanded that he should render his purchase null and void by not paying, as usual, on the following morning. He refused. They then presented pistols, and threatened him with death, did he refuse to sign a document which they presented, and which purported that he should pay for the whole of the property without delay, receiving payment again from the squatters, without interest, in trifling yearly instalments. No way of escape remained open, and he signed! A lawyer will say that this document would not be binding. Doubtless not in the Queen's Bench. But in Wisconsin, the purchaser knew too well his men to neglect its fulfilment. His property would otherwise have been forfeited; for though he might have had the satisfaction of seeing his name enrolled in the land-office books, and even turned out the squatters, no man would have dared to enter upon it either as tenant or purchaser. Ham-strung cattle, pulled-down houses, burning corn-ricks, were promised with a moral certainty of fulfilment. Again, in Illinois, the judge of the supreme court pronounced the recent bankrupt law to be unconstitutional. This was a serious decision for the thousands who had taken advantage of the act to cheat and ruin their creditors; and in one county a bankrupts' association was formed to protect themselves by violence from the consequences to which they were exposed. This step has been effectual. I might cite other instances in which the law was set at defiance within my own knowledge. It may be sufficient to mention, that at a meeting of settlers which I attended—where all the farmers of the district were present—a lawyer recommended tarring and feathering as a fit punishment for any one who should act against the will of that meeting, though that will set at nought congress law; and the general laugh that followed showed how ready they were to act upon the suggestion. The chairman, on the occasion, was the chief resident magistrate, and a leading democratic member of the territorial legislature.

The law is powerless for good—for evil it is too efficient. A hard-working Scotchman, who settled within a few hundred yards of where I lived, was charged with burning a shed which one of the squatters had erected. The case was carried before a justice—whose ostensible mode of life was bee-hunting!—and although there was no evidence which an impartial person would entertain for a moment, he was held to bail to answer at a higher court. An offer was subsequently made to him, that if he would pay a certain sum to the aggrieved party, and to the justice, he should not be further troubled. Eventually, on the recommendation of some of his more experienced neighbours, the poor fellow paid the required sum.

Because there is no justice, it does not follow that there is no law. Unluckily, there is too much. More litigation is constantly occurring in a village of a hundred houses, than in an English town twenty times its size. In Sauk village, with sixty families, there were three lawyers—one of them a tailor, who plied with his needle when clients were scarce. So fond of quarrels are the squatters, as a body—so given to annoy their neighbours on the most trivial occasions—that it is a common practice with them to engage a lawyer by the year, giving him so many bushels of wheat, for which he is ready to do all their business, be it much or little, dirty or clean. Thus rid of law's most formidable feature—its expense—these men resort to it without compunction, and about things of which a conscientious man would be ashamed to speak.'

The writer, of course, concludes by warning intending emigrants against going to these districts; and our feelings point to the same conclusion. The almost universal powerlessness of the law for any good purpose, or, to state it in the mildest terms, the extreme rudeness of manners, in the western parts of the United States, renders emigration thither by no means advisable. All things considered, therefore, Upper Canada still seems to us to be the most advantageous place of settlement on the American continent. In that colony, whatever be the drawbacks in the physical condition of the country, it is at least certain the laws are generally respected, and civil rights enforced with all the usual efficiency of British administration.

A MUSICAL GENIUS.

M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew, a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was constantly fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound, and the forests stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favourite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must adjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice, for music to him was life. His old familiarity with the tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round smooth wood, of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation of one end, and some at the other, in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole were lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such a rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it, describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg. The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in colour from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance, and ringlets *a la Guzikow* were the order of the day. Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear, warbling, like a nightingale: the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like a sky-lark piercing the heavens! Those who heard it listened in delighted wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.—*Mrs Child's Letters from New York.*

PIGMY TRIBES IN ÆTHIOPIA.

Major Harris, who has recently returned from Abyssinia, whither he had been despatched on a diplomatic mission by the British government, mentions the existence of a pigmy race, which he considers identical with that described by Herodotus as found only in tropical Africa. The Doko, as these pigmies are called, are a perfectly wild race, not exceeding four feet in height, of a dark olive complexion, and, in habits, more uncivilised than the Bushmen of Southern Africa. The country they inhabit is clothed with a dense forest of bamboo, in the depths of which they construct their rude wigwams of bent cane and grass. They have neither idols, nor temples, nor sacred trees, but pray resting on their heads, with their feet against a tree. They have no king, no arts, no fire-arms; possess neither flocks nor herds; are not hunters; do not cultivate the soil; but subsist entirely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, and honey. The serpents they beguile by whistling; and although the forest abounds in elephants, buffaloes, and lions, they have no means of destroying or entrapping them. They wear no clothing; and in their persons are said to be very unprepossessing, having thick lips, flat noses, and diminutive eyes.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

BY MRS JAMES GRAY.

Are they not lowly cottages,
With moss and flowers o'ergrown,
And little gardens 'circling them,
Like an enchanted zone?
Do not sweet blossoms incense breathe
Into the very door,
And early roses gaily wreathe
The tiny casements o'er?

Do they not lie in fertile vales,
Far from the world of care,
With silver streamlets wandering by,
And health upon the air?
Does not the little wild bird love
To build beneath their eaves,
And her young brood first learn to move
Amidst their sheltering leaves?

And o'er the sloping hills of green,
That wall each valley round,
Do not the Sabbath bells ring out
With glad, though solemn sound?
And where, beneath a quiet sky,
The drooping willows wave,
Does not the church tower's shadow lie
Upon the poor man's grave?

And have not these fair dwellings store
Of fitting 'habitants,
A simple people, free from care,
With few and simple wants;
And happy children born to die
Upon the same dear soil,
And crowned with flowers, even while they ply
Their light and cheerful toil?

Oh, did not visions such as these
Fill many a kindly heart,
How in the poor man's lot could we
Take such a careless part?
Rich man! put by these thoughts that rise
Like the fond dreams of youth,
And nerve thine heart, and clear thine eyes,
To look upon the truth.

Go to the crowded city—search
Through narrow lane and street;
And say how many scenes like these
It is thy lot to meet.
Here are no flowers, no merry birds,
The poor man's heart to cheer,
No gardens gay, few pleasant words
To greet thine eager ear.

Come to this chamber, close and dim
Its stifling atmosphere,
And see those pale slight girls who ply
The busy needle here.
All day, and oh how oft all night,
With hot and trembling hands,
These poor ones labour for the mite
Their weary toil commands!

Yes, scenes like these will meet thee still,
And sadder things than these;
Vice in its naked hideousness,
Pale famine, fell disease.
Shalt thou, with virtue's lofty brow,
The poor man's errors blame?
No—thank the Almighty's grace that thou
Art not the very same.

There may be dwellings of the poor
Decked like a fairy scene;
But these, assure thy inmost heart,
Are 'few and far between.'
Then put away the selfishness,
The sloth that thou hast known,
And make the poor man's deep distress
A something of thine own.

Seek, then, the dwellings of the poor;
Thy kind and soothing words
May reach some heart, and wake a tone
Of gladness 'midst its chords.
And strive with an unwearying strife,
Whose efforts ne'er may cease,
To open in the poor man's life
Some spring of hope and peace.

Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 9. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1844. Price 1½d.

WHAT DOES IT ALL COME TO?

The respected public will please to understand that I, Samuel Balderstone, Esquire, of ———, in the county of ———, do not happen to have bourgeoned out into such an enormity of ramifications as my nephew John, the fact being, that I have but one child—a son, now in the seventeenth year of his age—and yet I believe I have lately had as much anxiety about this sole scion of my house as ever honest John endured about his whole nation. My wife and I are naturally much attached to this youth, and feeling that we are declining into the vale of years, we are anxious to retain him near us during the remainder of our lives; but this wish on our part, meets in him with a powerful inclination to the contrary. Tom is of an adventurous disposition, and would like to see the world. It is in vain that I express my willingness to establish him in any quiet respectable profession at home, and show that, at my demise, he must be in possession of what, with a very little exertion on his part, would form a respectable livelihood. Nothing will satisfy him but that he must go to India, and make a fortune. This distresses my wife and me extremely; for it is clear that, if he goes there, we cannot, at our time of life, expect ever to see him again, and his parting with us would therefore be not very different from his death. We have reasoned with him—we have appealed to his affections—but it is all to no purpose. Not that the boy is deficient in filial attachment; but a lively and rambling disposition has, I think, been inflamed by what he has heard of former adventurers in foreign parts, insomuch that he is quite unable to control an inclination which he may be sensible is neither kind to us, nor very rational with regard to his own interests.

As a last effort, I lately bethought me of an expedient founded upon a custom in the periodical literature of my younger days. It happens that at a town a few miles from our house, where my son received the greater part of his education, there is an extensive cluster of retired veterans, who, after buffeting about the world for the better part of their lives, have returned to spend the remainder in their own country, in that ease which was all along the ulterior object of their perils and exertions. Tom has a general acquaintance with the exteriors of these old gentlemen, and has been in the houses of one or two of them as the playmate of their children, but he has never seen anything in their condition but what is highly enviable to the young; namely, their comfortable and semi-luxurious style of living, the hats taken off to them by tradesmen in the street, and their occasional indulgence in a day's shooting with a dog and boy in attendance. I therefore thought it might be well to make him aware of the real habits of these worthy veterans, that his judgment (of which the poor boy has, I think, a fair share) might be enabled to decide if there was anything in their lives that could form a sound motive for his leaving his parents and country, and entering upon a career full of danger to life and health. One evening, therefore, just as my son had concluded the reading of a glowing letter which he had had from a school companion, giving an account of his appointment as an ensign in the Indian army, I drew a paper from my pocket, and mentioned to him that I had had a singular kind of dream, which I had put down on paper, and which I proposed reading before tea for his and his mother's amusement.

'I thought that I had been spending the day in —— [the town above alluded to], and went to dine in the evening at the house of my old friend Brodie. We had a party consisting altogether of elderly gentlemen, who had either, like Brodie himself, returned in affluent circumstances from India, or were officers of high rank in the army, living retired on large pay. After dinner, the unique character of the company having struck me, I alluded to the circumstance, and thus the conversation took a particular turn, which led to Brodie at length saying—"Well, my friends, since we are all here met, birds of a feather, suppose that each of us gives a brief sketch, for the general benefit, of the chief events of his life, his toils and sufferings, and the present enjoyments by which all these are crowned. I will begin, if you please, by way of encouraging the rest." The idea was generally applauded, and Brodie therefore addressed them as follows:

"I was a young creature of sixteen when my father, who had several more sons to spare, sent me out with a cadetship to Bombay. I had not been ten days landed (having, however, dined eight times abroad in that space), when, as a natural consequence, my health gave way, and I thought I was fairly booked for the other world. I was sent home to recover; spent a year under my mother's care; and, getting quite well again, went out once more. I passed through the usual grades, and saw a good deal of service; but never was in any great danger, except from swampy stations and tiger hunts. I had long given up all idea of getting rich, when at length I obtained a good civil appointment, by the interest of a gentleman who had had a dancing-school attachment for my mother. I soon realised by this as much as seemed likely to keep me at ease for life, and so came home, and set up house in my native place. I have now lived here (unmarried, as you all know) for twenty years, and my way of spending the day is generally this. I rise at nine, and breakfast, after which I read and answer my letters. I then walk to the reading-room to see the papers, and when they are worth reading at all, I generally contrive to spend a couple of hours upon them. I must confess, gentlemen, I like a long debate; it is amazing how one enjoys it,

when he once gets into the spirit of it. A four days' series of adjournments is delicious. Well, the newspapers being done out and out, I generally find a friend to take a walk with me, if the weather be good. We go rather slow, and make three miles consume at least two hours. If, however, the day be bad, we adjourn to billiards, and should there be many more than a couple of us, why, we set to pool, and make the day out that way. Between five and six, go home to dinner, at which I drink exactly a pint of port. The evening sometimes a little heavy, but it always gets done somehow. At eleven I go to bed, and so concludes the day. Upon the whole, I think I am a happy sort of fellow. I do my best to defy blue devils. I have no pleasant wife or children, it is true; but, to make up for this, I am exempt from a great many cares. I daresay I shall get along decently enough to the last—and so that's all, gentlemen. Pray, Nixon, send round the bottles."

A murmur of satisfaction, approaching to applause, followed our host's autobiography, and there was a general inclination to drink his health, though nobody seemed to like to propose it. At last a gentleman, having taken heart of grace, mentioned the subject, and instantly all who were not gouty, or too far gone, got to their feet, and toasted him with the honours. At the end of his reply, he asked his right-hand man to favour the company with the particulars of his life, past and present.

This was a bluff rubicund gentleman, of whose profession there could be no sort of doubt even before he spoke. "I entered the navy," said he, "at ten years of age, and was in one of old Howe's battles before I was eleven. My education was mainly acquired at the school on board ship. After passing through the lower grades, I was fortunate enough, before I was thirty, to get the command of a frigate. It was in the heat of the French war. I had a particular station to cruise upon, and so lucky was I in my doings with the French, that I soon made rich by prize-money. I have seen a great deal of hot work, and been many times on the very brink of destruction. Nor must I forget that I spent five years most miserably in a detestable French prison. However, I thought little of these things after they were all over. I always had a fondness for the place where I was born, and there was a little girl there that I liked amazingly; so I came home and married, and settled to enjoy my hard-won prize-money. Unluckily, Jessy has brought me no children; but we live very happily for all that. I get up every morning at four o'clock, and look out to see which way the wind blows—take a cigar down stairs at the kitchen fire, and turn in again at five. I start at eight, and walk out for ten minutes; at nine we have breakfast. A little after, I saunter a while about my place, see to the regulation of my weathercock in the garden, and take care that the hens are properly attended to in their coops. I then clear out for a longer walk, which, if possible, I manage so as to have the wind on the beam, both going and returning. If I can make the harbour, I do so, to see the arrivals and departures, and hear any news that may be stirring. I then go to the Master Intendant's office for an hour, after which I probably land in the club. Jessy, meanwhile, goes and calls on her mother, or any other acquaintance; and so, when we meet at five at dinner, we generally have some little news to communicate to each other. We have not much taste for company, and generally spend the evening by ourselves over a quiet game at chess. Sometimes I think this rather stupid; but Jessy has kept it up so long, that I have at last got used to it. At eleven we have a little supper, followed up by me with a glass of cold without, after which I turn in for the night, but not before I have carefully set the barometer, and marked the thermometer for my morning's observations."

All were very much pleased with the frank account of himself which our naval friend had given, and when a few had expressed their approbation, Brodie called up the man on his left hand. This gentleman was evidently one of those persons who have not much of the gift of the tongue, and tell everything in a sentence or two, if possible. He had been, he said, a merchant in South America, and realised a considerable fortune, upon which he thought he might retire. He had since regretted the step; for time hung heavily on his hands for want of the excitement he had formerly derived from mercantile affairs. "Bless you, sir, I have seen us lose twenty thousand pounds by one morning's post. Those were the days, sir." In this town things went on very dully. He at one time kept a set of books—cash-book, day-book, and ledger—for his personal expenses; but finding the whole matter never exceeded L.550 a-year, he had latterly given it up. He still read the price-currents from all parts of the world, which served to give life a little savour. He had also some little enjoyment in seeking to evade being cheated by his tradesmen; but this, too, was poor work, for he never had been able to find ten pounds any year between being cheated and being not cheated. Upon the whole, he regretted having left off business, as he could not say he had ever been happy since.

The next called upon by our host was a brassy and boisterous-looking man, whom I thought a little misplaced in such a company. He said—"You all know, gentlemen, that I rose from the ranks—I don't care who knows it—nay, I am proud of it. I owe no man anything, and never did. Why, then, should I be afraid of anybody? All people see after themselves—why, then, should I care for anybody? I rose because they found me useful, and could not do without me. I had responsible situations under government, and was intrusted with some diplomatic affairs in India, for which I got promotion. But, mark me, I was always independent. No man could ever say I sneaked for any of their offices. I helped Tippoo Saib to his long home. I had a bullet at Holkar, which no one could extract. I also put a few shot into the Sindian's bread-basket. I have killed as many tigers as there are subalterns in the Company's service. I speared thirteen wild hogs in front of Bhurtpore, within range of the enemy's matchlocks. I came back with L.30,000 in my pocket, and a good pension. I am now enjoying myself, as I have a right to do. I never get up before twelve. I smoke twelve Manilla cheroots a-day, and drink six glasses of brandy and water. I never walk further than the club and back again. I read nothing beyond the Naval and Military Gazette, and the India Register. I live much at home, have a good cook, and take care to keep only the highest-priced wine. From principle, I never subscribe to any charitable institution, and thus secure a character for impartiality. I have a great lot of poor cousins and nephews, but I never allow any of them to come near me, as I know they only would come for my dibs. No, I made my money myself, and I intend to use it myself. Everybody is for himself, and so am I. That's all I have to say."

The company received this recital with a silence which I thought highly significant. My friend Brodie then called up another, who spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, I was brought up in the midst of a large family, at a town on the other side of the island, and was reared to the medical profession. In due time I was introduced into the army as assistant surgeon; but my father having some electioneering interest, I advanced pretty rapidly in the service; and while still a young man, got an inspectorship at one of our principal foreign stations, where, with private practice, money flowed rapidly upon me. Thirty years had elapsed, during all which time I had kept up a constant correspondence with my relations, besides sending them many little presents to keep them the better in mind of me; for I am one of those persons who are extremely fond of those related to them by blood. Imagine my delight when at length I was enabled to retire on such pay as, with my little savings, promised to give me a very respectable status in my native place. I had been home once or twice in the interval for a brief term, and thus had been enabled

to keep in my mind a sort of register of the growings of the young, the advances of the middle-aged, and the witherings of the old. All of them, too, knew me well, and I therefore expected to have been very happily situated amongst them. Alas for human hopes! I had not been at home a month, when I found all my pleasant expectations reversed. Near at hand, I saw things which had made no appearance at a distance, and I now discovered alterations made by time which I had not previously taken into account. Instead of being a united band, as I had thought them, they were broken up into little sets and parties, who entertained drynesses towards each other, for which no rational ground could be discovered. Fortune had been at her usual tricks among them, making some high and some low; and wherever a disparity of this kind existed, I found the alienation to be much increased. They were all very friendly towards me at first; but this did not last long. Whenever I appeared on any occasion particularly intimate at one house, all the rest seemed to behold it with a kind of jealousy. If I listened to an account of quarrels from one family, the rest thought I was taking a part against them, and a coolness was the consequence. The less fortunate of my friends were the most difficult to keep on terms with, for their inferior circumstances made them suspicious of the slightest appearance of inattention, and they would often take deep offence at occurrences which to any other eyes would have appeared in the ordinary course of things. I do believe the conducting of an embassy at any one of the less civilised Indian courts could not have been more difficult than it was to steer my way clearly amongst all these perplexities. When I had fully satisfied myself that peace and happiness were not to be my portion there, I determined to quit; but it was with a sad heart, for the disappointment of hopes cherished through thirty years was no light evil. I came here to settle, and, compared with many others, I have much cause to think myself a fortunate man. But still the thought often recurs to me — Is it only for this that I have toiled, and exposed myself to all kinds of dangers, during the better part of my life? Where are the associates of my childhood, that I thought to spend my fortune with in my old days? Where are the dreams of home that have visited me in my hammock at many a lonely hour half-way across the globe? Alas! echo only answers, *Where?*"

The conclusion of this worthy gentleman's address made such impression on my spirits, that the dinner-table scene became troubled, the faces waxed dim, and I soon after awoke.'

I found, on folding up my paper, that my wife had turned away her head with her handkerchief at her eyes. Thomas was gazing in my face with a half doubtful expression, as if only beginning to surmise the intention I had had in reading my dream. His affectionate nature was evidently touched; he sat still in silence; and soon after, we all dispersed without a word having been spoken. Were I writing only for effect, and not to express the truth of nature, I would here go on to say, that my boy next day threw himself into my arms, and vowed never to leave us while we lived. I have no such story to relate. I only can whisper my faint hope that some good will come of this little stratagem. But while I hope for this, I do not expect it, for when was the experience of others of service to youth? Unfortunately, with regard to an adventurous course of life, the end proposed is not the only moving cause. If it were, the truths revealed in my dream might close the argument at once. But men act much more from internal impulses, than from calculations of ultimate results. They enter upon a hazardous career because their nature delights in it—they are sustained and carried through by the same spirit—and whether good or evil befalls them, is much the same thing, since they could in no other way have spent their lives more agreeably to themselves. I must consider all this when debating how my son is to be disposed of; and if it shall prove that he is totally unable to calm his mind to a quiet life at home, why, then, his mother and I must submit ourselves to what seems to have come to us in the course of providence, and endeavour to make up our minds to see him leave us without a repining which would be equally ungraceful and in vain.

A WORD ON WATER.

In a late article on the aqueducts of the ancients, it was clearly shown that, in times and among nations which are now looked back upon as little better than barbarous, means not more judicious than expensive were adopted to provide large groups of population with the most abundant supply of pure water. In nothing have the moderns fallen so far short of the ancients as in this important particular. Nor with the Romans, the most powerful nation of antiquity, did the practice of introducing artificial rivers into cities terminate; for, as we have seen, a stupendous aqueduct was erected so late as the eighth century by a Gothic king in Italy. Since this period, the European world may be said to have retrograded in that most obvious and useful of all sanitary arrangements. We boast of our knowledge in science and the arts; of our acquaintance with hydraulics, iron-founding, lead-smelting, and tube-making: we can take levels with theodolites, contrive syphons, build elliptic and suspension-bridges, fabricate cisterns, and lead service-pipes into houses: nay, we are acquainted with the great doctrine of water rising to its fountain-level, which it is alleged the ancients did not know, and therefore think ourselves a vast deal cleverer than they were; yet the truth remains stark and palpable, that we are practically behind them in the providing of towns with a proper supply of water. Theodoric, the barbarian, in the year of darkness 741, *did* that which we, in the year of illumination 1844, cannot *speak of* without amazement.

We are sorry to have anything disparaging to say of modern inventions, but the sense of a pressing evil impels us to declare that the modern pipe-system is no improvement on that of the ancient aqueduct. Not that there is anything objectionable in pipes as pipes; the evil consists in their generally diminutive size. A city with two or three hundred thousand inhabitants is considered well off if allowed a pipe through which a child may creep; whereas one in which a grenadier might walk would be nearer what such a population, always increasing, would in justice require. Why water is sent into modern cities after this dribbling fashion, is no doubt well understood. In ancient times, to which we have alluded, the state, in its paternal capacity, did not consider that it did its duty unless an abundant supply of water were afforded to the dense and dependent population of cities. The aqueducts, the cloacæ, and other sanitary provisions of old Rome, were got up on what we should now call a purely philanthropic principle. The idea of *selling* water never entered the brain of Appius Claudius, Curius Dentatus, or any other long dead-and-gone aqueduct builder. The thing they looked to was the health of the people. Now, this is all changed. The introduction of water into cities, like most other arrangements conducive to public health or private luxury, is become a matter of merchandise—sale—money. Water dealt out by measure! The struggling classes permitted to wash their faces at a per centage on their rental!

'And why not paid for?' say the dealers in the commodity. 'Unless for us, you would have had no water at all; we have perilled our capital for your convenience; the apparatus we have organised to bring the water to your houses, entitles us to charge for it as a manufactured article.' Quite true: as matters stand, you are entitled to seek a reasonable compensation for your risk and outlay; but that is nothing to the point. We consider that the principle of supplying water to towns by means of private enterprise is highly inexpedient, set-

ting aside any plea of injustice. It ought to be the duty of the state, or at least of the municipality of each town, to furnish this indispensable element of health to a pent-up population on a large scale of gratuitous distribution to the less opulent classes, and at a small charge to those whose domestic convenience is more particularly consulted. With respect to the pecuniary means necessary for carrying forward plans of this kind, we can only refer to the general desire for some portion of the public revenue being devoted to so beneficial a purpose.* Nor, considering the physical capabilities of the country, does any method of supply on a large scale appear of difficult accomplishment. Almost all our populous cities, being built by the sea-coast or by rivers, are situated on a level so low, that the streams of the surrounding country could be directed towards them with the greatest ease; and no island in the world is more plentifully provided with permanent springs and streams. Thus, in the first place, there is no great natural obstacle to be overcome. If the surface of our island be irregular, these very irregularities furnish an inexhaustible supply of building material for aqueducts, whereby to span the ravines and valleys. Again, no country can cope with us in the casting of iron pipes, should the syphon principle be adopted in preference to the aqueduct. It is true the source of supply may be often seated at a considerable distance; but with the example of ancient Rome before us, bringing her supplies, by tunnel and aqueduct, over sixty miles of country, and New York conveying the waters of the Croton from a distance of forty, why should ten or twenty miles be a stumbling-block to Britain, with all her wealth and ingenuity? Independently of the many instances before us of forming navigable canals of fresh water, we have, in the New River at London, and the remarkable water-works of Mr Thom near Greenock, examples of what may be done to form open channels for the supply of water on a large scale. The metropolis, one of the largest cities in the world, now supplied only to a limited extent by the New River, might, by an aqueduct from the Thames, be rendered one of the best watered cities in the world, vastly to the relief of the inhabitants from the burdens generally imposed upon them.

Throwing the powers of the syphon and aqueduct out of sight, why should our gigantic steam-power, which has done so much for us as a nation, not be brought to bear upon this urgent necessity? Cornish engines are mentioned as pumping 10,000 gallons ten feet high, with a consumption of only one pound of coal; why not more frequently adopt this irresistible power? The aqueduct, the syphon pipe, and the steam pump, are each at our command, and the materials for their construction exist in the soil beneath us. We have inexhaustible supplies of the finest water in our rivers, lakes, and mountain streams; and yet, whatever advantage be derived from them by the higher and middle classes, the lower, and certainly the poorest orders, suffer in health, comfort, and habits of cleanliness and taste, from the utter insignificance of the supplies. It cannot also escape notice, that a deficiency of water of a perfectly pure kind must be seriously opposed to temperate habits and principles. Those having the good fortune to live in situations where pure water is abundant, are conscious of a truth which remains unknown for life to most of the inhabitants of large cities, that there is in this liquid *a positive agreeableness*, which seems as if designed by nature to point out pure water as the proper beverage for man. Accordingly, he who can at all times obtain this element in its perfection is much more apt to prefer it to fermented and other liquors, than the unfortunate inhabitant of a large city, who never sees it but in a more or less corrupted state. In London, although good and cool water is obtained from pumps, strangers seldom have the good fortune to see it of that pure, cool, and sparkling quality which would render it attractive as a habitual beverage. In some large towns, the only water fit for drinking in a natural state must be purchased in halfpennyworths from carts. In Edinburgh, where the water is considered to be of a fair average quality, its gratuitous dispersion is so meagre, that the poor are seen crawling from dingy and closely-packed alleys to procure it in tin kettles and pitchers from a few distant wells, and consequently so precious does it become on reaching their humble homes, that it can be spared for only the most urgent purposes.

If water can scarcely be had for the commonest domestic uses, it is still less to be obtained for the supply of public baths or fountains. The ancients had these useful auxiliaries of health in perfection; with us, such erections are only beginning to be talked of. The bath, at once a luxury and necessity, is now rendered all the more needful, since so large a portion of our population is engaged in occupations of a warm, smoky, and dusty character. What could be more refreshing and invigorating than the regular use of the hot or cold bath to our miners, engine-builders, and mechanics, to our factory people and other in-door artisans? what could tend more to promote their health and comfort, and render them externally decent in the eyes of themselves and neighbours? We say *externally* decent, for much more depends on this than is generally imagined. Let the head of a family take a pride in keeping himself and household clean and orderly, and we shall answer for him in other respects; let him once lose this pride, and a host of disreputable associations inevitably follow. The bath is, on all hands, admitted to be one of the most important auxiliaries to health; and yet such has been our neglect of it, that there is nothing of the kind in Britain within easy reach of the public; and this, too, with all our facilities of heating and mechanical construction. As with baths, so with public fountains, which would at once adorn and refresh our streets, purging them of their mud in winter, and allaying their suffocating dust in summer. Nor do we advocate any mere display of fountains and *jets d'eau*; though the same supply which would enable the authorities to adorn a city, would also enable the citizens to enjoy abundance within their own dwellings. Abundance would beget cheapness; and the cheaper the rate, the more extensive would be the demand.

It need scarcely be argued how much injury is done to public morals by the constant exhibition of impurities, which a proper system of deterging and general cleansing might remove. Improvements in taste among the lower classes of people generally, may almost be pronounced hopeless while such a state of things is suffered to exist. Surrounded by grossness and impurity—denied pure air to breathe, and pure water to drink—every

* Speaking of the evil effects of bad ventilation, and over-crowding of dwellings and streets in Paris, Mr Chadwick, in his late report on the Practice of Interment in Towns, draws a striking contrast between what the French government habitually expends, or, more properly, throws away, on certain warlike arrangements, and what it lays out on structural improvement. 'The expenditure of money on Algiers appears to have been upwards of four millions sterling per annum during the twelve years of its occupation. The capital sunk on the permanent structural arrangements for supplying London with water being about three millions and a-half, it may be safely alleged, that one year's expenditure on Algiers would have sufficed for the structural arrangements for a supply of water for the cleansing of every room, and house, and street in Paris; or on the scale of the expense of the works completed for supplying Toulouse with water, one year's expenditure on Algiers would have sufficed to supply one hundred and fifty towns of the same size as Toulouse with the like means of healthful, and thence of moral improvement. One year's cost of any one regiment maintained in the war on the Arabs would suffice to build and endow a school, or to have constructed between one and two miles of permanent railway. The total amount of capital so applied exceeds nearly by one-fourth the amount expended on the existing railroads in Great Britain. It may be confidently averred, that the cost of the forts detaches, or *enceintes-continues*, [the walls round Paris] said to be on a reduced scale *upwards of ten millions sterling*, would, if properly directed, with the accessaries of moral appliances, in addition to such physical means as those indicated by the officers of public health, suffice, within the period of the living generation, to renovate the physical and moral condition of the great mass of the population in the interior of that capital.'

principle of demoralisation is cherished and strengthened, and all the ordinary efforts at improvement habitually checked.

Here we leave the subject, trusting that the proper watering of towns is among the means which will soon be under general consideration for sanitary improvement.

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

SAUMUR TO NANTES.

BRILLIANT was the morning on which, at an early hour, we stood on the projecting balcony of the Belvedere, with faces directed to the glittering Loire, watching for the approach of the steamer from Tours, as it emerged from behind the green tufted islands amidst which the river finds its way to Saumur. There was a sensation on the ordinarily dull quay in front of the hotel: the loitering gendarme, ever watchful attendant of arrivals and departures, was bending his steps towards the embarcadere, a barge commodiously anchored close in-shore, and reached by a railed gangway; blue-bloused garçons were issuing from alleys, laden with baggage for the same destination; and already a group of *flaneurs*—persons who obligingly look on, and criticise any movement going forward—were met in solemn conclave to watch over the eventful proceedings of the morning. A wreath of blue smoke ascends amidst the trees—*la voilà*—the *bateau á vapeur* is approaching, and the rapid tinkle of its bell is heard along the water. The flaneurs, in great excitement, speak, smoke, and spit, with frantic energy. Our hotel, heaving into life, yields up its crowd of wayfarers; and we among the number have in a few minutes planted our feet on the quivering deck of the steamer, which, shooting beneath the antique bridge, is instantly off on its journey down the broad bosom of the Loire.

Below Saumur, the banks of the Loire continue flat, and interesting only from an occasional village on the banks, or a bushy island lying in the midst of the stream. Though the volume of water is now considerably increased, the navigation continues perplexing, in consequence of the shifting sandbanks, to mark which willow twigs are stuck in the river by men employed for the purpose. Steering by these beacons, the steamer diverges in different directions from the fair way of the river, drawing up for a few minutes at a number of the principal villages in its passage. In descending, we had pleasure in observing sundry tokens of improvement. New houses were here and there building—the material employed being the whitish stone, or tufa, found in the district; a large new church was also in course of erection in one of the towns; and we had occasion to pass beneath four handsome suspension bridges in a space of a few hours—that at St Maturin consisting of five lofty spans. In the vicinity of this structure, on the left bank, we pass the famed St Maur, a large mansion, conspicuous among other edifices, which once formed the retreat of those Benedictine monks whose learning and industry have been a theme of universal admiration.

About mid-day our vessel, bending round a promontory on the right, came to a pause within the embouchure of the Maine, and here it remained for nearly an hour, waiting the arrival of a steamboat from Angers, to which those who were going further down the Loire were to be transferred. This new vessel was larger than the one we had left, the steamers, as I formerly mentioned, being in sets which increase in bulk as we descend the river. Provided with an elegant salon and a respectable restaurant, we were now, for the first time, really at ease in the water part of our excursion, and the remainder of the day was spent agreeably in seeing what is unquestionably the most picturesque part of the Loire. The river, increased by its accession from the Maine, is now broad and impressive, and the banks rising into green woody hills or rocky knolls, with the striking feature of an old ruin or well-built chateau, remind one of the Rhine in some parts of its course, though much inferior in point of romantic beauty. The face of the sloping hills admitting of the vine culture, extensive fields of that plant again attract our attention, and attest the amenity of the climate. Towards evening, the more picturesque appearance of the banks ceased, and we entered a new and level tract of country, with rich green meadows on the margin of the river, and from beyond one of these on our right are seen rising the lofty turrets of Nantes.

As our vessel drew up alongside the quay of this ancient and populous city, it was tolerably evident that a more than usual bustle prevailed. Flags were flying on all sides, bands of men were parading the streets shouting patriotic songs, and on making our way to the interior of the town, we were almost brought to a stand by the multitudes which crowded every thoroughfare. On inquiring the cause of the uproar, we learned that the Duke de Nemours had just arrived in the course of his progress through the provinces, and that the place was in the enjoyment of a complete holiday. I need hardly say that we were thankful, after half a dozen rebuffs from the principal hotels, to take up our quarters at a house of extremely moderate pretensions, where, however, we spent several days with more comfort than we had usually experienced on our travels.

Occupying a gentle slope on the right, or northern bank of the Loire, where that river is parted into several branches by intervening islands, and at the distance of forty miles from the ocean, Nantes appears to the stranger one of the finest and busiest towns in France. With less maritime traffic than Havre, it is much superior in architectural elegance, in which respect it bears a resemblance to some parts of Paris. The style, at least, is Parisian — handsome quays, lined with tall stone houses, and many large mansions provided with inner courts and port cocheres. A few of the streets and *places*, lined with elegant shops, and provided in some parts with trottoirs, serve likewise to remind one of the Rue St Honoré, and other business streets of the capital; while the intersection with navigable channels of water, across which are drawbridges, gives, at the same time, the air of a Dutch city to some quarters of the town. No one, however, can exactly say what Nantes is, because it is at present in the course of a most extensive renovation. Ancient and narrow alleys, more picturesque than salubrious, are gradually being cleared away, to make room for open thoroughfares; houses with old wooden gables, which have lasted since the days of the regal dukes of Brittany, are sinking into masses of rubbish, and yielding to solid structures of stone. On the site of what was formerly an odious pile of buildings, an arcade with shops has been constructed, in a style of elegance superior to anything of the kind I have seen in England. Notwithstanding its numerous architectural elegances, the town, like many others equally populous, is still deficient in various sanitary arrangements; and for a supply of pure water for culinary purposes, is entirely dependent on carts, from which the article is sold in the different streets and alleys. Underground sewerage seems to be unknown; but this deficiency is so universal in France, that one could almost imagine that Frenchmen are totally deficient in one of the less important of the senses.

Nantes is rich in public establishments calculated to attract strangers—among others, a library consisting of 32,000 volumes, with many interesting manuscripts;

a museum of natural history; a garden of plants; a picture gallery, considered to be second in France to that of the Louvre, and containing some fine sculptures; a large and well-conducted theatre; several hospitals; a *bourse*, or exchange; and so on. During our stay, there was an exposition in the halls of the bourse of articles manufactured in Nantes, which, as evincing the progress of the useful arts in France, we viewed with much satisfaction. Amidst the large array of objects, we noticed remarkably fine specimens of carriages, harness, leather, paper, cordage, and cutlery; articles of an ornamental kind were very numerous. The preparation of preserved meats in canisters is carried on to a great extent in Nantes for exportation, and large piles of the neatly done-up packages were conspicuous on the tables of the exhibition.

The antiquities of Nantes are, however, more deeply interesting than the modern erections. Near the quay, on the west, and surrounded by a dry ditch, now laid out as a garden, stands the dilapidated chateau of Nantes, half castle half palace, its principal buildings now employed as barracks and a depôt for military stores. Here, during a visit to the town in 1598, 'Le Bon Henri Quatre' issued his famous edict of Nantes, assuring protection to his Protestant subjects, and the revocation of which by Louis XIV. in 1685 produced such disastrous consequences to the nation. From behind the castle a handsome and broad promenade, lined with trees, and ornamented with various tasteful objects of art, conducts us to the old cathedral, a huge pile, which may be seen, at a great distance, overtopping the buildings of the town. The edifice being of different eras, with portions unfinished, is far from elegant, yet is imposing from its height; and its interior decorations cannot be viewed with indifference. The principal object of attraction to sight-seers is a superb monument in the middle of the south transept, commemorative of Francis II., last duke of Brittany, and his two wives Marguerite de Foix and Marguerite de Bretagne. Erected originally in the church of the Carmelites, it was opened and desecrated in 1793, when the ashes it contained, including the heart of the Duchess Ann, which had been enclosed in a gold case, were scattered abroad by the revolutionary mob. Fortunately, the monument was uninjured, and, being secreted till quieter times, was transferred in 1817 to its present situation. This work of art, executed by Michael Colomb in 1507, consists of a massive square sarcophagus five feet in height, composed, with all the figures which decorate it, entirely of marble of different colours, white, however, predominating. Upon the top of the tomb lie two figures, the size of life, of pure white marble, dressed in royal robes, and with hands pressed together on their bosom in an attitude of devotion. That on the right represents Francis II., and that on the left Marguerite de Foix. Three angels of the same exquisite sculpture, and also in white marble, sustain the cushions on which repose the heads of the duke and duchess, at whose feet are couched a lion and greyhound, emblems of force and fidelity, and holding in their paws the arms of Bretagne and Foix. At each of the four corners of the tomb stands a female figure also in white marble, alike beautiful and expressive. The figures represent the cardinal virtues with their attributes—Justice holding a sword and book of the law; Prudence with a compass and mirror in her hands, and a serpent at her feet, the head of the figure having the singular conceit of two faces—that behind being the countenance of an aged woman, to indicate wisdom founded on experience; Temperance carrying a timepiece and a bridle; and Power strangling with the right hand a dragon, signifying heresy, which she draws from a tower in her left. The sides and ends of the tomb are likewise sculptured in the most elaborate style of art—the more prominent objects being the twelve apostles, six on each side; and on one end figures of Charlemagne and St Louis, and on the other figures of St Francis and St Margaret, patrons of the duke and duchess. Altogether, the monument is perhaps the finest thing of the kind in France, and if now to be executed, would cost many thousands of pounds.

The cathedral of Nantes seems scarcely to have recovered the indignities it suffered at the Revolution; having first become a temple dedicated to Reason, and afterwards an artillery magazine. Its altars are again decorated, but, like too many churches in France, it is discreditably dirty; and one can understand the little respect paid to its character, when he sees inscribed within a few feet of its grand altar—'Il est defendu de cracher dans le sanctuaire' (spitting is forbidden within the sanctuary). As a restored place of public worship, it has, nevertheless, been more fortunate than other edifices of its class. Throughout the town may be observed several old Gothic churches occupied as carpenters' shops, depôts of merchandise, and other establishments of a secular kind.

It is impossible for a stranger to visit Nantes without recalling to mind the horrors which were transacted here in the year 1794, when the fury of the revolutionary leaders was directed to the extermination of the last vestige of loyalty in Brittany and La Vendée. Nantes, as a centre of recusancy in Brittany, and sympathising with the adjoining Vendéans, became peculiarly obnoxious to vengeance, which was left to be executed by Carrier, one of those mediocre and violent beings who, in the excitement of civil broils, become monsters of cruelty and extravagance. To adopt the account given of him by Thiers:—'He commenced his career, on arriving at Nantes, by declaring his opinion that an indiscriminate slaughter must be made; and that, notwithstanding the promise of pardon held out to such Vendéans as laid down their arms, mercy should be extended to none. The constituted authorities having ventured to speak of holding faith with the rebels, Carrier said to them, "You don't know your trade: I will have you all guillotined;" and he proceeded to fulfil his mission, by causing the unfortunate men who had surrendered to be mowed down by ball and grape-shot, in bands of one and two hundred. He appeared before the popular society with a drawn sword in his hand, scattering abusive epithets, and threatening all with the guillotine. The society speedily displeased him, and he forthwith dissolved it. He intimidated the authorities to such an extent, that they durst no longer assemble in his presence. One day some of the members presumed to mention the subject of provisions to him: he replied to the municipal officers "that the affair was none of his; that the first who spoke to him about provisions should have his head struck off; and that he had no time to attend to their nonsense." The madman thought his only mission was to slay.

He resolved to punish not only the rebellious Vendéans, but also the federalist Nantese, who had attempted a movement in favour of the Girondists after the siege of their city. Fugitives, who had escaped the massacres of Mans and Savenay, daily arrived in crowds, chased by the armies which encompassed them on all sides. Carrier caused them to be immured in the prisons of Nantes, and thus accumulated of those unhappy creatures nearly ten thousand. He afterwards formed a company of assassins, who spread themselves over the adjoining country, arrested the Nantese families, and plundered at will, in addition to their other enormities. Carrier had originally instituted a revolutionary commission, to pass the Vendéans and Nantese through a form of trial. Under his direction the Vendéans were shot, and the Nantese accused of federalism or royalism were guillotined. In a little while, however, he found the formality too tedious, and the mode of execution by grape-shot attended with inconveniences. The destruction was somewhat lingering, and it was troublesome to inter the bodies. They frequently remained on the field of slaughter, and so infected the air, that an epidemic prevailed in the town. The Loire, which traverses Nantes, suggested a horrible idea to Carrier—namely, to get rid of his prisoners by throwing them

into the river. He made a preliminary experiment, by loading a barge with ninety priests, under pretence of transporting them elsewhere, and causing it to be scuttled at a distance from the city. The expedient being found to answer, he decided upon adopting it more extensively. He no longer employed the empty formality of arraigning the victims before a commission; he had them taken from the prisons during the night, in bands of one and two hundred, and conducted into lighters. From these lighters they were transferred into small vessels prepared for the execrable purpose. The doomed were stowed into the hold of the craft, the port-holes nailed up, and the apertures of the deck covered with planks; then the executioners retired into the barges, whilst carpenters stationed in boats stove in the sides of the vessel with hatchets, and sent it to the bottom. Such was the process whereby four or five thousand individuals perished. Carrier congratulated himself on having discovered this more expeditious and salubrious method of delivering the republic from its enemies. Not only men, but a great number of women and children likewise, were drowned in this fashion. Upon the dispersion of the Vendéan families, several inhabitants of Nantes had received children into their houses with the view of rearing them. "They are wolves' whelps," said Carrier; and he ordered them to be surrendered to the republic. These orphan children were nearly all drowned.

The Loire was choked with corpses; ships, in casting anchor, sometimes raised vessels filled with dead. Birds of prey hovered on the shores of the river, and devoured the human relics. The fish were tainted with a diet which rendered their use dangerous, and the municipality issued a prohibition against taking them. These horrors were aggravated by a contagious malady and a famine. Amidst all the calamity, Carrier, always frantic and wrathful, denounced the slightest expression of pity; seized by the collar and threatened with his sword any who ventured to address him; and caused a notice to be affixed, that whoever should pester him with solicitations for a prisoner, would be himself thrown into prison. Fortunately, the committee of public welfare superseded him; for however much it approved of extermination, it was called upon to discourage extravagance.' It is some consolation to think that this wretch, like most other revolutionary leaders, at length perished amidst the storm which he had contributed to raise.

The Loire, in which the inhuman *noyades* of Carrier took place, is of less imposing breadth than has probably been anticipated by the tourist. As already noticed, the river is here divided into several branches, with intervening islands, the whole intersected by a series of bridges opposite the eastern extremity of the town. These islands are well covered with houses, and extend considerably down the Loire. The western extremity of the island nearest the town remains in its primitive condition, with green trees and herbage; and it was in the Loire, at this point, where the quay opposite is at no great distance, that the principal drownings were perpetrated, the unhappy victims being brought from their place of confinement in a large building called the Salorges, still existing on the quay, and used as a depôt for colonial merchandise. The long line of quay down to this spot exhibits in the present day a busy spectacle of commerce—groups of merchants, vessels loading and unloading, functionaries of the douane at their posts, and a line of handsome shops, business offices, and warehouses, with tall houses overhead—the whole enlivened by a row of trees between the street and quay, as at the Boomtjes of Rotterdam. To and from the more distant parts of the quay, and other quarters of the town, omnibusses are continually rolling along with passengers. The first idea of these convenient vehicles, it is due to Nantes to mention, originated here in the ingenuity and enterprise of a single individual, and afterwards spread to Paris, whence it was transferred to England. The Nantes omnibusses continue a model of good management, and with fares no more than they were originally—any length of journey in them being charged only fifteen centimes, or something like three-halfpence.

GUANO.

This manure, which was introduced into Britain about three years ago, is the deposit from the guano, a sea-bird which frequents the rocks and islets along the western coast of South America. To those who are aware of the countless myriads of sea-fowl which hover on these shores, and of the favourable nature of the climate for the preservation of their deposits, it will not seem surprising that masses of guano should be found from twenty to sixty feet in depth, more or less covered and mixed up with earthy impurities. Accordingly, in the sheltered hollows and sinuosities of the rocks and islands, it is found in accumulations, yielding from a few bushels to a thousand tons. It is collected in various degrees of purity, from the recent grayish-white droppings, to the ancient brown or reddish-coloured deposit; but, for common purposes, it is generally classed as gray or brown guano—the latter being by far the most plentiful, and forming the main article of import for British agriculture. As shipped, it is a damp pulverulent mass, of a reddish-brown colour, emits a pungent odour, and bears evidence of its origin in containing occasional fragments of eggs, bones, and feathers of the guano.

Though but recently known to us, guano has been long in use by the inhabitants of Peru; being so highly prized as a fertiliser in the time of the Incas, that it was declared a capital offence to kill the fowl by which it was deposited. 'On the sea-coast (says Garcilasso de la Vega, in his *Mémoriales Réales*, 1609), from below Arequipa, as far as Tarapaca, which is more than two hundred leagues of coast, they use no other manure than that of marine birds, which exist, both great and small, on all the coasts of Peru, and go in flocks perfectly incredible, if not seen. They are reared on some uninhabited islands which exist on that coast, and the manure which they leave is of inconceivable amount. At a distance, the hills of it resemble the mounds on some snowy plain. In the time of the Incas, there was so much vigilance in guarding these birds, that, during the rearing season, no person was allowed to visit the islands under pain of death, in order that they might not be frightened and driven from their nests. Neither was it allowed to kill them at any time, either on or off the islands, under the same penalty.' Each district also had a portion of these islands allotted to it, the penalties for infringement of which were very severe; and from these circumstances, it is probable the Incas did not permit any remarkable consumption of this valuable manure beyond what was yearly deposited. As with the ancient, so with the modern inhabitants, even in their degraded and semi-barbarous state. They still set an especial value upon the fertilising properties of this substance; and are known to come several hundred miles, each with his donkey or llama, for a quintal of guano, with which he marches homeward, trudging a rough road on foot, yet rejoicing over his odorous cargo.

But while the Peruvians and other sea-coast inhabitants protected the islands and rocks frequented by these birds, it was chiefly to the recent deposits that they directed their care, and thus the accumulations of unknown antiquity, covered up by sand, or removed beyond their reach, have been left to be ransacked by modern enterprise. Nor was it without reason that the natives sought the fresh deposits with so much avidity. The dung of all animals, by being exposed to atmospheric influences, gives off its fertilising properties; and thus it was that the recent deposits of guano were so carefully preserved and collected. However, as the decay of native intelligence under a foreign yoke, the abundance of modern shipping, and other causes, began to operate, the sea-fowl were less

protected, they sought other habitats, fresh guano became scarce, and the ancient deposits began to be more keenly sought after, and transported to the seaports for sale. A manure so important could not be expected long to escape the attention of British traders; and as the requirements of home agriculture became better understood, guano was introduced into England. The trials made upon grass, turnips, and other crops, succeeded to a wish; and thus, since 1840, the demand for the article has so increased, that cargoes have been landed at every first-rate seaport both in England and Scotland. When introduced, the price of guano was L.25 a ton; and even at this rate its application was found to remunerate the farmer; but artificial substitutes were soon proposed by the chemist, and these compositions had the effect of reducing the market price to L.15, L.12, or even L.10 a ton, according to quality. At the latter rates it still remains, and proves a source of profit alike to the importer and farmer, and through them to the community.

It must be seen, however, that the supply of this manure is limited. In a few years the ancient accumulations will be exhausted; and though fresh deposits must be forming in some locality or other, still, it can only be in comparatively small quantities. On this point our best authority is Dr M. Hamilton, late of Peru, who remarks as follows:—'The guanos were still to be seen in vast numbers on the Moro of Arica during my first residence there in 1826, but not in such abundance as they were a few years prior to that period; for, during the war for independence, Arica was several times attacked both by sea and land, when the cannonading had the effect of scaring them from their haunts on the Moro. Since 1826, Arica has been much frequented by foreigners, some of whom often fired at, and otherwise annoyed the birds, which now have all but totally abandoned that part of the Peruvian coast. The guanos have hitherto existed on the coast of Peru in numbers which would appear incredible, except to those persons who have seen them. The greatest mass of guanos I ever saw was in 1836, at the Chincha Isles, which are only barren rocks in the Pacific Ocean, off Pisco, and about a hundred miles south from Callio. I saw the birds through a glass from on board a vessel under easy sail, when the rock appeared to be a living mass; for the guanos seemed to be contending among themselves for a resting-place. They live on fish, and are expert fishers, for which they are beautifully formed by nature. The bill is three or four inches long, according to the age or size of the bird, and it is about one inch broad at the extremity, much curved, and altogether well adapted for hooking up the food, which rarely escapes. The quantity of guano manure accumulated on the Peruvian coast must be very great, and may be estimated thus:—Allowing the average number of these birds to be one million, which I consider is much within bounds, and that each bird has one ounce of droppings per day, we shall have not less than above thirty tons; and deducting one-half of the above supposed quantity for evaporation and other casualties, there will still be above fifteen tons of this valuable substance produced every day. From what has been observed as to the habits and numbers of the guano, their frequenting promontories, declivities, and insulated rocks, it follows that their soil in certain localities must have accumulated to such an extent, as might induce those persons who may not have considered the subject, to expect that the guano is to be had in unlimited quantity; but for obvious reasons that must be a fallacious expectation.'

There can be no gainsaying these remarks, nor can there be any remedy for the exhaustion of guano, unless in the application of other natural manures, or in the adoption of such artificial mixture as the science of chemistry may indicate. But while the chemist has already accomplished this task (Professor Johnston's composition, Potter's guano, &c.), speculators have started in search of other deposits; and it is stated by the newspapers that nearly a dozen sail have left Glasgow and Liverpool for some islands situated within those rainless latitudes which permit of the speedy accumulation of guano. We have seen specimens from islands in the Indian seas, from the coasts of Africa, and from other tropical regions; but granting that the deposits from which these were taken should be equal in quality, and as abundant as those on the coast of Peru, still, a very few years of British importation must suffice to exhaust them, and throw our farmers upon the more permanent resources of chemical admixture and their own farm-yards.

The question has also been started—To what extent may guano be collected along our own coast and islands? It is true that the western and northern islands of Scotland, as, indeed, the whole sea-coast where it is sufficiently rocky and precipitous, are frequented by countless flocks of sea-fowl, more or less throughout the whole year, always periodically, or during the breeding season. The same natural agency is at work which deposited the guano of the Pacific; and we should have similar results, were it not that our islands are subjected to counteracting agencies unknown along the guano-yielding regions of South America. We have a wet and stormy climate, and the half-liquid substance is no sooner voided, than it is generally washed away; or if deposited to a small extent during summer, the rains and frosts of the succeeding winter utterly destroy it, leaving only a few insignificant and worthless patches, or a thin pellicle on the face of the rocks where the birds have nestled. There can be no counteracting of these natural agencies on a great scale, all that seems possible being the adoption of some artificial process of collection during summer; and even that must be of such a nature as not to scare the birds from their familiar haunts. So long as the Peruvian supply sells at L.12 or L.15 a ton, fresh Scotch guano might be profitably collected in some localities; but this only for a few months in summer, and with considerable risk, as the sea-fowl select bluffs and precipices for their habitations. After all, the quantity collected could be of little moment, and could not be considered as in any way affecting the general results of British agriculture. The truth is, that both the foreign and home supply of guano must ever be of limited extent; and, regarding it in this light, it would be wiser in the practical farmer to direct his care to the never-failing sources around him—to the thousands of tons of manure which run to waste from our farm-yards, our common sewers, our gas-works, our breweries, our bleachfields, &c. and to collect and apply this as its value demands.

MRS GRANT'S LETTERS.

Mrs Grant of Laggan was better known thirty years ago than now as the author of two works descriptive of the Highlands of Scotland,* and one in which she had given, from personal observation, a delightful picture of American colonial society in the interval between the French Canadian war and the commencement of that of Independence.† A lively easy style, and a certain simplicity mingled with considerable powers of reflection, had given these works a large circulation, and, besides obtaining a literary name for the author, had endeared her to a large circle of acquaintance amongst the most virtuous of the higher classes in all parts of the empire. The impression which she made by her writings was deepened, in the minds of all who knew her personally, by a singularly amiable and upright character, as well as by the events of her history and her existing circumstances. Mrs Grant was the daughter of a Scottish officer, who took her mother and herself to America during the French Canadian war (1758),

* Letters from the Mountains. 3 vols. 1806.—Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands. 3 vols. 1811.

† Memoirs of an American Lady. 3 vols. 1808.

when she was only three years of age. She spent her early years in that country, obtaining a sort of education chiefly by her own aptitude at learning whatever came in her way; and, when brought back to her native country, she had scarcely seen anything of the world, before she was settled in a Highland solitude, as the wife of the minister of Laggan, in Badenoch. How such a person could write the clever, sensible, descriptive letters which afterwards formed her first prose publication, would astonish any one who was not prepared to believe that there is something in native powers of mind which is independent of all extraneous circumstances.

The conclusion of a happy married life of upwards of twenty years saw her a widow, with eight surviving children, nearly altogether unprovided for. From immediate difficulties she was relieved by her friends promoting a subscription for a volume of her poetry; the rest were surmounted by her own energies, in conducting the education of a few young ladies at a retirement near Stirling. She seems to have had at all times a special power of acquiring and retaining friends, and of a kind who were not merely able, but eagerly willing to be of service to her. She had now passed the prime of life, without thinking of authorship; and her first prose publication was entirely the result of a necessity she was under of fitting out a son as an ensign in the Indian army. This made her at once favourably known to the public, and brought her many additional friends; amongst the rest Dr Porteus, bishop of London. To account further for the warm interest which we see taken in her by so many persons of the highest worth, as well as rank and affluence, it is only necessary to make slight allusion to a series of sorrows which she was destined to encounter during the next twenty years, in the death, one after another, of all her children, excepting one only. She bore these griefs with the firmness of a truly pious mind; but it was impossible for any one who knew her, not to be deeply concerned for an aged lady of the finest intellectual and moral character who had to part with so many whom she might have expected to see around her own deathbed. With these friends Mrs Grant kept up a constant correspondence as long as they and herself lived. She died in 1838, aged eighty-four years, the last thirty of which she spent in comparatively easy and independent circumstances in Edinburgh, where, during that time, her house was one of the recognised centres of the literary society which adorns our city.

Mrs Grant's son has now published a selection of her letters,* extending over the period which has elapsed since the close of the series written in the Highlands. They will not be felt to have the same interest as that series, for neither are they the production of the prime of the author's mind, nor do they refer to scenery, circumstances, or persons of so peculiar a character; but they will, nevertheless, be welcomed by all who can be content with so quiet a pleasure as that of contemplating the inner thoughts, mingled with the observations on external things, of a mind singularly pure, kindly, and well-disposed, both for this world and a better. Perhaps a more rigidly-judging editor than Mr Grant would have omitted much that scarcely rises above friendly prattle, and yet we can imagine that a majority of the readers of the book would not wish one line to have been spared.

In our perusal of the volumes we have been struck by several circumstances which either denote an unusual fascination in Mrs Grant's history and writings over certain minds, or a larger infusion of the spirit of beneficence and liberality in human nature than is generally allowed. For instance, at the very commencement of Mrs Grant's distresses, an English lady, with the greatest delicacy, takes one of her daughters to live with her. Next we find three London merchants clubbing to make her a present of L.300. Many other handsome presents were sent to her, not a few of them by unknown admirers. For example—'My son met with one of Constable's partners three weeks ago, who told him, that if he would call at their shop, he would show him a curious letter about his (my son's) mother. He was shown a letter, such as a plain shopkeeping person might be supposed to write, the purport of which was to inquire if Mrs Anne Grant of Laggan was alive, and where she lived, for the writer wished to send her a box containing a present. They answered the letter, of course; and conjecture was not a little puzzled to guess whether the present would really come, and what it would be. Last week the box arrived, which contained—first, black silk, (very good) for a dress to Mrs G.; three shawls, one a very handsome large silk one, and two very comely ones of a new kind of nondescripts, all calculated for a widow's garb; item, a pair of excellent black silk stockings; item, six beautiful French cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, all marked with my cipher impressed on symbolical figures—an urn on one, a garland on another, and all the rest differing from each other, but all fanciful, and what we considered appropriate; likewise two pairs of gloves; and finally, neatly wrapped up in paper, a gold sovereign to pay the carriage, and a very neat and business-like invoice of the whole.

But then the letter along with them, in native beauty, simplicity, and originality, was worth the whole. You would be shocked were I, my very self, to tell you how long my letters (the printed ones) had been the delight and consolation of this excellent person—for excellent she must be, supposing me to be very different from what she thought me. The ardent love of merit, should it be merely imaginary and delusive, exists only in those fine minds which are accustomed to delight in contemplating goodness in its original source. She says, towards the end of her letter, "I am not a person of birth or fortune, but a lowly thistle on the plain, sheltering some more delicate plants under my rugged stem. May I hope you will let me know something of your health and spirits, and of the welfare of your family. Let me know if your correspondents continue faithful to you in this world, or if they wait your arrival in the plains of light," &c.

Is not all this something very much out of the common way? and is not this kindness from a plain person, such as I suppose Miss M. Jones of Coalbrookdale to be, more gratifying than if a very fine or high-bred person had sent me a far more valuable or showy present? These are the cordials which the mercy that has been mingled with many bitter sufferings has afforded to cheer my path.'

Several persons left Mrs Grant considerable legacies from the same principle of admiration; but there is one for which she was indebted to a somewhat different cause; namely, a thousand pounds left her in 1826 'by a West Indian boy, whom I brought up, partly at Laggan, and since at Woodend.' These benefactions seem to have been of material service in rendering the latter years of Mrs Grant smooth and comfortable.

The remainder of this paper will, we think, be best disposed in a series of brief passages from the letters, calculated to amuse and instruct the reader.

CURIOUS STORY OF A YOUNG OFFICER'S WIFE.

She [the person intrusted with the letter, which is dated from Stirling, 1809, and addressed to Miss Fanshawe, London] is the daughter of a Highland gentleman who lives here in Melville Place, and supports a numerous family, in a respectable manner, on the produce of a West Indian estate. This young creature was not fifteen when, by her sprightliness and musical

* Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan. Edited by her son, J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

talents, she attracted the attention of a very young man from London, of the name of B——, who is paymaster to a regiment then lying here. Upon examining into circumstances, the extreme youth of the lady was the only objection; they imprudently, however, permitted them to be very much together. The consequence was what might be expected; impatient of delay, and afraid of separation, they went off and married. This rash act was followed by a very sudden forgiveness, and she still continued the darling of her parents. She came here to be confined in due time, not being then completely sixteen, and became as composed and matronly as if she had been married for years. In little more than four months after, they were alarmed with an order for the regiment to go to Botany Bay, where, it is to be observed, they are likely to stay fifteen years. Careless of consequences, she was ready to go anywhere with her husband; but the fear and fondness of her parents induced them to prevail on him to set off without her, and to conceal his intentions without taking leave. When she came down and discovered the deception, she was almost frantic, and her father was so moved by her agonies, that he was fain to take a post-chaise and go off instantly with his daughter to overtake her mate, who was more pleased than surprised at the occurrence, having an interior persuasion that she could not be detained. She went off, hardly bestowing a look on her infant whom she had been nursing, or on any other of the family.

After a stormy and dangerous voyage, she arrived at London, and went off after a few days to the Isle of Wight, to be ready to embark. Finding they should be detained there a month, the yearnings of affection became distressing to the young mother, and she and her husband sent a formal requisition for their child. The little creature was by this time become so dear to the good people, that they could not endure the thought of parting with it for so long an exile. They got a surgeon to certify it was not equal to the journey to London, being but five months old, and not robust for its age. Meantime the parents were in the Isle of Wight, where, on Monday morning, they heard the ship would not sail for a fortnight. The little heroine, who wants still some months of seventeen, set out instantly for Portsmouth, went the same night in the mail to London, set out from thence on Tuesday, travelled almost without food or sleep in the coach to Glasgow, and astonished all on Friday morning by her appearance in Melville Place, undaunted and unwearied, without a trace of fatigue in her looks or spirits; and here she is, going off in triumph with her child and this letter!

SPEAKERS OUT.

He [Sir John Legard, an old gouty gentleman residing near Twickenham] has a certain selfishness with regard to his intellectual luxuries—the only ones he prizes—and seems to think that his sufferings and the sincerity of his piety and virtue entitle him to indulge in a kind of sincerity that the world is little inclined to bear—that of declaring his sentiments and emotions just as they rise in his mind, without much regard to common opinion. Whoever does this much, and long, unaware of the deceitfulness of the human heart, will indulge chagrin or fastidiousness, perhaps spleen and passion, when they think they are only sincere: this I have both seen and severely felt in other instances.

KINDNESS UNDER AN UNPROMISING EXTERIOR.

She [a Miss Fraser, who took Mrs Grant home from Birmingham, in her post-chaise, at the intercession of some common friends] was occupied with giving directions to her servants, and scarce withdrew her attention when I entered. I was nervous and exhausted after the last night's watching and fatigue, and felt beyond measure timid and embarrassed. Her manner at first appeared to me cold, haughty, and abstracted, though polite. I went into the carriage in a tremor, and never felt so forlorn; to mend the matter, she does not hear well, and is liable to frequent mistakes. In a little time, however, her real character began to shine through this ungracious crust. She is a woman of a vigorous and masculine mind; sincere, candid, and generous, without a shadow of cold caution, or littleness of any kind; knows a great deal, and does a great deal, for her activity of body and mind is boundless: so is her charity and friendship, when once excited. Were I at leisure, I could tell you many characteristic anecdotes of this extraordinary personage, who is, upon the whole, a very *gentlemanly* woman, more attentive to the essentials of kindness, than to its soothing forms; yet her kindness is not without a sort of delicacy. For instance, on my account solely, she went round the lakes of Windermere and Keswick, and showed me all the beauties of those charming scenes, which to herself were quite familiar; and this without once saying it was on my account.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE OF COWPER'S COUSIN, THE REV. J. JOHNSON.

[A letter from Hayley, the poet, to Miss Fanshawe (1808), was] to announce the marriage of Norfolk Johnny [Cowper's pet name for him] with a lady, young, lovely, and truly amiable; she was an orphan, of independent fortune, well educated in the country, where she lived with her relations. She was elegant, pious, musical, and studied Cowper with ever new delight. Charmed with the playful innocence, cordial friendship, and disinterested kindness that appear in Cowper's sketches of Johnny's character, she sighed and wished 'that Heaven had made her such a man.' Her worthy and liberal-minded relations, notwithstanding Johnny's confined circumstances and unprepossessing appearance—for he is little, and diffident in manner—her people, in short, told his people that Johnny might try. So he did, and succeeded; for when you know him, he is charming, innocent, sweet-tempered, full of fancy and humour, and a delightful letter writer. They went to Bath about three weeks since to be married, and proceeded straight from the altar to Hayley's cottage, where Johnny's charmer sung and played to the poet every one of Cowper's lyrics, and some he never meant as such; in short, brother William was in as great raptures with Johnny's bride as he himself could be. Now, of all the great and wealthy who read and praised Cowper, not one ever thought of giving their interest to promote this faithful friend of his infirmities, who did for him what no other being would or could; but this sweet creature loved virtue for *itself*, and rewarded it with *herself*.

GOOD TASTE SUPPRESSES MEAN CALCULATIONS.

[Speaking of a family, residing in Edinburgh, and a young English gentleman recently introduced to them,] He appears to them a young man very correct in his conduct, and of good disposition, but evidently born in the age of calculation—a propensity of which we Scots, in revenge for the obloquy formerly thrown on us by John Bull, are very apt to accuse his calves. There is no doubt but that there are among the inhabitants of the Northern Athens many who calculate very nicely; but they leave that to be discovered in their *conduct*, and take care that it does not appear in their conversation. Perhaps there is no place where gossipping discussions respecting the amount of individual incomes, and the prices of articles of luxury, are so seldom heard; yet people here think of these things, and struggle to attain them, as much as others. Good taste keeps many things out of sight, which good feeling in a high-toned mind would not suffer to exist.

ADVANTAGES OF OLD MAIDENHOOD.

I think you must know something of six fair vestals, none of them young, who live in Edinburgh with a mother of most venerable antiquity. What a history is theirs! Two distinguished beauties, two wits, and

two ingenious damsels full of rare devices, who drew, and played, and worked all manner of cunning workmanship, furnished abundant variety of characters and complexions. Great was their celebrity some thirty years since, and much were they caressed and sought after among the nobles of the land. Still, it was their lot to live on, unrepining in single blessedness; truly such, for they are all very cheerful and intelligent, and live in the happiest union among themselves. I begin to think that those sensible contented single women, who have outlived the turbulence and flutter of expectation and admiration, and think of nothing but being pleasant companions and good aunts here, and joining those who walk pre-eminently in white hereafter, are perhaps, on the whole, more exempt from suffering, and have more unmixed enjoyment, than we whose hearts are always either mourning the departed, or aching with fear and anxiety for the living. The sense that turns at the touch of joy or wo, but turning, trembles too, is like a pendulum in constant motion with us meritorious matrons. My partiality for the single state does not comprehend men; they require some of that unbought grace of life, which is only to be found in female worth and affection. Celibacy with them is rarely respectable. Think how contemptible they grow for the most part under the sway of their housekeeper.

THE DUCHESS OF GORDON'S RELIGIOUS FEELINGS GEOGRAPHICAL.

The duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out; in England, indeed, she did so, because every one else did the same, but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety growing warmer as it came northward, but was wise enough to stare silently.

ECONOMY IN COMPANY-KEEPING.

I have this morning [Edinburgh, Nov. 20, 1811] the muddiest head you can suppose, having had a party of friends with me on the last two evenings. To understand the cause of all this hospitality, you must know that, being a very methodical and economical family, every cow of ours, as we express it in our rustic Highland dialect, has a calf; that is to say, when we have a party, which in Edinburgh includes a cold collation, we are obliged to provide *quantum sufficit* for our guests, who, being of a description more given to good talking than good eating, are content to admire and be admired, and have little time to attend to vulgar gratifications; of consequence, the more material food, after contributing, like the guests, to embellish the entertainment, remains little diminished. As our wide acquaintance includes the greatest variety of people imaginable, there are among them a number of good kind people that dress finely, laugh heartily, and sing merrily, and have, in some instances, genealogy besides; yet on these good people the lions and lionesses of literature would think their roaring very ill bestowed. These, however, make a greater noise in their own way, and before their superior prowess the substantials soon vanish; they are in every sense less fastidious, happier because less wise, and more benevolent because less witty. An assemblage of these contented beings, who can amply appreciate the value of a custard, a jelly, or a jest on its second appearance, are convenient successors to the refined pretenders to originality, who prefer what is new to what is true, and would not for the world be caught eating blanc-mange while Mr Jeffrey and Dr Thomas Brown are brandishing wit and philosophy in each other's faces with electric speed and brilliance. These good fat people, who sing and eat like canary-birds, come with alacrity the day after, and esteem themselves too happy to be admitted so soon to consume mere mortal aliment in the very apartment where the delicacies of intellect were so lately shared among superior intelligences.

WARNING OF YOUNG GENIUS.

Talking of genius leads me to congratulate you on the awakened brotherly feelings of that young Theodore, for whom I know your sisterly concern is restless and extreme. [Mrs Grant here refers to Theodore Hook, then (1809) the youthful brother-in-law of her correspondent. How much her warning proved a prophecy, need not be told.] You may believe I rejoice over the capture of this shy bird, for his own sake as well as yours: I do in my heart love genius in all its forms, and even in its exuberance and eccentricity. You will teach him, for his own good, to make a due distinction between living to please the world at large, and exerting his powers in a given direction for his own benefit, and the satisfaction of his real friends. The uncultured flowers, and even the early fruit of premature intellect, form an admirable decoration for a dessert; but wo to him who would expect to feast on them daily and only. Of a person depending merely on talents and powers of pleasing, what more brilliant example can be given than Sheridan? and who would choose to live his life, and die his death? I talk of his death as if it had already taken place, for what is there worth living for that he has not already outlived? and who, that ever knew the value of a tranquil mind and spotless name, would be that justly admired, and as justly despised, individual? And if the chieftain of the clan be such, what must the tribe be 'of those that live by crambo clink'—as poor Burns called those hapless sons of the muses who, without an object or an aim, run at random through the world, and are led on by the unfeeling great and gay, to acquire a taste for expensive pleasures and elegant society, and then left to languish in forlorn and embittered obscurity, when their health, and their spirits, and their means ebb together. Raise, then, your voice of truth and affection, and outsing all the syrens that, on the coast of idleness, strive to attract Theodore by the songs of vanity, pleasure, and dissipation; teach him to love those that love him—independent of all that flatters or pleases—for himself; and make auxiliaries of all those kindred among whom you are now placed, to make him know something of more value than empty admiration.

ANECDOTES OF KISSING HANDS.

Judge my confusion and astonishment when, calling one day lately [1816] at Lady Charlotte Campbell's, a very handsome fashionable young man asked if I was Mrs G. of Laggan. Hearing I was, he flew across the room—said I was one of the persons in Scotland he most wished to see, and kissed my hand rapturously—yes, rapturously. I looked at him to see whether folly or vanity had prompted this flourish—that is, whether he was foolish enough to think me what I was not, or vain enough to suppose this would pass for a fine flight of enthusiasm. I saw so much sanguine simplicity in his countenance, that I concluded it to be a boyish flight. He then descanted on the poem of The Highlanders, as awakening his feelings and enthusiasm for Scotland at a very early age. I resolved to stay him out, and know who he was, as I had very imperfectly heard the name by which he was introduced. Lady Charlotte told me, to my still greater surprise, that he was of royal lineage; in short, he is the Duke of Sussex's son by Lady Augusta Murray. * *

I must not omit an anecdote, better than my own, about kissing hands. A young lady from England, very ambitious of distinction, and thinking the outrageous admiration of genius was nearly as good as the possession of it, was presented to Walter Scott, and had very nearly gone through the regular forms of swooning sensibility on the occasion. Being afterwards introduced to Mr Henry Mackenzie, she bore it better, but kissed his hand with admiring veneration. It is worth telling, for the sake of Mr Scott's comment. He said, 'Did you ever hear the like of that English lass, to faint at the sight of a cripple clerk of session, and kiss the dry

withered hand of an old tax-gatherer?' Such is the mockery of homage paid to that class of beings who, as Pope justly observes, 'are envied wretched, and are flattered poor.'

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING ANIMALS.

Before the characters of animals were rigidly investigated, as they have latterly been by men of science, it is not wonderful that they should have been misunderstood in many instances, and thus become the subject of superstitious notions. Even now, when the supernatural is generally abandoned, some of these superstitious notions may be said to have a sort of twilight existence in the form of antipathies and suspicions, the result of which to the animals themselves is far from favourable, while it is, to say the least of it, discreditable to mankind. We propose here to review the superstitions of this class generally, as a curious chapter in the natural history of the human mind, and in doing so, to lay particular stress on such notions as tend in any degree to encourage cruelty or unreasonable fears.

There are several animals, perfectly innocent towards man, which have obtained an evil reputation, from apparently no other cause than that which formerly rendered the aged of the female sex of our own race the objects of superstitious dread—namely, their unlovely aspect and solitary mode of life. Such are the owl and the raven, both of them, time out of mind, proclaimed by man to be unlucky birds—birds of evil omen—and so forth. The owl was so reckoned amongst the Romans:—

> Ignavus bubo, dirûm mortalibus omen.
> —*Ovid.*
>
> [Ill-omened in his form, the unlucky fowl,
> Abhorred by men, and called a screeching owl.
> —*Garth's Translation.*]

Virgil speaks in like manner of the fatal prognostications of the crow:—

> Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.
>
> [And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
> By croaking from the left presaged the coming blow.
> —*Dryden's Translation.*]

This great nation even had officers—officers, too, selected from the patrician or aristocratic class—one of whose duties it was to study the omens of the owl, crow, and other birds, and interpret them to the people—man thus placing himself, it may fairly be said, in a position meaner than that of the humble animals which were the subjects of their observations. Our poet Butler has touched off this 'institution' of the masters of the ancient world:—

> The Roman senate, when within
> The city walls an owl was seen,
> Did cause their clergy with lustrations
> (Our synod calls humiliations)
> The round-faced prodigy t' avert,
> From doing town or country hurt.

The prevalence of this superstition respecting the owl in England is shown by the frequent allusions to it in the works of our poets—as where Shakspeare says—

> The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign.
> —*Henry VI.*

and applies it metaphorically to an inauspicious person—

> Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
> Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge.
> —*Ibid.*

It can scarcely be necessary to quote the equally significant exclamation of Lady Macbeth—

> The raven himself is hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under our battlements.

These notions respecting the owl and raven still have a considerable hold of the English rustic mind, and cause many most superfluous cruelties; for these creatures are doomed to destruction wherever they can be found.

It is the barn owl (*Strix flammea*) which is thus ill regarded. A solitary mode of life, generally amongst old secluded buildings, a habit of seeking its food at night, and its screeching voice, seem to be the causes of its bad reputation. A peculiarly soft noiseless flight, bringing the bird under observation without any warning, may have also helped to fix its terrible character. The eccentric but benevolent Waterton gives a whimsical account of an effort which he made to counteract the common notion in his own place of residence. 'Up to 1813,' he says, 'the barn owl had a sad time of it at Walton Hall. Its supposed mournful notes alarmed the ancient housekeeper. She knew full well what sorrow it had brought into other houses when she was a young woman; and there was enough of mischief in the midnight wintry blast, without having it increased by the dismal screams of something which people knew very little about, and which everybody said was far too busy in the churchyard at night-time. Nay, it was a well-known fact, that, if anybody were sick in the neighbourhood, it would be for ever looking in at the window, and holding a conversation outside with somebody, they did not know whom. The gamekeeper agreed with her in everything that was said on this important subject; and he always stood better in her books when he had managed to shoot a bird of this bad and mischievous family. However, in 1813, on my return from the wilds of Guiana, having suffered myself, and learned mercy, I broke in pieces the code of penal laws which the knavery of the gamekeeper and the lamentable ignorance of the other servants had hitherto put in force, far too successfully, to thin the numbers of this poor, harmless, unsuspecting tribe. On the ruin of the old gateway I made a place with stone and mortar, about four feet square, and fixed a thick oaken stick firmly into it. Huge masses of ivy now quite cover it. In a month or so after it was finished, a pair of barn owls came and took up their abode in it. I threatened to strangle the keeper if ever, after this, he molested either the old birds or their young ones; and I assured the housekeeper that I would take upon myself the whole responsibility of all the sickness, wo, and sorrow, that the new tenants might bring into the hall. She made a low courtesy, as much as to say, "Sir, I fall into your will and pleasure;" but I saw in her eye that she had made up her mind to have to do with things of fearful and portentous shape, and to hear many a midnight wailing in the surrounding woods. I do not think that, up to the day of this old lady's death, which took place in her eighty-fourth year, she ever looked with pleasure or contentment on the barn owl, as it flew round the large sycamore trees which grow near the old ruined gateway.'* Mr Waterton adds, that the barn owl, so far from being in any way a noxious, is a highly useful bird, on account of the vast quantity of mice which it destroys. When it has young, it will bring a mouse to its nest every twelve or fifteen minutes. Some country people think it attacks pigeons in their houses, but it only goes there for repose and concealment, when its perfectly harmless conduct is fully evidenced by the tranquillity with which the pigeons regard it.

There is the same error respecting the crow. The portentous character of this bird is probably owing, in the first place, to its uncommonly harsh voice, and, secondly, to its carnivorous habits. Shakspeare says of an army—

> —— Their executors, the knavish crows,
> Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

'It has often occurred to me,' says an observer of nature, 'when exploring the more inaccessible parts of the British mountains (though without any feeling of superstitious dread on the occasion), that the ravens, whose "ancient solitary reign" I had invaded, uttered their harsh croak, as they soared over my head, in expectation, as it were, of my falling down the ravines and precipices, and of their chance of becoming my "executors," and having to feed on my lifeless carcass.' Now, granting that several of the crow tribe gluttonise over dead bodies,

* Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, v. 12.

whether of human beings or of the inferior animals, whether of men killed in battle or men accidentally killed in solitary places, what harm is there in it? Are not these animals, on the contrary, performing a useful service to the living, in removing what is so offensive to sense, and often so injurious to health? Justly regarded, the crow is an emissary of Providence, which ought to call forth feelings of admiration towards that great power, instead of exciting sentiments of disgust or antipathy towards itself.

We shall vary our theme by adverting next to a set of superstitions respecting bees, which have an element of beauty in them. It is a custom still pretty prevalent in the more rural districts of England to inform bees of any death that takes place in the family; and this is done in a formal manner, a person going with the house-key and tapping three times every hive, and then whispering the communication. It is thought that, if this is not done, the bees will desert the place, and seek out other quarters. For the same reason, when the funeral is to take place, the bees are put into mourning, by the hanging of a piece of black cloth from their hives; and a service of wine and cake is, in families of good condition, set down for them on that occasion. They are also made to participate in the family rejoicings; for, when a marriage takes place, a triumphant piece of scarlet cloth is in like manner hung upon the hives. It appears that this custom, if not the others, obtains in Brittany as well as in England. As indications of kind social feeling towards a class of creatures time out of mind the emblems of industry, foresight, and good regulation, these practices, it is submitted, are highly poetical and redeeming. It is only unfortunate that, while superstition is sometimes thus beautiful, it is most frequently gross and barbarous; so that it never can form a principle to be depended upon. There is another notion very prevalent respecting bees, that the death of a hive in the possession of a farmer foretells his speedy removal from the place. Perhaps there is a natural basis for this supposition. Bees usually die only in very wet unfavourable seasons: such seasons are injurious to the farmer, and very apt (at least in a country of yearly leases) to lead to his removal.

Several other superstitions about animals are probably founded, in like manner, on natural circumstances. This has been remarked by Sir Humphry Davy in his Salmonia. To see one magpie, as is well known, is held to betoken misfortune. Now, there is a natural reason why, to the angler at least, it is not well to see a single magpie. The fact is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or young ones, and such weather is unfavourable for the piscatory sport; whereas in fine mild weather, which is the reverse, both magpies are at liberty to leave the nest together. The notion about the magpie is thus expressed:—

One 's sorrow, two 's mirth.

To this is added another line—

Three 's a wedding, four 's death;

which, however, is probably no more than a postscriptive coinage of the popular mind to make out a rhyme. The notion that rooks always leave their haunt near an old house when a death takes place in it, may have its origin in fact, and the cause may be some sense of an unpleasant odour, of which human organs are insensible. A naturalist, speaking of this superstition, states that a medical gentleman of his acquaintance, being in attendance upon a lady during her last illness, some one observing that she had not long to live, said to him, 'I wonder whether the rooks will leave the rookery on this occasion? they did so on the decease of the late —— (the former possessor), and likewise on that of his brother who preceded him.' The birds, in the present instance, did quit the house, but thirty-six hours *before* the death.

A few of this class of superstitions seem at first sight rather amiable. The smallness of the wren, and the repose in human generosity shown by the redbreast, have disarmed even boys, and established an immunity of their nests from plunder. The juvenile remark is, 'The robin and the wren are God's cock and hen:' it is therefore under a religious impression that they abstain from an act of cruelty in the case of these birds. The innocence of the dove has also made a powerful appeal to the rustic bosom, but only to this unexpected effect, that it is not good to use its feathers in a bed, as they prolong the sufferings of those who die upon it. The raven, too, notwithstanding its unluckiness, is safe from rustic fowling-pieces—it is held to be extremely unlucky to kill this bird. The reason is said to be a consideration of the services of the raven to the prophet Elijah, when he fled from the rage of Ahab. A humane spirit would be thankful for the feeling shown in these popular notions, if they were consistently supported; but who ever heard of any one sparing a blow to the unfortunate ass, from a consideration of the several remarkable appearances which that animal makes in Scripture? Not even the cross marked on its back—as they think, in consequence of our Saviour having ridden upon an ass into Jerusalem—seems to have the least effect in obtaining a decent show of humanity towards this everywhere useful and modest, and everywhere buffeted quadruped. The inconsistency of superstition is further shown in the antipathies contracted against birds equally harmless as any of the above; for example, the yellow-hammer, which is persecuted in consequence of an idea that it receives three drops of the devil's blood on May morning; the fact being that it is a pretty, and also a tame bird, with no harm about it whatever. So strong is the prejudice against this innocent warbler of our fields, that many persons who would not injure the nest or young of any other birds, will invariably take, and even ill-use, that of the poor yellow-hammer. Sailors are equally unreasonable with respect to the well-known storm petrel. This bird is often seen before severe storms, whose utmost rage never seems to disturb it as it breasts the waves and faces the blast, uttering its low cry of *weet, weet.* The mariner absurdly considers it as raising the storm, which its habits only bring it into connexion with, and he execrates it accordingly. 'As well,' says Wilson, the American ornithologist, 'might they curse the midnight lighthouse that star-like guides them on their watery way, or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below.' The petrel is in reality a monitor of the approach of stormy weather, perhaps designed to be so by an all-wise Providence.

AN INVALID'S ADVENTURE AT THE SIEGE OF MANHEIM.

[Manheim, now a neatly built open town in the grand-duchy of Baden, was exposed to a bombardment from the French republican army, and almost entirely destroyed. During the siege, many of the unfortunate inhabitants were killed, and others suffered severe injuries, and the loss of all their property. The following adventure of an invalid during the siege, which we copy from the *English Journal*, will impart a tolerable idea of what we in this country know nothing of—the actual horrors of a state of warfare.]

THE siege had commenced, and the firing had begun to wax warm, so that the inhabitants were glad to avail themselves of any adequate shelter from its terrible effects. The batteries *en recochet* enfiladed every street, and the cellars of the houses became the only secure places of refuge. Thither most persons betook themselves, with what stock of provisions they could muster. These cellars were strongly arched over, and it was a rare circumstance that a bomb, after forcing through the roof and strong floors of a house in succession, had power enough left to penetrate the arches which covered them. An unfortunate accident prevented my affording any aid to the garrison in the defence, having broken my leg by a fall from the ramparts a day or two after the city was invested. I lived in a tolerably broad

street, but much exposed to the enemy's shot, which frequently plunged along its whole range from end to end. Now and then a shell had fallen within a few yards of my door, and it became evident that it was no longer safe to remain above ground. I therefore caused a mattress or two to be removed into my cellars, together with a small quantity of food, some candles, necessaries, and a few books, and took up my abode there.

There were two cellars, each situated at the end of a vaulted passage. The second was occupied by my two female domestics; a lad named Ernest, about fourteen years of age, lived in one or the other, and ran backwards or forwards as circumstances or his own inclinations disposed him. About the centre of the arched passage, on the right-hand side, was a flight of stone stairs, which led to the kitchen above. The boy Ernest was of a lively fearless disposition, and would frequently get weary of our subterranean residence, and run up to look out at the street door, and sometimes venture towards the ramparts, whence he would contrive to bring us news of the state of affairs, and mention what houses were ruined by the firing.

Matters had proceeded in the foregoing manner for a week or two after we had lived in our subterraneous apartments, when one morning the firing seemed to rage with redoubled violence, both within and without the defences. The earth around and above me shook with the explosions from the batteries, and I concluded some decisive attack was about to take place. My helpless situation, stretched upon my mattress, or sitting up, and supported with pillows, became doubly painful. At such a moment to be powerless and inert was peculiarly afflicting; and my reflections were not of the most agreeable character. Ernest came to the door of the cellar about ten o'clock in the morning, for the last time, and told me he should go up and learn what the terrible loudness of the firing indicated. He left me, and mounted to the kitchen above, which I could scarcely imagine he had crossed, before a noise and crash, loud as the loudest thunder, involved me at once in dust and darkness. I was at the corner of the cellar furthest from the entrance, and a load of rubbish choked up the doorway, extending some feet within the entrance of my abode. I immediately conjectured the cause; namely, that a shell had fallen upon the house, and exploded on or broken through the arched passage at the entrance of the cellar, making me a prisoner.

When I had a little recovered from my surprise, I found the entrance effectually closed against ingress or egress; and what was, in my circumstances, equally dreadful, a tinder-box, candles, and a little store of provisions, which were just without the cellar door in an excavation in the wall of the passage, were lost to me. I might have crawled thither from my mattress, and secured them, but the masses of stone piled on each other forbade the most distant prospect of hope from any exertion of my own. I threw myself back in an agony of despair. In the confusion which reigned without, I must remain forgotten! All the horror of my situation came upon me at once, and my heart died within me. To add to my misfortune, my candle was nearly burnt out. With what feelings did I watch its glimmering in the socket! Its last flash was like the arrow of death passing through my heart. I now wept like a woman amid the darkness of my unseen abode, that was, as far as I could judge, to be my charnel-vault. Death from hunger was before me, with all its keenness of suffering. The dull, and as it were remote, sound of the guns from without, so different in intensity from what it had lately been, told me that the mass interposed between myself and the upper world must be very considerable. I felt my heart shrink up at the discovery of my situation. The hours lingered into ages; but it was long before the feeling of hunger affected me—so much was my mind occupied with apprehensions for the future, and filled with hopes and fears in continual ebb and flow. In groping around me I found two stale crusts of bread, and some water yet remained in a vessel by the side of my mattress. Both I used avariciously, yet at every mouthful my apprehension for the future increased, and a hundred times did I in vain feel around carefully for some other relic of food: I had, I then thought, no alternative but to die. Why should I fear to do so? Hundreds, perhaps thousands, were at the same moment dying above, but a short distance from me, in the violence of angry passions, and with horrible lacerations. I should go out from life like a taper; and most probably the pains of such a death had been greatly exaggerated. Such were my self-comforts—refuges from despair.

I soon found a sensation of emptiness come over me, bordering upon faintness, similar to what many people feel who delay a meal to a very late hour. It appeared to me that my eyes were weak, and I fancied if I had had light near me, that still I could have seen nothing distinctly. This sensation was accompanied by a tremor of the eyelids and a swimming in the head. I tried to relieve myself by giving way to sleep, the inclination for which came at times very strongly over me; but I could not gain more refreshment than a restless doze imparts, and this was always cut short by some horrible vision that prevented its affording me the least benefit. Now I thought I was seated at a splendid feast, where all that could attract the palate and delight the senses was before me. I was touching the richest viands—nay, actually lifting the envied morsel till it touched my mouth, and its flavour was in my nostrils, when I was awoke by some hideous phantom snatching the untasted morsel from my shrivelled lips, and dashing it away. Sometimes I found myself in a delicious island, where the finest fruits grew in nature's utmost prodigality; but, on tasting them, they were nauseous and sickening, mere soot and ashes; and if I sought to relieve my thirst from the pure limpid streams that ran in crystal among the luxurious scenery, I found them changed into bitter blood. Everything seemed to combine to mock my sufferings and edge my tortures. I was much afflicted by spasms and twitching sensations internally, as if the viscera were drawn together and expanded too suddenly. Hollow, aching, gnawing pains, as if my vitals were torn with pincers, frequently assailed me, but seemed to diminish in force from repetition. I strove with all my might to bear up with patience and resignation; and at times I subdued my bodily pain with my mind's energy; but, alas! such periods were only of momentary duration. Drowsiness generally accompanied the cessation of pain, but it was only to make me start from hideous visions and tantalising dreams. It seemed as if no recollections of my past life—no images but such as would distress me to the utmost, at such a moment were ever recalled; such as they were, they appeared horribly vivid and true, torturing me like fiends, and rendering my mind an instrument of pain horrible as that where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

This stage of my trial soon had its end: I had no mode of computing time, for the hands of my watch were invisible from the darkness; I knew that it concluded just after I had finished the last drop of my water. The absence of this beverage, though I had made it last me as long as I could, produced a rapid change in my sensations; this I well recollect. I began to feel fainter and more weak, and my limbs grew painfully cold. Shiverings now and then came over me; and my mind, contrary to what had happened before, seemed to have by far the advantage of the body. I was conscious of delirium at times, and of demoniacal dreams, but at intervals was more composed, and suffered little pain, but inexorable debility. The viscera seemed to me diminished, and all energy in them extinct, feeling like a dead mass, and as if those of a dead disembowelled animal had been placed within me instead of my own. My giddiness of head increased, together with the spasms and faintness. I am certain, too, that about this time I became totally blind; at least such is my firm impression. I found, too, that in my paroxysms of delirium I had attempted to gnaw my

arms; but the laceration was not deep, simply from the want of physical power to penetrate the muscle with my relaxed jaws. 'When, O God! will my agonies end?' was my frequent sigh, for I was too weak for an articulate ejaculation. I seemed to have forgotten words, even to myself, as I found when I tried to pray: I could not connect what I would say, I can well remember. At length the repose which seemed the forerunner of speedy death came upon me, though still sensible, but powerless as a corpse. I looked for my deliverance by death with unconcern. I have an impression that, while lying in this state, I heard the sound of artillery; but I cannot be certain, any more than I can tell how long it was before I became wholly insensible.

My next recollection of myself is a most painful one. I was I could not guess where. Strange voices were around me, and I could not see the speakers from utter want of vision. The horrible debility I felt in body, combined with the activity of my mind during my resuscitation, was unspeakably painful—so much so, that the recollection almost overpowers me at times even now. It appeared that Ernest had escaped the effects of a thirteen-inch shell, which burst over the passage to the cellar, and broke in the arch. The siege grew warmer, and the city was taken. When matters were a little quiet, the faithful lad did not fail to implore all he met in my behalf. A humane French officer ordered a search to be made, and I was found, apparently lifeless, stretched on my mattress. To the care of a French surgeon I also owe my recovery, and the power of now relating my sufferings. That recovery was slow. I had endured a fast of nine entire days. I am six feet high, and proportionably stout; when found, a boy could have carried me on his back; and I seemed shrunk to the lowest stature, a mere cage of bone and skin. Nothing of inconvenience remains to me now from this my severe trial, save now and then a dream of horrible vividness, which comes upon me whenever I suffer from feverishness or indigestion, and fearfully recalls the past.

LUDICROUS POLITENESS.

Insincerity and extravagant adulation often betray people into uttering the most ridiculous absurdities quite unintentionally. A great man addressing the House of Lords, said, 'It is my most *painful* duty to inform your lordships that it has pleased the Almighty *to release the king from his sufferings*.' This was equivalent to saying that he was sorry the king's sufferings were over. A maid of honour in France, being asked the hour by her royal mistress, obsequiously replied, 'What your majesty pleases;' an answer even less definite than that of the cow-boy, who, after looking up at the town clock, said it was 'only half an inch past eight.' A nurse wishing to give a very polite answer to a gentleman who inquired after the health of a sick baby intrusted to her care, said, 'Oh, sir, I *flatter myself* the child is going to die.' A nobleman told a visitor that he had been talking to him in a dream. 'Pardon me,' replied the other, 'I really did not hear you.' A lady of rank having had the professional services of a village piper at a little fête which she had given on her estate, received the following ridiculously civil note from him:—'Your ladyship's pardon for my boldness in thus applying for payment would be almost a sufficient compensation for the labour of your humble piper, Patrick Walsh.' Lord Clarendon, in his essay on the decay of respect paid to old age, says that, in his younger days, he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, *except at dinner*. In the present day, the wearing of it at dinner would be thought more disrespectful than at any other time.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, used to return the bows of all persons in the street except beggars. He justified this omission by remarking, that to return a beggar's bow without giving him anything would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would seem ostentatious in a prince.

Sir Robert Graham being apprised that he had, by mistake, pronounced sentence of transportation on a criminal who had been found guilty of a capital offence, desired the man to be again placed in the dock, and hastily putting on the black cap, he said, 'Prisoner at the bar, *I beg your pardon*,' and then passed on him the awful sentence of death. A country carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered to be erected by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man, and said, 'Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?' Without intending any sarcasm, the man replied, 'I'm very sorry; for had I known it was for your lordship, it should have been done immediately.'

While an officer was bowing, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. 'You see,' said the officer to those near him, 'that a man never loses by politeness.' Napoleon's hat having fallen off, a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and presented it to him. 'Thank you, *captain*,' said the emperor inadvertently. 'In what regiment, sire?' inquired the sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, and forthwith promoted the witty youth to a captaincy. Notwithstanding the fury with which the battle of Fontenoy was contested, it began with a great show of civility. Lord Charles Hay, a captain of the English guards, advanced before the ranks, and Count d'Auteroche, a lieutenant of grenadiers in the French guards, stepped forward to meet him. 'Fire! gentlemen of the French guards!' exclaimed the English captain. 'No, my lord,' replied the French lieutenant; 'we never fire first.' This reminds us of an anecdote told of Curran, who being called out to give satisfaction to an officer for some imaginary offence, was told by his antagonist to fire first, which he declined, saying, 'As you gave the invitation, I beg you will open the ball.' At the battle of Trafalgar, a generous British sailor, seeing a brother tar bleeding profusely from a severe wound, ran to his assistance. He had no sooner raised him from the deck on which he fell, than the wounded man said, 'Thank you, Jack; and, please God, I'll do the same for you before the fight's over.'

LAW ANECDOTES.

Oglander, in his Memoirs of the Isle of Wight, written in 1700, gives us the following record of a blessing formerly enjoyed by that favoured spot. 'I have heard,' says he, 'and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore was there no lawyer nor attorney in the Isle of Wight, but in Sir George Cary's time, 1588, an attorney coming to settle there, was, by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his side all a-light, and with bells about his legs, hunted out of the place.'

Frederic of Prussia having proclaimed his new code of laws, which rendered lawyers unnecessary, a very large body of them signed a petition to his majesty, praying his relief, and asking what they were to do? Under these circumstances his majesty replied, that those who were tall enough might enlist for grenadiers, and that the shortest would do for drummers and fifers.

Captain Marryatt relates that there were two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People having laughed to see these two names in juxta-position over the door, the two lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names, Isaac and Uriah. The painter, however, finding the board too short to admit the Christian names at full length, put only the initials before the surnames, which made the matter still worse, for there now appeared, 'I. Catchem, and U. Chetum.'

It is a remark of Milton's, but, we would hope, not now a just one, that 'most men are allured to the *trade* of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.'

Ben Jonson has described lawyers as

> 'Men of that large profession, who can speak
> To every cause, and things indeed contraries,
> Till they are hoarse again, yet all be law:
> That with most quick agility can turn,
> And re-turn, make knots, and undo them,
> Give forked counsel, take provoking gold
> From either side, and put it up.'

In passing through a churchyard in Surrey, 'rare Ben' inquired the cause of several poor people weeping over a grave. 'Oh!' said an old dame, 'we have lost our worthy lawyer, Master Randal; he kept us all in peace, and from going to law; truly, he was the best man that ever lived.' 'Well,' responded Ben, 'let this be his epitaph:—

> "God works wonders now and then;
> Here lies a lawyer, an honest man."'

JENNY'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

[This piece, full of nature and truth, is a contribution by Mr Alexander Maclagan, author of 'Tales and Poems,' to a provincial annual, entitled the *Ayrshire Wreath*, of which a second volume has just appeared. This work is a very meritorious one, especially considered as the production of a modest village bookseller, Mr M'Kie of Saltcoats, trusting for aid entirely to 'the ingenious' of his own county, and a very few other friends. Some of the local legends are given with much spirit and effect.]

Come here, sweet cousin Alice,
Come, sit ye doun by me;
For I hae a simple story
O' love to tell to thee.
Ye smile; I ken ye'll think it a'
A foolish, moonshine matter;
But, hech, sirs! how I started when
I got my first love-letter!

'Twas on a lovely morn,
A morn in rosy June,
The flowers were in their richest dress,
The birds in sweetest tune;
The after-grace had just been said
O'er our sweet morning meal;
Sae doun I sat, and blithely sang
Beside my birring wheel.

When to our garden window, lo!
There cam a gentle tap;
And syne a roar o' laughter loud,
And then a louder rap!
And then, as wi' a blast o' wind,
The lattice open flew,
And there the witty wild post-boy
Stood laughing in our view.

'Gude morrow,' quo' our auld gudeman,
'Gude morrow to your glee;
How are ye? hae ye ony news
Within your belt for me?'
'No! nane for you the day, my friend;
But may I daur to speer
Gif a bonny strappin' lassie,
Ca'd Jenny, lodges here?

For I hae a wee bit billet for
The bonny feathered doo;
And as she seems sae sweer to rise,
I e'en maun gie't to you.'
Then, wi' a mocking solemn face,
He hoped that I was weel;
That, for a maid, the safest place
Was at her spinning-wheel.

'For Jenny!' quo' my father
Wi' kindlin' wrath; and then
His awfu' voice, and collie's bark,
Soon brought my mither ben.
She pu'd her silken purse, to pay
The post, that he micht gang;
But the mischief-loving deevil still
Beside the window hang.

And aye he winked his wicked e'e,
And shook his curly head,
And, laughing, cried, 'I ken right weel,
At sight, a lover's screed.
Their seals are a' "Forget-me-nots,"
Or "Heart's ease for Love's pain,"
Or a pair o' sheers, the motto,
"We part to meet again."

I think I guess the writer too;
'Tis like our young squire's hand;
And *he's* no gaun to be a saunt,
As far's *I* understand.
Sae a watchfu' e'e I hope ye'll keep
Upon your bonny pet.'
Then aff he flew, and like a hound
He lap the garden yett.

O! had ye seen us, Allie, dear,
'Twas gloom and silence a';
Had ane but drapt the weest prin,
Ye micht hae heard it fa'.
I turned a sad beg-pardon e'e
Towards my gentle mither;
But the twa puir folk like statues stood,
Mute, gazing on ilk ither.

At length my father turned, and lo!
The wrinkles o' his brow
Were marble pale, but soon as black
As thunder-clouds they grew;
Whilst from his dark and stern e'e,
The fire that flashed and flew,
Like deadly arrows struck my heart,
And pierced it through and through.

I felt like ane who struggles wi'
A dream o' agony—
A torturing dream o' drowning in
A tempest-troubled sea.
And then I wept and trembled,
As doth the new caught hare,
When it battles with a lingering death
Within the hunter's snare!

And then I flew and flung my arms
Around my father's neck—
And then I clung like ane who clings
For life frae sinking wreck.
And when my burning temples fell
Upon his honest breast,
I shut my e'en for shame, and then
My maiden love confest.

I tauld him that my lover tried
Nae vile, nae wicked art,
To wreck my bosom's peace, nor steal
One virtue from my heart.
That honour, truth, and constancy,
Had fanned our mutual flame;
That he might break the seal, and see
He wore nae worthless name.

My mither's heart had grown sae grit,
She scarce could stand or speak;
But the sweet tears o' forgi'en love
Fell het upon her cheek.
At length she said, 'My dear gudeman,
Ye maun forgi'e our bairn,
For the bonny brow o' sweet sixteen
Has muckle wit to learn.

Ha'e ye forgat when you and I
Forgathered, fond and young;
When we fand the wicked world wore
A sting beneath its tongue?
As for the letter, ye may mind
Ye sent me sic anither,
And near-hand gat a crackit croon
Frae my cross-grained gran'mither.'

And when I ventured to look up,
I saw that frae his face
Wild anger's withering wintry gloom
Had fled, and left nae trace;
That frae the landscape o' his soul
The clouds had passed away;
And I felt like ane wha's sudden cast
Frae night to sunny day.

He raised me up, and bade me dicht
My sorrow-laden een;
Then took my hands in his, and said,
'I still will be your frien'.
That ye should hide your love frae me
Made me right wroth, I trow;
But I find ye are virtuous, and
The passion's aff me noo.

Sae, if ye like, ye e'en may send
An answer to the chiel,
And tell him to come wast the night;
I ken his auld folks weel.
And gin ye be like other maids,
Ye'll like, nae doubt, far better
To see the honest lad himsel',
Than get anither letter.'

I ope'd the gilt-edged sheet and read,
And though it wasna lang,
'Twas gude the little that was o't,
And ended wi' a sang!
A sweet sweet-worded sang, a' fu'
O' dear heart-wyling turns;
'Twas written by our own loved bard—
Our dear immortal Burns!

Noo, my sweet cousin Alice,
Ye've aye been dear to me,
My bridal day is drawing nigh,
And bride's-maid ye maun be.
'Tis settled a'—neist Sunday week
Mess John wons up the matter.
But, hech, sirs! how I started when
I gat my first love letter!

Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 10. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1844. Price 1½d.

LIFE IN SHETLAND.

FIRST ARTICLE.

In the remote and thinly-peopled Shetland islands, where the higher class of inhabitants, in many instances residing far from each other, are nearly deprived of society of their own rank, some families are accustomed to fill up their leisure with attention to the animal creation in all the varieties within their reach. In almost every family, indeed, in the seclusion of these islands, the young devote much time and many cares to the domestic creatures necessarily dependent on them, and also to rearing and domesticating sundry animals, in general wild and uninteresting. Of the former class are the herds of ponies each family has to rear and maintain for the farm work, in the absence of carts and roads—the cows which supply so many of our comforts—the weakly or deserted lambs, often taken home from the flocks by which the uninhabited islands and heathy hills are pastured—the geese and other tenants of the poultry-yard, not to speak of those universal favourites, dogs and cats, of which every Shetland household contains a goodly proportion. Some idea of what is meant by the latter may be gleaned from the fact, that at one of the country gentlemen's seats were lately domiciled all at once the following animals: a rein-deer from the North Cape, which roamed about the lawn, and sought its stable with the cows; a seal of the larger species, which occupied a porch attached to the dwelling, and often intruded herself up two flights of stairs, examining each apartment with the most anxious curiosity; a sea-otter, whose region was the kitchen, whose playmate the shepherd's dog, and whose inveterate and not very endearing propensity it was to persist in nestling in the servants' bed, instead of his own comfortable crib; a very fine Newfoundland dog, with which the seal had many amusing and bloodless encounters in her native element; but the finest specimen of the canine race was a *sui generis* Shetland dog, who afterwards pined and died, apparently of a broken heart for his master's temporary absence. There was, moreover, a blue cat of the Persian breed from Archangel—a perfect treasure of her kind for gentleness and affection—and a piebald raven from the Faroe isles; besides several gulls and a cormorant—all quite tame and domestic. Verily, the family had sufficient society—no need of balls, or dinners, or evening parties. Did a glimpse of sunshine enliven the winter day? the seal was carried down in her sedan chair (*alias*, a hand-barrow, which she mounted with eagerness) to the excavation made for her use, into which the sea flowed each tide; and there we would watch her elegant gambols, or throw her the fish that had been provided for her. Was the twilight long, and hanging heavy? the otter and Shetland dog were invited to the parlour, where they would engage in a game of romps. At first it was only on repeated encouragement that the dog would notice his young and playful companion, so inferior in height, although his match in strength and agility: very speedily, however, both got equally energetic, and their gambols and wiles, sometimes uncouth, often elegant, always displaying the attitudes and propensities peculiar to each, would be kept up for a considerable time with untiring spirit. At length, temper being lost on both sides, the kitchen guest would be dismissed; while the canine pet, soothed and caressed by his master, resigned himself to rest on the rug, where he would soon be joined by his inseparable friend and favourite, the gentle puss, who had stolen away when the otter was permitted entrance, no doubt much disgusted and amazed that her beloved master and his family should have such tastes. Thus are we accustomed to make friends and companions of the lower animals, and we are not ashamed to confess, that the loss of some of our playful and affectionate dumb friends has caused sincere sorrow, and, among the young people, many tears; which some may unthinkingly sneer at, but which the gentle and ingenious will recognise as natural and graceful expressions of gratitude for submission unreserved and undeviating, affection enduring and unequivocal, and the display of qualities such as we are accustomed to love in our fellow-men.

Such being our opportunities of observation, and such our experience, we trust a few more particular notices and anecdotes of the animal kingdom in the Shetland islands will not be uninteresting, especially to the young. We shall begin with the ponies.

'Eric, it looks thick; will there be snow, think you?' says the laird to his principal assistant, as the shutters are closed and the candles lighted.

'No doubt of that, sir,' responds Eric; 'the horses are come home.'

'Have you let them in?'

'O yes, sir; they are all in the yard;' and forthwith the master, laying aside the book he had just taken up, and followed by his whole family, go out to see and welcome the shaggy servants, who have come of their own accord from their hilly ranges to seek shelter and food during the approaching storm. There are twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavour to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together.

Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the

ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavouring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk, all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

The horses with us are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift seaweed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. We do not find that the horse is nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity; he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-coloured mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady, who is rather *petite*, could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal she had with her was found and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in colour, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favour of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow we have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labour. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints, and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before: this was often repeated; but as his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigour as ever. No animal could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent, as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known, and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely flavoured and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Who has not heard of the softness and fineness of the Shetland wool? I do not know the reason of its extreme softness. Is it the coarse scanty food, or something peculiar in our herbage? Or is it merely the particular breed? Partly all these causes, I imagine; for the wool degenerates when the sheep are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures in their own. They are of small size—the mutton is highly flavoured and dark-coloured, like the Welsh—the wool is of different shades of brown colour, gray and black, as well as white. I trust the benevolent feelings of my readers will prompt them to a more lively interest in this, the staple article of produce in these poor and lonely isles, when they are informed, that, while the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and, at least, always provide their own clothing, by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine, that it may be spun into a thread as small as a cambric one, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact, that one thousand yards of thread are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine, as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most recherché articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years, the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight.

There is no scene more exciting in Shetland than a whale hunt. When the latter word is used, the reader most probably will associate with it Melton Mowbray, or Oakleigh, or the Caledonian Hunt. How contrasted to these is the scene I would endeavour to describe! In the one are met all the paraphernalia of hounds and horns, a rich and cultivated country, dinners and balls. In the other, Shetland boats and the unstable ocean, shouts and confusion; while, instead of a brush, or a few hares, a shoal of valuable animals driven on shore contribute, by the produce of their blubber, light to our dreary nights, or many comforts to the poor island fishermen. The only species of whale which is thus stranded on the shores of these islands is the *Delphinus Deductor*, or *Ca'ing Whale*, one of the lesser cetacea allied to the

grampus and porpoise. The ca'ing whale, which is from eight to twenty feet long, and yields from twenty to sixty gallons of oil, is gregarious. Crowds of the species roam over the North Sea, always under the guidance of a leader; who would appear, however, to be equally fallible with many human leaders, for he often leads them far out of their proper walk. Every year, hundreds are stranded in Shetland, and also in the Faroe isles, where, it may be remarked, they are of more service, as the Faroese do not scruple to use their flesh as food. As a general account of our whale hunts might be comparatively uninteresting, I shall here give a description of a particular one, which occurred a few years ago, and was attended by circumstances of unusual animation. The scene was one of those snug land-locked bays with which the Shetland isles abound, opening round the point of a small adjacent island into the North Sea; the time was a calm dull winter day.

It was yet the morning twilight, when a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying around the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his hasty toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as murder. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage; and in absence of, or addition to all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighbouring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with the oars; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord; all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, who were seen floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling cauldron. The whales were thus slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be dreaded. The laird and his first lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean. Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm; the short day drew to its close; the afternoon twilight came; but though the sun's beams had been hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon; the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey even through the night; so the laird having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars, and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters, of course, rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, who were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

Next morning, the laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy, though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favour of the captors. On the occasion I have been alluding to, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participators chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. I have mentioned that the flesh of the ca'ing whale is eaten by the natives of the Faroe islands. It is not necessity that compels them to this; for they have abundance of other sorts of animal food—sheep, wild-fowl in profusion, and their superfluous foals, which last are said to be palatable food—but the whale's flesh is considered to be nutritious, and is much to their liking. Having heard of this custom, I resolved to taste the flesh of one of the above-mentioned whales. A young one was selected, from which some steaks were cut, and, without other preparation, broiled. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser than our delicate Shetland beef, indeed, but with no peculiar flavour or odour to distinguish it from ox flesh, or betray its origin. Prejudice was found the only drawback; for several per-

sons—men, women, and children—partook of it with relish, who did not know it to be other than beef; yet no sooner were most of them informed of what their repast consisted, than no persuasions could induce them to finish what remained; so much are we the creatures of early prejudice and prepossession. It is not more than fifty years since the flesh of the seal was eagerly eaten by the Shetlanders, as it still is by the Faroese and Greenlanders. I have tasted it too, and found it much the same, but still more delicate than the whale's. Could the prejudice against whale's flesh be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcases prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea, while the natives of Faroe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

Occasionally a large Greenland whale, or finner, has been stranded and killed among the Shetland islands after the manner described by Sir Walter Scott in the Pirate. A very large one was embayed in a narrow sound above twenty years ago, and having been killed, was towed into the nearest bay, when it grounded, and lay like an island till it was flenched. It was eighty feet long. A six-oared boat could row into its mouth, and it required a ladder to climb on its back. Another individual of this species had more lately run into a narrow creek, in which it could not turn to get out, and was therefore killed without risk or much trouble, and yielded a noble recompense.

SANITARY CONDITION OF THE POPULATION.

INTERMENT IN TOWNS.

In a country such as Britain, where the population has become dense, it is of great consequence that every precaution that medical skill, science, and administrative policy can suggest, should be adopted for the purposes of health. To the labouring classes this is of the last moment; and whilst public baths, for instance, are so desirable for the comforts of the living, care must be taken that their good effects are not neutralised by the existence of a fetid and deleterious atmosphere produced by the remains of the dead. The practice of interring the dead amidst the habitations of our town-population has lately occupied the attention of the Poor Law Commission, and a report has been made, containing much useful information and some salutary suggestions, both in a physical and moral point of view.

Emanations from putrifying animal matter are calculated to produce disease, and to depress the general health of those within their reach. The people living near the depôt for animal matter in Paris are said to be 'tormented with fevers;' and at the hospital of St Louis, in the neighbourhood, medical evidence attests, that whenever the wind is from the direction of the depôt, the wounds of sores under treatment assume a foul aspect. Even master-butchers admit that the men exclusively engaged in the slaughter-houses, in which perfect cleanliness and due ventilation are neglected, suffer in their health. Workmen engaged in cleansing sewers are almost always subject to violent intestinal derangements; and specific diseases have been traced to no other proximate cause. There can be no doubt that the direct introduction of putrescent animal matter produces fevers and inflammations; but it is equally true that this morbific matter is as capable of entering the system when minute particles of it are diffused in the atmosphere, as when it is directly introduced into the blood-vessels by a wound. The exhalations arising from marshes, bogs, and other uncultivated and undrained places; from close, ill-ventilated, and crowded apartments; from dirty and neglected ships, &c. generate fevers more or less malignant, according to circumstances. These are admitted facts. What represses conviction as to the injurious nature of exhalations from the dead, is the difficulty of tracing their direct effects; since, except where accidental circumstances have favoured their accumulation or concentration in an unusual degree, they are so diluted by the air of the atmosphere as not to be sensibly obvious. When the Asiatic cholera visited this country, many of the towns were afflicted with dysentery before the cholera appeared in an unquestionable form. In like manner, the miasmata evolved from churchyards may produce injurious effects, which may not be sufficiently marked to call attention, until they assume a serious form by becoming more concentrated. A complication of other causes increases the difficulty of fixing the extent of the operation of those emanations on the health of the people in crowded districts. It is nevertheless manifest that deleterious effects are produced. Even the sewers which come in contact with burial-yards emit most offensive odours; and the well-water of London, Leicester, and other places, has been found tainted from its proximity to receptacles for the dead.

These evils become hugely aggravated when we look to the state and condition of the masses of poor labourers, who have often only one room, in which they and their families are born, live, sleep, and die. It appears from a report of the Statistical Society, that in St George's, Hanover Square, 1465 families of the labouring classes had 2175 rooms, and 2510 beds; out of 5945 persons, 839 were in bad health; and one family in eleven, and in Marylebone 1 in 100 only, had a third room in which to place a corpse. This is no peculiar case. In the same room in which families eat and sleep, the dead body often is exposed in the only bed. Fevers and other contagious diseases are thus propagated. The keeping of the corpse in the same room with the living is attended with even greater danger than that produced by emanations from crowded graveyards, as the miasma from the dead is more dangerous immediately after death, and bears directly upon the constitutions of the survivors—usually exhausted in body by watching, and depressed mentally by anxiety and grief. It is an astounding fact, that, whilst the ratio of deaths from contagious diseases to the total deaths amongst the chief classes of society, in London, is 1 in $10\frac{7}{10}$, the same ratio amongst the labouring classes gives 1 in $4\frac{7}{10}$.

The prolonged keeping of the dead in the crowded rooms of the poor is stated in the report to have demoralising effects, by inducing familiarity, disrespect for the human form under suffering, an indifference about death, and a recklessness about life itself. The practice is powerfully influenced by the difficulty of raising the expenses of funerals. Mr Bell, who for several years acted as clerk to Mr Stirling, the late coroner for Middlesex, cites several cases of children found dead in the metropolis, in which, on inquiry, it was proved that the deaths were natural, but that the bodies had been actually abandoned in consequence of the difficulty of raising the money for interment, and the reluctance to apply for parochial aid. The average price of funerals amongst the working-classes in London is about L.4 or L.5, exclusive of burial fees. In benefit societies and burial clubs there is generally a sum set aside for the burial, which is often very extravagantly expended. It frequently occurs that a widow is crippled in her means through life by the expense of a funeral. The funeral of a person of the condition of an attorney would cost 100 guineas; of a tradesman of the lowest class, L.10 or L.12; of a gentleman, L.150 is a low average; of a person of rank or title, from L.500

to L.1500. This applies, with little variation, to the most populous provincial towns. In Scotland, the expenses of the funerals of persons of the middle class vary from L.12 to L.25; taking Glasgow by itself, from L.12 to L.50. This scale of expense seems to arise from the funeral arrangements being left in a great measure to those who have a direct interest in maintaining a system of profuse expenditure.

The desire to procure the usual form of interment has induced the labouring classes to subscribe extensively to what are called Burial Clubs. These are generally got up by an undertaker and a publican, at whose house the club is held. The rules require a certain sum to be paid for drink; and in the East London Burial Society, for instance, the office of undertaker is secured in the family for successive generations. The members are little consulted. The publican is generally made the treasurer, and usually, the money is placed by him in the hands of his brewer, by whom four to five per cent. interest is paid for its use as capital. The premiums paid to these clubs are utterly disproportioned to the respective ages of the parties, and are, besides, continually failing. Insurances on the lives of children are frequently made in five or six clubs; and neglect of children, and even infanticide, have been traced in Manchester and Stockport to the temptation of the burial monies. Such is the danger of disturbing natural responsibilities, and allowing interests to be placed in opposition to moral feelings.

According to estimates which have been made, the total yearly expenses of funerals in London amount to L.626,604, and for the whole of England and Wales L.4,871,493. Large as these sums are, the interment of the dead is not, generally speaking, either solemn or respectful, at least in crowded cities; nor does it appear practicable to amend the present system, whilst the practice of burial in crowded districts is retained. The religious ceremonies are hurried over, and sometimes ten or fifteen different burial parties are in the churchyard at one and the same time. The service *in*side the church is often omitted altogether where it is not specially paid for.

Such are a few of the chief evils that at present exist in respect to interments, many of which, it is contended, might be prevented by a system more accordant with rational principles, and which was placed under a proper responsible superintendence. It has been suggested that much good might be done, in particular, by an officer whose duty it should be to inspect all houses where a death has taken place, and direct any measures which might be considered necessary for purifying it from miasma. The chief proposed improvement refers to burial-grounds, which, it is now concluded, are everywhere on a too limited scale. At present, in the arrangements of the cemeteries belonging to joint-stock companies, it is calculated that every acre of ground filled with vaults and private graves will receive no fewer than 11,000 bodies! and the same graves are opened and re-opened unintermittingly. From well-authenticated data, the space devoted to the burial of these 11,000 should be 87 acres, supposing the interments renewable in the same places in periods of 10 years. In this way a space about a fourth larger than Hyde Park, which has 350 acres, would suffice for the interment of 50,000 —the annual mortality of London; and about 30 acres for the burials of Edinburgh. In all cases, these burial-grounds ought to be removed from the metropolis, and no houses allowed to be built within certain distances. The total estimate of charges for interments in London, inclusive of compensations for vested rights, the payment for the purchase of new cemeteries, and new establishment charges, is L.251,861, or an annual saving on the present estimated total expense of L.374,743. It is proposed that the charge of the purchase of the land, and the structural arrangements, be spread over thirty years, and the payment of the money be charged, with interest, on the burials of persons of the middle and higher classes, which would still be greatly below the charges usually found in undertakers' bills.

On every moral, religious, and physical ground, it would seem, from the report, that a change is desirable, whether as regards the health of the surviving population, the oppressive charges for interments, or the sacred and solemn respect that should be shown to the remains of the dead. Sir Christopher Wren's plan for the rebuilding of London after the great fire included suburban cemeteries; and it was certainly the practice of the early Christians. 'It were,' concludes the report, 'a reproach to the country, and its institutions and its government, and to its administrative capacity, to suppose that what is satisfactorily done in the German states, may not, now that attention is directed to the subject, be generally done at least as well and satisfactorily in this country; or that the higher classes would not, in whatever depends on their voluntary aid, exhibit as good and practical example of community of feeling in taking a lead in the adoption of all arrangements tending to the common benefit, as that displayed in the states which have achieved the most satisfactory improvement of the practice of interment by well-appointed officers of public health.'

MRS TOPPER'S LAST CHRISTENING.

THE evening before his latest born was to receive its name, Mr Thomas Topper was seated in his splendid drawing-room, enjoying his coffee and his own reflections. Every luxury that money could procure surrounded him. He lounged in a fauteuil of the latest patent, on which the inventor seemed to have exhausted contrivances to produce ease for every limb and comfort in every position. His feet rested on a rampant tiger, worked almost as naturally as life, in Berlin wool, on a hair-stuffed cushion. Above him—to use Mrs Topper's invariable expressions when describing the furniture of her house—hung a 'two-hundred guinea' chandelier; under him was a hundred-and-twenty guinea Whitney carpet; beside him stood an immense Dresden vase, bought at a late duke's sale for five hundred pounds, and universally pronounced to be a bargain. The windows and ottomans were adorned with silk damask, the ceiling with painted angels peeping out of clouds, the walls with costly pictures and extensive looking-glasses. Beside an elegant pianoforte was placed a gilded harp, and the recesses of the room were adorned with buhl-tables, spread over with or-molu ornaments and expensive bijouterie; in short, any stranger who entered the apartment, without knowing to whom it really belonged, would have imagined himself in the palace of some Eastern prince, and one possessing a taste for household furniture by no means severe.

'Angelina Helena Pettifer Antoinetta Topper!' reflected the father, as he sipped the best coffee that Mocha could produce out of the most costly Sèvres cups that money could buy. 'Rather a long, and certainly an out-of-the-way string of names! That, however, is no business of mine. Mrs Topper manages all these little matters, and has a superstition about the names of our children. Besides, after letting her have her own way concerning the other ten, it would be rather late in the day for me to interfere in the christening of the eleventh. There will, however, be no harm in my acquainting her with my notions on the matter.'

The husband had just come to this conclusion, when Mrs Topper entered the apartment, remarking that, thanks to her energetic exertions, all the arrangements

for the grand christening festival of the morrow were complete. Mr Topper was delighted to hear it, and ventured to introduce the subject he had just been discussing in his own mind. The lady entirely dissented from her lord's opinion, declaring there was 'everything in a name,' and referring to the past career of their other children in proof of the theory. 'Reflect,' she began, 'in the first place, on the situation of our eldest son. Was there ever anything more uncouth than Samuel—except, indeed, his name? His manners keep him down to one level, which is that of a tradesman in a country town. Mary the same: she has not a notion above her station as the wife of a custom-house clerk. Augusta Amelia is, to be sure, a shade better in that respect; though she, poor thing, is always in trouble, from a tendency in her husband to live a little beyond his income. Look, on the other hand, at the superiority, both in manners and prospects, of our younger children, whose names are more aristocratic. Reginald Albert is certain to make his way at the bar; and Alicia Cecilia will in all probability become a countess.'

'True,' answered Topper drily, 'but a French one.'

'Then just consider the connexions which Pelham Augustus Poltimore is forming at Oxford. By the way, I hope you sent the poor boy the hundred pounds he wrote for yesterday?'

Mr Topper uttered an affirmative groan.

'*He* will, I feel convinced, become a member of parliament. And now you see how completely my superstitions, as you call them, about names have been borne out. So baby, bless her, shall not, I am determined, labour under the same disadvantage as her elder brothers and sisters. Besides, Angelina Helena Pettifer Antoinetta is not so very extravagant after all.'

'O no,' replied the complying husband, to get rid of the discussion, 'not at all, my dear. It is of no consequence; only I thought I would just mention it.'

The day after this conversation, the neighbourhood of Tavistock Square resounded with the roll of carriages; for Mrs Topper owned to none but carriage acquaintances, except when disagreeably pressed on the subject of her early friends. The sponsors of the child were the Marquis and Marchioness of Pettifer, and the right honourable the Lady Antoinetta Appleby; the dinner which followed the ceremony was graced by the presence of several baronets and knights; and the few commoners present were either very rich or very *distingué*. The entire fête, therefore, was prepared on the most splendid and costly scale. The servants appeared in new liveries, consisting of pink and white, with gold-lace aigulettes; the guests were served upon silver; and the whole entertainment was contracted for by the celebrated Gunter, without any limit whatever as to the expense.

'Topper must be very rich,' said one of the guests to another in a corner of the crowded drawing-room, when the company had retired from table.

'Perhaps he is,' was the reply; 'but there is no knowing. These stock-exchange men are one day rolling in wealth, and the next would, if their affairs could be suddenly wound up, be found hardly able to pay twenty shillings in the pound.'

'But I should think Topper's fortune stood on a firm basis, or he would not be able to draw around him such high connexions.'

'There again you draw a false conclusion. The noblemen you meet here are notoriously needy, and Topper is useful to them; indeed they are mutually useful to each other:—Topper lends them money, and they in return lend him their patronage and countenance.'

The first speaker, a young man and a baronet, blushed. His companion noticed this, but, being a man of the world, was not embarrassed. Sir John Neville soon recovered himself, and said, smiling, 'You seem to be deeply versed in these matters?'

'I ought to be,' returned the elder guest, 'having spent all my life in the city. My name is Rigby.'

Sir John bowed, and professed himself happy to make Mr Rigby's acquaintance; for he guessed rightly that the stranger was at the head of one of the greatest mercantile houses in London. Here their conversation was interrupted by one of the Italian singers who had been engaged to amuse the company; but when the music had ceased, it was resumed.

'They have given rather a long set of names to the child,' Neville remarked.

'Yes, and very amusing Mrs Topper is on that point,' returned Rigby. 'The names of her children rise in number and classical refinement as her husband's fortunes flourished. When they married, he was clerk to a stock-broker, and the first boy was plain "Samuel." The second son was born when Topper got into business on his own account, and is "Reginald Albert." By a lucky speculation, my friend afterwards amassed a little money, took a house at Peckham, kept a phaeton, and christened his next child "Augusta Amelia." Fortune continued to smile, and by the time the youngest son came into the world, a carriage and pair were set up; so the aristocratic names of Pelham Agustus Poltimore were given to the boy. Having now reached the summit of affluence, Mrs Topper thinks it necessary to mark the event by christening the baby Angelina Helena Pettifer Antoinetta.'

'A climax indeed,' returned Neville; 'but I think I hear my cab announced; can I offer you a seat in it?' Rigby replied in the affirmative, and the new friends went away together. The rest of the company gradually departed, and the host and hostess were soon left alone, surrounded by the wrecks of the grandest feast that had been given in Tavistock Square since that modern neighbourhood rose into existence.

At breakfast the next morning Mr Topper handed his wife one of the several letters which had come by post. 'It is from Sam,' he remarked, without any regard to his lady's aristocratic notions about names.

'So I perceive,' was the reply; 'there is no mistaking his epistles; they are without envelopes, and always sealed with a wafer-stamp.' But Mrs Topper's dissatisfaction was not to stop here. She did not like the wording of the letter; it was so ungenteel and business-like.

'Why, it is a business letter,' said Topper. 'Don't you perceive? he advises the remittance of five hundred pounds sent for me to fund for him, having done a good transaction in tallow.'

'Faugh!' ejaculated the lady; 'I thought tallow was done away with. There has been none in *this* house for these five years. But what is here?' she continued, reddening with anger; 'Little Sam begs love to his grandmother!' On perceiving this terrible postscript, in which she was so unpolitely designated, Mrs Topper would have doubtless fainted, had she not possessed an extremely robust constitution. Her husband did not share in her disgust. Far from it; for he cared very little about his eldest son's gentility, so as he made money.

There were two other letters, however, which displeased him. The second was from his daughter Augusta Amelia, declaring that her husband was in danger of losing his situation, unless her dear papa could advance them two hundred pounds; the third was from Reginald Albert, the barrister, threatening to take the benefit of the insolvent act, and disgrace the whole family, unless 'the governor' could assist him with enough to compromise with his creditors.

'Mrs Topper,' said the indignant father in the sarcastic tones of subdued rage, 'I am becoming a convert

to your theory concerning names. There *is* a fate attached to them. When we were poor——'

The lady here intreated her spouse to drop *that* subject. But he was inexorable.

'When we were poor, we were content to give our children plain pronounceable names, and to educate them in a manner becoming our station. Consequently, their notions never soared beyond those proper to the children of parents in humble circumstances, one of whom was a stock-broker's clerk, and the other the daughter of a Middle Temple laundress.'

'Really, Mr Topper, if you go on in this way, I must leave the room.'

'I repeat it, Mrs Topper, as a means of wholesome humiliation—a laundress's daughter! I do not mean it offensively; but if you had a coronet on your brow, you could not alter that fact.'

Mrs Topper began to sob.

'Well, you see how Sam is going on, steadily and successfully making money. Then there is Mary, she is saving out of her husband's small salary. But reverse the picture. Regard the goings on of your aristocratically named children, who have been bred up as fine ladies and gentlemen. Augusta Amelia ruining her husband by extravagance, Reginald Albert threatening us with insolvency, Alicia Cecilia spending enough in dress and gadding to keep a couple of families.'

'Well, sir, you must admit that the money is well laid out. Has it not helped to attract the attentions of the Count de Trompeur? Will it not, if she play her cards properly, make her a countess?'

'That is as it may be. But tell me of what return is likely to be made for all the capital sunk in Pelham Augustus Poltimore's education? There is no end to the fifties and hundreds he has had since he went to Oxford.'

As the conversation turned on her favourite children, so did Mrs Topper's rancour soften and her brow brighten; and, the law of household storms being exactly the same as that of elemental ones—being invariably succeeded by calms—harmony was soon restored. The truth is, Mr Topper—good easy man—seldom gave way to these little outbursts: he had weightier affairs to trouble him than domestic cares, and these he left to his wife. It was her department: he handed them over to her just as, in business, he intrusted the management of one sort of stock to his 'foreign clerk,' another to a long 'annuity clerk,' a third to his 'consol clerk;' and having perfect confidence in his wife and his clerks, he never interfered with the routine duties of the one or the other, unless his attention was called to them by something going wrong. Even on such occasions Topper's anger was of short duration, and easily mollified. In fact, Mrs Topper could always conquer it whenever she strove to keep her own temper whole; for a smile, with a few little endearing pleasantries, was sure to restore her husband's equanimity. So well did she eventually succeed, that she had the happiness of finding checks left on the breakfast table for the necessities of her distressed children. Singularly enough, they coincided in amount with the sum the eldest son had sent up to invest in the funds. After this act of liberality, Topper departed for the city earlier than usual; as at that time there were great doings in the money market.

At home Mrs Topper had her great doings also. The count was expected to propose for Alicia Cecilia every day; and he had positively promised to call that morning, when the awful moment would likely arrive. True to his word, his knock was heard about two o'clock. The young lady, in a state of fluttering agitation, disappeared to her own room, leaving the visitor to be received by her mother.

The Count de Trompeur was the perfection of high breeding—at least according to Mrs Topper's ideas—though on this occasion he shook hands with her in a manner far from fashionable, for he threw a little emotion into his grasp, and the lady felt certain that she found in him a future son-in-law. The count's agitation increased when inquiring after the health of Alicia Cecilia; but when, glancing from her, he mentioned his own family, described their immense estates in the south of France, their ancient lineage and accumulated wealth, his emotion was painfully apparent. Of course the subject of Alicia Cecilia's fortune and its probable amount was the farthest from his thoughts, and Mrs Topper deemed it necessary to remind him that she was not without one—to be sure, she was ashamed to mention its amount. The count, however, intreated her to have no reserves; the dowry was named; and before dinner-time the Count de Trompeur became the affianced lover of Alicia Cecilia Topper!

It took the delighted mother the whole morning to write to her friends, announcing the happy event; but in accordance with her views, Samuel and Mary were kept in ignorance of the fact, though not a single other friend above a certain rank but were advised of it, down even to Emeline Marianna de Montmorency Topper, her youngest daughter but one, who was at a boarding-school in Paris.

It happened that her husband was no less busy in the city. It was a time when a monetary crisis impended; and all Topper's acuteness was brought into play to prevent the chance of very heavy losses, not only to his clients, but to himself. In one stock so rapid a fall had taken place, that he was some thousands poorer at four o'clock than when he rose in the morning. This, however, did not shake either his nerves or his credit, and on returning home, he dined with his usual appetite; but he heard the news of the count's proposal with much more indifference than was quite pleasing to his wife.

We must now pass over the space of six months, during which some remarkable events happened. Soon after Alicia Cecilia married, and became a countess, a woful change of affairs took place in Tavistock Square. By a great convulsion in money affairs, Mr Topper, from being one of the richest men in the city, was reduced to bankruptcy. All the splendid finery which his wife had taken so much pains, and spent so much money to collect, was sold to pay creditors, and both were obliged to seek a temporary asylum with their daughter Mary and her husband, the humble custom-house clerk; for, except Samuel, who lived at a distance, not one of their other children had a home of their own to shelter them. Their misfortunes ended not here; for the youngest child was, in the depth of their distress, taken ill; and the god-daughter of a marquis, whose christening had been celebrated with so much splendour, breathed its last in a small house in a back street of Camberwell. In the end, Mr and Mrs Topper became dependent, for the rest of their lives, on their elder children for support.

What, it will be asked, had become of their countess-daughter, of the barrister and collegian? Alas! the former, it was found, when too late, had been sacrificed to a worthless adventurer, who was discarded by his family on account of dissipation. The younger sons having acquired habits of expense, which unfitted them for a time for profitable employment, had to pass through a galling ordeal of privation and contumely, before they could earn sufficient for their own support. When, however, they had been sufficiently tried in the fire of adversity to become useful members of society, it was perceived that the former aristocratic connexions of their parents had not entirely deserted them, for the Marquis of Pettifer procured a colonial solicitor-generalship for Reginald Albert, and the names of Pelham Augustus Poltimore Topper graced the red book as a subordinate clerk in the treasury, through the interest of Sir John Neville.

It was many years before the shock of accumulated misfortunes passed away; but once withstood, Mr and Mrs Topper felt themselves more happy than when amidst the excitement and pretension of their highest prosperity. Mrs Topper had completely conquered her

prejudice for fine names. And during a visit to Samuel, the kindest of her sons, she consented to become sponsor to one of his children, and give to her grandchild the plain name of 'Jane.'

SCENES ON BOARD A CAPTURED SLAVER.

THE pamphlet of the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, 'Fifty Days on Board a Slave-Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May 1843,'* is a production not more remarkable for its naked exposure of the present state of the African slave trade, than for its candid revelation of very dire transactions taking place under the British flag. We shall attempt a brief review of the contents.

Her Majesty's ship Cleopatra, of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain C. Wyvill, sailed from Spithead in July 1842, under orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope station, and to convey Governor Gomm to Mauritius. The vessel having reached Rio Janeiro, the Rev. P. G. Hill was there transferred from the Malabar to the Cleopatra, to act as chaplain during the voyage. After a stay of a week at Rio, where an opportunity was afforded of seeing and describing the condition of the Brazilian slave population, the Cleopatra sailed on her cruise, and reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 9th of October. From this point the vessel got round the Cape to the eastern coast of Africa, and having touched at Mauritius, arrived, in January 1843, at Madagascar. The stretch of ocean between this large island and the African continent, called the Mozambique Channel, appears to have been the appointed cruising ground of the Cleopatra, in order to watch and check any attempt on the part of slave vessels to carry away negroes from the African coast. The centre of this odious traffic being about the mouth of the Quilimane river, which is exactly opposite Madagascar, here the Cleopatra kept a sharp look-out for her prey. The reverend author describes various nautical manœuvres and sailings to and fro in this arduous enterprise, all proving abortive; till at length, on the 12th of April, a brigantine of suspicious appearance being observed from the mast-head, a chase was the consequence. After the firing of a few shots, the brigantine, no match for her powerful antagonist, yielded to her fate. A cutter was hoisted out from the Cleopatra, with an officer, to take possession, and the green and yellow flag of Brazil was displaced by the British ensign. The capture being thus effected, Captain Wyvill, the writer of the narrative, and the surgeon, went on board the prize, to see the state of affairs. Here we may let the chaplain tell his own story.

'It was a strange scene which presented itself to us when we mounted her side. The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters, who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of "farinha," the powdered root of the mandroe or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of aquardiente, fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats' crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long universal shout of triumph and delight.'

The vessel proved to be the Progresso, bound for Rio Janeiro. It had taken its cargo on board only the evening before, and was under the charge of a crew, seventeen in number, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Brazilians. The size of the vessel was about 140 tons, length of the slave-deck 37 feet, its mean breadth 21½ feet, and its height 3½ feet. The captain was not forthcoming, and it was alleged he was drowned, though this was ultimately discovered to be false. A muster being made of the hapless beings on board, they were found to amount to 189 men, mostly under twenty years of age, 45 women, and 213 boys—total 447. To relieve the vessel, Captain Wyvill took fifty on board the Cleopatra, leaving 397 in the Progresso, which was immediately sent off to the Cape of Good Hope under the charge of a lieutenant, a master's assistant, a quartermaster, a boatswain's mate, and nine seamen. Four Spaniards and a Portuguese, including the cook, were permitted to remain in the prize. Mr Hill having expressed a wish to act as chaplain on board the captured slaver, his offer was accepted, and he sailed with the party on the voyage to the Cape. More than fifty of the negroes would have been put on board the Cleopatra, so as to relieve the pressure in the Progresso, but the surgeon thought that small-pox prevailed among the slaves, and a limited number only was taken from the vessel. This opinion proved erroneous; the eruption was afterwards found to be a species of itch. All went well with the overloaded Progresso for a few hours, while good weather lasted. Shortly after midnight a sudden squall sprung up, and great was the confusion on deck, covered as it was by groups of naked negroes, who remained above for the sake of fresh air. Strangely enough, the possibility of some such change of weather does not seem to have been provided against. All was tumult on board; the sailors had a difficulty in finding and handling the ropes; and an order was given to send the whole of the negroes below, which was immediately obeyed. The writer proceeds to relate what ensued. The night, he says, 'being intensely hot, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only 3½ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and, in some instances, succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say, without exaggeration, "the smoke of their torment"—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be "many deaths."' This warning, however, does not appear to have been regarded, nor does the writer say that he made any effort to interfere.

Next day the prediction of the Spaniard 'was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were ema-

* London: John Murray. 1844.

ciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one —the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth— to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning, "Ya se lo dixè anoche." He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of farinha, and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing; their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night.' Being thus somewhat refreshed, the negroes, reduced to 343 in number, 'went below of their own accord, the hatchways being left open to allow them air. But a short time, however, had elapsed when they began tumultuously to re-ascend, while persons above, afraid of their crowding the deck too much, repelled them, and they were trampled back, screaming and writhing, in a confused mass. The hatch was about to be forced down on them, and, had not the lieutenant in charge left positive orders to the contrary, the catastrophe of last night would have been re-enacted.' The negroes were now disposed in the most convenient places on the deck, out of the way of the ropes, and covered with long rugs provided for the purpose. This attention was rewarded by only one being found dead next morning; but several were in a dying state, from the effects of injuries suffered on the first and awful night.

The Progresso had been provided with stores sufficient to victual the negroes for two months. There were six hundred bags of small beans, bags of rice and farinha, and below the slave-deck were stowed twenty-two huge casks of water, containing each five or six hogsheads. The cabin stores were also profuse; ale, porter, wines, macaroni, tapioca, pickles, cigars, raisins, almonds, &c.; and the coops on deck contained ducks, fowls, and pigs. There was thus no want of food or water, but the latter article seems to have been dispensed with ultra economy. The quantity allowed to each was a pint per diem, but this was far from quenching the thirst which perpetually raged amongst them. Driven to desperation, 'they eagerly,' says our author, 'catch the drippings from the sails after a shower, apply their lips to the wet masts, and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. I have remarked some of the sick licking the deck, when washed with salt water.' To aggravate their distress, the water casks in the hold beneath their den were almost within reach. To lift the planks of their flooring, and furtively get at these repositories during the night, was a crime of which they were found to be guilty. One night the chaplain hears a noise, and obtaining a lantern, 'I descended on the slave-deck,' says he, 'with a Spaniard and an English sailor, who caught seven of the ringleaders in the act of drawing water from the casks beneath. The long loose planks which compose this deck have daily to be removed to get at the water and provisions; but the nightly depredators, in raising them, must at the same time displace a mass of living beings piled on the top, regardless, no doubt, of any injury they may thus cause to them. The mischief resulting from their delinquency is not the loss of the water abstracted, but the corruption of that which remains, by the foul rags which they dip into the casks to obtain it. The boys were anxious to exculpate themselves from sharing in the theft with the men, crying in their language, "Ouishi ouishi no capean"—"the little ones do not steal." This morning the culprits were "seized up" with small cords to the fore-rigging, and received from fifteen to twenty lashes each from a rope's end; a Spaniard, an Englishman, and a strong negro, relieving each other at the task.'

If designed as an example, the lashing failed in its effect. Some days later, more water-stealing was discovered, and 'summary punishment was inflicted on eight. They received by moonlight about eighteen lashes each, and were coupled in shackles previously to being sent back into the hold. Thus, as in many other fine beginnings, the end but ill corresponds with the "early promise." The sound of knocking off their irons, which thrilled so musically on the ear when we boarded the prize, terminates in the clank of riveting them on again, with the accompaniment of flogging. The result of their offence is certainly highly provoking, when, as is sometimes the case, instead of pure water, we draw up from the casks their putrid rags: on the other hand, none can tell, save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in that heated hold, many of them fevered by mortal disease.' The chaplain does not tell us that any means were taken to *prevent* these thefts. Flogging, to all appearance, was the only cure.

The deaths continued frequent from over-crowding, disease, and other causes, and the bodies, as we learn, were tossed overboard without winding-sheet or ceremony. This, which excites no remark from the writer, surely was not seemly. If the negroes were not Christians, they were at any rate human beings. One of the bodies would not sink. 'When thrown overboard, it being a dead calm, the body floated for upwards of half an hour, the face above water, close to the vessel, and sometimes striking against the side; while we were in apprehension every moment that a shark might approach and seize on it.' When a sailor died, his body was committed to the deep with the usual solemnities, and loaded to carry it out of sight.

During the progress of the voyage southwards, the weather became cold, and this was a change of evils. 'May 1.—The naked negroes begin already to shiver, and their teeth to chatter. This is a new infliction added to the former calamities to which this unhappy race is doomed. * * May 3.—We feel the cold severely. Seven negroes were found dead this morning—among them a girl.' Deaths also continue from the lurching of the vessel during squally weather: through the gloom of the night, the shrieks rise above the noise of the wind and waves, and are, 'of all horrors in this unhappy vessel, the saddest.' When the morning comes, 'the same dismal oft-repeated tale—three bodies, a man and two boys, lifted on deck from the hold. The man was one who had been savagely beaten by two of his fellows in misery three or four days ago. That the greater number of those who die have their deaths hastened by others overlying or otherwise injuring them below, is obvious from the fact, that they are found dead in the morning; very rarely, at least, during the day-time. It not unfrequently happens that they are crushed between the loose planks of the slave-deck, affording space for their limbs to slip down beyond their strength to extricate.' Surely something might have been done to fasten these shifting planks!

Our author speaks of the little respect for each other among these negroes, yet he somewhat contradictorily praises their courtesy and love of fair dealing. 'May 18.—There is a natural good-breeding frequently to be remarked among the negroes, which one might little expect. They sometimes come aft on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little present of food or water, is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards; and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, though it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a courtesy, bowing their knees forwards so as nearly to touch the ground. In the par-

tition of the small pieces of beef in their tubs of farinha, the most perfect fair-dealing is always observed.'

On the 28th of May, Cape Agulhas came in sight, and in a day or two afterwards the negroes were landed, in order to be transported to Cape Town in wagons. Of the 397 at the beginning of the voyage, only 222 lived to reach the Cape, making the total number of deaths on board 175. Many, however, died after landing; and of those in the Cleopatra, two died. The scene on board the Progresso at the clearing out of the living mass was appalling. Seven bodies lay piled on deck to be buried on the beach, and 'the body of a lad was found beneath the planks in a state of decomposition. Part of a hand had been devoured, and an eye completely scooped out by rats.

At the conclusion of his narrative, the reverend writer states it as his impression, that the present arrangements to put down the slave trade are futile. In the first place, the trade offers the most extraordinary profits. On the east coast of Africa slaves can be always purchased with ease, and at a moderate price. Sometimes money, and sometimes coarse cottons are paid in exchange, at the rate of about L.3, 16s. 6d. per man, and L.2, 9s. for boys. Taken to Rio Janeiro, a man will sell for L.52, a woman for L.41, 10s., and a boy for L.31. The author assumes that L.19,000 will thus be cleared on a single cargo. At this rate of profits, a slave trader will be compensated if he secure only one cargo out of four or five, which he is certain to do. With avarice whetted by an average degree of success, he defies all risks. In the second place, he has nothing to fear from punishment. The United States, Great Britain, the States of Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Portugal, have each, by conventions or legislative enactments, declared the slave trade to be piracy, and its perpetrators deserving of death as pirates; but all this is practically a dead letter. The crew of the Progresso were set at liberty, 'there being no authority at the Cape to deal with them as criminals.'

Stimulated with the hopes of excessive gains, and dreading no personal chastisement, the slave traders carry on their detestable traffic with as great vigour at the present moment, if not greater, than at any former period. 'While we boast the name of Wilberforce,' observes Mr Hill, 'and the genius and eloquence which enabled him to arouse so general a zeal against the slave trade; while others are disputing with him the claim of being "the true annihilator of the slave trade," that trade, so far from being annihilated, is at this very hour carried on under circumstances of greater atrocity than were known in his time, and the blood of the poor victims calls more loudly on us as the actual, though unintentional aggravators of their miseries.'

These announcements, by no means new, are sufficiently humiliating. The interference of British philanthropists has vastly aggravated the horrors of the slave trade. Instead of being carried across the ocean in roomy vessels, the negroes are now packed into the smallest possible space, in brigantines built for quick sailing; and thus, while as many cross the Atlantic as ever—it is said 20,000 annually—notwithstanding the vigilance of British cruisers, the sufferings and deaths during the passage are prodigiously increased. Capture, even by a British vessel, would seem, from the account before us, to be by no means an immediate relief to the sufferers. Officers, unaccustomed to such duties, and probably with few trusty hands to aid them, make indifferent custodiers of the newly emancipated negroes; so that, under the British flag, and under the guise of discipline, scenes occur as revolting as any which take place in the slave-holding states of the New World. Is there, then, really no means left for putting down the abominable trade in slaves? Must philanthropy sit down and sigh over evils which are apparently irremediable? The author before us hints at civilising and Christianising Africa by missionaries, as the only means of cutting up the traffic at its roots. We agree with him so far; but go a step farther, and point to the kind of missionaries to be employed. Africa, in our opinion, is only to be civilised by her own coloured race. This, fortunately, can be done without taking a shilling from the European purse. There is a demand for hired labourers in the West Indies. Supply this demand from Africa, giving the servants so introduced a safe conduct back to their native country on the expiry of their engagements. Carrying home with them the civilised habits and tastes, also the knowledge of the Christian doctrines and graces, which they would acquire during their servitude, a flood of civilisation might thus be regularly returned to the African continent, affecting all within its influence. Nor is this scheme without precedent. Already, in the small and free state of Liberia, on the coast of Africa, manumitted American slaves have successfully planted the standard of civilisation, and, we believe, done more to Christianise this benighted region than all the efforts of English philanthropists put together. It is unfortunate that, because the Liberian scheme did not originate in England, it has hitherto been viewed with distrust, if not open indignity, in this country. Still, there is the fact of its success, offering a lesson which the anti-slavery societies should not rashly disregard. The experience of half a century proves that guns cannot put down the slave trade. And a refusal to have commercial dealings with the South American states will prove equally fallacious; for they will deal with some one else, and we shall only lose their trade for our pains. In short, there appears no means to quell this horrid traffic than that of outdoing the slave-holding states by cheapness and dexterity of labour; and to effect this result, nothing could be so effectual as to strip the West Indies of their present sloth-inducing monopoly, and compel them to resort to every honourable expedient to undersell their slave-holding competitors.

In conclusion, we offer thanks to the Rev. Mr Hill for the candour of his disclosures, which cannot fail to make a deep and beneficial impression in the country.

POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. II.—THE LOUNGER.

THAT process of killing time described by the word 'lounging,' is practised more or less in every civilised country; but Paris is, without doubt, its head-quarters. In England, the struggle for livelihood is so active, that no one can be a regular lounger who has not some sort of independence; but the case is different in France. Many a tradesman, for example, believing that his shop is best conducted by his wife, spends his time in sauntering about the town in search of cheap pastimes, or into the cafés to talk politics. He, together with the small *rentiers* (or fund-holders), is a lounger by 'habit and continuance,' but by no means the only lounger peculiar to Paris. Those who are much occupied during the day—such as office-clerks and shopmen—find sauntering a great resource after business. The pleasures of lounging, however, have been materially lessened in Paris of late years, partly by the police—through whose efforts street-music, and several other gratis amusements, have been much abated—and partly by the increased necessity for a more profitable use of time, in consequence of the growing demands of an augmented population. In former days, says our authority,* 'I have seen crowds habitually surround these minstrels, listen to their songs with avidity, remain for hours, and thus were kept away from drinking and gaming-houses, from dangerous political meetings, and from the evils to which they gave rise. These street-songs, with their joyous burthens, suggested cheerful thoughts, and drove away evil ones. Some would copy the poetry into their penny

* Monsieur de Mersan in No. 73 of the 'Chants and Chansons Populaires de la France;' the richly illustrated periodical formerly noticed.

memorandum-books, and the frugal supper which terminated the night in their own homes was enlivened by some song caught up in the street, which the husband taught the wife, who repeated it in turn to her children.'

Notwithstanding that the police of Paris has—by forbidding street minstrels to exercise their vocation in a stationary manner—abridged the pleasures of the idle, still, for the true lounger—who, in most instances, must be a small annuitant—many resources are still open, and his day's occupation is characteristically described in the following 'chant.' The author is the vivacious Casimir Menètrier, a member of the 'Society of Momus,' and himself a lounger of repute.

THE LOUNGER (LE FLANEUR).

Me? I lounge!
You may blame or praise,
And smile at my ways—
But I lounge!
I at everything stare,
I am seen everywhere.

I leave about seven
My room nearest heaven,
From the milkmaid to hear
What's the news from Nanterre.*
To the café I stroll
(*That* takes me an hour),
And while eating my roll,
All the Journals devour.
Me? I lounge! &c.

The 'lost and stolen' page
I peruse with great care,
Lest the dog of a friend
Should be advertised there.
The gazettes my attention
Next strongly allure,
Then I take a short nap
O'er the dull *Moniteur*.
Me? I lounge! &c.

At the sound of the drum,
My digestion to aid,
I follow the soldiers,
And run to parade.
On the banks of the stream
You may see me again,
To note how they build
The new quay on the Seine.
Me? I lounge! &c.

To the Palace of Justice
I next make my way,
Where 'tis seldom I'm missed,
During term-time, one day.
When the trials are over,
To a print-shop I pace,
And in caricatures
Often see my own face.
Me? I lounge! &c.

To the second-hand bookstalls
For an hour I hie,
To study with prudence;—
To read, but not buy.
If I find a good passage,
Turn the leaf down anew,
To resume it to morrow,
Till I've read the book through.
Me? I lounge! &c.

I now think of dinner,
And haste home to dress,
To call at some house
Where I'm known more or less;
But, alas! when I knock,
The servants *will* say,
'Both master and mistress
Dine out, sir, to-day!'
Me? I lounge! &c.

At night in the café
The effect I proclaim
Of a hazard at billiards
On a domino game.
Or on politics chat,
Knotty questions define,
Using arguments strong,
While drinking weak wine.
Me? I lounge! &c.

The rest of the evening
I usually spend
At the play—when an order
I get from a friend.
And thus, void of care,
Though my time may seem lost,
I'm a true Epicurean
At very small cost.

Me? I lounge!
You may blame or praise,
And smile at my ways—
But I lounge!
I at everything stare,
I am seen everywhere.

* A village near Paris, see page 247 of our twelfth volume.

INNS OF PAST AND PRESENT DAYS.

No longer than a century ago, the traveller whose business required despatch took his way on horseback; for the wagons and stage-coaches then on the road were not for a moment to be thought of by one who was in a hurry. Booted and spurred, with a riding-coat buckled tightly around him—the belt garnished with a pair of horse-pistols, to scare, rather than to shoot highwaymen—he would wend his way till hunger or nightfall made him anxious concerning some house of entertainment. If his route lay through a populous town, he would soon be able to find such an asylum; and entering the yard, would speedily perceive an hostler standing at his nag's head, and inviting him to dismount. Presently the landlord appears, and after giving the guest the time o' day, calls lustily for 'Tom Drawer, to unbuckle his worship's saddle-bags and valise.' During this operation the traveller has leisure to look around. He finds himself in a square court, its four sides bounded by buildings. The ground-floor of one of these is occupied by the long window of the bar, through which the dim light of two or three oil lamps scarcely pierces the evening's gloom. Above appear tiers of balconies, running completely round the quadrangle, and edged with balusters of ponderous turned-wood pillars. These platforms lead to the dormitories, in one of which the traveller will have to pass the night. He follows the drawer to the bar, in an inner recess of which he sees his luggage placed, knowing it to be, however valuable its contents, as safe there as if deposited in the bullion-cellars of the Bank of England. Our friend, ordering a tankard of ale and a pipe, enters the 'Blue Lion,' which title is given to the public room; the numbering of apartments not having been at that time invented. In all probability he finds here one or two characters who were the frequent visitors of the old-fashioned inn; the foremost some country squire, who had come into the town that day on private, or, peradventure, on 'justice' business. All he utters would be received with humble deference by the substantial shopkeeper and the manufacturer's bagman with whom he condescendingly converses. The subject is certain to be some daring highway robbery recently committed; the bagman caps the story with one of his own, far more striking and remarkable than the squire's; for the tales of travellers were proverbial even at that day. Our friend joins in the conversation, turning it to politics, the 'German wars,' or the troubles in the 'plantations,' as our colonies were then called. Presently the landlord joins the party, and they all agree to sup together. A carouse is the consequence; and by the time our friend is ready to be conducted to his chamber, he is hardly in a condition to find it without the assistance of the chamberlain. Indeed, under the most favourable circumstances, these bed-chambers were difficult to distinguish, unless the traveller took careful notice whether his room was the 'fox,' the 'star,' or the 'dragon;' for the long rows of doors, all exactly alike, often gave rise to those awkward mistakes of which so many traditions have been preserved in the old novels and farces, and which have been always a fertile source of imbroglio to authors.

The traveller of those days rose early, went into the

stable to see to his beast, breakfasted, paid his bill (never more than a few shillings), and was again in the saddle long before the modern hour of rising. On, on he would jog, till food and temporary rest were again necessary, and he next alights at another sort of hostelry—a road-side public-house, to which he is invited by the conspicuously painted words, 'Good entertainment for man and horse.' It is here he intends to dine. His nag having been 'put up' by a ragged urchin (for no regular ostler belonged to the establishment), he is ushered by the landlord into the kitchen, a paved hall, with a huge wooden 'settle' placed before a glowing fire. If, however, he require more privacy and comfort, he is shown into the parlour, the floor of which is sanded. In the middle stands one of those curious tables which is supported by almost a forest of legs, some of which are formed to be pulled out, so as to support flaps for extra company. This being the best room, the walls are ornamented with pictures. Over the mantelshelf is a coloured print of the great Duke of Marlborough, or the Duke of Cumberland, supported on one side by the effigy of a shepherdess with her crook, and on the other by a shepherd to match—only, instead of a crook, he has a pipe. Some curious specimens of china ware and glass-blowing adorn the chimney shelf. Having taken an ample survey of the parlour, the traveller of that era, knowing that a broil of beef-steak occupied an hour, usually filled up that space of time by taking 'a look round at the crops;' for which purpose he sallies forth. The consequence is, that after dinner, when the landlord gets into chat with his guest, the subject is the price of grain, the prospects of the harvest, and other topics of a purely agricultural nature. When the reckoning is called for, the traveller, though both he and his horse have dined well, gets change out of a shilling, and pursues his way. When at the end of his journey, he boasts of his exertions on the road—having performed fifty miles in something less than a couple of days.

Such were the inns of the olden time—social, comfortable, and cheap. The slow motions of our forefathers allowed of these excellencies; for where there was never any hurry, but few servants were required; and as the host's expenses were moderate, so were his guest's. There was, moreover, always time for what was considered social enjoyment, which meant drinking, smoking, and conversation. But as locomotion became quicker on the road, such establishments were forced to become more complete. The fast coaches of Mr Palmer, and the smooth roads of M'Adam, whisked customers to and from inn-doors at such a rate, that unless business could be done rapidly, there would be none done at all. This, with the increased number of travellers brought about by the increase of facilities for travelling, rendered large accessions of servants necessary. The place of the one drawer was supplied by a dozen waiters; the landlady was superseded by a smart bar-maid; the chamberlain was replaced by chambermaids, or degraded to a new office of separate duty—that of 'boots.' One ostler was enough for the few equestrians who visited the more modern inn; but 'horse-keepers' there were in plenty to attend to the teams of the stage-coach. Thus, when you were drawn up to an inn door to get dinner, a couple of these officials were in an instant at the horses' heads, unbuckling the reins, after having thrown a cloth over their backs to prevent the too sudden check of cold. By the time you got out of the coach, the team was also at liberty, and slowly sauntering into the stables to get their feed, while you entered the inn to get yours. Although you had very little time to spare out of the twenty-five minutes the guard allowed for your meal, yet you could not help observing the larder at the end of the passage. This—contained in an extensive glass case—seemed to consist of samples of the fare you were about to get. On entering the dining-room, you found that some of the travellers had already commenced operations; and the waiters, in cotton jackets, with napkins tucked into the side pockets in a way that gave them an unpleasant resemblance to pocket handkerchiefs, were busily handing plates from a tin warmer which stood opposite the fire. Having made good haste, finished your dinner, and paid four times as much as it had cost our traveller of the olden time for himself and his horse, you leave the inn, and do not alight from the coach till arriving at another, where you get tea in almost the same manner, and quite at a similar rate of expense.

By the time your journey was finished, another room in the inn you had been dining at would, in all likelihood, be filled with company, being perhaps the quarters of a club. Assembled here, neighbouring tradesmen would be found smoking cigars instead of pipes, and drinking wine and spirits in lieu of ale. Perhaps, in a private apartment, sat a country squire; while, if the house were what is called the 'commercial' one, a third room was occupied by the successors of the bagman we have before adverted to, and who have taken the more comprehensive name of commercial travellers. Thus we perceive the effects of rapid advancement in wealth and population. Three-quarters of a century sooner, and one room sufficed to hold members of each class we have enumerated; but at the time we now speak, separate habits and separate interests obliged them to associate—each according to his grade and employment—in three distinct apartments.

In some country inns, however, it was only the stimulus of a coach-dinner or a club that kept up the bustle. Enter them when the coach has gone, or before the club had met, and instead of activity, the house would appear (we speak of such inns as they were some ten or fifteen years ago) deserted. If you came on foot, and did not promise to be a good customer, by arriving with some sort of equipage, you had to find your way into a room as best you could, for not one of the jacketed waiters appeared to direct you. After finding a resting place, the bell was rung once or twice before the summons was answered; and when at length the waiter did appear, and you ordered dinner, it was an unconscionable time before it came. The fraternity of waiters had an ingenious expedient for staving off your impatient demands. When sufficient time had passed for the dinner to have been cooked twice over, an attendant came in and laid the cloth; and the natural inference was, that the meal would soon follow. Not so, however: after the lapse of another quarter of an hour you rang the bell, and the waiter, to show that things are really progressing, brings in the castors. Ten minutes more—a second peal at the bell, and—enter a man with the salt, who answers your inquiries by saying, 'Coming *di*-rectly, sir,' and slamming the door. A little while longer, and your patience is quite exhausted; the bell is applied to more violently, and the attendant actually comes in at last with—the plates. Hunger and human endurance are pushed to the last extremity; but the tormentor takes your reproaches with the utmost coolness, and declares of your dinner that it is 'dishing up, sir.' Having been deceived so often, you put on your hat, and decide on seeking refreshment elsewhere; but while on the threshold to depart, your dinner is really and truly placed on the table; and after the first mouthful or so, all anger vanishes.

Another provoking trait of these country inns was, that whatever the guest asked for, it was readily promised; but when the time came for the appearance of the favourite dish, the waiter would exclaim, 'Very sorry, sir; last salmon bespoke for club dinner.' A waiter of that day could never say 'no' to whatever you ordered, though he knew perfectly well it was not to be had. The only known instance to the contrary was related with the most pathetic comicality by the late Charles Matthews. Entering a forlorn-looking country inn, he accosted a lugubrious waiter, and inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus? The mysterious serving-man shook his head. 'Can I have a duck, then?'

'No, sir.'

'Have you any mutton-chops?'

'Not one, sir.'

'Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits?'

'Sir,' returned the man with a profound sigh, 'we are out of spirits.'

'Then, in wonder's name, what *have* you got in the house?'

'An execution, sir.'

This explanation, though short, was comprehensive and touching. The fate it expressed has been of late shared by a great many inns of the same stamp; first, in consequence of the establishment of private clubs in towns of any importance; and next, by the railways, which have not only diverted the traffic from the roads upon which the inns are placed, but—from the short time occupied in each journey—have nearly abolished temporary refreshment. Inns, therefore, of the most modern date are situated at the termini of the various lines, to accommodate the public on arrival and departure.

In some of the establishments of the present day, innkeeping appears to be brought to the highest conceivable perfection. Their outward appearance is that of palaces; and even when you enter them, the similarity is not diminished. In the entry you perceive a hall-porter who directs servants in livery to convey your luggage to a handsomely furnished bed-room. Were it not for two huge glass cases—one containing a couple of clerks, and the other a brace of bar-maids—the delusion would be complete. But you have scarcely time to look round, before you are accosted by a well-dressed person, whom you follow to a coffee-room furnished with luxuriance and splendour. The dress of your gentleman-usher deserves remark. He is, in fact, a waiter; but how changed from he of the striped jacket, who flourished his towel in the coaching days! The modern attendant is attired handsomely, but upon principles of severe, rather than vulgar taste; insomuch that he might, in any other situation, be mistaken for a clergyman. Black, of the most superfine quality, is his wear; but that this should not appear too sombre, it is relieved by a shirt and neckerchief of spotless whiteness. To prevent mistakes, however, he carries the badge of office—a napkin—but one of the finest texture. If it be dinner-time, he hands you, with ready politeness, the 'carte;' but the first glance at it shows that selection from so vast a variety would be a work of time, which would ill suit the state of your appetite; and you throw yourself on the discretion of the waiter. With scarcely a moment's consideration he sketches off a dinner which an emperor might covet; and looking at the clock, inquires at what hour you would wish it. If you reply 'immediately,' with the supposition of having to wait, it will be a great mistake. Things are wonderfully reformed since the slow coaches were taken off the road; for, ere you can read one line of the newspaper which the attendant has obligingly furnished, the soup is served. From that time the succession of courses come on with scarcely a moment's pause—a convincing proof that the *cuisine* is complete in all its departments. Every course is served upon silver, and every plate is porcelain. The wine is brought in decanters of the newest fashion, and the dessert on richly cut glass. At night, you sleep in a well-furnished room, and next morning have breakfast on a scale of commensurate splendour and excellence; for its materials are supplied daily from a farm which belongs to the hotel. In short, everything is of the most costly kind, including, of course, your own expenditure. But that is to be expected: if you be accommodated quite as well as it is possible for a nobleman with a princely income to be, you must pay for it. It is when charges are high, accommodation limited, and management bad, that you have cause to be dissatisfied.

A glance back at the history of inns for the last twenty years, proves that to their exorbitant charges and mismanagement may be partly traced their recent decline and fall. Rather than submit to them, clubs were formed; and so prevalent are they all over the country, that few persons of respectability make a habit of frequenting taverns, because they get what they want better and cheaper at their own clubs. This remark of course applies to inns which were out of the influence of coaching, and which have been abolished by railroads. Houses of entertainment of a lower grade are also being fast swept away by the gratifying progress of temperance, so that we must look upon the present as an age of gradual downfall for inns, taverns, spirit-shops, and public houses of all grades and characters.

ANIMAL POISONS.

The most noted poisons are of a vegetable or mineral nature; but in nearly every class of the animal kingdom there is found some creature which is, or was anciently, said to secrete a venom. Modern zoologists state that the gall of the ounce is deadly poison; and the vulgar have a superstitious belief that a cat's breath is poisonous to children, if they inhale it long while the animal sleeps in the same cradle. This is clearly a mere fancy, as is also the notion that cats occasionally suck the breath of children till the little innocents can breathe no longer. The origin of both stories is probably this: a cat has gone to the cradle, and, for greater warmth, has lain on the breast of the sleeping babe, until, by the weight of its body repressing the play of the lungs, the infant has been gradually suffocated. There was formerly a notion that the fur of the cat imparted snakes' poison to those who handled it much; and this was referred to the habit cats were supposed to indulge in, of playing with and teazing those reptiles without injury to themselves. The virus of a rabid dog, or other animal, can only be regarded as a diseased and infectious matter, and therefore need not be discussed here among the natural poisons of animals. The polar bear presents one of the best attested examples of a poisonous quadruped; this property of its flesh being probably derived from some of the vegetables and berries which it seeks on the shores during the autumn. Scoresby says, that those sailors who, while in the arctic regions, have been obliged to eat the flesh of bears, and have not taken the precaution of rejecting the *liver*, have almost always been attacked with sickness, a peeling off of the skin, and sometimes have even died from its baneful effects. During Sir John Ross's stay at Fury Beach, some of his party being tempted by the fine appearance of the meat of the polar bears, made a hearty meal of the first that was shot. All who partook of it soon complained of a violent headache, which, with some, continued two or three days, and was followed by the skin peeling off the face, hands, and arms; and in others, who had probably eaten more largely, the skin peeled off the whole body. On a former occasion, he witnessed a similar occurrence, when, on Sir Edward Parry's polar journey, having lived for several days wholly on two bears that were shot, the skin peeled off the feet, legs, and arms of many of the party; but it was then attributed rather to the quantity than to the quality of the meat, and to their having been, for some time previous, on very short allowance of provision. It was anciently supposed that the wound from a stag's horn was poisonous; but death, in such a case, arises merely from the immense force with which the animal strikes its enemy.

'If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier;
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, thereof thou need'st not fear.'

In America, when the snow lies so deep as to prevent the deer from grazing, they are compelled to subsist only by browsing on the leaves and bark of the laurel, in consequence of which they secrete so much of its well-known poison, that their flesh proves hurtful to persons

who eat it. We have often heard people complain of illness after dining on hares and rabbits; and we doubt not that the flesh of these animals is occasionally noxious, owing to their having eaten largely of poisonous barks and poisonous plants. Some reader, perhaps, will ask, 'Would not such food poison the animals themselves?' No, not always; for certain animals will eat with eagerness and perfect impunity various plants, barks, and berries, which prove poisonous to human beings. In the same way the flesh of many birds that eat poisonous berries is sometimes hurtful to people who partake of it. During the time that the American ruffled grouse feeds on laurel-buds, its flesh is highly deleterious. Southey says that the flesh of parrots is so powerful, that it is used medicinally abroad. The head and intestines of the Carolina parrot are said to be instantaneously poisonous to cats. Beauplan relates that the flesh of a blue-footed sort of quail, inhabiting Ukraine, in Tartary, proves fatal to persons who eat it. Among reptiles, we find more poisonous animals than in any other class; indeed the examples are much too numerous to be here particularised. Snakes are the most celebrated of all venomous animals; but a great many species are as free from venom as is our common British snake and our small brittle snake, commonly called the blind-worm, both of which are perfectly harmless, though popular ignorance cherishes a thousand stories of their deadly deeds. The British viper, or adder, does, indeed, inflict a poisonous bite, producing a very rapid swelling of the wounded part, but never proving fatal, except to persons whose blood was previously in a very bad state. Its wound, in a healthy subject, is soon counteracted with a little spirit of ammonia. The Egyptian viper is 'the asp,' from whose bite Cleopatra sought death, that she might avoid being taken to Rome to grace the triumph of Augustus. Shakspeare has described the workings of the poison in her frame; but it is not often that its bite is attended with fatal results. Its wound is easily cured by volatile alkaline spirits, particularly that preparation called *eau-de-luce*, and even by fetid spirit of tartar.

In the class of fishes, perhaps the most noted example of a poisonous one is the barbel. Juliana Barnes, who lived in the fourteenth century, when it was sometimes usual to eat fish without any cooking, says, 'The barbel is a sweet fish, but it is a quasy and perilous meat for man's body—for commonly he giveth an introduction to the fever; and if he be eaten raw, he may be cause of man's death, which hath oft been seen.' Yet a famous scientific writer on fishes, Dr Bloch, says that he and all his family have eaten the roe of the barbel without sustaining any harm. The hurtful qualities of a fish called the weever (*Trachinus draco*) are noticed by ancient writers without any exaggeration. The flesh is exceedingly good eating, but the wounds inflicted by its spines are very painful, attended with a violent burning and most pungent shooting, and sometimes with an inflammation that will extend from the arm to the shoulder. It is a common notion that these symptoms proceed from something more than the small wound which the fish is capable of inflicting; and that there is a venom infused into it, at least into such as is made by the spines that form the first dorsal fin, which is black, and has a most suspicious aspect. The remedy used by Welsh fishermen is sea-sand, with which they rub the affected part for a considerable time. In the *Universal Museum*, of November 1765, an instance is related of a person being reduced to a very dangerous state by a wound from this fish, but who was cured by the application of sweet-oil, and by taking opium and Venice-treacle. Mackarel, herrings, crabs, lobsters, and muscles, frequently produce eruptions on the bodies and limbs of persons who eat them. According to Orfila, Mœring, Rondeau, Fodére, and Burrows, death has often resulted from eating muscles. Some mystery rests on this point. It has been observed that the muscles prove injurious to particular persons only, and to them only at some particular times. This would lead to a supposition that the effect is owing more to constitutional peculiarities in the eaters of the muscles, than to the muscles themselves. But this is certainly not the case in all instances, for it is clearly established that muscles which have been taken from the copper sheathing of ships are poisonous, evidently from the copperas which they have imbibed. Mr John Murray tells us that he found on the Exmouth coast, Devonshire, a sponge-like substance, which he discovered to be the matrix of innumerable very minute muscles; in fact, the envelope of the spawn of the eatable muscle. He rubbed a portion of this substance on the back of his hand, where it produced a virulent inflammation, accompanied by eruptive spots, which, finally becoming ulcerated, healed with great difficulty. The marks still remain perfect, and are likely to continue for life. He adds, that he heard of a gentleman who experienced violent sickness from having merely trod on this substance while bathing. These facts show that it is not an imaginary poison, but an undoubtedly malignant one.

The venom of the wasp, bee, and hornet, is a most irritating poison, but is quickly neutralised by the application of sweet-oil to the punctured part. Here we may notice that the honey of the bee is sometimes poisonous. Xenophon records that, during the celebrated retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia, the soldiers, when they came to a place near Trebizonde, found many beehives, the combs of which they sucked; but soon afterwards they became as though intoxicated, and were attacked with a virulent cholera-morbus. The famous botanist Tournefort, when at Trebizonde, made some researches relative to this occurrence, and learnt that it arose from the bees collecting their honey partly from a plant which is very abundant there, and the very blossoms of which exhale a sweet but intoxicating perfume. This plant was most likely either the rose-laurel (*Rhododendron ponticum*) or the yellow azalea (*Azalea pontica*); for Father Lamberti found both these poisonous plants, together with poisonous honey, in Mingrelia. Colonel Rottiers, in 1816, observed the rose-laurel growing on all the mountains of Trebizonde; and the inhabitants asserted, that 'the *strong* honey' which the bees extract from its flowers is a kind of poison, causing stupor in a greater or less degree, according to the season of the year. M. Dupré, the French consul, assured Colonel Rottiers that he had experienced this effect himself. In the autumn and winter of 1790, there was an extensive mortality among the people of Philadelphia who had eaten of honey that had been collected near that city. The American government having instituted a minute inquiry into the cause of the honey proving fatal, it was satisfactorily ascertained that it had been chiefly extracted from the flowers of the *Kalmia latifolia*. Plants of the genus *Andromeda* also yield a poisonous honey. In the 'American Philosophical Transactions,' Dr Barton states that the dwarf-laurel, great laurel, broad-leaved moorwort, Pennsylvania mountain-laurel, wild honeysuckle, and the stramonium or James-town weed, yield a poisonous syrup, and that the honey which the bees make therefrom has been fatal to man. These facts ought to induce the keepers of bees to be careful how they venture to cultivate plants of noxious qualities near their hives. The Greeks and Romans were careful to eradicate all bitter-tasting herbs from the vicinity of their apiaries, lest they should impart a bad quality to the honey. According to De Lille, the bee-keepers of Languedoc also pay great attention to this point. Even wild species of honey-bees will resort to noxious plants quite as readily as the domestic species—

> 'Like to those bees of Trebizonde
> Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad
> With their pure smile the gardens round,
> Draw venom forth which drives men mad.'

An intoxicating and poisonous honey is extracted from the flowers of the monkshood, or aconite, by the choura, or wild rock-bee of Gurwhal (*Apis irritabilis*).

These facts make it not improbable that many more persons die from eating poisonous animal food than is generally supposed, and without the cause of death ever being suspected.

TEARS.

As the evidences of a deep intense feeling of either joy or remorse, pain or pity, gratitude or penitence, nothing can so surely open the heart and hand of humanity as the tear which will out, and cannot be suppressed. Bloomfield makes old Richard shed such a tear:—

> 'And, as he spoke, a big round drop
> Fell trickling on his sleeve,
> A witness which he could not stop,
> And one all hearts believe.'

The conflict between simultaneous feelings of joy and grief is well hit off in two lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

> 'She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
> With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.'

This is a picture of what Shakspeare calls an April face, one that exhibits sunshine and shower at the same time.

The tear which is shed unseen, in solitude, by him who is in need, and destitute of relative or friend, and feels the chill of neglect, the absence of all responsive sympathy, is perhaps the most bitter tear of any. It is the tear of one who is isolated, and wretched in his loneliness.

> 'It is not that my lot is low,
> Which bids this silent tear to flow;
> It is not grief which makes me moan,
> It is—that I am all alone.'

A grief 'too deep for tears' has been described by poets:—

> —'Tears do not speak all the anguish of grief;
> 'Tis deeper when pain stops the springs of the eye;
> When the heart is confined and deprived of relief,
> In the sweet balm of nature, the tear or the sigh.'

The advice of 'Don't cry about it' is cold, and even irritating to the afflicted, when no means of lessening the affliction itself is offered. So, also,

> 'Tis madness a fond mother to dissuade
> From tears, while on his hearse her son is laid:
> But when grief's deluge can no higher swell,
> Declining sorrow you'll with ease repel.'

'No rule without an exception,' is a rule that applies even to tears; for, as Sam Weller says, 'there's some people who have 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug whenever they like.' They are living watering-pots, but never reviving anything that comes under their influence.

DIFFICULTY AND PERSEVERANCE.

To the young who have to make their way in their studies and professions, nothing can be more useful than frequent counsel on the duty and necessity of regarding all obstacles on the road as things to be grappled with a bold determination to conquer them manfully. One may not succeed, but if one does, it is sweet to look back upon the heap of briers and hurdles that one has forced a passage by. Hence it is that the greater the difficulty, the more glory there is in surmounting it. So skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests. Burke says, 'Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill: our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations; it will not suffer us to be superficial.' Those who are too apt to quake and quail before every difficulty, would do well to learn the song of 'Try Again.'*

> 'Tis a lesson you should heed,
> Try again;
> If at first you don't succeed,
> Try again;
> Then your courage should appear,
> For if you will persevere,
> You will conquer, never fear,
> Try again.
>
> Once or twice, though you should fail,
> Try again;
> If you would at last prevail,
> Try again;
> If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
> Though we do not win the race;
> What should we do in that case?
> Try again.
>
> If you find your task is hard,
> Try again;
> Time will bring you your reward,
> Try again;
> All that other folks can do,
> Why, with patience, may not you?
> Only keep this rule in view,
> Try again.'

* *The Singing-Master*: Taylor and Walton, London.

ANECDOTES OF DR LETTSOM.

In 1782 he was sent for to visit an old gentleman, seventy-four years of age, who resided in the county of Essex. This gentleman had been a great American merchant; he had kept a princely house, and his heart was literally made up of generosity. The American war ruined him; but his creditors, valuing his upright character, permitted him to reside at his house in the country, with a genteel allowance, until his affairs could be settled. The protracted American war destroyed the prospect of retrieving his affairs; his allowance was, therefore, taken away. He fell sick, and consulted Dr Lettsom. When the doctor visited him, the gentleman said to him, pointing to his garden, 'Those trees I planted, and have lived to see some of them too old to bear fruit. They are part of my family: and my children, still dearer to me, must quit this residence, which was the delight of my youth, and the hope of my old age.' The benevolent doctor, upon quitting the apartment, left, enclosed in a letter, a cheque to relieve his immediate necessities. He also purchased the house, which was freehold, for £500, and gave it him for his life. The poor merchant's health was restored, and he daily blessed his worthy benefactor. An adventure which this celebrated physician once met with, we find recorded in his own words:—'It was my lot, a few years ago, to be attacked on the highway by a genteel-looking person, well-mounted, who demanded my money, at the same time placing a pistol to my breast. I requested him to remove the pistol, which he immediately did. I saw his agitation, from whence I could perceive he had not been habituated to this hazardous practice; and I added that I had both gold and silver about me, which I freely gave him, but that I was very sorry to see a young gentleman entering on so bad a course of life, which would probably soon terminate at the gallows; that at the best, the casual pittance gained on the highway would afford but a precarious subsistence; but that if I could benefit him by a private assistance, more becoming his appearance, he might farther command my purse; and at the same time I desired him to accept a card containing my address, and to call upon me, as he might trust to my word for his liberty and life. He accepted my address, but I observed his voice faltered; it was late at night; there was, however, sufficient star-light to enable me to perceive, as I leaned towards him on the window of the carriage, that his bosom was overwhelmed with conflicting passions; at length, bending forward on his horse, and recovering the power of speech, he affectingly said, "I thank you for your offer; American affairs have ruined me; I will, dear sir, wait upon you."' The man kept his word, and Lettsom finding, on inquiry, the account he gave of himself to be correct, after making an unsuccessful application in his behalf to the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers, presented a memorial on the subject to the queen, who, it is said, procured the man a commission in the army; and his name subsequently appeared, on two occasions, in the *Gazette*, for promotion, on account of his good conduct. In cold weather, when the poor were out of work, Dr Lettsom constantly employed them about his grounds. It happened that a gentleman whose premises adjoined, met the doctor one winter's morning, and upbraided him for keeping so many men in a state of apparent idleness. 'True, neighbour,' said the doctor, with a smile of complacency; 'but who pays them, thou or I?' The gentleman felt the reproof, and turning on his heel, bade the doctor good morning. The doctor was in the practice of carrying the produce of his fees carelessly in his coat pocket. His footman, being aware of this, used to make free with a guinea occasionally, while the coat hung up in the passage. The doctor having repeatedly missed his gold, was suspicious of his footman, and took an opportunity of watching him. He succeeded in the detection, and, without even noticing it to the other servants, called him into his study, and coolly said to him, 'John, art thou in want of money?'

'No,' replied John. 'Oh, then, why didst thou make so free with my pockets? And since thou didst not want money, and hast told me a lie, I must part with thee. Now, say what situation thou wouldst like abroad, and I will obtain it for thee, for I cannot keep thee; I cannot recommend thee; therefore thou must go.' Suffice it to say, the doctor procured John a situation, and he went abroad.—*From a newspaper.*

ANTI-CROW LEAGUE.

We learn from the local papers, that a meeting of farmers was held in Dumfries in January last, for the purpose of forming an association against the crows of Nithsdale. Some of the tenants present stated that it cost them L.10 yearly to herd their crops; others, that the crows did them L.10 damage; while, on the whole, it was computed that the annual cost to the district could not be less than L.10,000, in consequence of crow depredations! A committee was appointed to wait upon the proprietors of rookeries, requesting them to check the increase of this nuisance; and a subscription in aid of the object of the meeting was entered into. The 'utility of rooks' has been long a favourite topic with naturalists and parlour farmers, on the ground, that for one grain of corn they consume they devour ten grubs; but we fear that this must be in a great measure set aside by the statements of these practical men, who are not likely to pay L.10 a-year for *herding* crows, were they not perfectly aware of the damage they would otherwise sustain. It may be quite true that the rook at certain seasons is a most effectual enemy to the grub, and that he would even prefer it to corn, were both in his choice; but even gold may be purchased too dearly, and so the depredations which crows are perpetually committing may much more than counterbalance their grubbing utility. The Nithsdale farmers evidently feel this to be the case; and when there are other modes of getting rid of *an occasionally* destructive insect, it were folly to harbour a *perpetual* pest of crows.

JUST DISCRIMINATION.

At one of the late grand reviews in Eastern Prussia, says a German paper, a brigade of artillery was ordered to pass at full gallop over a piece of uneven ground intersected by a ditch full of water. One of the guns, from the horses not making a sufficient spring, got stuck in the ditch. The first gunner, a man of great strength, jumped down into the water, and, setting his shoulder to one of the wheels, lifted it out of the mud, and, resuming his seat, the gun crossed the ditch. Prince Augustus of Prussia, who came up at the moment, cried, 'Bravo, my lad!' and tearing off a strip from his sash, gave it to the artilleryman, telling him to fasten it to his sword-belt in remembrance. In the evening, the soldier, when in his barracks, was surprised by receiving a gratuity of 150 gold crowns. A short time afterwards, another artilleryman, having heard this anecdote, wished, in his turn, to display his strength. Prince Augustus, when one day at the arsenal of Berlin, ordered a 24-pounder to be mounted on its carriage. The man in question immediately raised the piece from the ground, and, unassisted, put it on the carriage. The prince, however, said, 'This man is a fool: he has risked his limbs and wasted his strength without any necessity. Let him be under arrest for three days.'—*Galignani's Messenger.*

INTERESTING CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.

It is notorious that horses, more especially racers and hunters, are subject to inflammatory diseases, and it is observed that grooms are short-lived. This has been ascribed to the air of unventilated stables being strongly impregnated with ammonia, an alkali that may be classed amongst the most powerful stimulants, the constant respiration of which predisposes to affections of the lungs. Various means have been tried with a view to the absorption of this subtle poison, but hitherto without attaining the desired result. During the last session of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a paper was presented to the council by Mr H. Reece, descriptive of a plan for purifying the air of stables, by a mixture of gypsum or sawdust with sulphuric acid. This mode is said to be at once safe, simple, and efficacious. Mr Reece made some experiments in the extensive stables of Mr Evans of Enstone, the results of which are stated to be quite satisfactory. The stables were, in the first instance, strewn with gypsum (crystallised sulphate of lime) coarsely powdered; but though the ammonia was evolved with the wetted straw, no trace of it was visible after two days' exposure, when examined with slaked lime. The stables were then strewn with the gypsum, moistened with sulphuric acid, and when examined next morning, every portion was found to have absorbed sufficient ammonia to emit its peculiar pungent odour when brought in contact with slaked lime. The stables had lost their close unhealthy smell, and, to use the words of the grooms, appeared to be quite sweetened. As it was evident the gypsum acted merely mechanically, affording a convenient absorbent surface for the acid, some further experiments were made, substituting sawdust for gypsum, which were attended by still more favourable results. The prepared mixture should be laid upon trays, as the acid is considered likely to injure the horses' feet. One part of sawdust will readily absorb three times its weight of acid solution, which should be mixed in the proportion, by measure, of one part of sulphuric acid to fifteen of distilled water. The ammoniacal salt makes an excellent manure, but it should not be mixed with the straw until after removal from the stable.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

MORALS OF THE RESTORATION.

Towards the close of the Protectorate, many signs indicated that a time of license was at hand; but the restoration of Charles II. rendered the change wonderfully rapid and violent. Profligacy became a test of orthodoxy and loyalty—a qualification for rank and office. A deep and general taint infected the morals of the most influential classes, and spread itself through every province of letters. Poetry inflamed the passions; philosophy undermined the principles; divinity itself, inculcating an abject reverence for the court, gave additional effect to the licentious example of the court. We look in vain for those qualities which lend a charm to the errors of high and ardent natures, for the generosity, the tenderness, the chivalrous delicacy, which ennoble appetites into passions, and impart to vice itself a portion of the majesty of virtue. The excesses of that age remind us of the humours of a gang of foot-pads revelling with their favourite beauties of a flash-house. In the fashionable libertinism there is a hard, cold ferocity, and impudence, a lowness, a dirtiness, which can be paralleled among the heroes and heroines of that filthy and heartless literature which encouraged it. One nobleman of great abilities wanders about as a merry Andrew; another harangues the mob stark naked from the window; a third lies in ambush to cudgel a man who has offended him. A knot of gentlemen of high rank and influence combine to push their fortunes at court, by circulating stories intended to ruin an innocent girl; stories which had no foundation, and which, if they had been true, would never have passed the lips of a man of honour. The ministers employ their time at the council-board in making mouths at each other, and taking off each other's gestures for the amusement of the king. The peers, at a conference, begin to pommel each other, and to tear collars and periwigs. A speaker in the House of Commons gave offence to the court; he is waylaid by a gang of bullies, and his nose cut to the bone. This ignominious dissoluteness, or rather, if we may venture to designate it by the only proper word, blackguardism of feeling and manners, could not but spread from private to public life. The cynical sneers, the epicurean sophistry, which had driven honour and virtue from one part of the character, extended their influence over every other. The second generation of the statesmen of this reign were worthy pupils of the schools in which they had been trained, of the gaming-table of Grammont and the tiring-room of Nell. In no other age could such a trifler as Buckingham have exercised any political influence. In no other age could the path to power and glory have been thrown open to the manifold infamies of Churchill.—*Historical Essays, by T. B. Macaulay.*

EFFECT OF HABIT.

The following utterly ridiculous instance of the painful habit London waiters have acquired of invariably repeating every syllable a customer utters, before they can possibly return any answer, literally occurred to a friend, who thus triumphantly tested their imperturbable gravity of countenance:—'Waiter!' 'Yessir.' 'Bottled stout.' 'Bottled stout, sir? Yessir.' 'And—here, waiter!' 'Yessir.' 'Meet me in the willow glen!' 'Willow glen, sir? Yessir.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 11. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1844. Price 1½d.

SERVITUDE.

It is a curious consideration, that at all times there should have been so large a proportion of mankind in the condition of servitude. This state is found in all but the rudest and most meagre communities, such as that which overspread North America before its colonisation; and even in these communities there is a form of service, in as far as the women are compelled by the men to do the hardest and meanest work. It seems to be natural in human society for a certain number, comparatively small in amount, to take the place of masters over the rest—or (to change the form, without changing the substance of the idea) for a certain large number to fall into the place of servants *under* the rest. The proportions of the numbers are different in different societies, and in different conditions of these societies, but never to so great an extent as to affect the proposition, that the great bulk of the people are in a dependent state. There are also differences in the character of service: an early form of it is attended by a complete surrender of personal freedom—in short, slavery; afterwards, this is modified into the state of feudal service, where the person is not absolutely the property of the master, but only the will is at his command; finally, the relation of a servant to a master is improved into a simple legal bargain, by which certain duties are undertaken for wages or hire. Still, in all these characters there is one distinct feature, a power in the one party to order and direct, accompanied by a necessity in the other to concede and obey. And this arrangement has existed indifferently in connexion with all forms of government, despotical, republican, and mixed, as if it were a matter with which political arrangements had nothing to do, or as if the master part of the community were the only persons concerned in affairs of state. Even slavery, the worst form of service, has existed quietly for centuries under republican forms, as in Greece and Rome; the masters, in these instances, manifesting all possible zeal against any encroachment on their political liberties, without ever once dreaming that their poor helots were human beings like themselves, who might be supposed to feel at least as much vexation at a total deprivation of their personal liberty, as their superiors experienced when some little interference was attempted with their elective rights, or a Pericles or a Cæsar began to enjoy a dangerous degree of influence in the Areopagus and the Senate.

An arrangement so universal as servitude, and so conspicuous at almost all times, and under almost all circumstances, may be presumed to be founded in nature. If not so, it is at least remarkably accommodated to nature; but the more rational supposition is, that nature dictates the arrangement, and provides for it. A careful observer will, I think, be at no loss to see evidences of the truth of this proposition in common life. Individuals, who have long acted extremely well, and lived happily, as servants, or while employed and directed by others, are often found to do very differently when they become masters. A demand seems then to be made upon them for faculties which they do not possess. They appear to want powers of management, firmness, and energy, to play a *first part* well; they hesitate, get confused, and take wrong courses; or they are facile, and submit to be misled by unworthy counsel. Their utter failure in the objects they had in view, is the unavoidable consequence, and they sink once more into subordination, there to be again at ease, and happy. Nay, so nicely does nature work, that there is a class of minds which seem specially fitted to be *seconds* in command—having a charge over some, but subject to one other, of energy a degree superior. Such was Ajax to Achilles; such Murat to Napoleon. Generally, these lieutenants are possessed of some excellent qualities—unshrinking courage, unshakeable fidelity, untiring zeal and devotion, but want the very highest powers of intellect, and therefore when, by fatal chance, made masters, go utterly wrong, and come to destruction—Murat himself an example. It is therefore to be presumed that they were designed by Providence only for the second place. While kept there, they are fulfilling their mission: let them aspire to a higher, and they at once go out of their proper sphere; their powers and duties are out of harmony; and they fail as a matter of course. Perhaps it would not be too much to say, that even third and fourth degrees of command are provided for in the many various mental constitutions which nature produces. Not that, in every case, these particular constitutions are fixed at one point throughout the whole of life. Many must advance from one point to another by the natural progress of the mind from its nonage to its maturity, or in consequence of educating and edifying circumstances. Upon this depends that system of Promotion which exists in all liberal institutions, as well as private establishments. But it is nevertheless true that particular minds, in the particular conditions in which they are for the time, are specially adapted for such grades of command, and for no other.

It must here also be observed, that individuals who are at first in the condition of service, often emerge into that of mastership, and act as well in the one capacity as the other. This is no exception to the rule; it is only an additional illustration of it. Circumstances, not nature, were the cause of the original situation; but nature brought about the change. These individuals were fitted by their mental constitution for the higher function, and could not rest till they attained it. Fortune gave them their first place, not the second, though it is customary to speak of such changes as the

work of the blind goddess. So also does it sometimes happen, that those born above service decline into it; and this, in like manner, is generally the effect of natural character operating in despite of circumstances.

To dwell a little longer on the idea of a natural institution for producing this great social arrangement—it seems to depend more immediately and expressly on general force of character, than upon any special powers of intellect. Persons in subordinate situations often display great ingenuity and very considerable powers of thought; otherwise, indeed, they would not be fitted for the duties which they are expected to perform. But they are usually deficient in self-confidence and ambition; they are often timid, and disposed to rest satisfied with a moderate certainty, rather than undertake a risk for the sake of even the most tempting advantages. Their tastes and propensities have generally considerable power over them; and, these being gratified, they wish for nothing more. It seems to be mainly owing to such causes that the great bulk of mankind are content to give their entire services to those who can only afford them the necessaries, and a few of the luxuries of life. What, on the other hand, prompts men to seek the master position, and do all they can to maintain themselves in it, seems to be mainly a general energy of nature, which knows not to submit, and will not rest with humble things. Self-esteem, the love of distinction, the desire of gain, and the feeling which delights to meet and overcome difficulties, appear to be main elements in this impulse; and all of these are not intellectual, but sentimental faculties. There may also be superior intellect in many cases; but what I would contend for is, that the impulsive part of our nature is probably what is most concerned in selecting the individuals who are to form the class of masters. On any such subject as this, it is well to ascertain, if possible, what is the declaration of nature herself. Those who look into physiology for explanations of our mental system, find that the larger volumed brains are those which usually rise to the higher places in society; and some curious proofs of this proposition have been adduced. It is the practice of hat-makers in London to have four sizes for *crowns*, the smallest of which is required for the hats of boys, the next for day labourers and servants, while the largest size is required by the professional and upper classes. An extensive hat-maker in that city has stated that the size of hats generally required there for the men who fulfil the duties of the humbler walks of life, are under seven inches in diameter at the part in contact with the head, while the hats required in other departments of society are generally above seven inches. This seems to show that the entire volume of the head, not that minor part alone which is supposed to be devoted to the intellectual functions, is what produces the grades of society.

It may perhaps occur to some, that there is a disrespect towards a large portion of mankind, in considering them as placed by a natural institution in inferior positions. But this idea will vanish when the subject is viewed in a proper light. There is, in reality, nothing either flattering to one party, or derogatory from the other, in attributing peculiarities which are simply the gift of nature: the possession of a super-average brain is no more a boast than the being six feet high; neither is the having a small one more a discredit than the being only five feet six. Nature makes both for ends which are intended to be generally beneficial, and the one is as essential to the grand design as the other. Considering that in general service is the natural destiny for which a large portion of mankind seems fitted, it becomes the duty of all who are placed in that situation to rest satisfied with an endeavour to turn it to the best account in their power, and to be very careful to ascertain if they have a real vocation to a higher position, before venturing out of their original sphere. They may be fully assured that, if only formed for a subordinate function, and to live as dependents of some stronger minds which can take care of them, they will not be securing their happiness, but endangering it, by aspiring to become masters. It may be borne in mind by them, that, in the lowlier place, if less honoured and distinguished, they are also saved from many evils which are hazarded and endured by their superiors. These, as occupying the front rank, have to bear the brunt of every battle. Loaded with grave affairs, and harassed by anxieties, they often spend far more wretched lives than the humblest of serfs. And how often do all their best-laid and most steadily-pursued schemes end in disappointment! Alas for man, and his many aims and doings, how little distinction is there to be seen, in many instances, at the last, between the life that has appeared most brilliant, and that which has seemed the most obscure! How often is the exalted seen to be foolishly puffed up, and the lowly most needlessly invidious! On the other hand, the advantages enjoyed by those who serve need scarcely be enumerated, as they are so obvious—an almost certain supply of all the main requisites of life—duties which, being definite, occasion no feverish excitement or fret—exemption from all the taxing responsibilities which so much embitter the existence of their superiors. The results of the lives of both classes seem to come more nearly to an equality, than the fact of its being a point of ambition to rise from the one to the other would seem to indicate. We deceive ourselves, if we think this ambition an acknowledgment of there being a real superiority in the one state over the other. It is only the exponent of a kind of mind to which the lower state is unsuitable, and which desires to be engaged in circumstances and duties in harmony with itself.

If the relation of master and servant—superior and dependent—were correctly understood, an improvement to the happiness of both parties might be the consequence. It is simply an arrangement for a distribution of duties with a regard to the natural or acquired qualifications of individuals, and therefore does not necessarily imply any right on the one side to domineer, or a duty on the other to be over-obsequious. The commands and obediences which the relation implies, may very well consist with a degree of kindly regard on the master's part, and of respectful attachment on the servant's, which would tend to make the situation of both agreeable. There is one point in the conduct of the former to which too much attention cannot be given—an avoidance of everything in language and in deed that can make a servant feel his situation to be one at all compromising his personal respectability or freedom. We are perhaps too much disposed in this country to laugh at the independent bearing assumed by servants in America, and their rejection of the name of servant. But, if *help* be a ridiculous word, servant is a somewhat derogatory one, and a self-respecting character is one essential to all the virtues. For these reasons, it might be as well if servants in our own country had some gentler denomination, and were allowed to consider themselves somewhat less subordinate as a class with regard to their masters. For the same reasons, everything in the shape of livery and badges should be abandoned, as tending to degrade, and consequently to demoralise: certainly no human being has a right from nature to put a stamp, gratifying to his own vanity, upon a fellow-creature. It is not less desirable that masters should exercise some care, and even, within a reasonable extent, make some sacrifices of their own convenience, in order to allow to their dependents a share of those enjoyments of life in which they themselves freely indulge. Servants are often cooped up in a more or less solitary manner, without permission either to go abroad or to receive visits, and are expected in these circumstances to be perfectly happy, as well as cheerfully assiduous in the performance of their duties. It is an outrage on nature, and therefore nothing but evil can come of it. The social feelings of servants call for exercise, as well as those of their masters and mistresses, and a reasonable indulgence should of course be allowed to them. In all other respects, and, in a word, they should be treated on the understanding that they are fellow-beings—having

feelings to be wounded, wants to be gratified, rights to be respected—also intelligence to know when a claim upon their affection and gratitude has been established, and when it has not. Were the employers of servants generally to act upon these maxims, an improvement in their own domestic comfort ought assuredly to be a consequence, all other circumstances being equal.

LIFE IN SHETLAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

I HAVE already described the seal as one of the animals occasionally domesticated by the solitary-living gentry of Shetland. Our seas once abounded more in seals than they do now; not that we have steamboats fizzing and fussing into every creek and harbour, disturbing these timid and harmless denizens of our rocks; but light being a great desideratum in every dwelling, the seals have been mercilessly hunted and destroyed for the sake of the oil they yield, which is well known to be the finest of all for the lamp. There are only two species known here, and the distinction between them is very strongly marked. The one is *phoca barbata*, seven to ten feet long. The female is so different in colour and appearance, as to be recognised at once when only the head is above water, even by the fishermen, and thus it has been mistaken and figured by naturalists as a different species, under the name of gray seal and gryphus. These are monogamous, each pair residing in a cave by themselves. The other species is the *phoca vitulina*, never above six feet in length; male and female nearly alike; gregarious, or congregating in flocks of from six to fifty, or more. Both species bring forth but one at a time. The young of the former is carefully nursed and fed in its native cavern, till it has cast its first hair, which it does in about six weeks; while the young of the latter takes the water from its birth, and swims and dives with nearly the same facility as its parents. We have very frequently attempted to rear the cubs of both species, but unsuccessfully, except in the case of the one formerly alluded to. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigour by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish (of which she devoured an incredible quantity), and grew very rapidly; but, on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a while, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or, perhaps, one might fancy (we often did) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child; when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most dignified defiance to the Newfoundland dog, who, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that gives rise to the powerful odour of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *sealchie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel walks, to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her; the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protegée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the weather; for next day, our favourite found her way into a neighbouring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed, or sea-eagle, breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. A few years ago, an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighbouring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months, he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured last year in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favourite recreation it is to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which is familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest, but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. When he imagined the young ones would be hatched, he returned by a path he had carefully marked; but no nest was there. The parent birds had been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed their residence to a still more concealed and inaccessible spot. Again the en-

thusiastic cragsman renewed his search; and after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles engaged in feeding their young, but in a place which appeared altogether beyond his reach. Difficulties seemed only to nerve my undaunted friend to fresh efforts; and after many attempts, he at last reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, made wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length, last season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as brooding on the nest it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance we have been often told the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position; but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together; loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though, to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

On a solitary stony hill in the middle of the island of Unst (the most northerly of the Shetlandic group), is frequently seen the snowy owl, a rare and noble bird, the largest of the genus *Strix*. It is a native of North America, Lapland, and Norway; but it is very rarely seen in Britain, except in the locality above-mentioned, where it is found at all seasons. This hill is plentifully strewed with its pellets, or those balls of feathers and hair which birds of prey eject from their stomachs as the indigestible remains of their meals. After diligent search, their nest has never been met with; but it is reasonably supposed that the breeding-place is somewhere in the island, as young ones have also been seen, or what were taken to be such, from their darker colour. The Shetland peasants have a superstitious hatred of these birds. Few ornithologists visit that remote quarter, and therefore they remain pretty much unmolested. The male adult snowy owl is a large and powerful animal, nearly quite white; the female is rather larger, and more numerously spotted with dusky gray.

We have in Shetland annual visits of that beautiful bird, the wild swan. A few years ago, early in spring, a large flock of them were winging their way over the island of Unst to the solitary lakes of Iceland, to which they migrate yearly for the purpose of incubation. A flight of swans is an interesting and attractive sight; the majestic birds soaring on their powerful pinions, and uttering their pleasing inspiriting cry, which seems to breathe the very essence of eager expectation and cheering encouragement. Or, is it that we but imagine this? for these, to the natives of Shetland, are the first notes of returning spring, like those of the cuckoo in more favoured latitudes. Sometimes the swans fly so high as to be invisible; yet at that season we always hear their cheerful voice, and seek not to repress in our bosoms the throb of joy that responds to their note. It rarely happens, when these beautiful birds alight for a little rest upon one of our small lakes, that they escape without leaving a few victims sacrificed to man's cupidity. I may just stop to remark, that, as a general rule, we do not allow any young sportsman, over whom we have any control, to kill birds during their breeding season. Pigeons and plovers are then suffered to pursue their task unmolested; and it is not until they again begin to congregate in flocks, that we cast a thought on our game pies. Probably the far-sighted reader will perceive as much policy as sentiment in this self-denying procedure. But this is a digression. I was going on to say that a flock of swans rested on our largest inland lake, and a respectable native of the neighbourhood, with his dog and gun, hastened to have a shot at them. The birds seemed wearied with the storms they had encountered; the air was heavy, the wind light and contrary, so that they could not easily rise. Fortunately for them, there were no boats on the lake. The noble birds kept the dogs which assailed them at bay, and beat them at swimming; while, by keeping to the middle of the sheet of water, the gun-shot could not reach them; so, after a long chase from dawn till night, they were left in quiet for a few hours. The sportsman slept by the lake side, and he slept soundly. But he was awaked in the early dawn by the triumphant cry and loud sound of pinions, and starting up, he was just in time to see the swans taking advantage of a favouring breeze, majestically rise, and speed their way to the north, in which direction, we may easily imagine, the disappointed sportsman looked long and wistfully, but in vain.

We have, in the Shetland isles, another rare bird, much asked after by ornithologists—the skua gull, called sometimes Richardson's skua. It is the largest of the gull tribe, and of a dark-brown colour. Not above five years since, from the unsparing depredations of collectors, and other causes, this family of birds was almost extinct, being reduced to three individuals; but by the protection of the proprietor of the promontory where they breed in Unst, they have now increased to at least twenty pairs. The promontory or enclosure here alluded to is the most northerly point of the British isles, and during the summer months, no sight can possibly be more interesting and extraordinary than what is here presented. The whole ground (as well as the precipitous banks, which on three sides overhang the sea) is literally covered with the nests of innumerable sea-fowl of various species, so that the unwonted visitor is apt to tread on them before he is aware, and is each moment in danger of being struck by the wings of the parent birds, which, alarmed for the safety of their progeny, dash over his head, and almost in his face, while their screams are absolutely deafening. Contrasted with this animated picture, when the birds have migrated for the winter, how bleak and desolate is the aspect of the scenery, from whence such multitudes of the inhabitants of the rocks and sea have fled for a time, leaving only a forlorn wilderness, which erewhile had swarmed with innocent and lovely forms of animated life, engaged in their most interesting and important avocations. From the nests in this locality, we have frequently procured, and afterwards domesticated, the skua gull. He is not, however, a very

amiable bird. His motions and cry are not unlike the eagle's; and he is apt to be very tyrannical, and even injurious, to poultry and children; though he is not destitute of affection to any who are accustomed to feed or caress him.

Should the above familiar sketches induce any young reader to prosecute the subject to which they refer for himself, and thus become interested in the manners and customs of the brute creation around him—a study which may well be ranked among the influences calculated to moralise and soften our nature—my object will have been attained.

TEN POUNDS.

A TALE.

'TEN pounds!' exclaimed John Hawker, as he refolded a letter and put it into his inmost pocket, for fear it should be seen by his wife. 'Ten pounds lost—gone—and I shall never be able to make it up again. Oh dear, what *will* become of me?' John Hawker's anxiety was so intense, that it broke out in a profuse perspiration, and he was wiping his brow when his wife entered the little parlour. He turned pale, his lip quivered, and he laid hold of a chair to steady himself, lest she should see how much he trembled.

'Why, John,' exclaimed Mrs Hawker, 'you seem dreadfully vexed about your brother's family leaving the town. For my part, I feel their going away is like a load taken off me, for they were always borrowing something or other, and having things upon trust out of the shop. Even up to the last minute, if I had not looked pretty sharp after them, we should have never got that two pounds eleven and odd they ran up for groceries.' John groaned in spirit; for well he knew that the 'small account' had been paid out of the money he had lent his brother, and he buttoned his coat tightly over him, lest a corner of the letter which announced the borrower's inability to return the loan should reveal itself to betray the secret.

'I don't wish them any harm,' added Mrs Hawker benevolently, 'and hope they will do better as emigrants to Australia than they could do here. But I doubt it, John: a man with a wife and three children in a foreign country stands but a poor chance. However, we shall see.' Mrs Hawker's remarks were cut short by the shrill voice of the errand boy exclaiming 'Shop!' and she bustled out to serve a customer.

When his wife retired, John drew aside the green curtain, and peeped through the glass door to see who the customer might be; a practice which he had invariably indulged in during the last month—ever since, in fact, he had clandestinely lent his brother the fatal ten pounds. To his horror, the individual who was being served with the various articles in which he was licensed to deal, proved to be the customer whom of all others he dreaded most to find in communication with his wife. The truth is, poor John, being only a cipher in his own chandlery business, had committed a kind of fraud—or rather it would have been a fraud, if it were possible for a man to swindle himself. The customer now in the shop had paid him an account, and instead of duly handing the proceeds over to the head of the firm (in other words, to his 'good lady'), he lent them to his brother. From that moment peace was banished from his breast. The fear of being found out haunted him constantly. In ordinary cases, a man would have lent the cash in spite of his wife, and boldly owned the deed. But John's was *not* an ordinary case. In matters of business, he was so completely under uxorial control, that he would have looked on such a disclosure with a dread equivalent to contemplating poison. Not that Mr and Mrs Hawker lived unhappily together; far from it: for, apart from the shop, Mrs Hawker was a pattern of conjugal affection:—the wife was amiable, attentive, and kind, but the shopwoman was imperious, exacting, inflexible!

We left John peeping under the curtain of the little shop parlour. He watched the motions of the customer and his wife with intense suspense, trembling lest it should come out that he had received the money. The buyer and seller were in close conversation, but it was evidently on indifferent topics. Presently Mrs Hawker's brow darkened; the customer produced a paper, which was not unlike, in outward appearance, John's own receipt! He could look no longer, and sunk into the nearest chair, overpowered with dread. His hour was surely come; for his wife bounced into the room with terrible haste. She never heard of such a thing! The dishonesty of some people was really shocking! 'Your brother,' continued the dame, 'actually had the impudence to ask Mrs Thompson to lend him ten pounds, when he knew he was going to leave the country, and could never repay it.'

'Indeed!' replied John, feigning astonishment, but in reality suddenly delighted to find he was yet safe; 'and that paper she showed you was——'

'His letter soliciting the accommodation. Not that I think the Thompsons are able, if willing, to be so generous, for they have not yet paid us their last half year's account.'

Though once more experiencing the delights of temporary relief, John Hawker determined, when his wife returned to her shop duties, to devote all the energy of his mind to staving off to a still more distant period the catastrophe he so much dreaded. He pored over the ledger, which he luckily kept, to pick out some bill which he could safely present, and get paid, so as to transfer the money to the Thompsons' account, and thus close it. After a long search, he selected a twelve-pound bill owing by Mr Staple, the timber merchant. He knew the cash would be immediately forthcoming, and lost no time in applying for it.

John found Staple sitting alone over his wine after dinner, and was not slow in accepting his invitation to sit down and take a glass. The conversation turned, as usual, on the hardness of the times—a subject on which John invariably expressed himself with great despondency. Staple, who was a peculiarly good-hearted person, construed the grocer's lamentations literally, and knowing that he and his wife were deserving people, offered to be of any assistance. An idea instantly darted into John's brain (which, it must be owned, was never fertile in expedients) that had never before entered it. Would Staple, besides paying his account, *lend* him ten pounds? The wine inspired him with courage, and he asked the favour—it was not denied—and John Hawker experienced a feeling of ease and security he had been a stranger to for more than a month. Still, the pleasure was not without its alloy; to remove which it was necessary to solicit another, and, as he thought, a greater favour. He asked, in a tone of intreaty that was not to be resisted, 'if Mr Staple would be good enough not on any consideration to mention the transaction to his wife?'

Staple faithfully promised. 'But there is one thing,' continued the lender, 'about which I am extremely particular, and that is punctuality of payment. You must let me have the money again before the 25th of March, for on that day I make up my accounts.' As this was three months to come, John faithfully promised, and joyfully departed with the money in his pocket.

For some time past, Mr Hawker's despondency had

been the talk of the town; but since his visit to Staple, his spirits had so manifestly improved, that it gave the neighbours a new theme for their gossip. At length, after many guesses, they thought they discovered a cause for John's unusual liveliness in the prosperity of the grocery establishment. The lord of the manor had come to reside on his estate, and made a point of confining his custom to the tradesmen of the town, none of whom felt the benefit of Lord Winter's patronage so extensively as the Hawkers. Had, however, their acquaintances known the truth, they would have perceived that this accession of good fortune brought no benefit to John himself; for, in proportion as the business flourished, so did the managing partner's vigilance increase. Mrs Hawker looked narrowly into the state of the books every night, calculated the profits, withdrew them from the till, and kept them under lock and key with the most exact and unbending regularity. In this state of things there appeared but a small prospect of John being able, either by fair means or foul, to scrape together Staple's ten pounds by the day he had promised to return it; and as the time approached, his despondency and terror returned. Seeing no prospect of averting a forfeiture of his word to his friend, he never met him without descanting more dolefully than ever on the hardness of the times and the badness of trade. Staple sincerely pitied him, but hoped he would be punctual in his payment on Lady Day.

As Mrs Hawker had few weaknesses, she may be readily forgiven for one which she possessed in a predominant degree. Considering herself, perhaps justly (for her father was an attorney), somewhat above her present station in life, she had a habit of boasting and making as much pretension to gentility as she possibly could. Hence it was not unnatural that, out of the increased profits of trade, she should treat herself with a new bonnet oftener than heretofore; should fit up her 'first-floor front,' as she called it, in a superior style, and make certain other additions to the household expenses, as were fully warranted by the flourishing state of the business. Now, all this ought to have made John Hawker all the happier; but, alas! it augmented his misery. The 25th rapidly approached, and his good lady was spending the money which ought, in strict justice, to be saved for liquidating the loan.

On Sunday she appeared at church in a new tuscan bonnet, with blue trimmings, which was the envy and admiration of the surrounding congregation—at least of the female part of it. Conscious of the effect she had produced, Mrs Hawker was, on her way home, peculiarly chatty to all and sundry of the town gossips. Amongst others, she and her husband were joined by Mr Staple, who, after a well-turned compliment to the lady's blooming looks and elegant attire, turned to John, remarking that times could not be so desperate after all. John presented his longest face, and assured his friend that business was as bad as it could be, that money was very scarce, and there was no end to the difficulties now-a-days of making ends meet. From this, however, Mrs Hawker decidedly dissented. For her part, she was perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and had no notion of living in the hugger-mugger way that some people would live in if they could have their will. Indeed she was fitting up the front drawing-room in a genteel manner, that they might occasionally see their friends in a social way. Poor John! in vain were all his nudges and looks of intreaty to admonish her to change the subject. Every word uttered by her belied the plea of poverty he was constantly putting in to Staple; but being on a favourite topic, Mrs Hawker still went on. 'There was a carpet, for instance, I bought at Tod's——'

'A cheap Kidderminster merely,' remarked the grocer.

'Not at all cheap!' observed the lady tartly; 'for when I buy things, I like them good and serviceable. One don't buy a carpet every day; do we, Mr Staple?'

Mr Staple hoped not.

'I am in treaty for a sofa with Morrison the broker, but——'

'But you know, my dear,' interrupted John in an insinuating tone, 'we cannot afford it.'

'*I'll* see about that, Mr Hawker,' said the groceress, 'if I can only get Morrison down to my price.'

'Well, well, you know best,' returned John, who felt that he had carried his contradictions as far as he dared. Here Staple turned to go off towards his own house, and on parting, Mrs Hawker pressed him to drop in some evening in a friendly way. 'We have just got two dozen of gold-coloured sherry down from London.'

'I am delighted to find you are getting on so well in the world,' remarked Staple as he shook hands. By this time John was completely bewildered; but quickly awoke to a sense of his situation, when his friend added significantly, 'I suppose I shall see you on the twenty-fifth, John?'

John was too frightened to reply, so Staple went away without receiving an answer.

'So, so,' said Mrs Hawker in a tone of severe inquiry; 'what is going on on the twenty-fifth?'

John made a mighty effort to utter—'Nothing.'

'Nothing! eh, John? as if I did not know Staple of old. But take care, if you do dine with him on that day, you don't come home in the state you did last Christmas. Indeed, if I were you, John, I would not go at all.'

Alas! John only wished he might have it in his power for once to disobey his better half; but as he saw not the smallest prospect of being able, with any face, to visit his friend on the day named, he faithfully promised that he wouldn't. Oh that ten pounds!

Again the neighbours noticed that John Hawker had relapsed into the old state of melancholy; neither was this overlooked by his wife. It was in vain she tried to rouse him—vain were her treats after supper of little tumblers of the gold-coloured sherry and warm water; for every drop John swallowed, he felt as if he were committing a fraud on his only creditor. Vain was her triumph over Morrison the broker, when she succeeded in getting the sofa at her own price; for John shared not in her exultation. 'How,' thought the wretched grocer, 'can I face Staple, when the news of the outlay comes to his ears?'

How indeed? Conscience makes cowards of us all; but never did it make an individual so timid as John Hawker. The certainty of being unable to keep his engagement troubled him with a morbid dread of meeting his creditor. For three weeks before the appointed day he feared to leave his shop, lest he should encounter Staple on the street; and feared to stay at home, lest Staple should call. On one or two occasions, when he could invent no reasonable excuses for going errands of business for his head partner, he was observed to turn the corners of every street with the utmost caution, taking a careful survey of its passengers before he ventured to enter it. Once, when he thought he saw Staple approaching him, he darted down a blind alley; and another time, when labouring under a similar delusion, he rushed into a doctor's shop, and asked for a certain drug with so much incoherency of manner, that the dispenser refused to supply him.

At length the awful twenty-fifth arrived!

Still, all John's tribulation was groundless, for he heard nothing from Staple. But who could foretell the sweeping catastrophe which may be awaiting him? Was the creditor nursing up all his wrath till the default of payment had been actually committed? Would he, in violation of his pledge, tell Mrs Hawker? John's hair stood on end at the bare anticipation. But no, no; he knew Staple better—never was so strict a man of his word. He may go to law for the debt—resort, in fact, to great extremities to get it paid; but the last extremity of all—the divulging the secret to his wife—was a piece of malice John felt would never be hurled against him—and John was right.

The twenty-fifth passed over; the next day; the twenty-seventh, and not a word from Staple about the ten pounds. This silence was ominous; it boded either great good or dire evil. On the twenty-eighth, however, John's terrible suspense was put an end to. Staple had gone to London on some pressing business! 'Perhaps,' said John, the first moment he found himself alone, while rubbing his hands with such ecstatic violence that his linen shop-sleeves looked like a couple of white ribbons—'perhaps,' he exclaimed, 'Staple has *forgotten* the ten pounds!'

From the moment this egregious improbability possessed the mind of John Hawker, his spirits exhibited symptoms of fresh elation. Whenever his wife had a commission for him to execute out of doors, instead of making all manner of excuses for getting off the job, he surprised her by the alacrity with which he undertook it. He walked along the streets with a bold step and confident air, never dreaming of looking round the corners. Nay, he even ventured once or twice past Staple's own house, although he had previously gone many a mile out of his way to avoid it. On one of these excursions this comfortable condition of mind was doomed to receive a severe check. John met the postman, who placed in his hands a letter. He glanced at the post-mark, and turned pale; it was from London. With a cautious step, but trembling hand, he sought out the most retired part of the road, and broke the seal. Sure enough it was from Staple. After upbraiding the grocer for breaking his word, the writer gave him peremptory notice, that unless the ten pounds were paid 'immediately' (and under this word were scored three very conspicuous dashes), the affair would be put into the hands of an attorney—a London attorney; for Staple was unwilling to expose the defaulter to his neighbours by employing one belonging to the town.

It is truly said that no situation is so desperate but it is possible to extract some comfort out of it; and though the terrors of the law too surely awaited the miserable shopkeeper, yet one shred of satisfaction remained;—it was evident that Staple didn't mean to tell his wife. While safe from such a disclosure, John felt almost strong enough to defy the law.

It was well he *was* thus fortified; for exactly a week after the receipt of the epistle, while he was serving in the shop, a small slip of paper was thrust into his hand by a stranger who came in under pretence of inquiring the price of mottled soap. Luckily, at that moment Mrs Hawker's back was turned (for she was weighing off treacle), and John was able to crush the memorandum in his palm, and thrust it under his apron-string without detection. When an opportunity occurred of perusing it in secret, he found that it was nothing less than the copy of a writ.

'Troubles,' says a much-used adage, 'are nothing when you are used to them;' in other words, the constant contemplation or experience of severe misfortunes blunts their poignancy. Familiarity breeds contempt for woes as well as for friends; and this was the case with John Hawker. So long had his mind been tortured with the idea of having borrowed ten pounds, and being quite unable to pay it, that familiarity with that fact hardened his despondency into a sort of desperate recklessness and disregard of consequences—a patient but bewildered awaiting for the worst, come when it would.

He did wait, and in due time let judgment go by default. He was no longer a free member of society; his liberty was at the mercy of the sheriff of the county! In these circumstances, another man would have chosen the least of two evils—he would have preferred telling his wife to going to prison. 'Tis true that in moments of extreme excitement several wild schemes entered his head. He *had* thought of robbing the till, and even of running the country; but to give himself up to eternal domestic discord, by divulging his secret, was too dreadful to be contemplated.

Exasperated at John Hawker's obstinate silence, Staple pursued him to the last extremity; and one morning, while the devoted chapman was mechanically checking off an invoice in the parlour, a rough-looking man entered the shop. Luckily, a customer was engaging Mrs Hawker's attention, and on the stranger inquiring for her husband, she desired him to 'step in.' The moment the parlour door was opened, and John's eyes fell on the entrant, he saw it was all over with him. He first shut the door and then the ledger, took off one of his short sleeves, and looked for his hat. 'I suppose I must go with you?' he remarked in a tone of resignation that would have done honour to a martyr.

'Oh no,' answered the man, pulling out a very dirty pocket-book; 'you labour under a mistake; this writ'—and he exhibited a long slip of parchment—'this writ is not a *capias*. I have not come to take your body; we only want the goods—that's all.'

'The what?' asked John aghast; 'the goods? the furniture?'

'Of course; and stock in trade too—at least so much of it as will cover the debt and costs.'

John thought of the sofa, the carpet, and the other elegancies of the up-stairs room, in which his 'good lady' took such pride, and felt that he would much rather have gone to prison at once. His old terrors came over him as he contemplated the precipice that was about to fall on him. Here was a crisis! An execution was in the house! Now it *was* all over. 'Mercy on me!' he exclaimed, clasping his hands; 'now my wife *must* know of it!'

'Not by no means,' said the sheriff's man, as he took off his greatcoat, and sat in a chair to make himself perfectly at home; 'at all events not just yet, for I daresay it would distress her, poor thing.'

'But how *can* it be avoided, my good man?' asked poor John, grasping the stranger's shoulder with unnatural energy.

'Why, this way. You see I am now in possession of your goods and chattels, and you can keep me here if you like for nine days, which will give you time to look about you, and get the money together. But if you do not arrange before that time, we must have in the broker, and sell.'

'Something may turn up, to be sure,' said Hawker thoughtfully. 'But you will have to live and sleep here; I can't keep *that* from my wife.'

'Nothing more easy. Can't I pretend to be a cousin of yours just come home from sea?'

'But I have no cousin at sea.'

'Then we must try something else. Men in possession, as they call us, are obliged to turn anything to accommodate parties. When I get into great people's houses, they put me in livery, and visitors little think they are waited on by a sheriff's man. In other houses I pretend to be a single-man lodger, who boards with the family; but I always find the cousin from sea to answer best. Make haste,' he added, 'and think of something; your wife's a-coming! Have you *no* relations abroad?'

At this opportune question the cause of all his misfortunes darted into his mind, and John had just enough sense left to say, 'Yes, my brother; he emigrated three months ago.'

The man replied, 'Very well; leave the rest to me,' just in time; for the words were scarcely uttered before Mrs Hawker entered the parlour.

The ingenious 'man in possession' exercised his imagination so successfully, that for a time he deceived the not-easily-taken-in Mrs Hawker. He said he had been sent by the emigrants to give an account of their embarkation, and to say they were quite well; adding, that he was very glad to accept the kind invitation which Mr Hawker had given him to stay a day or two, to await the arrival of some money he expected from London. The lady frowned upon her husband one of those annihilating looks which generally made John

tremble. The guest, however—who boasted, and not untruly, that he had seen a good deal of life—made himself, during the rest of the day, so agreeable to his hostess by a little adroit flattery, that after supper she produced the gold-coloured sherry, and caused a bed to be made for him on the new sofa in the best room.

As for poor John, he went about the house next day like a man in a dream. The little wit he usually possessed was completely frightened out of him, and only returned when something happened that tended to awaken his 'good lady's' suspicions, and consequently his own fears. For instance, the stranger's story concerning the departed brother turned out, on cross-examination, to be rather incoherent. Sometimes John was said to have four nephews, instead of two; at others, his brother had gone to New Zealand, instead of to Australia; till at length the lady's suspicions were so effectually roused on the sixth day, that she told John confidentially she believed the man was an impostor, and hinted the expediency of consulting some intelligent constable. This gave the husband a new fit of dread. He bore up against it as long as he could; but at length, when the man in possession was detected smoking a pipe up the kitchen chimney, the 'good lady' vowed she would submit to be deceived no longer.

John's agony was now worked up to such a pitch, that he was seized with a violent fever, and symptoms of incipient insanity. But here the rigid shopwoman relaxed into the affectionate wife. All her attentions were centred in her husband: the doctor was sent for, and every minute to be spared from the shop was passed at his bedside. The stranger made himself too useful to be thought unkindly of; but still he had a duty to perform, and—the ninth day was to-morrow!

The doctor's report to Mrs Hawker tended to hasten on the crisis, which seemed inevitable. He said that John's disease was mental, rather than physical; that it was evident he had something on his mind—something awful! Upon this Mrs Hawker intreated her husband to unbosom himself. She tried all that endearment and coaxing could do; and three several times did John essay to divulge his secret, but on each occasion his heart failed him, and he was silent. As it turned out, it was perhaps fortunate that he remained so; for at this, the eleventh hour, succour was at hand!

At the very moment that Mrs Hawker was making the third endeavour to extract the secret from her husband, who should enter the shop but the brother who, it was supposed, had emigrated! Having quarrelled with Mrs Hawker, he declined seeing her, but desired to have an interview with his brother alone. This he had; and related that, having gone to London to embark on board the emigrant ship, he accidentally met Lord Winter's land-steward, who dissuaded him from so rash a step, wrote to his lordship, and he had given him the situation of bailiff. 'So, as I have no passage-money to pay, I can return the ten pounds after all.'

'What!' said John, starting up in his bed with a degree of energy which alarmed his brother. 'What did you say about the ten pounds? Say it again, for mercy's sake!'

'Here it is,' replied the elder Hawker, showing a bank-note.

'But the costs?'

'What costs?'

This question was answered by a rambling account of all poor John had endured for his brother's sake. The man in possession was called up stairs; the money (debt and costs) paid; the deception he practised on Mrs Hawker was favoured and strengthened by the brother, who corroborated his story; and John's peace of mind and health were completely restored.

Since this transaction, John and his wife have got on so well in the world, that they talk of retiring from business. They live most happily together; for Mrs Hawker continues to have it all her own way. John is obedient and confiding in everything save one:—to this day his good lady does not know a word about the 'Ten Pounds.'

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Perhaps no class of superstitions exhibits human credulity and weakness in a broader light than that connected with the history of medicine and surgery. Until within a comparatively recent period, the medical practice of our own country was little else than a tissue of superstitious beliefs and speculative conceits; and such, even at the present day, is the character of the healing art in many parts of the world. Like other general features in the history of mankind, these beliefs are founded upon certain principles in our nature—erring through that ignorance which progressive experience and reason are destined to dissipate. Man naturally seeks to avoid disease, from the pain which it creates, and the consequent fear of death urges him to grasp at any proffered remedy. His own anxiety, increased by that of his friends, makes him prone to believe; and credulity is a weakness ever ready to be practised upon by the selfish and designing. Thus quackery and empiricism originate. There is, however, another cause of the superstitious in medicine equally general with that already mentioned—namely, the unknown origin of many of the maladies which assail us. The causes of external injuries are seen and known; those of internal or constitutional disease are obscure. In rude ages, such afflictions are regarded as judgments, and the work of malignant spirits; hence charms, incantations, and divinations, are the curative means resorted to. If the patient die, it is his fate; if he survive (whether from the disease having run its course, or from the force of imagination acting upon his bodily system), the charm is considered efficacious; and what is said to have cured one, it is but reasonable to apply to thousands. Thus it is that empiricism and superstition get established, and retain their hold even long after science has taught us to laugh at their absurdity. It may, therefore, be curious, and not uninstructive, to collect a few details respecting past medical practice, and its still surviving superstitions.

One of the earliest and most prevalent of these beliefs was that which attributed medical virtues to rings made of certain metals, and fabricated after a certain fashion. It was a custom in England, as early as the time of the Plantagenets, for the king on a particular holiday every year to bless *cramp-rings* at the church of Westminster, which rings were preserved by the people with the greatest care, as specifics against the disorder from which they took their name. Van Helmont, who wrote in the latter part of the seventeenth century, affirms that he was possessed of a metal, of which, if a ring were made and worn, not only the pain attendant upon hæmorrhoids would cease, but that in twenty-four hours, whether internal or external, they would vanish altogether. This faith in metal rings is still far from being extinct, as we learn from the subjoined notice forwarded to us by a silversmith in an English provincial town:—

'Some time ago, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, evidently in a bad state of health, came to my shop, wishing me to make him a strong ring out of several pieces of silver which he brought with him. By questioning him a little, I ascertained that he had been long subject to fits; that nothing which he had hitherto tried had afforded him any relief; and that he had been advised by a neighbour to try a charm, which she had known to be efficacious in several instances. The charm was, that he must beg seven different pieces of silver from seven different persons; that a strong ring must be made containing a part of each of the pieces; that the person who made it must have no other reward for his labour than the pieces which were left after the ring had been made; that he must wear the ring upon the fore finger of the right hand, and that he might then have no further fear of a recurrence of fits. The young

man also said that the surgeon who attended him had signified his assent to the trial! I asked him if he could really bring himself to think that it could be of any service to him? He replied, that when he thought of it reasonably, he must confess he did not see how it could; but that, as he had been so tormented with the fits, and as everything else he had tried had been of no service, he was willing to try anything, for drowning-men catch at straws. I forthwith undertook to make him the ring, but on condition that he would call after he had worn it for a while, to let me know if it had been the means of conquering his mortal enemy or not.

In about three or four months afterwards, my customer was passing the shop, when I called him in. He told me that perhaps I might doubt what he stated, but that, nevertheless, it was perfectly true; that from the time of putting on the ring until then, he had never once had a fit, though before that time he had had three or four in a week, and that he was rapidly recovering his health! I was greatly amused with this confession; for, to let you into a secret, though I must endeavour to blush in mentioning the trick—the ring which I made did not contain a particle of the silver which had been brought to me. The ring was made by me from the shank of an old silver spoon; and yet the patient assured me he was cured. I did not, however, for obvious reasons, tell him of the deceit.

Upon reflecting on this remarkable superstition, if I may call it by that name, I have arrived at the conclusion, that the whole cause of the cure was a strong effort of the imagination. The young man forced himself to believe in the potency of the charm, and, in doing so, exerted an influence over the nervous energy, which produced the desired result. May not this species of confidence account for many alleged cures from the use of charms?'

Sometimes a superstition accommodates itself to a change in the public mind, and thus endures long after its original form has ceased to be regarded. It is by no means uncommon to meet with educated people who wear rings composed of zinc and copper, which are supposed to have a favourable effect in rheumatic affections, merely because plates of these metals, with a fluid between them, are employed to form a galvanic circle. To fire off a child's pop-gun at a Flanders fortress would be quite as rational, and equally effective.

Besides their faith in the efficacy of metallic contact, our ancestors believed in the potency of certain stones, such as the philosopher's, the magical, the vegetable, and the angelic, to which mystical and superhuman properties were respectively attributed. These, however, were more strictly magical than medical, and so we pass them by, to glance at some of those talismans, amulets, and charms, recorded in a recent work devoted to the subject.* Talismans, or the doctrine of signatures, had their origin from a belief, says Mr Pettigrew, 'that medicinal substances bore upon their external surfaces the properties or virtues they possessed, impressed upon them by planetary influence. The connexion of the properties of substances with their colour, is also an opinion of great antiquity: white was regarded as refrigerant, red as hot—cold and hot qualities were therefore attributed to medicines so coloured. This opinion led to serious errors in practice. Red flowers were given for disorders of the sanguiferous system, yellow ones for those of the biliary secretion, &c. We find that in small-pox red bed-coverings were employed, with the view of bringing the pustules to the surface of the body. The bed-furniture and hangings were very commonly of a red colour—red substances were to be looked upon by the patient. Burnt purple, pomegranate seeds, mulberries, or other red ingredients, were dissolved in their drink. In short, as Avicenna contended that red bodies moved the blood, everything of a red colour was employed in these cases. John of Gaddesden, physician to Edward II., directs his patients to be wrapped up in scarlet dresses; and he says that, "when the son of the renowned king of England (Edward II.) lay sick of the small-pox, I took care that everything around the bed should be of a red colour; which succeeded so completely, that the prince was restored to perfect health, without the vestige of a pustule remaining." Wraxall, in his "Memoirs," says that the Emperor Francis I., when infected with the small-pox, was rolled up in a scarlet cloth by order of his physician, so late as 1765, when he died. Flannel dyed nine times in blue was held to be efficacious in the removal of glandular swellings.'

Amulets, in earlier times, were borne alike by rich and poor, and even in our own day are not wholly discarded—showing how firmly superstition lays hold of the unenlightened mind. We transcribe a few of those recorded by Mr Pettigrew:—'The elder tree, to the history of which many superstitions belong, forms a charm for a variety of diseases, but has been especially employed in epilepsy. In Blochwick's "Anatomie of the Elder," translated and published in London, 1655, p. 52, we read of an amulet made of the elder growing on a sallow: "If in the month of October, a little before the full moon, you pluck a twig of the elder, and cut the cane that is betwixt two of its knees, or knots, in nine pieces, and these pieces, being bound in a piece of linen, be in a thread so hung about the neck that they touch the spoon of the heart, or the sword-formed cartilage; and that they may stay more firmly in that place, they are to be bound thereon with a linen or silken roller wrapt about the body, till the thread break of itself. The thread being broken, and the roller removed, the amulet is not at all to be touched with bare hands, but it ought to be taken hold on by some instrument, and buried in a place that nobody may touch it." Some hang a cross made of the elder and the sallow, mutually inwrapping one another, about the children's neck.

Father Jerome Merolla de Sorrento, in his "Voyage to Congo," mentions the foot of the elk as a certain remedy against epilepsy. The way to find out the foot in which this virtue lies, he says, is to "knock the beast down, when he will immediately lift up that leg which is most efficacious to scratch his ear. Then you must be ready with a sharp scimitar to lop off the medicinal limb, and you shall find an infallible remedy against the falling sickness treasured up in his claws." Among the Indians and Norwegians, and the other northern nations, the hoof of the elk is regarded as a sovereign cure for epilepsy. The person afflicted must apply it to his heart, hold it in his left hand, and rub his ear with it.

During the severe visitation of the plague in London, amulets composed of arsenic were very commonly worn over the region of the heart, upon the principle that one poison would drive out or prevent the entry of another. Large quantities of arsenic were imported into London for this purpose. Dr Henry wrote against them as "dangerous and hurtful, if not pernicious, to those who weare them." Quills of quicksilver were commonly worn about the neck as a preservative against the plague. The powder of toad was employed in a similar way. Pope Adrian is reported never to have been without it. The ingredients forming his amulet were dried toad, arsenic, tormentil, pearl, coral, hyacinth, smarag, and tragacanth.'

Charms were equally prevalent with talismans and amulets, and in rural districts the belief in their efficacy is far from being extinguished. The writer of this notice has heard charms repeated over a sick-bed, and also as preventives against disease and the machinations of witchcraft; and this within these last ten years, in the Lowland districts of Scotland. Those related by Mr Pettigrew, in connexion with ague, may be taken as sufficiently illustrative:—'In Skippon's account of a "Journey through the Low Countries," &c. he makes mention of the lectures of Ferrarius, and his narrative of the cure of the ague of a Spanish lieutenant, by writ-

* On Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S. Churchill, London.

ing the words FEBRA FUGE, and cutting off a letter from the paper every day; and he observed the distemper to abate accordingly: when he cut the letter E, last of all, the ague left him. In the same year, he says, fifty more were reported to be cured in the same manner. Another charm for ague was directed to be said up the chimney by the eldest female of the family, on St Agnus' Eve. It ran thus:—

Tremble and go!
First day shiver and burn:
Tremble and quake!
Second day shiver and learn:
Tremble and die!
Third day never return!'

The possibility of transplanting or transferring the ague was once commonly entertained. 'Mr Douce, in some manuscript notes transmitted to Mr Brand, says, "it is usual with many persons about Exeter, who are affected with ague, to visit at dead of night the nearest cross-road five different times, and there bury a new-laid egg. The visit is paid about an hour before the cold fit is expected; and they are persuaded that with the egg they shall bury the ague. If the experiment fail (and the agitation it occasions may often render it successful), they attribute it to some unlucky accident that may have befallen them on the way. In the course of the walk, and in the performance of the rite, they observe the strictest silence, taking care not to speak to any one whom they may happen to meet." By breaking a salted cake of bran, and giving it to a dog when the fit comes on, the malady has been supposed to be transferred from the patient to the animal.'

That these charms were totally useless, and could have produced no effect on the disease for the cure of which they were administered, must be evident to every educated mind. In the nature of things, such cures are impossible, unless, be it always remembered, the malady is of a nervous character, and over which the imagination is capable of exercising some control. The power which the mind exerts over the body, is too well known to be for one moment discredited; and certain diseases may yield to this influence when the patient's imagination is sufficiently excited by belief in the potency of the talisman applied. Numberless instances of this kind of influence are on record: that given by Dr Paris in his 'Pharmacologia,' as related to him by the late Mr Coleridge, is, perhaps, the most strikingly illustrative:—'As soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr Beddoes at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis: a patient was selected for the trial, and the management of it was intrusted to Sir Humphry Davy. Previous to the administration of the gas, he inserted a small pocket thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do upon such occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was to submit, but deeply impressed, from the representation of Dr Beddoes, with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer under his tongue, than he concluded the *talisman* was in full operation, and in a burst of enthusiasm declared that he already experienced the effect of its benign influence throughout his whole body: the opportunity was too tempting to be lost: Davy cast an intelligent glance at Coleridge, and desired his patient to renew his visit on the following day, when the same ceremony was performed, and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight, the patient gradually improving during that period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used.' Cures effected by the imposition of royal hands, by stroking, by mesmerism, and the like, are proofs of the same principle; a principle of which the judicious physician may sometimes avail himself for his patient's sake, but which he will never exercise as an instrument for his own aggrandisement.

Adverting, therefore, to the numerous phases which superstition in past ages has assumed, there is none which exhibits the human understanding in a more degraded light than that connected with the cure of bodily infirmities. Few if any of these cures had a show of reason to recommend them to the cultivated mind; and even these few were so clouded with mummery and jargon, that one is apt to treat them with ridicule, believing that more virtue was ascribed to the mode of administration than to the potency of the article prescribed. Nor did these superstitions exert their sway over the vulgar mind alone; the rich and great were equally under their influence, and indulged in them all the more that their circumstances afforded them the means. It was left for the progress of science to dissipate these errors; and though the simple and uninformed, in remote districts, may still cling to some of these beliefs, and quacks and empirics be ever ready to impose on their credulity, as a nation we are now happily on the path to more rational and effective modes of procedure.

MEMOIRS OF A GRIFFIN.

FAR from finding any speculations on that animal of fabulous ferocity, which exists only in the imaginations of poets and in the blazonry of heralds, the reader of the two volumes before us* will discover nothing more than the experiences of a harmless young gentleman just entering life as a military officer. The truth is, the term griffin is an Anglo-Indian cant word applied to all new comers whose lot has been cast in British India. According to our authority, 'a griffin is the Johny Newcome of the East, one whose European manners and ideas stand out in ludicrous relief when contrasted with those, so essentially different in most respects, which appertain to the new country of his sojourn. The ordinary period of griffinhood is a year, by which time the *novus homo*, if apt, is supposed to have acquired a sufficient familiarity with the language, habits, customs, and manners of the country, both Anglo-Indian and native, to preclude his making himself supremely ridiculous by blunders, *gaucheries*, and the indiscriminate application of English standards to states of things to which those rules are not always exactly adapted.

At the termination, then, of the above-mentioned period, our griffin, if he has made the most of his time, becomes entitled to associate on pretty equal terms with those sun-dried specimens of the *genus homo*, familiarly called the "old hands:" subs of fifteen years' standing, gray-headed captains, and superannuated majors, critics profound in the merits of a curry, or the quality of a batch of Hodgson's pale ale. He ceases to be the butt of his regiment, and persecutes in his turn, with the zeal of a convert, all novices not blessed with his modicum of local experience.'

The particular individual of the species who now favours us with his memoirs, comes forward under the fictitious name of Frank Gernon, and declares himself to have been the son of an Irish gentleman settled in England. At the age of sixteen he obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's military service, and in due time was shipped on board the Rottenbeam Castle for the scene of his future career. The account of his voyage proves, on perusal, to differ but little from that of other travellers to the same destination. His fellow-passengers consisted of the usual assortment of old officers returning to secure retiring pensions, younger ones going back from 'European leave,' civilians and their wives, matrons hastening to expectant husbands, and spinsters desirous of getting a peep at the country—but nothing more. Arrived in the Bay of Biscay, Mr Gernon describes the tossings, tumblings, miseries, and comical contretemps to which the ship was subject in those uneasy waters. Here is the record of a dinner afloat:—'Our first day's dinner on board, with things in the state I have described—that is, the Rottenbeam

* Memoirs of a Griffin, or a Cadet's First Year in India. By Captain Bellew. 2 vols. 8vo. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

Castle reeling and staggering like a drunken man—was a most comical affair, and I should have enjoyed it extremely, had my nausea been less. It is true, with some variations, the scene was afterwards frequently repeated (except when sea-pie was the order of the day); but then, though I was no longer qualmish, it in turn had lost the master-charm of novelty. We were summoned to dinner as usual, on the day in question, by the drummers and fifers, or rather, to be more respectful, the "captain's band;" but from the difficulty of preserving an equilibrium, these worthies mangled the "Roast Beef of Old England" most unmercifully. The dapper little steward, with his train of subordinates, had some difficulty in traversing the deck with their savoury burdens; unable to march as before, heads erect, like a squad of recruits, the grand purveyor, with his silver tureen in the van, they now emerged theatrically from the culinary regions, advancing with slides and side-steps, like a *corps de ballet*—now a halt, then a simultaneous run, then balancing on one leg, and finally (hitting the moment of an equipoise) a dart into the cuddy, where, with some little difficulty, each contrived to deposit his dish. The passengers, emerging from various doors and openings, tottering and holding on as best they might, now made their way to seats, and amidst the most abominable creaking and groaning that ever saluted my ears, the business of dinner began. In spite of sand-bags, however, and all other appliances, there was no restraining the ambulatory freaks of the dishes, and we were scarcely seated when a tremendous lee-lurch sent a tureen of pea-soup souse over the doctor's kerseymere waistcoat and Brummel tie; and a roast pig, as if suddenly resuscitated, and endued with a spirit of frenzy, darted from its dish, and cantering furiously down the whole length of the table, finally effected a lodgment in Miss Dobbikins' lap. I, for my part, was nearly overwhelmed by an involuntary embrace from the charming Miss Olivia; whilst to add to the confusion, at this particular moment, Mr Cadet Grundy, governed rather by sight than a due consideration of circumstances and the laws of gravitation, made a desperate lunge at one of the swinging tables, which he thought was making a most dangerous approach to the perpendicular, in order to steady it, and the immediate result was a fearful crash of glasses and decanters, and a plentiful libation of port and sherry.

"Are ye mad, sir, to do that?" exclaimed the captain [a Scotchman], with ill-suppressed vexation at the destruction of his glasses, and forgetting his usual urbanity.

"I thought they were slipping off, sir," said Grundy with great humility.

"Ye ha' slupped them off in gude airnest yersel, sir," rejoined Captain M'Guffin, unable, however, to repress a smile, in which all joined, at the idea of Grundy's extreme simplicity. "Dinna ye ken, sir, that it's the ship, and not the swing-table, that loses its perpendicular? Here, steward," continued he, "clear away these fragments, and put mair glasses on the table."

The colloquy ended, there was a further lull, when, heave yo ho! away went the ship on the other side; purser jammed up against the bulk-head; rolls, legs, and wings, boiled beef, carrots, and potatoes, all racing, as if to see which would first reach the other side of the table. At this instant snap went a chair-lashing, and the ex-resident of Paugulabad was whirled out of the cuddy-door like a thunder-bolt.

"There she goes again!" exclaimed the second mate; "hold on, gentlemen." The caution was well-timed, for down she went on the opposite tack; once more the recoil brought the colonel back again, with the force of a battering-ram, attended by an awful smash of the butler's plate-basket, and other deafening symptoms of reaction. Oh, 'tis brave sport a cuddy-dinner in an Indiaman, and your ship rolling gunwales under.'

We must, however, travel a little faster than our hero, and pick him up at Calcutta, where he is speedily assailed by hosts of *sircars*, or valets de place, whose ostensible duty it is to recommend hotels, supply the stranger with all he wants from the best markets at the lowest price, to make him acquainted with the customs of the country, and to do many other necessary offices; their real business being to cheat on every 'bargain' they are intrusted to make; and, in short, to fleece their employer as much as they can without being found out. Our hero did not altogether escape, although, considering he was in the rudiments of griffinhood, he fell into very good hands—those of a sircar who sported the euphonious cognomen of Chattermohun Ghose. This attentive agent soon provided his employer with nearly all he wanted; but after a time, was suddenly missed. While, however, the ensign (for he had been promoted during his voyage) was wondering what had become of Chattermohun, he received the following epistle, which is a choice specimen of Hindostanee English:—

'Most respectful and honoured Sir—Greatly labouring for fearful apprehension that sudden non-appearance should dictate condemnation from the sensible benignity of your excellency's reverence, and feeling in concatenation that explanation was indispensable, I have herewith the honour to inform you, that one of my family (now consisting of six childrens effective of various denominations) was recently solemnised in holy matrimony, and adoptedly conducted according to prescribed rite and custom of native religion. This solemnisation was carried into production my house in country by Boitacoolah T'hannah, wither in my patriarchal duty have repair for a few day.

According to last order of your reverence, have instruct to Gopee Nauth, of China Bazaar, to disperse to your quarter goods as per margin, for which he expect the favour of early remittance. I have also passed to credit of master account 16 rupees 8 annas, leaving balance my favour 256 rupees 5 annas 3 pice, as per account enclosed. Trusting from this statement of explanation, your honour not think me absent without leave, I have honour to be, with deep respect and consideration, your most obedient humble servant,

CHATTERMOHUN GHOSE, Sircar.

To his Exc. Ensign Gernon, South Bks.'

One of our griffin's earliest acquaintances was an Irish general, to whom he gives the name of Capsicum. This old campaigner invites him to *tiffin* (a sort of luncheon) and dinner. The scene between the two meals is quite Indian, and is graphically described:—'At length, on the approach of evening, the servants, as is usual in India, unbolted and threw open the long Venetian doors, to admit the cool air, and out we sauntered on the lawn, to join the ladies (to whose number some addition had been made), who had preceded us, and were admiring the moving scene on the river.

The sun had just gone down, and all nature seemed to be with one accord putting forth a rejoicing shout, an excess of that luminary producing all the torpid effects which arise from a deficiency of his beams elsewhere. The kite whistled querulously from the house-top, the maynas and squirrels chattered joyfully in the trees, ring-doves cooed, and the bright yellow mango birds and the dark coel (loved of Indian maids) shot through the cool groves and glades of cocoa-nut and bananas (plantains), uttering their clear and shrilly notes.

I think I now behold the group we formed, the white dresses of the ladies making them to look like spirits walking in a garden, and honest Augustus, with his *solah topee*,* looking down on his shoes, and saying agreeable things; the shadows of evening closing around us; the huge fox bats sailing heavily overhead; the river spreading its broad surface before us, suffused with the crimson flush of departing day; the boats moving across it afar, their oars dabbling as it were in quicksilver; the mists rising slowly from neighbouring groves, stealing over the scene; and then the stilly, tranquil

* Broad-brimmed hat of pith or solah.

hour, broken only by the plash of passing oars, the sound of a distant gong, or the far-off music of a marriage ceremony, or the hum and drumming of the bazaar—those drowsy sounds of an Indian eve. It was a bit of still life to be ever remembered.

The guests for the *burra khana* now began to arrive. Gigs, carriages, and palankeens, flambeaux, dancing lights, and the musical groans of the *cahars*, or bearers, as they hurried along the winding road, made the general's domain, a few moments before buried in repose, a scene of life and animation.

We returned to the mansion. The reception-room was fast filling. Generals, colonels, judges, barristers of the supreme court, merchants, agents, writers, with their ladies, the *élite* of Calcutta fashionable society was now, for the first time, submitted to my observation. White jackets, and still whiter faces, were the predominating features of the group (except where relieved by English blood and up-country brick-dust), whose manners, on the whole, struck me as being more frank and open than those of people in England, although that freedom occasionally bordered, I thought in many, on a rough familiar horse-play sort of manner, which then, at least, was too common in India, where the causes which predispose to a disregard of courtesy are unfortunately too rife.

Some of the party discussed politics, horse-racing, the latest news from up the country, the promotions and appointments, and so forth, in groups; whilst others, four or five abreast, stumped up and down the broad verandah, talking and laughing energetically; their spirits evidently enlivened by the rapid locomotion in which they were indulging.

General Capsicum was very pleasant with the *burra beebee*, a fine stately old dame, with a turban of bird of paradise plumes, and with whom, I afterwards learned, he had actually walked a minuet in the year of grace 1770. Mrs Capsicum, surrounded by a group of military men and young writers, was endeavouring to reduce her large mouth to the smallest possible dimensions—mincing the king's English, and "talking conversation" "mighty illigant" to the whole ring, in whose countenances a certain mock gravity indicated pretty evidently what they thought of her.

At last the *khansaman-jee*, or chief butler, a very important and respectable personage, with an aldermanic expansion of the abdominal region, a huge black beard, and a napkin hanging from his *kummerbund*, or girdle, with hands respectfully closed, head on one side, and an air most profoundly deferential, announced to the general that the dinner was served "*Tiar hyn?*"

"Dinner ready, did ye say?" said the general, who was a little deaf, and turning up his best ear to catch the reply.

"*Han khodabund*" (yes, slave of the Lord), replied the *khansaman-jee*.

"Come, gintlemen; come, leedies—those who have any mind to ate may follow me."

Thus saying, the general, with great vivacity, presented his arm to the old lady of the bird of paradise plume, and hobbled off with her, chattering and laughing, and followed by the whole company. I, the *lanky* griffin, brought up the rear, looking, on the whole, rather small. The *coup-d'œil* of a grand dinner-party in Calcutta, given by a rich merchant or high official, is a very splendid affair, and perhaps eclipses anything to be seen in the mansions of persons of the same rank in England.' Dinner-parties are, however, pretty nearly alike in all civilised countries, and a description of this particular one would not, we fear, be interesting to our readers.

The griffin was naturally anxious to see the remarkable sights of Calcutta, and having spent several days in doing so, paid a visit to an indigo planter, who resided some distance from the city. During his journey, he made his maiden hunting excursion, and arrived at his friend's house in time for an adventure of a more exciting kind. 'We were seated at table after breakfast, my host drowsily smoking his hookha, and conning the Calcutta paper, I concocting a despatch for home, when suddenly a confused and distant noise was heard, including the rapid beat of a *doog-doogie*, or small native drum. My host laid down his paper and listened; for a moment it died away, then again rose on the wind; there was a hubbub of voices—of flying footsteps—and lastly, of one or two dropping shots.

"There's something wrong," said Augustus, half-rising from his chair, and still intently listening. "*Quon hye?*" (who waits?) The words were scarcely uttered, when, wild with alarm, a servant rushed in, followed by one or two others, exclaiming, in almost frantic tones, "Sahib! sahib! *dacka! dacka!*"

My host turned pale, started from his chair, and rapidly interrogated the affrighted men, who answered him all clamorously at once, and with the most animated gesticulations. "In the name of all that's good," said I, thunderstruck at the scene, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Matter! my dear fellow, the dacoits—that's all; the robbers are upon us: we must defend our lives; there is not a moment to be lost."'

The plot now began to thicken; three burkundauzes rushed in, with a confirmation of the intelligence that Ramsunker, a noted robber chief, and his gang were close at hand, and that they had already plundered two or three neighbouring hamlets. 'Not an instant was wasted; the doors were banged to, and bolted in a trice, bars laid across, and some heavy boxes piled up against them. Guns, pistols, and hog-spears were put in requisition; the burkundauzes loaded their matchlocks and blew their matches, and the whole of us immediately ascended to the flat roof, determined to defend the fortress.' After due preparation, Gernon had a double-barrelled gun put into his hand, and presently 'a little white cloud of smoke puffed itself forth from the brightly verdant screen formed by the drooping bamboo hedge, followed by the whistling of a matchlock ball within a few feet of my pericranium. On hearing the whine of this ragged missile, I instinctively bobbed my head a shade lower than the parapet wall; this little involuntary working of the conservative principle, however, was speedily succeeded by an energetic display of its opposite, as by an active rebound up I started, presented my gun, and dropped shots—one, two—quick as thought, into the spot from which the cloud of smoke had yet hardly disappeared: how many I killed, I can't say. Augustus also fired; and immediately, as if roused by our daring, a numerous band of some 200 or 300 dacoits, as ill-looking a set of fellows as I ever beheld, armed with swords, spears, and a rusty matchlock or two, swarmed forth from their places of concealment, rushed down upon the house with a frightful yelling, sprung upon the terrace, and endeavoured to force the doors. These, however, though rather fragile, as Indian doors generally are, were sufficient for the moment to resist their efforts. Our garrison replied by loud shouts of defiance, which, with a volley from the guns and matchlocks, sent them, to our astonishment, to the right-about, and they again sought shelter amongst the trees, carrying off two or three wounded.' The attack was not, however, abandoned; for the assailants retreated to make scaling ladders; but before using them, sent a message to offer capitulation, the terms of which were cessation of hostilities on payment of 300 rupees. 'The indigo planter, finding further resistance would be useless, and knowing that these dacoits, on the principle of honour amongst rogues, were men of their word, fulfilling every engagement, whether to rob and murder, or abstain, with scrupulous fidelity, determined on acceding to their terms; this he intimated to the little plenipo, who thereat made a salaam, grinned horribly a ghastly smile, and returned to report to his superior the success of his mission. To be brief, there was an immediate stir in the grove, and presently the chief, as sinister-looking a villain as I ever beheld, came forward to about the middle of the open space fronting the

house, accompanied by a body of some ten or twelve of his followers.' The negotiation was there terminated, and peace restored.

In due time our griffin reaches the scene of duty at Delhi, where he forms one of the guard of honour of the Great Mogul. Here, we think, he might have given us some curious sketches, but so it has not appeared to himself. His book is, indeed, from beginning to end marked by a capriciously applied pencil, and by a tantalising want of completeness in the details. Still it cannot be read without amusement, and several remarks conveying sound and practical advice are scattered through it, well worth the attention of Indian griffins of all grades and denominations.

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

NANTES TO ST MALO.

How little do the people of Great Britain feel the value of that most valuable of all things—a liberty of going where they please, without question and without hindrance! Such at least was my reflection as I sat on a bench outside the Hotel de Ville at Nantes, waiting, with about fifty others, for the opening of the office, and the giving forth of passports lodged several hours before. The inconvenience was of little consequence to me, for I could wait; but most of my companions were of a humble class, to whom time was of value, and half a day spent in lounging at the door of a police office, waiting till they were called in one after the other, could not have been very suitable to their convenience. Yet it was remarkable how submissive they were to this detention, accompanied as it was with a degree of official rudeness, or what would have seemed so to an Englishman, when they were asked their names, where they were going, and other questions equally pointed. A number were working men, dressed in the blue linen blouse of the country, and were going to Paris, to Bourdeaux, to Lyons, and other places, in quest of employment. What a blessing is enjoyed in the exemption from this abominable inquisition in England, where a working man may go over the whole country unchallenged, and has not to spend a moment in seeking permission to set out where his fancy leads. On whatever pretence it is maintained, the passport system of France marks it as a nation of little better than slaves; under the mask of political freedom, they are socially enthralled. That in all their revolutions they never thought of stipulating for free locomotion, would almost indicate that they do not know what freedom really is.

Armed with the indulgence to move onward on our journey, we bade adieu to the pleasant banks of the Loire, and turned our faces northward through Brittany, *en route* for St Malo. The transit by diligence and private conveyance occupied two days, a part of the time being spent at Rennes, a little beyond midway. This town, the ancient capital of Brittany, is substantially built on a tolerably regular plan, and its society is said to be among the best in this part of France. It has, however, little to interest strangers; and there being no comfort in walking the ill-paved streets, we were happy to depart after a few hours' stay. In advancing, the country is pleasing, well diversified with enclosures, and possesses considerable tracts of forest. The villages and hamlets are, however, dirty in the extreme, the inhabitants of Brittany being, as is well known, among the most primitive in France. In some places the cottages were wretched, and in one place we observed a peasant dressed in a sheep-skin, cutting a grotesque and half-savage appearance. In the more remote parts, skin garments, I believe, are common, along with other tokens of filthiness of condition.

In due time we had the pleasure of reaching the brow of a rising ground, whence we obtained the first glimpse of the blue waters of the British Channel, or that portion of them which forms the Bay of Brittany, with St Malo on the flat and sandy beach beneath us. Our stay in this curious old seaport was only three days; the sole object of our visit to this part of the coast being to find a passage in one of the various steamers which ply between it and the Channel Islands.

St Malo occupies a situation the least favourable which one could imagine for a town. Viewing the bay in front from any neighbouring height, we perceive it to be singularly dotted over with dark rocky islets and reefs, the larger of which are occupied by small forts or other buildings, and some of the smaller only marked by the curling of the waves breaking against their sides. On a low island of this rugged character, and the nearest of the whole to the mainland, St Malo was built in ages long past. In modern times, however, its isolated character is gone. A raised causeway, of nearly a mile in length, sheltered on its east side from the open sea by a wall, and on the west forming a quay to the harbour, now connects the island with the land at the head of the bay. On the opposite or west side of the harbour is a bold headland, a most effectual shelter in that direction. Having pursued our way along the connecting causeway till we arrived at the great gateway of the town, we felt almost as if entering a prison when we had passed through the vaulted portal and found ourselves within an open space, on the one side of which was a line of tall houses, and the other a massive wall, at least fifty feet in height. Built entirely within this lofty rampart, the town may be said to be thoroughly cut off from external nature, and, like a man standing on his tiptoes to look over a wall, it obtains a glimpse of the exterior world only over the summit of the fortifications.

The houses of the town, sunk within this horrid ring fence, are generally well built, and regular in outline; but to save room, the streets are exceedingly narrow, and many of them little above the character of alleys. With light struggling downward into their profound depths, and with pavement and gutters about the worst in the world, the streets are not calculated for recreation. The chief solace of the pent-up inhabitants is to promenade along the ramparts, on the side adjoining the harbour; and here, over the embrasures, they have an opportunity of viewing the shipping beneath, or of taking a more distant look of the sea and its many rocky islets. Within the defences at the portal is a fortified castle, erected by Anne of Brittany in the seventeenth century, and now used as a barrack for the military commandant of the place. In the heart of the town is a Hotel de Ville of handsome appearance, with a small open place in front, decorated with the statue of Dugay Trouin, a naval hero, and surrounded by a few trees. Adjoining is the principal church, a massive inelegant structure, with a number of altars, and one or two good pictures. On the causeway outside the walls is a casino, without which existence would be scarcely endurable by the higher classes of St Malo. It is a neat and tasteful building, containing several dancing, music, and card rooms, also a reading room, on the table of which is always a display of Parisian newspapers, including Galignani, for the use of the English residents. Placed under the most respectable auspices, and open only to subscribers, the establishment is on certain evenings of the week the resort of the fashionables of the town, and is conducted on the most moderate terms. Transient residents are admitted during the season for the small charge of twelve francs.

Neither the casino nor the rampart promenades appear to attract the residence of many English, and most strangers visiting the place are drawn towards it by the excellence of its sea-bathing; the sands on the east side of the town being extensive and beautiful. Latterly, occasional horse-races on the sands may have added their charms to the ordinary marine attractions. The prosperity of the port, whose trade is to all appearance on a limited scale, was excited to an artificial height during the war with England, when the place

was noted as a nest of privateers, who were most successful in their forays; yet the excursions into the channel of these petty warriors were not conducted without extreme risk from the enemy. English cruisers pushing out from Jersey, or lurking behind one or other of the islets in the bay, sometimes made the most daring captures, or chased their prey to within range of the guns of St Malo.

In the present day, all such desperate adventures are matter of tradition, and St Malo forms the readiest friendly port to the Channel Islands. Between these and this part of Brittany, there hovers a migratory population of English, who vary their residence according to season and other circumstances. One of the chief scenes of their resort is St Servan, an open town situated on the neck of land forming the west side of the harbour at St Malo. This harbour, spacious and shallow in its inner extremity, is so narrow at the entrance from the sea, that here great efforts are now making to build a spacious pier approaching from each side, with a draw-bridge to unite them. Until these improvements are completed, the means of crossing the harbour is a ferry-boat, which passes from side to side every quarter of an hour, at the easy fare of a sou per passenger.

Landed on the opposite quay from St Malo by this conveyance, we pursued our exploratory tour of St Servan through a maze of irregular roads and streets, seeing nowhere anything calculated to arrest attention till we came to the nunnery of St Ann. This establishment, usually known as the convent of the Adoration, and situated at the head of a short avenue of trees, presents a striking instance of piety carried to excess. The leading peculiarity of the sisterhood is an incessant adoration of the holy sacrament. Day and night, and never ceasing except to relieve one another, a nun kneels in mute and entranced devotion in front of the grand altar; and on some occasions two unitedly perform this self-imposed duty. At the time of our visit, one was kneeling in her crimson capote on the steps of the altar, with hands pressed together, and eyes riveted on the sanctuary before her.

Quietly departing from this scene of devotion, we afterwards visited the church of St Servan, a large modern structure, with many shrines in a poor taste; and finally, pursued our walk to the outer extremity of the knoll on which the town stands, whence a good view is obtained on the east of St Malo, and on the west of the estuary of the Rance. This river is itself insignificant, and the water in its channel for many miles is the tide from the bay, which rises and falls with great rapidity, and, at low water, leaves exposed a vast slimy bottom. The banks of this sinuous inlet of the ocean are precipitous, and among the most romantic parts of the Breton scenery. From St Malo a very small steamer proceeds with the tide daily up the Rance as far as Dinant, a town distant about twenty miles, celebrated for its mineral waters, and the number of the real or imaginary valetudinarians who resort to it.

St Malo has the honour of having given birth to Chateaubriand, an author whose writings, whatever may be said of their vigour, are deservedly popular among the religious and poetical part of the French people. He was born, as we learned with some interest, in a room in the Hotel de France, adjoining the apartment which we chanced to occupy during our stay. The house was at the time a private dwelling, his father occupying one of the floors. Desirous of reposing amidst scenes consecrated by youthful recollections, Chateaubriand, a few years ago, sought for permission to form his tomb on one of the small islands in the bay opposite the town, a request which the authorities at once gladly granted.

The appointed morning for our departure having arrived, we were at an early hour on the deck of the steamer which was to carry us from France. The gendarme has examined the last of the many passports placed before him, and is descending to his boat; the anchor is heaved to the yo-ho of British sailors, and the steam hisses as if impatient of control. The word is at length given by the captain from his lofty station, and we are away across the bay, leaving town and fortifications behind.

AN EVENING WITH THE WORKING-CLASSES.

One evening lately, during weather which made it by no means desirable to leave the fireside, we were set down at the door of a large and elegant chapel in what is now an obscure part of old Edinburgh. The house, originally occupied by an Episcopal congregation, and decorated with a few paintings of Runciman, an eminent Scottish artist, had, within the last twenty-five years, been deserted by that communion for more modern situations, and transferred to one of the subdivisions of the Presbyterian body. The good taste of the congregation who have become its owners, is shown in their having preserved the works of art which adorn its walls; but they deserve equal praise for allowing the house to be occasionally used for purposes of a secular nature, albeit that Presbyterians do not attach any sacred character to the buildings which they employ for public worship. On the present occasion, the chapel, once rendered musical by the silvery voice of Alison, author of the celebrated *Essay on Taste*, was employed in a cause which I humbly think might go far to justify the application in the eyes of more scrupulous votaries; namely, that of the moral and physical improvement of the humbler portions of society.

At the moment of our entering the expansive area of the building, brilliantly illuminated with gas, it was observed to be fast filling. Long rows of compactly set modern pews were already occupied, while the galleries above showed tiers of heads rising in thick succession. The audience, of whom about a fourth were females, almost exclusively belonged to the working-classes. The greater number, indeed, were men in jackets, apparently just emancipated from the labours of the day. What was the object of their assembling? Something possessing a character of novelty, and certainly a manifestation of the advanced tastes and feelings of the age. We almost tell the nature of the lectures, when we say that the gentleman who was to address the audience was Mr James Simpson, a member of the Scottish bar, whose writings and oral advocacy in the cause of reformed education have made him known far beyond the limits of our city. Invited, in a requisition with no fewer than three thousand signatures, by the working-classes to instruct them on the means of improving their character and condition, this benevolent person at once obeyed the call; and his lectures, we are assured, have been warmly received, and appear likely to be attended with the happy effects which have been contemplated.

The scene before us was full of interest. All took their seats with decorum, and waited in silence for the opening of the proceedings. The only individuals who appeared to take any management were several working men at the doors, either in attendance on plates into which pence were dropped by those who entered, or selling sheets containing the substance of the lectures delivered on the previous evenings. By these voluntary contributions—few giving more than a penny—and by the sale of the reports, all necessary expenses, it seems, are paid—the lecturer giving his services, as may be supposed, gratuitously. All is now eager expectation. Mr Simpson is conducted to a prominent place beneath the pulpit, and is welcomed by the clapping of many hard-worn hands.

The learned lecturer delivered an address of upwards of an hour in length, on the use and abuse of the sentiment of self-esteem, with practical applications to the working man's life, which was listened to with many tokens of approbation. Mr S. lectures in a lively and polished conversational style of oratory, which, when it rises, as it often does, to pathos, it is real eloquence, and has an effect far beyond the delivery

of ordinary orations. A kindly feeling and trustworthy sincerity and earnestness, moreover, and a vein of humour, highly acceptable to his audience, and which he was the first to introduce into lectures, characterise his addresses. From the printed reports obtained at the door, we perceive that the lectures for some time have been on the mental faculties—the impulses of conduct, which the uneducated so much abuse and misapply. In his practical illustrations of these impulses, Mr S. takes occasion to go into a wide range of morals and social economy. Temperance he had treated, both in its moral and physical aspects; home, as it should be, contrasted with the alehouse; temper and gentleness, with violence and cruelty; truth and openness, with cunning and deceit; frugality with improvidence; humility and good manners, with pride, insolence, rudeness, and tyranny; labour and skill, in their dignity, pleasure, and profit, with idleness; while justice, benevolence, and piety, he had shown to constitute the simple and beautiful ethics of a sound philosophy, strikingly coinciding with the Divine requirement, 'to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with God.' If we add much practical instruction upon sanitary matters—the baths, airing of dwellings, cleanly habits, avoidance of the causes of fever; and simple political economy on the points of wages, strikes, demand for labour, and the like—we shall have given a fair general idea of the field of Mr Simpson's labours among the working-classes. We cannot convey the impressive delivery which carries truth to the hearts, as well as to the reason, of the hearers. A passage taken here and there from the printed abstracts of the lectures, may give readers at a distance some notion of their general character.

In the lecture on temperance, some caustic but just remarks are made on the pernicious effects of tobacco-smoking, which the auditors are strongly recommended to abandon along with all the ordinary means of intoxication. 'Medically, this abominable weed was fully ascertained to act as a narcotic, in other words, a poison, with deleterious and dangerous consequences to the digestive and nervous system. It was one of the causes which shorten life, independently of its quality of being a provocative to drinking. The pipe and the tankard had long been associated; he would not divide what was so closely joined; let them both go together. (A laugh). The picture had yet another side—the economical view of the tobacco question. If smoking stays an empty stomach, it tends to keep it empty. Mr S. cited some cases in confirmation of this view, which had been furnished him by Mr Dun [the able Lancasterian teacher in Edinburgh]. Several persons pleaded inability to send their children to school, to whom Mr Dun demonstrated that they spent in snuff and tobacco between £3 and £4 a-year, equal to the school fees of nine or ten children; another spent more in the week on this indulgence than his child, that should have been at school, earned by its premature labour. Mr Dun had one day seen a boy barefooted, on a wintry day, with a pipe in his mouth, smoking like a steam-engine; he persuaded him to give up the practice, and lay up the money (about fourpence-halfpenny a-week), till he could buy with the amount shoes and stockings. When he had forgotten the incident, the boy one day called upon him, much improved in appearance, and withal well shod, and stated that he had given up the practice of smoking, laid aside the money, and put it to the use which had been suggested to him. He had come to thank Mr Dun, and to say that he was now doing a little for himself, and hoped to do much more.' (Loud cheering.) The lecturer concludes with some hard hits at cigar-smokers.

The lecture upon acquisitiveness contains the following illustrations:—'There is great difference among even very young children in the degrees of this impulse. When it is combined with self-esteem, or self-love proper, it presents the truly self-seeking character. There is an unamiable view of this combination in the passion for *uniques*, accompanied with a jealousy that any other shall possess some rare article of value, taste, or vertu. There have been instances of the possessor of one of two such articles buying at great expense the other, in order to destroy it, that he might possess the only one in existence. The exclusiveness of the possession of palaces, parks, and gardens, with which the British aristocracy are reproached, arises from this feeling. The acquisitive are always on the alert when what is called "bargains" are going; and this weakness often leads them into the most unprofitable expenditure. They buy what they do not want, because it is cheap. They cannot resist the cry at an auction door of "great bargains," and bid for the veriest trash, because it is going a bargain! A gentleman of this town happening to stray into a sale of old military stores at the moment when a lot of twenty drums was at the last call at sixpence a drum, drumsticks included, was so excited by the unparalleled bargain, that he bid for the lot, and it was knocked down to him! (Laughter). Then began his troubles; it required a wagon to remove his purchase, and an extra house to hold it. This last he happened not to have, so he called a meeting of the boys of the neighbourhood, who kindly took the drums off his hands gratis; and in honour of the purchase and the present, having also got the drumsticks, rendered the neighbourhood nearly uninhabitable for sometime afterwards. (Continued laughter). A bargain, quite a match for the twenty drums, occurred some years ago in Edinburgh. A sale by auction of the entire police watch-boxes—the purchaser to remove them—took place, when these luxuries were taken from the watchmen, in imitation of the London system, that they might have no place to sleep in. He should have thought such a purchase quite beyond the maddest bargain-hunter in existence; yet did even this lumbering lot attract one! A gentleman positively bought the watch-boxes, because they were going "dog cheap;" and as he, too, forgot the condition of house-room, he was forced to give them away to any one who would remove them to break up for fire-wood. (Laughter.) It is a good and easily remembered maxim to inculcate early upon young bargain-hunters, "if you buy what you want not, you will come not to be able to buy what you want."'

The lecture on self-esteem involved a number of remarks on want of consideration for others, rudeness of manners, and general arrogance of behaviour. 'It was not uncommon to see impertinences of this kind manifested in the streets. An unmannerly person, heedless of every one's convenience but his own, will engross the footpath, and would send even a lady into the mud rather than give way an inch. He will place himself between a lady and the object she is viewing, in a picture exhibition, or at a shop window, without the slightest consideration; offensively give himself airs in company; and make himself universally disagreeable. A real gentleman has none of this blustering and unaccommodating demeanour. He would not obstruct the humblest passenger, or push him from his ground, or plant himself before him; the vulgar and the low alone—and these are found in all ranks—commit such outrages on good manners. Now, he would earnestly recommend it to his hearers—whom, from their exemplary demeanour in these meetings, he would be the last to include among the unmannerly—to use their influence to discountenance rudeness and incivility wherever they observe it. Independence, scorn of adulation, and cringing to superiors, is one thing; while rudeness, under the mistake that it shows independence, is quite another. It was of the greatest consequence to the working-classes that they should so conduct themselves as to insure the esteem and sympathy of the rest of society: the life and soul of the present movement for the working man's elevation in the social scale is the good will of the other classes. (Cheers.) The bath movement is a propitious commencement of a better understanding. It alone has shown that there is good will on both sides; and nothing would tend more to keep up the estrangement now passing away, than a rough, rude, and un-

friendly demeanour on the side of the working men.' These hints were taken in good part, and responded to with loud acclamations.

In closing my notice of these interesting lectures, a full report of the substance of which it is the intention of a committee of the audience to stereotype, and circulate throughout the kingdom, it may be mentioned that the above notice of the 'bath movement' refers to a scheme lately set on foot in Edinburgh by the working-classes themselves—the result of a hint given to them by Mr Simpson eight years ago—to establish baths on a cheap plan for their own use, and which, by a ready and generous encouragement from the more opulent classes, is likely soon to be realised. I cannot conclude my 'evening with the working-classes,' without drawing attention to the great value of such services as those of Mr Simpson on the present interesting occasion. Surrounded as the operative classes are with influences tending to debase them morally as well as socially—looking in vain for honest aid from members of their own order—despairing almost of sympathy or encouragement in the numerous difficulties which beset them—above all, unprepared by education to see their true position or the means of self-improvement, they owe a deep debt of gratitude to the gentleman who, stepping at their call from his ordinary avocations, undertakes to instruct their minds, cheer them in their lot, and point to plans which may better their condition. Nor ought the higher classes, generally, to be unthankful for the exertions of one of themselves in soothing asperities which occasionally threaten to disturb the peace of society, and are at all times the source of much angry feeling. Would that the working-classes had always such a friend to guide them as Mr Simpson—would that the higher orders had everywhere a representative equally ingenuous and benevolent to stand between them and popular discontent.

THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

The Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life, and, with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence; and though it be true that, in later times, it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colours of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of schoolday innocence and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon.—*Lord Jeffrey's Essays.*

DUBLIN SHOE-BLACKS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Among the populace of Dublin, says the University Magazine, the shoe-blacks were a numerous and formidable body—the precursors of Day and Martin, till the superior merits of the latter put an end to their trade. The polish they used was lamp-black and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife, called a spudd, a painter's brush, and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoe-black sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. He laid his foot on his lap without ceremony, where the artist scraped it with his spudd, wiped it with his wig, and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction, and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odours exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing-rooms. Polishing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country being generally satisfied with grease. [This custom still lingers in Paris: we have had our boots polished on the Pont-Neuf; and boy shoe-blacks are to be found in most of the steamers plying on the Seine.]

MANNERS.

With virtue, capacity, and good conduct, one still can be insupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgments. There is scarcely anything required to be believed proud, uncivil, scornful, disobliging—and still less to be esteemed quite the reverse of all this.—*La Bruyere.*

LAMARTINE'S ADIEU TO POETRY.

THERE is an hour of deep repose,
Of voiceless solitude profound,
When silence sleeps, and o'er the rose
Of hope no zephyr fondly blows
The moveless woods around.

There is a time when of the lyre
The soul lies torpid—still—
When o'er the once soul-rapturing wire
The bosom's harmonies expire,
Where once they lived to thrill!

The bird that charmed the wild wood way,
Does not, alas! his notes prolong;
Beneath the shade he shuns the day,
And keeps for morn his blithest lay,
For eve—his tenderest song.

Farewell, farewell! thy breath's a sigh,
Harp of my soul—this parting hour
In vain my trembling fingers try
To wake thy fibres' sad reply—
A farewell strain is all they pour.

Receive, receive this rebel tear,
That bursts unbidden from mine eye!
Full many a soul-drop falling here,
Along thy faithful chords so dear,
Thy pitying murmurs could not dry.

Here in this land of sin and death,
Where every eye soon learns to weep,
Pale cypress forms the lyre's dark wreath,
Whose voice was given, of liquid breath,
Only to sing our woes to sleep.

E. L.

MESSRS CHAMBERS respectfully intimate, that they have now made arrangements for stamping part of the impression of their Journal, to enable the work to go free by post. From this period, therefore, orders will be received for stamped copies, for any length of time, at an advance of one penny on the price of each number required; such orders to be accompanied with a remittance for the amount. The orders may be forwarded to W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; W. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner, London; or any Newsman.

By this arrangement, Messrs Chambers will be enabled to send the work to quarters from which it has hitherto been, for the most part, excluded—India, France and other parts of continental Europe, Malta, various parts of America, and numerous British settlements abroad—to all of which the stamped edition may now be despatched, through the post-office, like any ordinary newspaper.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 12. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1844. Price 1½d.

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

JERSEY.

At the conclusion of our last article, we had bidden adieu to France, and were on our way across the bay of Brittany towards Jersey, the nearest of the Channel Islands to St Malo. The distance, from fifty to sixty miles, we had expected to perform in six hours; but, when half way, and out of sight of land, there arose a storm of wind and rain which greatly retarded the vessel, and in the midst of this hurricane we reached the much-wished-for shores of Jersey. Yet the worst was to come. Instead of proceeding into the harbour of St Heliers, the steamer stopped a quarter of a mile from the nearest point of land, and here the passengers were handed into a small boat dancing like a cork on the top of the much agitated waves. A number, indeed, preferred being carried on to Guernsey to landing in this neither pleasant nor safe manner; but we heroically risked the exploit; and after what some of the party considered a most alarming little voyage, we got ashore in a condition well fitted to put one out of humour with the Channel Islands and all connected with them.

Once safe and comfortably housed in a small hotel in St Heliers, we were enabled to look forth with a degree of complacency on the sea, as it raged and fretted against a well fortified islet in front of the town and harbour; and when good weather returned, we soon made the discovery, that the beauties of Jersey had been far from being overpraised. My own impressions were, that they had not been praised enough; and I felt that, notwithstanding scores of descriptions, I was looking at scenes for which the mind had not by any means been prepared. Let me try to mend the general accounts of this fair 'gem of the ocean.'

Jersey is about 12 miles in length by 8 in breadth, with a circumference of 48 miles, and a surface of nearly 40,000 acres. No part of the land is high. The island, however, stands well out of the sea, and, except where there are small sandy bays, the shores are rugged, and in many places precipitous. My own opinion—hazarding a geological hypothesis—is, that the bay of Brittany, or St Michael, as it is locally termed, was at one time dry land, the softer parts of which being washed away, a great number of rocky islets and some islands have been left alone amidst the waters. If Jersey was not in this manner, and at a remote period, cut off from the mainland of France, it is very evident that it must at one time have been considerably larger in dimensions; for all round it are seen black reefs and clusters of rocks, the relics of dry land—in the present day forming the surest defence against maritime aggression.

On the south side of the island, where a valley slopes down towards the flat sandy shore of a spacious bay, St Heliers, the chief town in the island, has been built. In front, as already noted, is a low rocky islet, on which stands Fort Elizabeth, which may be reached on foot, or by a wheeled vehicle, at low water. Lying chiefly in the bottom of the valley, and spreading northwards on the ascending slopes, the situation of St Heliers is convenient and picturesque, and from many of its exterior villas are obtained most charming views of the bay, the shipping, and the environing headlands. Although next door to France, and peopled by a Norman race, you may see at a glance that St Heliers is in all respects an English town. The houses are erected on the English plan; and no one, on seeing their green doors and brass knockers, their neat muslin window-curtains, their flower-plots and railings, can hesitate an instant as to what nation they belong. The streets, irregular though they generally are, likewise possess side pavements, and there are no surrounding walls to debar the free air of heaven. I had heard of Jersey being so much of a French island, that all this was new to me; and I was not less surprised to observe that shops, sign-boards, and, as far as I heard, the general speech, were all thoroughly English. The only tokens of French externally visible are occasional announcements of 'Maison á Vendre,' 'Appartemens Garnis,' and so forth, with here and there an affiche in the French tongue. Some newspapers are also published in French; and many of the inhabitants speak this language vernacularly, while others use it for convenience; but I was informed that it is disappearing—that the rising generation is everywhere Anglicising, and that French will by and by be little heard. The influx of English families, extended education and trade, and the progress of literature, are the predominating influences in this change. As yet, however, French is the judicial and state language of Jersey, as it was in England for ages, after it had been abandoned in ordinary affairs.

St Heliers contains no more to interest strangers than English provincial towns generally. At the centering point of various streets is an open *place*, in which are some of the chief hotels and shops. Among the latter may be observed a number of bookselling establishments and reading-rooms, where there appears a mixture of French and English literature. At this central point, also, is the court-house, where the states or parliament of the island assemble. At the foot of the street, running southward from this point, is the extensive quay, environing a spacious harbour, which, at the period of our visit, was well filled with shipping. Overlooking the harbour and part of the town is a craggy hill, presenting a bold front as seen from the sea, and on the summit is placed Fort Regent, which commands the whole bay. This fortress, which we reach by a long sloping pathway, is of great strength. On the parade within, we found some English soldiers at drill,

whose clean and orderly appearance was quite a relief after the sight of French troops. The view from Fort Regent, taking in the bay in front, with the pretty town of Aubin on its western side, is very extensive.

Not, however, in the town, but in the country parts of the island, did we spend the few days which we had to spare. Hiring a caleche from our host, we made an excursion to the chief points of attraction inland and on the coast. The whole interior is remarkable for the uniformity of its character. I may describe it as a patch of country composed entirely of small green fields, dotted over with apple trees, cottages, villages, gentlemen's seats, and churches; and intersected with an endless maze of highways and by-ways, everywhere bordered with thick and bushy hedgerows. The general effect is that of green luxuriance—a country teeming with rich rural produce—an extensive orchard—the seat of tranquil rustic enjoyment. The roads are all well kept, though not wide, but they are improving in this respect; and we might excuse them if they were ten times worse, for there is not a toll-bar in the island. In almost all quarters we saw an abundance of ivy, which in some places luxuriantly overgrows the hedges and walls. The farms appear to be generally of moderate size, and at short intervals we come upon substantially built farm-houses and cottages, such as may be seen in the south of England. There seemed nothing peculiar in either the look or dress of the peasantry. One is surprised with the number of churches. The island being divided into twelve parishes, we can scarcely travel above one or two miles in any direction, without alighting upon an old-fashioned church, enclosed in its neatly-kept churchyard—the aspect altogether English, even to the tombstones, except that most of the inscriptions are in French. We likewise occasionally pass neatly-built dissenting chapels, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The establishment, I need hardly say, is a branch of the church of England, under the special charge of the Bishop of Winchester, who was paying a professional visit to the island during my brief residence.

Our first drive carried us eastward to Mont Orgueil, a lofty rocky protuberance rising on the sea-shore, crowned by a fort, and one of the chief lions of Jersey. During the war, the fortifications and the barracks within were properly garrisoned; but now all is desertion and silence, and the only inhabitant is an old soldier with his wife and child. Conducted by the latter, a talkative little girl, we ascended to the topmost height, where was a small bastion facing the sea, called King Charles's Outlook, and here we had a splendid view of the coast below, the sea, and the peninsula of Normandy on the east. A prominent object in this part of France is the lofty spire of the cathedral of Coutances—a marvel of architectural grandeur, which can be seen at a vast distance. The castle of Mont Orgueil was for some time the residence of Charles II. during his wanderings; the inhabitants of Jersey having remained attached to the royal cause throughout the civil commotions in England. The island was finally reduced by Admiral Blake for the commonwealth.

Proceeding northward from Mont Orgueil, the next point of interest is Rozel Harbour, where there is a small village and port, with picturesque environs. From it we visited, I believe, every harbour or little bay, with its village, round the north and west sides of the island, till we came back to St Heliers. On another day we varied the excursion, and saw everything else worthy of notice. From a prominent knoll at the north-west extremity, we obtained a view of Guernsey and Sark, lying some eight or ten miles distant. In general, we found that the points of romantic beauty, such as patches of precipice and ravine, were considerably over-flattered by their fond admirers. The truth is, that here, as in the Isle of Wight, everything is in miniature—pretty, but not grand or imposing. Jersey, however, is far prettier than the Isle of Wight; it is prettier than any part of England; and I have never seen anything on the continent which can be at all compared to it in point of beauty. Its climate, also, is exceedingly mild and pleasant. Nothing but its distance from Southampton—fifteen hours' sail, and that is a trifle in these days of steam—can have prevented Jersey from being resorted to by crowds of tourists, and also hosts of persons seeking a retreat wherein to pass a few years of their life in tranquil enjoyment. The island, indeed, is by no means undiscovered by the searchers for a pleasant and cheap place of residence. Its excellent society, embracing a number of families of naval and military gentlemen—generally a pleasant and accommodating set of people—attests that its merits have not been disclosed in vain. Nor are the attractions at all of an unsubstantial kind.

One day, we spent a few hours in perambulating the market and shops of St Heliers, inquiring the prices of articles of provision, and picking up a little general information. The result of what we learned may be thus summed up; and such a summary, I believe, no other part of the world can produce. Jersey, with a population of about 47,000, and enjoying all the advantages of British protection, is entirely exempted from taxes, and has only some trifling rates. No assessed taxes, no income or property tax, no house or window tax, no stamps, no customs, no excise, no toll-bars—horses, dogs, servants, carriages, all free. What a blessed country! says the well-taxed Englishman. But Jersey owns other blessings. Upon neither the importation nor exportation of articles of any description is there any restriction. Trade is free. It is very pleasant to know that there is at least one spot on God's earth not blighted with the curse which commercial restrictions have everywhere else imposed. Ships from all countries sail into St Heliers, and pour forth their stores unchallenged, subject to no other charge than that for harbourage. The corn, wines, and liqueurs of continental Europe, the sugars of the West Indies, the tobacco and cotton of Virginia, the timber and drugs of South America, the tea of China, the spices of Java, and the silk of Hindostan—all enter this happy little port free of any kind of duty. Besides the advantages derivable from the freedom of import trade, the inhabitants enjoy the privilege of exporting their produce unrestrictedly to England—a boon of incalculable value. The chief exports are cows, potatoes, butter, cider, and apples. It is stated that 8000 tons of potatoes, 15,000 gallons of cider, and 20,000 pounds of butter, are exported annually. A considerable trade is carried on in the Newfoundland fisheries. Vessels engaged in these fisheries take with them from Jersey woollen manufactures, cordage, nets, and some other articles of island manufacture; and having obtained a cargo either by fishing or purchase, they proceed with it to various ports in Spain, the Mediterranean, or North and South America. Sales being there effected, the vessels return with the produce of these markets either to England or Jersey; if to the former, they make a fresh exchange, and bring to the island the articles required by the inhabitants. In this way the trade of Jersey, export and import, affords a miniature example of what would arise in any other country—could such a happy country exist below—where neither were prohibitory duties exacted nor duties for revenue required.

As might be expected, all articles of foreign growth are disposed of, in Jersey, at but a small and reasonable advance on their first cost. An English housewife gets quite beside herself on entering a grocer's shop in St Heliers. All her previous knowledge of marketing is upset. What visions of bargains rise in her imagination! We entered one of the largest in the town, and first addressed ourselves to the article sugar, of which the capacious window boasted numerous specimens. 'What is the price of that very fine-looking loaf-sugar?'—5d. a pound; but here is a sugar nearly as good for 4½d. 'Show us some brown sugar—ay, that light-looking kind; what is it per pound?'—3d.; but here is some at

2½d. 'Just so; now tell us the price of tea'—here is good black tea at 2s. 6d. a pound, and green tea from 3s. to 5s. 'Now for coffee'—we can supply the best India coffee at from 8d. to 11d. per pound, and Mocha at about 1s. 6d. These prices, we learned, were Jersey money, by which is meant that one shilling English will be taken for thirteenpence; and the weight of the pound being an ounce and a-half heavier than in England, the purchaser has two important deductions in his transactions. In the same shop we learned that the price of Cognac brandy is 6s.; old Jamaica rum, 7s. 6d.; Hollands, 3s. 6d.; and whisky, 8s. per gallon. Port and sherry wines were from 20s. to 25s. per dozen; and clarets from 12s. upwards. In the butcher market, we found the price of meat of various kinds much the same as it is in England or Scotland, and so likewise was the bread; but this was not reckoning the advantages from over-weight and over-value of money. House rent, we learned, is nearly the same as in the outskirts of London. Newcastle coal is considerably cheaper than in London. Fish is not supplied regularly, being caught chiefly at fits and starts by the peasantry. Notwithstanding the general lowness of the price of articles of consumption, the wages of labour are about the same as with us. In all our perambulations we never saw either a rag or a beggar. Left to take their fair course, population and the means of subsistence have evidently adjusted themselves; and the consequence is, we see a spectacle of peace and plenty, which, I am well assured, could not be discovered in any other part of Europe, or perhaps in the world.

Enjoying such advantages, the natives of Jersey are warmly attached to Britain, to maintain their connexion with which, they have already fought heroically, and would do so again. In 1780, a bold attempt was made by a French invading party to seize the island, which was defeated in a most spirited manner, after a temporary success. At present, a friendly intercourse is kept up between St Heliers and St Malo, Granville, and one or two other places on the French coast, whence supplies of fish and a few other articles are occasionally drawn; and whence, also, arrive many French visitors on tours of pleasure to the island.

OUR GOVERNESSES.

THERE was, during the Christmas week, an unusual bustle in Clover Hall, which chiefly manifested itself in arranging of rooms, pulling down of beds, and sewing up of draperies; in a contriving of carpets, and fitting of curtains. I should have cared very little about this intestine warfare, had it not invaded my own study; but to my chagrin I found that they had abstracted a favourite table—upon, around, and under which it had been my practice to strew letters, memoranda, and other papers—in that kind of 'admired disorder' which is so congenial to literary habits. My mortification was extreme, therefore, when I found the table absent, and my papers packed up with such extraordinary neatness, that I could not find one of them.

'The fact is, my dear,' replied Mrs Johnson to my mild expostulations on the subject, 'you know the new governess is coming, and as she is a stranger, poor thing, it behoves us to atone for the loss of the friends she has left, and to make her in every way comfortable.'

'Very true; but to do that, is it necessary to turn the house topsy-turvy?'

Mrs Johnson's reply was perfectly characteristic: 'Why,' she said, 'as Miss Littlejohn is a first-rate French scholar, I have thought it right to fit up her room quite in the French style! One or two of the things in your room I thought I might take for the purpose.'

'A most delicate mark of attention; but as Clotilda has given up her chamber to the coming instructress, where do you intend to put *her*?'

'Oh, the dear girl will do very well in the large dressing-room——'

'And George, when he comes home to spend the long vacation?'

'I am double-bedding Robert's room for him.'

'Then,' I continued, 'the rest of the younger branches will have, I suppose, to spread themselves over the large attic.'

'Precisely so. It shall not be my fault if our new governess be not comfortable. *She* shall have no cause to complain; though I do not believe her predecessors had anything else to be dissatisfied with than the troubles they made for themselves. For my part, I have always found governesses more difficult to manage than any other part of my family; and I cannot comprehend why so much sympathy should be constantly excited for the distresses of private teachers, in tales, novels, and other literary productions.'

I perfectly agreed with my wife; but it does not always answer to confess so much; for, between ourselves, she sometimes commits herself to extreme opinions. Therefore, though I cordially coincided with her, I did not utter my thoughts aloud.

There *is* a vast deal of misplaced sympathy expended upon governesses in private families. Their woes have found imaginative record in novels and sentimental comedies for more than a century. In these productions they are invariably portrayed as females of high mental endowments, abandoned by the caprices of fortune to the indignities of vulgar mistresses and the tricks of wicked children. Their situation, instead of being (as they so often desire them to be in reality) like 'one of the family,' is invariably pictured as a constant purgatory. They are always helped last at table, are made to exhibit their superlative accomplishments for the amusement of guests, without either applause or thanks; and are invidiously left out of every pleasure-party, to be kept at home to brighten the stupidity of their doltish pupils. The society of their employers and their friends is never congenial to their supreme refinement, and they pine away in the solitude of their chambers, and liken themselves to roses in a desert. Such is the picture of distress which imaginative authors paint when they present us with governesses.

'No doubt,' said Mrs Johnson, interrupting my cogitation, 'the position of these ladies, as a class, is not always agreeable.'

'Very true,' I replied; 'especially in the families of those whom a minister of state has happily designated the "vulgar-rich," amongst whom, perhaps, they are exposed to a host of evils. The paucity of employments to which necessitous females can turn to gain a subsistence, causes a vast competition for situations, which naturally lowers the scale of remuneration. This competition gives rise to those extraordinary advertisements one sometimes sees in the newspapers, in which a person capable of imparting an infinite variety of learning, and possessing a crowd of accomplishments, is required for the salary usually given to a housemaid. The advertisement is answered by scores of young women, who, though ignorant of one-half the required branches, profess them all. One gets the situation—is found deficient—her life is made uncomfortable as long as her engagement lasts, and she eventually leaves the family without its respect.'

'I am sure *we* make them comfortable enough,' my wife remarked.

'We try to do so; though it is seldom we succeed.'

'Very true, my dear,' returned Mrs Johnson. 'You remember, for instance, Miss Pierrepoint, our first governess? I am sure, had she been our daughter, we could not have sacrificed more than we did for her comfort; yet how impossible it was to please her. She was always looking out for little affronts, and meeting reproaches half way. She seemed to be constantly expecting unpleasant treatment, and was actually disappointed when she did not meet with it. On one occasion, when I thought it right to check her mildly, and in private, for some forwardness with one of our male guests, she burst

into tears, and exclaimed against the discourteous treatment to which persons in her unhappy situation were exposed. Another time she retired to her room in dudgeon, and sulked for a week, because I did not ask her to sing at one of the children's parties.'

'Very true. I recollect we could not please her, all we could do; so, to get rid of her whims, we got rid of herself. But I have never rightly understood how Miss Penson has displeased you, that she is to leave us?'

'Why, it is all owing to Clotilda's return from Paris, I assure you,' answered my wife emphatically; 'for the two years Miss Penson has been here, no one could have gone on better. In every respect capable, and always attentive to the children, she has given me great satisfaction; but, latterly, her conduct has completely changed. She is dissatisfied and uncomfortable; and when people are uncomfortable themselves, they always manage to make everybody else so.'

'But what has Clotilda's return from the continent to do with all this?'

'Everything. The fact is, my dear, Miss Penson is jealous of her.'

I raised my eyebrows in wonder.

'It is the truth, I assure you. When Clotilda departed for Paris, she was Miss Penson's pupil; but she has come back, it would seem, as her unwitting rival. The little friendly offices, which I must do Miss Penson the justice to say she used to perform for me so readily and well, are now taken out of her hands by my daughter. She no longer helps me to play the hostess when we have guests, nor the companion when I go to town. It is unfortunate, but unavoidable; and I am sure Clotilda does all she can to treat her like a sister. Again, the other evening at the party, Clotilda completely eclipsed her in singing, for Miss Penson was foolish enough to attempt more than she could perform, and was obliged to leave off in the middle. She has also taken it into her head that the servants do not pay her the same respect they formerly did; and, in short, she is so unhappy, that, having given us notice to quit, she leaves us to-morrow.'

I felt great reluctance to part with Miss Penson, but nevertheless saw the necessity of it. Her manners and deportment had always pleased me; yet, as she took a fatal crotchet into her head, the effect of it was just as inconvenient as if she were the most disagreeable person imaginable. The children, one and all, shared in my regret; and when she went away, Clotilda shed tears, and, to relieve them, she and the departing governess took an off-hand vow of friendship; and they who had been in their small way rivals, were now suddenly converted into the fastest friends. The parting was a new circumstance in their acquaintance, the effects of which had not been anticipated, and it was evident that, despite little tetchy differences, they were, in the main, much attached to each other as companions.

All this was unfavourable to the new comer. She would have to make head against the strong feelings which existed in behalf of her predecessor, whom she had in a manner supplanted. Comparisons would be constantly instituted between her and Miss Penson, to the advantage, of course, of the absent. To guard against this, I co-operated in all my wife's arrangements for Miss Littlejohn's reception: I lectured the children, added some books to the school library, and gave up my table without a sigh.

At the hour appointed Miss Littlejohn arrived in a double 'fly,' which was completely crammed with boxes and packages. Having superintended the proper disposal of her treasures, a job in which all our servants were obliged to take a part, Miss Littlejohn allowed herself to be announced to us in the drawing-room, where we had all assembled to welcome her. She was showily rather than well dressed, and not at all bashful; for she had arrived at an age at which that peculiarity ceases to be a necessary characteristic of ladies. All my wife's fears that our new inmate would feel uncomfortable amongst strangers, vanished at first sight, for Miss Littlejohn made friends of us quite impromptu. She shook our hands with all the cordiality of a very old acquaintance, and patronised the children by patting their cheeks, and calling them 'nice little dears,' as if she had been their god-mother. By dinner-time, it was evident that she felt herself perfectly at home; she carved the fowls as a matter of course, and told the children what they ought and what they ought not to eat, like a person perfectly *au fait* to the details of her business as a family governess. After dinner she talked —an expression the reader must understand in its most extensive signification. She began to afford us an insight into the domestic arrangements of the Right Honourable the Lady Hoppleton, whose house she had just left; dropping a delicate hint, that ours was the first untitled family in which she had ever had the honour to be engaged. She then conversed with Mrs Johnson about the fashions—with Clotilda concerning poetry and the concertina, and kindly took me up now and then upon geology, the use of the globes, and French literature. My wife seemed astounded at the extent and variety of Miss Littlejohn's information; but as she made use of a few geological terms in their wrong places, and as her knowledge of French literature was manifestly confined to Telemachus and Chambaud, I was not in the least dazzled by her attainments.

After dinner I retired to my study; for Miss Littlejohn had innocently inflicted upon me a severe headache.

Days rolled past, and as each returned, my after-dinner headache came with it. The new governess chattered incessantly, and instead of retiring to superintend the children's lessons for the next morning, stuck to us incessantly. We could never be alone. All the ingenious schemes devised by Mrs Johnson and my daughter to get the governess out of the drawing-room, even for an hour during the evening, were fruitless. It was in vain Clotilda endeavoured to entice her to try over a new song at the school-room piano-forte: she *would* have it done at the instrument in the room where we sat. Miss Littlejohn had stipulated that she should be treated as 'one of the family,' and was determined that we should keep to our bond to the letter. If visitors dropped in, she treated them with the same condescending familiarity as ourselves, never failing to relate anecdotes of her late right honourable mistress, to show she had served 'in the best families.' She monopolised the conversation completely; for, should any one break in upon her discourse with a new subject, in the hope of silencing her, off she started upon *that* with as great speed, and with the same volubility, as the one just quitted. It was all the same to her; she had something to say upon everything. Like the lady in Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, she was equally at home in 'Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses,' and determined never to hide her light under a bushel: with her, 'Terence was not too heavy, nor Plautus too light.' Though a very bad player, she constantly challenged me to chess, and never lost an opportunity of 'cutting in' to a rubber at whist, though she sorely tried Mrs Johnson's patience by committing sundry high crimes and misdemeanours; such as revoking, and taking tricks twice over. Besides, she put herself completely out of the pale of the whist-playing proprieties, by constantly talking. In short, Miss Littlejohn was a bore.

All this might have been the more easily endured, had her conduct in school been satisfactory; but after a time, we found out that it was not. She had not the patience to give the children regular lessons, but was continually talking—in short, indulging her propensity to loquacity, under pretence of explaining everything to them—to use her own expression—in an easy and familiar manner. These explanations were not always correct, and involved such a heterogeneous mass of subjects, that our children's heads got filled with a confused phantasmagoria of information, good, bad, and indiffe-

rent, calculated to retard rather than advance their education.

It was evident that Miss Littlejohn must have notice to quit; and this was accordingly given her, very much to her astonishment; for, poor woman, she thought she was succeeding admirably.

When this step became known to the family, its wishes at once reverted to Miss Penson, with whom Clotilda still corresponded. Mrs Johnson consulted me on the propriety of trying her a second time; premising, that it was possible, were I to have a little conversation with her on the subject of the disagreement which caused us to part, she might in future be everything we desired. This I promised to do.

I could not help pitying Miss Littlejohn, for she seemed greatly mortified at her failure, and was perfectly unconscious of the cause of it; for there is no doubt she deemed herself the most amusing companion it was possible for a family to possess; and, as a governess, perfection itself. We all felt ourselves bound to endeavour to get her another situation, and conned over whole columns of advertisements in the newspapers to that end. At length we saw one likely to suit her; it ran thus:—

WANTED, A GOVERNESS.—Wanted, in a private family of the utmost respectability, a young lady fully competent to impart instruction to three little girls and a boy, varying from the ages of four to eleven. She must be a perfect mistress of the usual branches of an English education, including geography (with the use of the globes), arithmetic, history, and composition. None need apply who are not proficient in singing and pianoforte playing, and fully competent to teach dancing, calisthenic exercises, the French language (with a Parisian accent), drawing, oriental tinting, and Berlin embroidery.—N. B. A lady who, in addition to the above requisites, plays the harp, and is able to impart the rudiments of the Italian language, would be preferred. Address pre-paid, &c. &c.

Miss Littlejohn applied for this enviable situation, and thought herself lucky in obtaining it. We afterwards learned that she filled it to the entire satisfaction of her employers.

Miss Penson was at first invited to Clover Hall as a visitor, that our lecturing scheme might be carried out with more delicacy and propriety. She came—her eyes radiant with joy at again being with us; and I think our reception must have been flattering to her, for the junior branches took no pains to conceal their satisfaction. One day, when the term of her visit was drawing to a close, and the time came for a new engagement on the old footing to be talked about, Mrs Johnson enticed her into my sanctum, and I took upon myself to offer her a few words of advice; for the want of which, perhaps, we had been obliged to part with her in the first instance. She was most attentive. 'I have been thinking,' I began, 'that it was a great pity you left us, Miss Penson; pray, why was it?'

She could hardly tell; but she thought she had lost Mrs Johnson's confidence, by having several little offices taken from her when Miss Johnson returned from Paris.

'You lost nothing of the kind, my dear young lady; it was confidence in yourself which fled from you. I know that the situation of governess in a private family is a peculiar one; but as it is a profession, as much as law or medicine, it should be studied as such in every bearing. Its duties do not consist solely in teaching the young pupils; there are secondary ones; such as setting a general example of cheerful good humour and contentment to them. Now, unfortunately, this is seldom done; first, because in some families governesses have in reality something to complain of on the score of ill-treatment; and secondly, because, even when properly treated, they often expect too much, or, under the influence of circumstances, for which, at least, their employers cannot be blamed, are too ready to assume offence when nothing of the kind is meant. The position, I readily own, is a difficult one; but it is not difficult for the governess only; it is often as much so for her employers, many of whom I have heard say that it cost them as much trouble, in company, to keep that single person in good humour as the whole of the rest of their guests, and this simply because of the peculiar proneness of that individual to think herself neglected or undervalued. I think, if young ladies of good sense and good principle were to take a candid view of the whole case, instead of an inconsiderate view of their own portion of it, they would be more easily contented, and therefore more generally happy. After they have been made by kindness to feel and appear members of the family, they forget that they are governesses, become dissatisfied with their lot at the smallest opposition to their wishes, be they ever so extravagant, and finally swell the number of complaints that are daily made to the world of the universal disregard in which the sisterhood is held.'

Miss Penson would allow me to say no more. She had, she said, long seen her error, and determined never to commit it again. We re-engaged her: she has been with us ever since; and though the children have grown up, Clotilda and Mrs Johnson find her so necessary to their happiness as a companion, that I do not think we shall ever part with her.

MONASTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

UNDER this title, Messrs Whittaker have presented to us, in the form of a cheap publication, a translation (by Mr T. E. Tomlins) of a very curious Latin memoir, written by a monk of St Edmundsbury towards the close of the twelfth century, with relation to the affairs of his monastery. This memoir was first published in its original language by the Camden society, and in that form it was made known to the public by Mr Carlyle, through the medium of his work entitled *The Past and Present*, which is indeed simply a contrast between the style of English life developed in this ancient chronicle, and that which is now exposed to living observation. Perhaps a more valuable book of its kind was never before printed; for while such early memoirs are generally meagre in detail, and unsatisfactory in the objects to which they relate, this gives almost as minute a narration of special domestic circumstances, as we find in any modern book of the Boswellian class, written expressly to gratify the incessant crave of the 'reading public,' and thereby fill the purse of the author. It is indeed a most lucky circumstance that an English monk of King John's days should have possessed a literary taste so extraordinary, and should have been impelled to indulge it in making such a compilation.

Jocelin of Brakelond—for such is the name of our monk—commences his narrative with an account of the abuses practised in the monastery during the latter years of an indolent, though well-meaning abbot. So far had the expenses of the establishment exceeded the income, that the abbot had run into debt to a large amount to Jews, and this evil was allowed to increase by a constant adding of interest to principal, until it reached an almost overwhelming amount. Nay, more than this; many of the inferior officials contracted debts in their own departments; and we are told that at one time there were thirty-three seals in the monastery, all in the course of being employed in such transactions. When we know that the interest of money in those days was sixty per cent. [how blest were 'the city' now with a tenth of the rate!], we may readily imagine what serious embarrassments must have interfered to break

up the calm of a cloistered life. There were two or three of the inmates who beheld the abuses with pious indignation; but they could not safely make head against them. The higher officials listened only to flatterers, and when any disagreeably conscientious man presumed to open his mouth, he was generally got quit of by being sent on some distant and dangerous mission. Even the sacred utensils of the church, and the ornaments of the shrine of holy St Edmund, were pledged away for money, without any punishment following; and when Abbot Hugh came to his deathbed—'ere he died, everything was snatched away by his servants, so that nothing remained in the abbot's house except the stools and tables, which could not be carried away. There was hardly left for the abbot his coverlet and two quilts, old and torn, which some who had taken away the good ones had placed in their stead. There was not even a single article of a penny's worth that could be distributed among the poor for the good of his soul.' Clearly, we should be far wrong in supposing that the persons devoted to religion in those days were very much elevated by their profession above the common frailties of humanity.

It is, however, generally observed, that even among the erring, those who do not err are looked up to and preferred; and so it happened that in this corrupt community the man chosen as the new abbot was the only one who seems to have been possessed of strict honour or prudence. Under Abbot Sampson a new system of things was commenced, and in a wonderfully short space of time he had cleared the house from debt, and introduced the strictest rule and discipline. Not that he was stingy or avaricious; he was only careful and diligent. To put the former imputation out of the question at once, his inauguration dinner was attended by one thousand guests! A specimen of his good management—

'After these things, the abbot caused inquisition to be made throughout each manor, touching the annual quit rents from the freemen, and the names of the labourers and their tenements, and the services due in respect of each, and reduced all into writing. Likewise he repaired those old halls and rickety houses where kites and crows hovered about; he built new chapels, and likewise inner chambers and upper storeys in many places, where there never had been any dwelling-house at all, but only barns. He also enclosed many parks, which he replenished with beasts of chase, keeping a huntsman with dogs; and, upon the visit of any person of quality, sat with his monks in some walk of the wood, and sometimes saw the coursing of the dogs; but I never saw him taste of the game. He approved much land, and brought it into tillage, in all things looking forward to the benefit likely to accrue to the abbey; but I wish he had been as careful when he held the manors of the convent *in commendam*. Nevertheless, he for a time kept our manors of Bradfield and Rougham in hand, making up the deficiencies of the farms by the expenditure of forty pounds; these he afterwards re-assigned to us, when he heard that dissatisfaction was expressed in the convent, on account of his keeping our manors in his own hand. Likewise in managing these manors, as well as in all other matters, he appointed keepers far more careful than their predecessors, were they monk or lay, and who looked after things more providently for us and our lands. He also held the eight hundreds in his own hand; and after the death of Robert of Cokefield, he took on hand the hundred of Cosford, all which he committed to the keeping of those servants who were of his own table; referring matters of greater moment to his own decision, and deciding by means of others upon matters of lesser import; and, in point of fact, wringing everything to his own profit. Moreover, by his command, a general survey was made throughout the hundreds of the leets and suits, of *hidages* and *fodercorn*, of hen-rents, and of other dues, and rents, and issues, which, for the greater part, were concealed by the farmers, and reduced it all into writing; so that within four years from the time of his election, there was not one who could defraud him of the rents of the abbey to the value of a single penny; whereas he himself had not received from his predecessors any writing touching the management of the abbey, save one small schedule, wherein was contained the names of the knights of St Edmund, and the names of the manors, and what farm-rent attached upon each farm. This book he called his kalendar, wherein also were entered the debts he had satisfied; and this same book he almost daily perused, as if in the same he contemplated the reflection of his own prudence.'

Sampson is described as temperate and simple in his habits. He 'condemned persons given to murmur at their meat or drink, and particularly monks who were dissatisfied therewith, himself adhering to the uniform course he had practised when a monk: he had likewise this virtue in himself, that he never changed the mess you set before him. Once when I, then a novice, happened to serve in the refectory, it came into my head to ascertain if this were true, and I thought I would place before him a mess which would have displeased any other but him, being served in a very black and broken dish. But when he had looked at it, he was as one that saw it not. Some delay taking place, I felt sorry that I had so done, and so, snatching away the dish, I changed the mess and the dish for a better, and brought it him; but this substitution he took in ill part, and was angry with me for it.' He was kind to poor relations, and remembered all such as had been serviceable to him in his early days, when only a poor student or monk. 'A certain man of low degree, who had managed his patrimony, and had been most devotedly attached to him from his youth, he looked upon as his dearest kinsman, and gave to his son, who was a clerk, the first church that became vacant after he came to the charge of the abbey, and also advanced all the other sons of this man. He invited to him a certain chaplain who had maintained him in the schools of Paris by the sale of holy water, and bestowed upon him an ecclesiastical benefice, sufficient for his maintenance, by way of vicarage. He granted to a certain servant of his predecessor's, food and clothing all the days of his life, he being the very man who put the fetters upon him at his lord's command when he was cast into prison. To the son of Elias, the butler of Hugh the abbot, when he came to do homage for his father's land, he said, in full court, "I have, for these seven years, deferred taking thy homage for the land which the abbot Hugh gave thy father, because that gift was to the damage of the manor of Elmeswell; but now I feel myself quite overcome when I call to mind what thy father did for me when I was in chains, for he sent to me a portion of the very wine whereof his lord had been drinking, and bade me be comforted in God." To Master Walter, the son of Master William de Dissy, suing at his grace for the vicarage of the church of Chevington, he replied, "Thy father was master of the schools, and at the time when I was a poor clerk, he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to his school, and the means of learning; now I, for the sake of God, do grant to thee what thou dost ask." He addressed two knights of Risby, William and Norman, at the time when they were adjudged to be in his mercy, publicly in this wise, "When I was a cloister monk, sent to Durham upon business of our church, and from thence returning through Risby, being benighted, I sought a night's lodging from Lord Norman, who utterly forbade me; but going to the house of Lord William, and seeking shelter, I was hospitably entertained by him. Now, therefore, those twenty shillings, to wit, the mercy, I will without mercy exact from Norman; but contrariwise, to William I give thanks, and the amerciament that is due from him do with pleasure remit."'

Sampson tells a curious anecdote of his early life, when obliged to go to Rome in order to obtain an order from the pope for attaching the church of Woolpit to his monastery. Owing to the schism between Pope Alex-

ander and Octavian, the north of Italy was then in a convulsed and disorderly state, and clergymen travelling to Rome were often seized and mutilated, or even hanged, by the opposing parties. 'I, however,' says the abbot, 'pretended to be a Scotchman; and putting on the garb of a Scotchman, and the appearance of a Scotchman, I often shook my staff in the manner they use that weapon they call a *gaveloc** at those who mocked me, uttering threatening language, after the manner of the Scotch. To those who met and questioned me as to who I was, I answered nothing but, "*Ride ride Rome, turne Cantwereberi.*"† Thus did I to conceal myself and my errand, and that I should get to Rome safer under the guise of a Scotchman. Having obtained letters from the pope, even as I wished, on my return I passed by a certain castle, as I was taking my way from the city, and behold the officers thereof came about me, laying hold upon me, and saying, "This vagabond, who makes himself out to be a Scotchman, is either a spy, or bears letters from the false pope, Alexander." And while they examined my ragged clothes, and my leggings, and my breeches, and even the old shoes which I carried over my shoulders, after the fashion of the Scotch, I thrust my hand into the little wallet which I carried, wherein was contained the writing of our lord the pope, close by a little jug I had for drinking; and the Lord God and St Edmund so permitting, I drew out that writing together with the jug, so that, extending my arm aloft, I held the writ underneath the jug. They could see the jug plain enough, but they did not find the writ; and so I got clear out of their hands in the name of the Lord. Whatever money I had about me, they took away; therefore it behoved me to beg from door to door, being at no charge, until I arrived in England.'

No small part of the troubles of Abbot Sampson arose from purely temporal matters, and especially from those in which money was concerned. For instance, we have the merchant citizens of London 'with one voice threatening that they would lay level with the earth the stone houses which the abbot had built that very year, or that they would take distress by a hundredfold from the men of St Edmund, unless the abbot forthwith redressed the wrong done them by the bailiffs of the town of St Edmund, who had taken fifteenpence from the carts of the citizens of London, who, in their way from Yarmouth, laden with herrings, had made passage through our demesnes.' He has also a squabble with the burgesses of Bury St Edmund's, in consequence of an attempt to raise their ground-rents above forty shillings a-year: they offer a hundred, which is refused; and, the case lying over, the monastery continues to draw only the original sum. He had also infinite vexations from his cellarers and other officers, who were continually getting their pecuniary affairs involved in confusion through profuse hospitality and want of good management.

We shall here introduce a few anecdotes illustrating the secular customs and manners of the age. 'Hamo Blund, one of the wealthier men of this town, on his deathbed, could hardly be persuaded to make a will; at last he made a will, but disposed of no more than three marks, and this in nobody's hearing, except his brother, his wife, and the chaplain. Now, the abbot, after this man's decease, reflected upon this, and called those three persons before him, and sharply rebuked them, especially upon this point, that his brother (who was his heir) and his wife would not suffer any one else to approach the sick man, they desiring to take all; and the abbot said in audience, "I was his bishop, and had the charge of his soul; let not the folly of his priest and confessor turn to my peril; but, insomuch as I could not advise the sick man when alive, I being absent, what concerns my conscience I shall now perform, though it may seem to have been done slowly. I therefore command that all his debts and his movable chattels, which are worth, as 'tis said, two hundred marks, be reduced into a writing,* and that one portion be given to the heir, and another to the wife, and the third to his poor kinsfolk and other poor persons. As to the horse which was led before the coffin of the defunct, and was offered to St Edmund, I order that it be sent back and returned; for it does not beseem our church to be defiled with the gift of him who died intestate, and whom common report accuses that he was habitually wont to put out his money to use. By the face of God, if such a thing come to pass of any one in my days, he shall not be buried in the churchyard!" On his saying these things, the others departed greatly disconcerted.

On the morrow of the nativity of our Lord, there took place in the churchyard meetings, wrestlings, and matches between the servants of the abbot and the burgesses of the town; and from words it came to blows; from cuffs to wounds, and to the shedding of blood. The abbot, indeed, hearing of this privately, called to him certain of those who were present at the sight, but yet stood afar off, and ordered that the names of these evildoers should be set down in writing; all these he caused to be summoned, that they should stand before him on the morrow of St Thomas the archbishop, in the chapel of St Dionis, to answer therefor. Nor did he, in the meantime, invite to his own table any one of the burgesses, as he had been wont to do, on the first five days of Christmas. Therefore, on the day appointed, having taken the oaths from sixteen lawful men, and having heard their evidence, the abbot said, "It is manifest that these evil-doers have incurred the penalties of the canon *latæ sententiæ*; but because there are laymen all round us, and they do not understand what a crime it is to commit such a sacrilege as this is, and that others may be deterred from doing the like, I shall by name and publicly excommunicate these persons; and that in no wise there be any diminution of justice, I shall first begin with my own domestics and servants." And it was done accordingly, we having put on our robes and lighted the candles. Therefore they all went forth from the church, and being recommended so to do, they all stripped themselves, and, altogether naked, except their drawers, they prostrated themselves before the door of the church. Now, when the assessors of the abbot had come, monks as well as clerks, and informed him, with tears in their eyes, that more than a hundred men were lying down thus naked, the abbot wept. Nevertheless, making a show of the rigour of the law both in word and countenance, but concealing the tenderness of his mind, he was willing enough to be compelled by his counsellors that the penitents should be absolved, knowing that mercy is exalted over judgment, and that the church receives all penitents. Thereupon they being all sharply whipped and absolved, they swore all of them that they would abide by the judgment of the church for sacrilege committed. On the morrow, penance was assigned to them, according to the appointment of the canons; and thus the abbot restored all of them to unity of concord, propounding terrible threats to all those who by word or deed should furnish matter of discord. Further, he publicly forbade meetings and shows to be had in the churchyard; and so all things being brought to a state of peace, the burgesses feasted on the following days with their lord the abbot with great satisfaction.'

The condition of a town before the days of police is exhibited in the following passage:—'Also, the cellarer was used freely to take all the dunghills in every street, for his own use, unless it were before the doors of those who were holding *averland*; for to them only was it allowable to collect dung and to keep it. This custom was not enforced in the time of the Abbot Hugh up to the period when Dennis and Roger of Hingham became cellarers, who, being desirous of reviving the ancient custom, took the cars of the burgesses laden with dung,

* That is, a javelin or pike.

† The meaning of these words seems to be, 'I am riding to Rome, and then I return to Canterbury;' in other words, 'I am a poor pilgrim, first going to Rome, and then to St Thomas à Becket's shrine, so I can have nothing to do with either pope.'

* An inventory.

and made them unload; but a multitude of the burgesses resisting, and being too strong for them, every one in his own tenement now collects his dung in a heap, and the poor sell theirs when and to whom they choose.'

We earnestly recommend to general notice this production of the middle ages, by which we for the first time get a mirror-like representation of what has hitherto been seen only through the stained-glass of romance, or in the mosaic pictures of modern history.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A DISHONESTY IN A HIGH WALK.

THE dishonest practice of tradesmen giving gratuities to the servants of their customers, is familiarly known to the public, and has often been reprobated as it deserves. But it is not generally known that a practice precisely similar exists amongst life-assurance offices, where the bribed parties are not poor menials, with presumably obscure ideas of what is conscientious and right, but men belonging to one of the most liberal of professions, that of the law, and who might be expected to see all such matters in the clearest light.

Life-assurance, while generally designed for one of the most laudable of objects—the succour of those who might otherwise be left by the death of a father, husband, or other near relation in poverty—has become, in some degree, a business of competition. The joint-stock offices have a clear trading interest, as they aim at realising a profit for the shareholders; and the mutually assuring offices are also interested in having large business, as, when it is large, it is conducted more cheaply, and the risks are the more equably diffused. Hence the system of keen advertising pursued by all these establishments. It is very well to seek to obtain business by such fair means: indeed it is more than justifiable, for the public is still far from being generally aware of the great benefits which life-assurance is calculated to confer. But a large majority of the offices go beyond fair means; they hold forth the promise of a handsome commission to solicitors and others who bring them business, most of them giving 5 per cent. on the first and every subsequent annual premium, and several of them giving even 10 per cent. on the first, and 5 per cent. on every subsequent annual premium. Now, what is the real nature of this disbursement? It may be considered, we think, first, with respect to its special effect on the offices; and, secondly, with respect to its bearing on the public.

In the case of a joint-stock company—which is the nature of most life-assurance offices—it is simply a burden upon profits, and in that respect it calls for no remark. In the case of mutually assuring societies it is totally different, being then a subtraction from the funds which ought to stand for the benefit of the assured parties, and of which any surplus that arises ought to be divisable amongst them alone. If it could be said that the persons already assured were merely giving of their means to induce others to do as they have done—to perform one of the most respectable moral acts of which a person having others dependent upon him is capable—it might be susceptible of some justification; but the purpose of the payment is not of this nature; it is for no propagandism in behalf of life-assurance, but only to induce a particular choice of their office as distinguished from others. It is evident that men in their circumstances are misspending their money in devoting their funds to such a purpose; and it is equally clear that, in doing so, they are doing that which they have no right to attempt doing in any circumstances; namely, holding forth a bribe to tempt men from the path of duty.

That 'commission' is really of this character, there cannot be the shade of a doubt. When an individual designs to assure a sum upon his life, he is obviously concerned to select that office where the greatest advantages are to be obtained, and more especially to avoid those (and they are numerous) where comparatively small benefits are likely to accrue. Regarding his solicitor as a man of experience, he consults him about the selection of the best office, or puts the business at once into his hands as a piece of professional employment. Here it clearly is of the greatest importance for the interests of the assuring party that his agent or consultee should be an unbiassed man; but can we be assured that he really is so, if three-fourths of the life-assurance offices are holding him forth bribes of various amount, to induce him to drag the victim to their especial altar? Certainly, although honesty in such circumstances is not impossible, it is far from likely, and can in no measure be certain. The system does all it can to make rogues, and we have no security against their not being made. We must presume the intending assurer to be ignorant of this profligate practice. He relies implicitly on his agent, as he has a good right to do, seeing that he employs him to give an honest counsel. He expects that that office which will give most liberally to his widow and orphans is to be selected, according to the conscientious judgment of his counsellor. But what, on the contrary, is done? Why, he is, perhaps, led to an office which does not hold forth any particular advantages to him (the assurer), but which contents itself with only holding forth some advantages to his agent. He is, in short, betrayed by the paltry cupidity of that man (trust-worthy, perhaps, in all other circumstances) into a transaction which, very probably, is just the least advantageous that he could have effected in the circumstances.

To give an idea of how the interests of an individual may be betrayed in this manner, we take the following example from Mr Babbage's *Comparative View of the Various Institutions for Assurance of Lives* (1826). 'A clergyman, in order to provide at his death for a numerous family, succeeded, by great economy, in saving from his income sufficient to assure his life for L.2000; being unacquainted with business, he unfortunately trusted the choice of the office at which he assured to the attorney whom he had been in the habit of employing. The attorney effected the policy at one of those offices which make no return of any part of the profits, and which, notwithstanding, charge the same prices as the Equitable. During about twenty years, he received a commission of five per cent. from the office [realising in all probably L.50], which was paid out of the annual sum, with difficulty spared from the scanty income of his employer: and on the death of the clergyman, his seven surviving orphans received from the office the original sum assured, L.2000, instead of about L.3200, which they might have received from the Equitable, had not the bribe held out by the other office been too great for the integrity of their father's solicitor.' We can add another illustration, in which the honest course was taken; and we are the more happy to do so, as it reflects credit on a profession which is here presented in an unpleasing light. A solicitor of our acquaintance was employed to effect an assurance for L.2000 about the year 1820. He adopted a non-bribing office, which divided profits among the assured, instead of going to a certain other one in his eye, where he would have secured a 'commission' of ten guineas, but which did not divide profits. The premiums were somewhat different, but not to a great extent, at least not nearly so great as the results would have been at the end of seventeen years—the currency of the transaction—when the representatives of the assuring party got *seven hundred pounds additional.*

Unquestionably, the heavier part of this 'dishonesty in a high walk' lies at the door of the offices which hold forth the temptation; and, for this reason, we present a list of what we believe to constitute nearly the whole of the honourable minority which reject such means of obtaining business, believing that we are not only thus putting a deserved, though negative stigma upon a corrupt practice, but helping to guard the public against

a betrayal of its interests. The following are non-bribing offices:—In London, the Equitable, Amicable, London Life Association, Mutual Assurance, Rock, and Metropolitan—all being mutual offices excepting the two last, which have an admixture of the proprietary system: in Edinburgh, the Scottish Widows' Fund, the Scottish Equitable, the Scottish Provident, and the Scottish Amicable—all of these last being mutually-assuring and profit-dividing societies.*

We conclude with some remarks by Mr De Morgan,† to which every honourable mind must respond. 'All who have written on this subject of late years have attacked this *bribe*, for such it is; but they have directed all their censures upon the offices, as if they were the only parties to blame. If indeed the bribe had been offered to the needy and ignorant only, this partial distribution of blame might have been allowed; but, when the parties who receive the bribe are men of education, and moving in those professions which bring the successful to affluence, I do not see the justice of allowing them to escape. I have little doubt that an increasing sense of right and wrong will banish this unworthy practice, either by failure of givers or receivers. A barrister cannot offer commission on the briefs which he brings, nor can a physician pay an apothecary for his recommendation; a jury never receives a hint that the plaintiff will give commission on the damages which they award; and the time will come when the offer of money to a person, whose unbiassed opinion is already the property of another, will be deemed what it really is; namely, bribery and corruption. It is one among many proofs how low is the standard of collective morality, and how easy it is for honourable individuals to do in concert that from which they would separately shrink.'

SPINNING OUT.

It is the conviction of the writer of this, and of many persons with whom he has conversed on the subject, that the suffering caused by bankruptcies, so frequently occurring, would be greatly lessened if the principles of Christian morality were held and acted upon in commercial transactions.

The fact is striking and alarming, that, *of late years*, the dividends which bankrupt estates generally yield are so small, as hardly to be reckoned on. This is the result of 'spinning out' estates to the last extremity. Let an instance be stated. A person who was a small manufacturer in a country town eight years ago, commenced consigning his goods, and drawing advances. The returns were unprofitable; but instead of lessening his trade, he greatly extended it, getting increased advances; till, within five years, he shipped to the extent of L.40,000 per annum; sending, without regard to the state of the market, what was more than one-third of the whole of an article sent to India. He now became bankrupt, leaving an estate which did not pay one shilling in the pound, besides having injured the market and all concerned with it. Another case is that of a merchant who failed in 1839 for L.24,000, one-third only of which was composed of debts for goods, the balance being for accommodation-bills between him and another house in similar circumstances. These may be somewhat extreme cases; but similar features characterise a great proportion of the failures which occurred during the last crisis. An examination into the affairs of most bankrupt estates will show that the men went on long after they ceased to be possessed of capital; the consequence of which was, that they had to purchase on credit, and, consequently, to a disadvantage; and, irrespective of the state of trade, were forced on to increased responsibilities to meet their increasing embarrassments; until, every means of keeping themselves afloat being exhausted, necessity, not their sense of rectitude and of the claims of their creditors, with whose money they were trading, forced them to stop, leaving ruined estates.

It is well known that the trade of Paisley suffered but little from bad debts previous to the late crisis there, but that they had gone on by means of the credit system, driving what had been, for two years previously, a losing business.

Now, ought the person who acts thus to stand equal in society with the person who never contracts a debt without a fair prospect of paying it? If a trader is justified in *any instance* in going on after he has lost his capital, ought it not to be required of him, in order that his character be held unblemished, that he had good prospects of being able to continue to pay his debts, and that he stopped as soon as he found this not to be the case? The fact is, that, unless in cases directly fraudulent, the public make little distinction in bankruptcies; and even the bankrupt himself is far from having the standard of integrity in his own mind very accurately constructed.

* We shall be happy to publish, in a conspicuous manner, the names of any other life-assurance offices which either do not now give bribes for business, or shall hereafter abandon the practice.

† Essay on Probabilities, Cabinet Cyclopædia, p. 259.

LIFE AND POETRY OF JAMES HISLOP.

THE world cannot be said to know the name of James Hislop as that of a poet. He is known, however, in this character by a portion of the public in our own section of the island, in consequence, almost solely, of one small production—a set of verses entitled *A Cameronian Dream*, which first appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine for February 1821. When this somewhat remarkable poem is perused, our readers have had an opportunity of knowing nearly as much of the author as any, except private friends, have hitherto known. Let them previously understand, that it relates a peasant's tale of superstition, connected with a muirland spot in Ayrshire, where a small party of the wilder Presbyterians of Charles II.'s time were attacked by soldiers in 1680, when their minister, Cameron, was slain. The spot is still marked by a flat gravestone inscribed to the memory of the sufferers.

A CAMERONIAN DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness;
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing;
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire, they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding:
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

If this poem be read with interest, some particulars respecting the author, who has been for many years deceased, will not be felt as superfluous. He was simply and literally a shepherd of the Scottish mountains, and at the time of the above composition, was only in his twenty-third year. The lowly youth, panting for education, and daring to hope that even some share of distinction may yet rest upon his humble name, may well take encouragement from the story of Hislop, who was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and reared by a grandfather who pursued the calling of a country weaver. Under the care, and with the assistance of this kind relative, who was a favourable specimen of the Scottish peasant, a man of piety and worth, and an elder in his parish church, young Hislop taught himself to read. He early exhibited that thirst for knowledge, and that habit of indiscriminate book-devouring, which form, perhaps, the most familiar marks of the class of minds destined to rise above the common level. It was also when little more than a child, that he was sent to tend sheep and cattle at the farm of Dalblair, in a neighbouring parish. A year of schooling, at about the age of thirteen, formed his only regular education; and after this he resumed his humble duties on another farm. It is a situation by no means so Arcadian as many city people suppose; but it had at least the virtue for Hislop of allowing him retirement and intervals of leisure for study. In the lee of a furze bush, on the hill-side, wrapped in his plaid, might the boy have often been seen conning some volume which chance had thrown in his way, while his faithful dog kept an eye upon his fleecy charge. As with Burns, 'no book was so voluminous as to slacken his industry, or so antiquated as to damp his researches.' But, as might be expected, those which addressed the imagination and the feelings were his greatest favourites. 'My mother,' he said, 'used to reprimand me with much severity when she found me reading any book except the Bible and the Confession of Faith. She said Burns's Poems were just a wheen blethers [a parcel of frivolous nonsense]. Many a severe scolding has she given me when my stocking wires got rusty in consequence of Robinson Crusoe. But I got very high in her favour when I distinguished myself by wielding the scythe and the sickle.'

Boghead, where he now served, is in the parish of Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, and here he was in the immediate neighbourhood of Airsmoss, the scene of the Cameron skirmish of 1680. Pondering on the monument of this event, and listening to the still fresh and much revered traditions of it which float about amongst the peasantry, helped to nourish the seeds of poetry in his mind. To him, too, the tales of goblins, of fairies, and of apparitions of the Evil One, which are told by the rustic fireside, came with a help of feeling and of fancy, which left them to reside in his heart as poetry for ever. Some years having passed in this place, he removed to Corsebank, on the rivulet Crawick, near the residence of his worthy grandfather, and afterwards to Carcoe, near Sanquhar. He now availed himself of the opportunity of obtaining private instructions in grammar and in the Latin language, the latter being an attainment looked upon with great respect amongst the rustics of Scotland. To this he added French and mathematics, mainly advancing in all these pursuits by means of his own ready mind, unfading zeal, and steady perseverance. At twenty, he had become a sort of wonder in his remote pastoral neighbourhood, both for his acquirements, and the power which he had shown of composing poems and songs in his vernacular tongue. 'I was now,' he says in a letter to a friend, 'an awkward shepherd boy, whose whole knowledge was confined to the Bible, and the various books of divinity and diversion that shepherd libraries could furnish me with. My principal hobby was Hutton's Arithmetic and Bonnycastle's Algebra; rather odd company for a poetical shepherd, you will allow.' The fact is a valuable one, as tending to convince young persons smitten with a love of poetry, that there is no good reason why they may not employ the mind also in some of those severer studies which train the thinking powers. It was soon after this that the charms of a rural maiden, whose name seems to have been Ann, first gave depth to the poetic effusions of the Dumfriesshire shepherd. Some gleams of ambition now visited him, and he opened an evening school for the instruction of his humble neighbours. Towards the end of 1819, when twenty-one years of age, he was induced to remove to Greenock, and there venture to depend entirely on teaching. About the same time, specimens of his poetry began to find their way into the Edinburgh Magazine, the amiable editor of which, the Reverend Mr Morehead, was pleased to take an interest in his welfare. In a prose communication to this gentleman, he gave, in clear and correct language, an indirect account of what had fed his mind in his shepherd life. 'Had you spent,' he says, 'as many Sabbath days among the Scottish peasantry as I have done, you would join me in thinking that there is yet an extensive field for the cultivation of a higher order of poetry than much that has yet appeared in our language. The popular superstitions, too, that are still current among the peasantry of Nithsdale and Ayrshire, would, of themselves, furnish an abundant supply of awful materials for the fancy of a skilful poet. Who that has ever heard of the fairies of Pal-veach or Glenmuir—the dead-lights carried by dead men, that have been seen among the haunted woods of Garpal or Crawick—the fiery coach that appeared at midnight at the grave of the murdered Cameron in Airsmoss — the spectre that vanished in blood near the Wellwood, in the parish of Muirkirk—and hundreds more of the same kind that might be enumerated; who, I say, that has heard of these, and has been familiar with the characters and feelings of the people among whom they are cherished, will deny that such dread familiarity with the beings of another world has communicated to them an elevation and sublimity of mind highly poetical—perhaps not unfavourable to the cultivation of religion, as more awful conceptions must thus be produced of that Being "who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire?"'

He soon after visited Edinburgh, where Mr Morehead gratified him by an introduction to Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey, and the Reverend Mr Alison. These gentlemen might well give kindly greeting to a youth who had penned verses so richly poetical in diction as the following *Imitation of a Passage in Tasso's Amynta*, which had just then come out in the pages of Mr Morehead's magazine.

When I was just a wee wee callan,*
Rinnan about my Annie's dwallan,
We aften todlet† out thegither,
And gowans‡ pou't wi' ane anither.

Her saft and shinan yellow hair
Hang curlin' o'er her white neck bare,
Dancin' upo' the simmer breeze—
And I wad climb the leafy trees,

* Little boy. † Tottered. ‡ Daisies.

To cull the fruits o' sweetest juice,
Of which my Annie had made choice.
While thus amang the woods we ran,
An early friendship soon began:

And she was gentler far than ony,
And she was playful, young, and bonnie,
And no ane amang a' the fair,
Wi' my young Annie could compare.

In thae sweet years o' early luve,
The kind and gentle turtle dove
Was not mair happy wi' its mate,
Than we thegither air and late.

Our dwallans they were closely joined,
But closer war our hearts combined,
And though we were exactly yeslans,*
We nearer were in thoughts and feelings.

By little and by little grew
Up in my heart, I kenna how,
Like a wee gowan by its lane,
An unkent love for my sweet Ann,
Which made me always wish to be
In that young lassie's company.

When we were sitting on a bank,
I from her eyes a sweetness drank,
That made me wonder what could be
Sae sweet in a young lassie's ee.

Such draughts of sweetness left a pain,
That never could be healed again;
Besides, they often made me sigh;
I could not tell the reason why. * *

Beneath a shady green beech-tree,
As day Eliza, Ann, and me,
Playfully passed away the hours—
The bees drank honey 'mang the flowers.

Eliza's cheek, vermilion pure,
The bees mistook it for a flower;
Ane o' them cam' wi' bummin' wing,
And wae-sucks! pierced it wi' his sting.

Eliza's cheek was unco sair,
And she began a greetin'† there;
My Annie, wi' her voice sae sweet,
Said, Whist, Eliza! dinna greet;

I hae a charm will heal the wound,
And mak' your cheek yet hale and sound;
I learned it frae an auld wise woman,
Kent mony a thing that wasna common.

This said, my Annie did advance
Her sweet wee mouth, wi' laughin' glance,
Began to try her magic powers,
Wi' lips as soft as honey flowers.

She prest them to the bumbee wound,
Wi' sic a sweet and mumuran sound,
That really, wonnerfu' to say,
Eliza's stang died quite away.
The virtue o' her lips was such,
They healed it wi' their very touch.

And I, who never had before
Observed in Annie any more
Than the soft languor of her eyes;
Her voice that waked my softest sighs—

A voice far sweeter than the burnie
That plays o'er mony a pebbled turnie,
Sweeter than simmer's sigh, that heaves
Amang the flowers and rustlan leaves—

Began to feel a new desire;
Within my heart then burnt a fire,
That made me long to press her lips,
And drink the dews a lover sips.

Nae ither plan remained for me,
Than to bring back Eliza's bee,
And make it come wi' bummin' wing,
And gie my cheek like hers a sting.

Whether my cheek was stinged or no,
It matters not—but I did go
To Annie—who my tale believed—
For piteously I grat and grieved.

Soon did the simple girl prepare
To mend my cheek was stang't sae sair;
But ah! the sting her lips did gie
Inflamed far waur than ony bee!

The Greenock speculation turned out ill, and affected his health, for the recovery of which he was obliged to return to the *braes* of Carcoe. Here he wandered about for some months, comparatively idle, yet not neglecting his studies, which now extended to French and Italian literature, and caused him to be regarded as a wonder by all his old friends, his uncle included, who always spoke of him as an 'unco chiel,' and thought there was nothing he could not do. It was at the end of the year that he composed his Cameronian Dream, which, being published in the magazine, immediately attracted attention. Mr Jeffrey, in particular, was so much pleased with it, that he sent the author a present. Hislop now tried a school in Edinburgh, but had not been engaged in it long, when, by the interest of the gentleman last named, he obtained the appointment of schoolmaster in the Doris frigate, then about to sail for the South American station.

During his absence at sea, Hislop kept up as regular a correspondence as circumstances would permit with his friend and patron, the editor of the Edinburgh Magazine. When not engaged in the tuition of the midshipmen and others intrusted to his charge, he applied himself sedulously to the improvement of his own mind by reading and composition. After an absence of upwards of three years, the Doris returned to England, and Hislop once more visited his native scenery and relations at Carcoe, where he resumed his contributions to the Edinburgh Magazine in a series of 'Letters from South America,' which at that time excited very considerable interest. In the end of 1825 he proceeded to London, and became acquainted with Allan Cunningham, Mrs Joanna Baillie, and Mr Lockhart of the Quarterly Review, and was subsequently engaged as a reporter for one of the London newspapers, an occupation, however, for which he appears to have entertained little partiality, and which soon terminated. The fidelity with which he reported one of the sermons of the celebrated Edward Irving, afterwards brought him into acquaintance with that remarkable man, who presented him with a beautiful pocket Bible in the original language, and a Hebrew grammar, and, as in many other cases where he met with young men of ability, but without employment, strongly urged him to study for the church. In 1826 he was appointed head master of an academy in the neighbourhood of London, and in about twelve months after, he joined the Tweed man-of-war, under the command of Lord Henry Spencer, ordered to the Mediterranean, and afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope. His diligence and labour in study and composition were remarkable. Although highly respected by all on board, it can be easily imagined that the manners and conversation of a ship's company were not such as to allure the schoolmaster much into their society, and therefore, except when professionally engaged in teaching, his time was chiefly occupied in the retirement of his own little cabin. His powers of composition were great; but as he composed with much rapidity, his writings, though abounding with brilliant flashes of imagination, and evincing great amiability and tenderness of feeling, are necessarily deficient in that vigour and concentration of thought which are only to be acquired by an attentive study of the best authors, serious reflection, and a careful weeding out of superfluous words and unmeaning expletives. Among the numerous poems composed at sea, that entitled the 'Scottish Sacramental Sabbath,' after the manner of Burns's Cottar's Saturday Night, is perhaps the best. The following verses may be taken as a specimen:—

The Sabbath morning gilds the eastern hills;
The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,
Frae heath-clad hamlets 'mang the muirland rills,
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet—
Skiffin' the daisies drouket i' the weet,*
The nibblin' flocks come bleatin' down the brae,
To shadowy pastures screened frae simmer heat,
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,
'Mang holms of clover red, and bright brown rye-grass hay.

* The same age.

† Crying.

* Daubed with wet.

His ewes and lambs brought carefu' frae the height,
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;
On green-sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white,
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book soiled an' torn,
The task prepared, assigned for Sabbath morn,
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;
One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thorn,
Kneels down apart, her spirit to prepare,
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat, wi' solemn converse mixed,
At early hour they finish their repast,
The pious sire repeats full many a text
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.
To see her little family featly drest,
The careful matron feels a mother's pride;
Gies this a linen shirt—gies that a vest—
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide;
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding-robes provide.

The sisters buskit seek the garden walk,
To gather flowers, and watch the warning bell;
Sweet-William, danglin' dewy frae the stalk,
Is mixed wi' mountain daisies rich in smell:
Green sweet-brier—sprigs and daisies frae the dell,
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode;
And Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell;
Then down the sunny winding woodland road,
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

On her outward voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, while the Tweed was cruising off the Cape de Verd Islands, Hislop, one of the officers, the whole of the midshipmen, and the surgeon, made a party of pleasure to visit the island of St Jago. The officer, being afraid to remain upon the island during the night, returned to the ship by swimming; the rest slept on shore in the open air, and were in consequence all seized with a violent fever. Six of them, including the surgeon and four midshipmen, died after a short illness. Hislop lingered for twelve days, and died on the 4th December 1827, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. The event was deeply regretted by all who knew him. Had his life been spared, there is every reason to believe he would have risen to a most respectable position in the literary world. 'He was mild, gentle, and kind-hearted,' said the late Allan Cunningham in a letter to the writer of this article; 'and, as was the man, so was his genius; elegant rather than vigorous; sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was lofty occasionally too. His compositions, coloured slightly by a fortune more uncertain than happy, have much deep feeling, and a love warm and devout for all the living and moving works of God. He was a frequent and welcome visitor of my fireside, and I heard of his tragic death with the sorrow of a brother.'

LEGENDS RESPECTING TREES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Like other natural objects of signal importance to man, whether yielding food, affording shelter, or simply conferring loveliness on the landscape, trees, in the earlier stages of society, have uniformly been the fertile subjects of poetical and mythological allusion. Many of the prettiest legends of heathen antiquity, as well as of our Christian progenitors, relate to trees; while poets, in all countries and ages, have borrowed from them their most brilliant imagery and comparisons. Without inquiring into the causes of these varied allusions, we intend to present the reader with a few of the more remarkable legends, as gleaned from the late Mr Loudon's magnificent work—'The Trees and Shrubs of Great Britain.'

The White Poplar, according to ancient mythology, was consecrated to Hercules, because he destroyed Cacus in a cavern of mount Aventine, which was covered with these trees; and in the moment of his triumph, bound his brow with a branch of one as a token of his victory. When he descended into the infernal regions, he also returned with a wreath of white poplar round his head. It was this, says the fable, that made the leaves of the colour they are now. The perspiration from the hero's brow made the inner part of the leaf white; while the smoke of the lower regions turned the upper surface of the leaves almost black. Persons sacrificing to Hercules were always crowned with branches of this tree; and all who had gloriously conquered their enemies in battle wore garlands of it, in imitation of Hercules. In 'The Sentiment of Flowers,' it is said that the ancients consecrated the white poplar to Time, because the leaves are in continual agitation; and being of a blackish green on one side, with a thick white cotton on the other, these were supposed to indicate the alternation of day and night.

The Black Poplar is no less celebrated in fable than its congener above-mentioned. According to Ovid, when Phaëthon borrowed the chariot and horses of the sun, and, by his heedless driving, set half the world on fire, he was hurled from the chariot by Jupiter into the Po, where he was drowned; and his sisters, the Heliades, wandering on the banks of the river, were changed into trees—supposed by most commentators to be poplars. The evidence in favour of the poplar consists in there being abundance of black poplars on the banks of the Po; in the poplar, in common with many other aquatic trees, being so surcharged with moisture, as to have it exuding through the pores of the leaves, which may thus literally be said to weep; and in there being no tree on which the Sun shines more brightly than on the black poplar, thus still showing gleams of parental affection to the only memorial left of the unhappy son whom his own fondness had contributed to destroy.

The Apple Tree, so singularly connected with the first transgression and fall of man, is distinguished alike in the mythologies of the Greeks, Scandinavians, and Druids. The golden fruits of the Hesperides, which it was one of the labours of Hercules to procure, in spite of the sleepless dragon which guarded them, were believed by the pagans to be apples. Hercules was worshipped by the Thebans under the name of Melius; and apples were offered at his altars. The origin of this custom was the circumstance of the river Asopus having on one occasion overflowed its banks to such an extent, as to render it impossible to bring a sheep across it which was to be sacrificed to Hercules; when some youths, recollecting that an apple bore the same name as a sheep in Greek (mēlon), offered an apple, with four little sticks stuck in it, to resemble legs, as a substitute for sheep; and after that period, the pagans always considered the apple as especially devoted to Hercules. In the Scandinavian Edda, we are told that the goddess Iduna had the care of apples which had the power of conferring immortality; and which were consequently reserved for the gods, who ate of them when they began to feel themselves growing old. The evil spirit, Loke, took away Iduna and her apple tree, and hid them in a forest, where they could not be found by the gods. In consequence of this malicious theft, everything went wrong in the world. The gods became old and infirm; and, enfeebled both in body and in mind, no longer paid the same attention to the affairs of the earth; and men having no one to look after them, fell into evil courses, and became the prey of the evil spirit. At length the gods, finding matters get worse and worse every day, roused their last remains of vigour, and combining together, forced Loke to restore the tree.

The Druids paid particular reverence to the apple tree, because the mistletoe was supposed to grow only on it and the oak; and also on account of the usefulness of its fruit. In consequence of this feeling, the apple was cultivated in Britain from the earliest ages of which we have any record; and Glastonbury was called the apple orchard, from the quantity of apples grown there previous to the time of the Romans. Many old rites and ceremonies are therefore connected with this tree, some of which are practised in the orchard districts even at the present day. 'On Christmas eve,' says Mrs Bray, 'the farmers and their men in Devonshire take a large bowl of cider, with a toast in it; and carrying it in state to the orchard, they salute the apple trees with much ceremony, in order to make

them bear well next season. This salutation consists in throwing some of the cider about the roots of the tree, placing bits of the toast on the branches; and then forming themselves into a ring, they, like the bards of old, set up their voices and sing a song, which may be found in Brand's Popular Antiquities. In Hone's Every-Day Book, this custom is mentioned, but with some slight variation.

The wassail bowl, drunk on All Hallow E'en, Twelfth Day Eve, Christmas Eve, and on other festivals of the church, was compounded of ale, sugar, nutmeg, and roasted apples, which every person partook of; each taking out an apple with the spoon, and then drinking out of the bowl. Sometimes the roasted apples were bruised and mixed with milk or white wine instead of ale; and in some parts of the country apples were roasted on a string, till they dropped off into a bowl of spiced ale beneath, which was called *Lamb's Wool*. The reason of this name, which is common to all the compounds of apples and ale, is attributed by Vallancey to its being drunk on the 31st of October, All Hallow E'en; the first day of November being dedicated to the angel presiding over fruit, seeds, &c., and therefore named *La Mas Ubhal*; that is, the day of the apple-fruit: and this being pronounced lamosool, soon became corrupted by the English into lamb's wool. Apples were blessed by the priests on the 25th of July; and an especial form for this purpose is preserved in the manual of the church of Sarum.

The custom of bobbing for apples on All Hallow E'en, and on All Saints Day, which was formerly common over all England, and is still practised in some parts of Ireland, has lately been rendered familiar by M'Clise's masterly painting of the Sports of All Hallow E'en. A kind of hanging-beam, which was continually turning, was suspended from the roof of the room, and an apple placed at one end, and a lighted candle at the other. The parties having their hands tied behind them, and being to catch the apples with their mouths, frequently caught the candle instead. In Warwickshire, apples are tied to a string, and caught at in the same manner; but the lighted candle is omitted: and in the same county children roast apples on a string on Christmas Eve; the first who can catch an apple, when it drops from the string, getting it. In Scotland, apples are put into a tub of water, and then bobbed for with the mouth.

The Ash, according to heathen mythology, furnished the wood of which Cupid made his arrows, before he had learned to adopt the more fatal cypress. In the Scandinavian Edda, it is stated that the court of the gods is held under a mighty ash, the summit of which reaches the heavens, the branches overshadow the whole earth, and the roots penetrate to the infernal regions. An eagle rests on its summit, to observe everything that passes, to whom a squirrel constantly ascends to report those things which the exalted bird may have neglected to notice. Serpents are twined round the trunk; and from the roots there spring two limpid fountains, in one of which wisdom lies concealed, and in the other a knowledge of the things to come. Three virgins constantly attend on this tree, to sprinkle its leaves with water from the magic fountains; and this water, falling on the earth in the shape of dew, produces honey. Man, according to the Edda, was formed from the wood of this tree. Ancient writers of all nations state that the serpent entertains an extraordinary respect for the ash. Pliny says that if a serpent be placed near a fire, and both surrounded by ashen twigs, the serpent will sooner run into the fire than pass over the pieces of ash; and Dioscorides asserts that the juice of ash leaves, mixed with wine, is a cure for the bite of that reptile. Evelyn mentions that in some parts of England the country people believe that, if they split young ash trees, and make ruptured children pass through the cleft, it will cure them; and the Rev. W. T. Bree relates an instance, within his personal knowledge, of this extraordinary superstition having been lately practised in Warwickshire. Lightfoot says that, in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of a child, the nurse or midwife puts one end of a green stick of this tree into the fire, and, while it is burning, gathering in a spoon the juice which oozes out at the other end, administers this as the first spoonful of food to the newly-born baby.

The Oak appears early to have been an object of worship among the Celts and ancient Britons. Under the form of this tree the Celts worshipped their god Tuet, and the Britons Tarnawa, their god of thunder. Baal, the Celtic god of fire, whose festival (that of Yule) was kept at Christmas, was also worshipped under the semblance of an oak. The Druids professed to maintain perpetual fire; and once every year all the fires belonging to the people were extinguished, and re-lighted from the sacred fire of their priests. This was the origin of the Yule log, with which, even so lately as the middle of last century, the Christmas fire, in some parts of the country, was always kindled; a fresh log being thrown on and lighted, but taken off before it was consumed, and reserved to kindle the Christmas fire of the following year. The Yule log was always of oak; and as the ancient Britons believed that it was essential for their hearth-fires to be renewed every year from the sacred fire of the Druids, so their descendants thought that some misfortune would befall them if any accident happened to the Yule log.

The worship of the Druids was generally performed under an oak, and a heap of stones or cairn was erected on which the sacred fire was kindled. Before the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe, the Druids fasted for several days, and offered sacrifices in wicker baskets or frames, which, however, were not of willow, but of oak twigs curiously interwoven, and were similar to that still carried by Jack-in-the-green on May-day, which, according to some, is a relic of Druidism. The well-known chorus of 'Hey, derry down,' according to Professor Burnet, was a Druidic chant, signifying literally, 'In a circle the oak move around.' Criminals were tried under an oak tree; the judge, with the jury, being seated under its shade, and the culprit placed in a circle made by the chief Druid's wand. The Saxons also held their national meetings under an oak; and the celebrated conference between the Saxons and the Britons, after the invasion of the former, was held under the oaks of Dartmoor.

The Mistletoe, particularly that which grows on the oak, was held in great veneration by the Britons. At the beginning of their year, the Druids went in solemn procession into the forests, and raised a grass altar at the foot of the finest oak, on which they inscribed the names of those gods which were considered as the most powerful. After this the chief Druid, clad in a white garment, ascended the tree, and cropped the mistletoe with a consecrated golden pruning-hook, the other Druids receiving it in a pure white cloth, which they held beneath the tree. The mistletoe was then dipped in water by the principal Druid, and distributed among the people, as a preservative against witchcraft and diseases. If any part of the plant touched the ground, it was considered to be the omen of some dreadful misfortune which was about to fall upon the land. The ceremony was always performed when the moon was six days old, and two white bulls were sacrificed at the conclusion. In Scandinavian mythology, Loke, the evil spirit, is said to have made the arrow with which he wounded Balder (Apollo), the son of Friga (Venus), of mistletoe branches. Balder was charmed against injury from everything which sprang from fire, earth, air, and water; but the mistletoe, springing from neither, was found to be fatal, and Balder was not restored to the world till by a general effort of the other gods. The magical properties of the mistletoe are mentioned both by Virgil and Ovid. In the dark ages a similar belief prevailed; and even to the present day the peasants of Holstein, and some other countries, call the mistletoe the 'spectre's wand,' from the supposition, that holding a branch of mistletoe will not only enable a man to see

ghosts, but to force them to speak to him. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas has been handed down to us by our Saxon ancestors, who, on the restoration of Balder, dedicated the plant to their Venus (Friga), to place it entirely under her control, and to prevent it from being again used against her as an instrument of mischief. In the feudal ages, it was gathered with great solemnity on Christmas eve, and hung up in the great hall with loud shouts and rejoicing:—

> On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
> On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
> That only night in all the year
> Saw the stoled priest the chalice near.
> The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
> The hall was dressed with holly green:
> Forth to the woods did merry men go,
> To gather in the mistletoe.
> Then opened wide the baron's hall
> To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

The Holly, like some other evergreens, has long been used at Christmas for ornamenting churches and dwelling-houses. It appears to have been first made use of for this purpose by the early Christians at Rome, and was probably adopted for decorating the churches at Christmas, because holly was used in the great festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about that period. It was customary among the Romans to send boughs of holly, during the Saturnalia, as emblematical of good wishes, with the gifts they presented to their friends at that season; and the holly came thus to be considered as an emblem of peace and good-will. Whatever may have been the origin of the practice of decorating churches and houses with holly, it is of great antiquity. In England, perhaps, the earliest record of the custom is in a carol in praise of holly, written in the time of Henry VI., beginning with the stanza—

> Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wys;
> Let holly hafe the maystry (mastery), as the maner is.
> Holy stonde *in the halle*, fayre to behold;
> Ivy stonde *without the dore*; she is ful sore a-cold.

In illustration of which it must be observed, that the ivy, being dedicated to Bacchus, was used as a vintner's sign in winter, and hung outside the door. The disciples of Zoroaster, the author of fire-worship, believed that the sun never shadows the holly tree; and the followers of that philosopher, who still remain in Persia and India, are said to throw water impregnated with holly bark in the face of a new-born child. In the language of flowers, the holly is the symbol of foresight and caution.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE—THE MAISON DE DEUIL.

A NEW magazine, with Mr Thomas Hood for editor, cannot fail to attract, and, we should likewise think, to deserve attention. The first few numbers present a most agreeable melange of light literature, by the editor and his friends. We cannot avoid making particular reference to a poem of Mr Hood's, entitled 'The Haunted House,' which, for impressive description, exceeds everything of the kind which we have seen for a long time; confirming what must have been suggested to many minds besides our own, by the Dream of Eugene Aram, and some other serious productions of this author, that his comicalities are but the more trivial effusions of a mind which, if left free in the exertion of its powers, might rival some of our greatest masters in the regions of fancy and feeling. Unfortunately, the public calls most loudly for amusement, and Mr Hood is obliged to obey the call. Acting on the same consideration, we are constrained to prefer, to all more serious matters, a sample of drollery.

It is an extract from a piece in the form of a farce, entitled 'The House of Mourning,' in which the establishment of shops in London, exclusively for the sale of mourning attire, is exposed to playful satire. A shop of this kind, painted black outside, after the fashion of a Parisian *Maison de Deuil*, attracts the attention of a country squire and his lady, and, influenced by curiosity, they forthwith enter the establishment. Ebony chairs being placed for their accommodation, they are addressed by a young man in black, who speaks across the counter with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.

'May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

Lady. I wish, sir, to look at some mourning.

Shopman. Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume?

Lady. Yes; a widow, sir. A poor friend of mine who has lost her husband.

Shopm. Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

Lady. Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the continent.

Lady. Yes, I should like to see *them*.

Shopm. Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—*watered*, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

Squire. Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, sir?

Shopm. A little slight, sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last for ever, sir.

Squire. No, it seldom does; especially the violent sorts.

Lady. La! Jacob, do hold your tongue; what do you know about fashionable affliction? But never mind him, sir; it's only his way.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal, indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

Lady. And all in the French style?

Shopm. Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funèbre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning—makes up very sombre and interesting.

Lady. I daresay it does, sir.

Shopm. Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

Squire. You had better cut *me* off first.

Shopm. Certainly, sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet—ma'am——

Lady. Is it proper, sir, to mourn in velvet?

Shopm. O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one—real Genoa—and a splendid black. We call it the Luxury of Wo.

Lady. Very expensive, of course?

Shopm. Only eighteen shillings a-yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

Squire. Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upwards in life?

Shopm. Certainly—yes, sir—by all means—at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvass to crape, sir!

Lady. To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning?

Shopm. O, infinite—the largest stock in town! Full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an India-ink drawing, from a grief *prononcé* to the slightest *nuance* of regret.

Lady. Then, sir, please to let me see some half-mourning.

Shopm. Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

Squire. What, the young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

Shopm. Yes, sir; in the suit of gray. *(Calls across.)* Mr Dawe, show the Neutral Tints!

[*The Squire and his Lady cross the shop and take seats vis-à-vis; Mr Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn,*

Shopm. You wish to inspect some half mourning, madam?

Lady. Yes—the newest patterns.

Shopm. Precisely—in the second stage of distress. As such, ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided—alleviated, you see, ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead colour!

Squire. As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

Shopm. Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

Squire. Old women, mayhap, about seventy?

Shopm. Exactly so, sir—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

Lady. Yes; it feels very stout.

Shopm. But perhaps, madam, that is too *lugubre*. Now, here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a wo moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose* in it—the French call it a gleam of comfort—is very attractive.'

After a little more chat of this dolorous kind, the pair are shown into a back room, hung with black, and decorated with looking-glasses in black frames. A show-woman in deep mourning is in attendance.

'*Show.* Your melancholy pleasure, ma'am?

Lady. Widow's caps.

Squire. Humph!—that's plump, anyhow!

Show. This is the newest style, ma'am——

Lady. Bless me! for a widow? Isn't it rather—you know, rather a little—

Squire. Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

Show. Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernised, and admits more *goût* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap—but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornée*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the *sympathiser*——

Squire. Where is he?

Show. This muslin *ruche*, ma'am, instead of the plain band.

Lady. Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

Show. Would you like to try it, ma'am?

Lady. No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend—pray what are those?

Show. Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand—an exquisite piece of work——

Squire. Better than a noisy one!

Show. Here is another, ma'am—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet pretty idea, ma'am.

Squire. But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

Show. O dear, no, sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

Squire. O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.'

Curiosity being now appeased, the lady leaves the shop with her plain-spoken husband, who, turning back, takes a last look at the premises.

'*Squire.* Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well, if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try Warren" style of blacking the premises, it do seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce!'

ORIGIN AND TREATMENT OF GLANDERS.

THE veterinary disease, glanders, when communicated to the human subject, produces sufferings of the direst kind, and is (in the present state of medicine) incurable. The utmost that can now be done by medical science with a regard to the disease, is to suggest measures of prevention; which are the more necessary, as at present there are erroneous views respecting the origin and mode of propagation of the disease, which are extremely apt to cause the dreaded effects to take place. With a view to protect our fellow-creatures from a calamity of so dreadful a kind, we call the particular attention of all persons concerned in the management of stables, to the following authoritative statement on the subject in Dr Burgess's *Manual of Diseases of the Skin*:—

'M. Hamont's researches go to prove that the old notion of glanders being always the result of damp, narrow, and ill-ventilated stables, is erroneous. He maintains—1. That the original causes of glanders do not exist in stables; 2. That the habitation exerts but a very secondary influence towards their development; 3. That an insufficiency, or a bad quality of food, may excite both glanders and farcy in degenerated animals; and, lastly, that they never appear spontaneously in the blood-horse when well fed and well taken care of. The matter of a glandered sore may produce farcy, and that of a farcy-bred may produce glanders—a convincing proof of the identity of these diseases.

The treatment of glanders, like the remote causes of that disease, is vague and uncertain, and as yet no remedies have been discovered that can prevail against it. The prophylactic [preventive] measures are, however, more evident. As we know that the disease, when once generated, may be transmitted by inoculation, every precaution should be taken to obviate that event. For example, persons going about, or handling glandered animals, brute or human, should frequently wash their hands, and perhaps their face as well, in a strong solution of alum; the slightest scratch or cut on any part of the skin that is exposed should be covered and protected; and the attendants should wear long gloves. Various remedies have been recommended, with the view of arresting the disease; but their administration has been attended with little benefit. Fumigations with the vapour of a combination of sulphur and iodine, as I have recommended in *lepra*, will be found most useful in allaying the pain of the ulcerated tumours, and in altering the vitality of the inflamed and enlarged glands before they suppurate. In case of inoculation in the thigh, or in any part of the body where a cupping-glass may be applied, it should be instantly employed, and the wound should be deeply cauterised immediately afterwards.'

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

In the disastrous retreat which the British army made in Spain in December 1808, under the command of Sir John Moore, the army was passing a mountainous tract, when a soldier's wife, whose husband was supposed to have been killed on the field of Alkmaar, was observed struggling up a precipitous mountain-side during a violent snow-storm. She was driving an ass before her, with two panniers on its back, each containing a very young female child, which seemed little likely to survive the bitter cold to which it was exposed. The poor ass, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and stumbling in consequence of its feet getting clogged with snow, was just about giving up, when an officer observed the great distress the woman was in, went up to her, and clearing the ass's feet of the frozen snow with his knife, handed it a small quantity of hay

from the forage wagons, which it devoured greedily. From the great confusion which prevailed at the time, he was unable to render the poor woman any farther assistance. He left her, with very little hope that she and her infant charges would outlive hardships under which hardy men were every day sinking. After this incident, the officer remained in the army for fifteen years, at the end of which time he retired to pass the remainder of his days in his native place, about thirty miles from Edinburgh. One day, as he walked along the street, a woman, whom at first he believed to be a stranger to him, came up, and seizing his hand, began to gaze scrutinisingly in his face. Tears gradually filled her eyes, but she was unable to utter a word for some minutes. At length she found voice to ask his name, and if he recollected rendering assistance to a soldier's wife, with two young children, during the retreat to Corunna. He replied in the affirmative, and she then told him that she was the person whom he had succoured on that occasion. She had often, she said, wished to see him again, that she might thank him for his humanity, which had been the immediate means of saving at least her two children from destruction. She had been able, she added, to get to her own country with her children in safety, and she now lived with them in this very place. In conclusion, the officer accompanied her to her house, where he found the two children transformed into two fully grown girls, able and willing to support their mother by their industry. His feelings on the occasion need not, it is presumed, be particularly described.

THE TAGUA NUT, OR VEGETABLE IVORY.

This article, which is coming into pretty general use for ornamental purposes, is the produce of a palm found on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Columbia, South America. The Columbians call it Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's head), in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut; and the term *vegetable ivory* is given to it by Europeans, from the close resemblance it bears, when polished, to the animal ivory of the elephant's tooth. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum by the Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon, who give it the generic name of *phytelephas*, or elephant plant, distinguishing two species, the *macrocarpa*, or large fruited, and the *microcarpa*, or small fruited. 'The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards the same liquid becomes milky and sweet, and changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept for some time. From the kernel the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity.' According to the Gardeners' Chronicle, from which we derive the substance of our information, the part of the kernel which is similar to ivory is of the same nature as the meat of the cocoa-nut; this kernel becoming very hard in several palm-trees, such as the date, but not of sufficient size to be of value to the turner. The doum, or forking-palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called ginger-bread nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and that of the double cocoa-nut, or coco-de-mer, is also susceptible of a fine polish.

REASON AND AUTHORITY.

In reviewing the intellectual, moral, or religious progress of mankind at any period of their history, we find the varied forms of human opinion always bearing the impress of one of the two great sources from which they take their origin, and with it their peculiar features, and which we name generally *reason* and *authority*. Though each of these terms has been used with some diversity of meaning, yet we may adopt them in a general way, without fear of mistake, as convenient designations for two broadly-distinguished principles which share an influence over all human opinions and institutions, under whatever diversity of outward form, and the nature of which is best seen in contrasting their characteristic practical effects. It may indeed be true that either is seldom found in operation free from all admixture of the other, but we may still trace the peculiar effects of each even in their joint operation. The one always seeks to maintain a dominion of influence, the other disclaims all sway but that of argument; the former looks only to submission and conformity, the latter to conviction and sincerity; the one would enforce duty and subordination, the other is directed to enlightenment and freedom of opinion; the first adheres to an unvarying standard, the second is progressive; the former holds out the salutary and beneficial effects of its requisitions, the latter inquires into the grounds of them, and seeks facts and evidence; the one follows the ancient, the many, and the approved, the other cares not to stand out singly and renounce the most favourite prepossessions; the one clings to old associations and impressions of the past, the other looks to the brighter prospects of the future; the one seeks to repress excitement and innovation, the other lives in movement and progress; the one exclaims against the unknown dangers of change, and urges the safety of adherence to what is established, the other dreads the worse evils of lingering in stagnation, and contends that real security is to be found only in energetic advance. Throughout the history of human opinions, we cannot fail to recognise these two counterbalancing powers always in operation under one form or another—the one repressing, the other stimulating, the activity of the mind, whether for good or for evil. Either, in excess, has been productive of mischief; and each has in some degree acted as a check on the other, and a preservative against its abuse. But the tendency of each is clear, and we trace the influence of each in turn in all the marked epochs of the condition of the human race, as each has for a time acquired the ascendency.—*British and Foreign Review.*

BLACK SPOTS ON LEAVES.

The black spots observable on the leaves of the elm, plane, and many other trees in autumn, are accounted for by Mr Barham in the following ingenious manner:—'I have examined these spots with some attention. They have certainly nothing to do with insect attacks, and are as little connected with changes taking place in the physiological functions of the tree. They are entirely, I believe, occasioned by the concentration of the rays of light passing through the globules of rain, or dew, which settle on, and remain attached for a time to the leaves; hence the black spot is formed on the upper surface of the leaf. These globules act the part of burning lenses, and the circular patch beneath them is scalded. Thus the leaves of cucumbers and melons, from a similar cause, are frequently blotched, and sometimes perforated.

FRENCH SAVINGS' BANKS.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. C. Dupin read a statistical paper on the Savings' Banks of Paris, and of the different cities and towns of France, showing the constantly increasing amount of the deposits, and arguing against the fears entertained by some persons in regard to the difficulties which a sudden demand for repayment would present. He dwelt upon the just confidence which the people had in these institutions, and on the amount of good which they were calculated to produce among those who were sufficiently provident and self-dependent thus to preserve the surplus of their earnings. According to M. Dupin, the deposits in the Savings' Bank of Paris in January 1843 exceeded a hundred millions of francs.

NEW VOLCANO IN THE ADRIATIC.

The Gazetta di Milano announces that a new volcano was formed, about the middle of last September, in the mountainous island of Meleda, situated in the Adriatic, near Ragusa. During the night of the 14th, the crew of a Roman vessel, which happened to be in the neighbourhood, and had felt successive shocks for hours, saw lava issuing from the centre of the island, and flow over a space of about half a mile. The following night, while sailing in the neighbouring canal, about two miles from land, they observed that seven craters had been formed in the mountains of the island, and were throwing out burning substances. The appearance of this volcano has been considered as having an immediate relation to the very violent earthquakes which were felt at Ragusa on the evening of the 15th September, and extended to the islands of Curzola, Meleda, Scarpanto, and Khalki, the latter of which has been completely ruined.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.—A stamped edition of the Journal is now issued, price 2½d., to go free by post.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 13. New Series. SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1844. Price 1½d.

OPINIONS.

We are accustomed to regard freedom of opinion as a very sacred thing, and almost every man speaks of 'my opinions' as something which he bears in particular respect. 'I have a right to entertain what opinions I please,' is a phrase often heard; and perfect freedom in the publication of opinions is a principle of social polity which has been powerfully argued for, and embraced by a large section of educated humanity. But while the words opinion and opinions are of this importance with mankind, how strange it is to reflect on the very little pains which most men take to ascertain whether their opinions are well-founded or not! It is no uncharitable presumption, that probably not one man in a hundred ever seriously considers how far the opinions which he cherishes have a sound basis, or whether they are in reality anything but a series of impressions which have been made upon him, or of mere sentimental biasses which he has insensibly contracted through the effect of circumstances in the course of his lifetime.

There can be no doubt that of the opinions of all men a vast portion have been received from others with little or no examination. We hear, in early years, persons whom we venerate expressing a particular set of opinions, and decrying or scoffing at those which are opposite. Respect for these persons, and a desire of possessing their approbation, are strong inducements to us to adopt their opinions, even should we not insensibly contract them from the mere frequency of their being impressed on our minds. Hearing little or nothing that is inconsistent with these prepossessions, we retain them from year to year, without ever dreaming that they possibly may be fallacious or ill-founded, or that the opposite set which we have been accustomed to hear decried may perhaps be, after all, the more correct. Nor, though we were to conceive that they ought to be examined, have all men the leisure or power of doing so. The consequence is, that the opinions which we have received from mere authority, which we have never examined, and do not suppose are in any need of examination, remain with us through life, ranking us in parties, governing the strain of our conversation, and operating in all the principal affairs of our lives. It may be reasonably asked, are opinions so acquired and so cherished entitled to any particular respect? Assuredly no one would think of modifying his actions from the dictates of any such opinions in another. Viewing them objectively in a fellow-creature, they only can appear as a set of crude hap-hazard ideas, which may be right or wrong, but bear no stamp to assure us of their being entitled to authority. Such opinions, therefore, are manifestly of no sort of value, and the arrogant and jealous terms in which they are occasionally spoken of by those holding them, are simply ridiculous.

There is an equally large class of opinions which are merely reflexes of affections or sentiments of the mind, or the result of particular positions in which men are placed. A towering self-esteem, indisposing to all submission—a powerful benevolence and conscientiousness, eager to redress sufferings and wrongs—discontent with the personal circumstances assigned by providence—may be described as so many influences constantly at work to incline men to embrace the lower end of the scale of political opinions: these agencies more or less govern the intellect; they lead it in a particular path: it may battle for a time on the contrary side; but they are sure in the end to gain the ascendancy; and it finally submits to adopt that set of opinions in which alone it can be in harmony with those affections which it is doomed to accompany in the harness of life. The opposite class of political opinions are as frequently determined by the sentimental part of our nature—particularly by a veneration inclining to a submission to authority both of persons and dogmas. The whisperings of the feeling are mistaken for intellectual reasonings, and soon settle into the character of convictions. Positions from birth and fortune tell not less powerfully. He who has, at the wakening of existence, all the agreeable appliances which affluence and artificial distinction can confer, is naturally disposed by his personal feelings to adopt the opinions which tend to a securing and perpetuating of these advantages. He cannot readily suppose that to be bad generally, or in its ultimate operation, which is good in the meantime for one in whom he is so deeply interested; and we are so constituted, that even such inferior feelings will, if not carefully watched, become the foundations of opinions to which we shall cling as to the most sacred dictates of wisdom. He, on the other hand, who, with appetites and aspirations as strong, feels himself stinted and kept down by mean circumstances, is as much inclined by his personal sensations to form the opposite class of opinions. Sometimes, indeed, we see the tendencies of social circumstances not end in these results. There are peasant aristocrats, and aristocratic democrats; but these are only exceptions to the rule, and can generally be explained as depending on innate dispositions or chance conditions sufficiently strong to give an opposite bend. For example, Shelley the poet, who was the heir of a wealthy English baronetcy, derived from nature a humane disposition, which revolted at tyranny in all its shapes. It was roused by the antiquated systems of cruelty which he saw practised at school. He rebelled, was punished, became exasperated, fell out even with his relations, and from one thing went on to another, till he was a confirmed hater of all rule and authority whatever. Accidental contrasts or relations

often operate largely in engendering opinions. Burns, while a peasant amongst peasants, was a Tory; but when he was brought into contact with the great, and made to feel how vain was mere superiority of intellect against conventional distinction—when he walked in Edinburgh, and was bespattered and nearly ridden over by the carriage of an unthinking duchess—then he changed to a malcontent. This is but the type of a large class of cases; and were the simple swains of England to be all at once translated into the position of operatives in large manufacturing towns, some corresponding changes might be expected.

Interest and convenience also influence opinion to a great extent, or may even be said to be sources of it. Few men would admit this in their own case, and most are in a manner blind to the fact; but it is nevertheless true. When a man finds it either incompatible with an object which he deems important to retain opinions which he has formerly cherished, or necessary to that object to adopt other opinions which he had once disregarded or disliked, it is surprising how adroitly some occult power within will bring him about to the point, without in the least alarming his conscientiousness. The expedient most commonly adopted by this internal agent to reconcile us to a desertion, is to get up a little pique against some person identified with the opinions to be deserted. I differ from that man on some trivial point—I become irritated, and speak sharply—there is a retort, at which I fling off. My fidelity is then questioned—I feel indignant at the whole party—a little while sees me ranked on the other side, professing those opposite opinions which I had desired to adopt. The same result may be brought about by commencing with a sudden start at one of the measures, or new applications of the opinions, of the party, or by splitting with respect to some dogma which may be wakened up from its sleep for the purpose. In short, there never can be wanting some pretext for such a revolution, sufficient to pass muster with poor self-deceiving human nature. Coolly to adopt opinions previously rejected, is a more difficult task, but it is not in general beyond men's power. By giving to that side the benefit of every doubt, and treating the other uncandidly, it is possible, in a little time, to see things in the desired light. Handsome is that handsome does, and we naturally incline to think those abstractions good and beautiful, which are essentially connected with honour and profit. A little anger at objections helps the process wonderfully, and if to this be added a notion that the new opinions are the best for the public interest, the matter is settled.

Such, unquestionably, are the ways in which men become possessed of a large proportion of their opinions. They call them their sentiments—'I will give you my sentiments on the subject.' Well may they use the term; for, in nine out of ten cases, their feelings, and not their judgment, are concerned. Is there, then, any importance to be attached to all this mass of thought? Is it entitled to the respect which is claimed for it? These questions cannot be answered in monosyllables.

The subject must be regarded in two divisions. Considered collectively, we are forced to receive the opinions of mankind, such as they are, with respect, for there is no other guide for all common affairs. There may be vast and pernicious error, but we cannot help it for the time. Let every means be taken to extinguish the error, and introduce truth in its stead; but still we must meanwhile submit to the general dictate as it has been given forth. Very differently, however, may the opinions of an individual be regarded. Here we are clearly at liberty to inquire how these have originated, and to consider the general intellectual grade of the man, so as to judge of his power of forming sound opinions. If he is a mere impulsive being, inspired with another man's breath, actuated solely by his feelings and interests, and who has never taken any pains to ascertain the soundness or fallacy of any of his thoughts, all his self-complacent talk about his opinions on this and that subject ought to pass for only so much empty air. On the other hand, where we find a free and active intellect in union with a respectable moral nature, the opinions of the individual must be entitled to respectful attention, and ought to have their due sway in the determination of affairs in which he is a party concerned.

It is not given to all men to possess the clear and vigorous judgment which is the most likely to give soundness to their opinions; but all men have it, nevertheless, in their power to give them some degree of correctness and value. The first duty is to look searchingly and challengingly into all those already stored up, with a view to testing their accuracy, and to be prepared to abandon those which shall appear fallacious, however endeared they may be to us from habit and association; trusting fully in the maxim, that nothing which is not true can be good. A second duty is to watch carefully over the feelings, especially all which relate to sordid views of interest, so as to prevent them from corrupting judgment. When any man is sure in his conscience that he has done all which his nature permits thus to secure right views of abstract questions, he may be considered as entitled to bring his opinions before his fellow-creatures, to be listened to and allowed their fair share of influence—but not, I humbly conceive, till then.

THE WEDDING.

A BACKWOOD SKETCH.

During a residence in America, no observing person can fail to have remarked, whether he travel in Canada, the United States, or Texas, the vast number of Irish families everywhere to be met with. They bear such distinctly-marked peculiarities, that no mistake can occur in attributing to them their native soil. It has been my lot to visit many of the settlements of these wanderers from the green isle; but nowhere did I meet any family which so singularly interested me, as one which a few months back was residing within the limits of the young republic of Texas, consisting of the father, mother, a son, and two daughters. Old Rock, or, as he is generally called, Captain Rock—a name doubtless assumed—emigrated to America seventeen years ago—his family then consisting of two daughters; for the son was born afterwards in the land of his adoption. For seven years, the sturdy Irishman (originally well informed and well educated, though his early history was never known) contended with the difficulties incident to new settlers, with various success, in different parts of the Union, when he was induced to join the first band of adventurers who, under General Austen, obtained leave from the Mexican government to locate themselves in Texas. The family obtained a grant of land as a matter of course; but old Rock did not fancy settled agricultural pursuits. To have round him a well-stocked farm, cleared and productive fields, and herds of cattle, would have required a degree of perseverance and patient personal labour of which he was incapable. He preferred the life of a wandering squatter, upon which he at once entered, and which he has never since deserted. Building a boat, old Rock embarked in it on one of the Texian rivers, with his family, an old gun, and a small stock of ammunition, and, following the windings of the stream, did not stop until he came to an abandoned log-hut, or frame-house, where he thought he might find temporary accommodation.

Of these deserted houses Texas has many, their abundance arising from various causes—death from fever, the terrible civil war, or, oftener still, from men having hastily chosen a location, and built thereon, before it was found out that the spot was undesirable and unproductive. Rock was not nice. If the neighbourhood supplied game, he was satisfied. Sometimes an acre of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and pumpkins, might be put under cultivation; otherwise, the family lived entirely upon venison, wild fowl, fish and oysters, and, it was whispered, pork upon occasion. A reported fondness for this latter article was one of the causes of old

Rock's frequent migrations. No sooner did he pitch himself in any neighbourhood, than, it was said, pork was at a premium. Pigs certainly disappeared most mysteriously; but though all threw the blame upon Rock, he ever averred the panthers, wolves, and stray hunters, to have been the real culprits. However this might be, after some months' residence in any particular spot, the family usually received a polite notice to quit, and find another dwelling-place. Eighteen several times had the Hibernian patriarch removed his tent at the bidding of his fellows; any neglect of such orders being usually followed by the infliction of that summary justice called Lynch law.

When I became acquainted with the family, early in the autumn of 1842, they were residing on one of the tributaries which pour into Galveston bay—known as Dick's Creek. The son was sixteen, a small-made lad, who entirely supported the family by means of his gun, being one of the most expert hunters I ever met with in the backwoods. Every article not produced by themselves—their clothing being entirely of deerskin—was obtained by bartering venison hams, which they always carefully preserved for this purpose. Rock and his wife were now old; the former, though yet sturdy, moving about only in his boat, and smoking over his fire; the latter doing all the cooking. Mary and Betsy Rock, the daughters, it would be vain to attempt faithfully to delineate. Fat, brown, and healthy, dressed in petticoats and spensers of deerskin, they were the most original pair it was ever my lot to encounter. They could neither read nor write, but could hunt and fish most excellently well: and two adventurous days they were that I spent in their company. They had never seen an Englishman before since they were grown up, and my pictures of life at home enraptured them. With the younger daughter, Mary—the other was engaged to be married to a Yankee—I became a prodigious favourite, and many a hunt in canoe and in the prairie had we together. But to my story. After leaving them with a faithful promise of paying another visit, I found myself, six weeks after, again at the door of the once elegant frame-house where I had left them. To my surprise it was half-burnt and desolate. This disappointed me much; for I had brought up several appropriate presents for both my young friends. Pursuing my way, however, up the river, I halted at a farm-house, where I found several persons collected, who quickly informed me that the family had been 'mobbed' off the creek, with threats of being shot if they settled within ten miles of the spot. Where they had gone to no one knew, nor seemed to care; and these parties being the very extempore administrators of justice who had warned them off, I soon departed, and gained the house of my friend Captain Tod, where I purposed ruralising during some weeks. From Tod I learned that two fat pigs had lately disappeared; and suspicion most unjustly, as it afterwards turned out, having fallen on the Rocks, the squatter and his family had to seek a new resting-place. On hearing this, I gave up all idea of ever again seeing my fair friends.

Three days passed in the usual occupations of a hunting party, when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I was left alone in the log-hut to amuse myself over certain lately arrived English papers, while my companions were employed in searching the country round for some cattle which my friend the captain was desirous of selling. About an hour before sunset, footsteps, which I supposed to be those of one of the returning party of cowboys, were heard behind the hut, then at its side, and in a minute more the latch was raised, and in walked—Tim Rock. The young hunter, having satisfied himself that I was really there, advanced close to me, and answered my greetings. My first inquiries were after his sisters. 'Why,' said he, 'sister Bet is to be married to-morrow, and sister Mary has sent me to invite you to the wedding.' 'How,' said I, in some surprise, 'did your sister know I was here?' Tim laughed, and replied that, when I stopped with my boat's crew at the farm-house, he was on the opposite bank in the big timber hunting, but dared not communicate with me in consequence of what had occurred. After a few more words of explanation, I shouldered my gun, my packet of presents for the young ladies, and, leaving a line in pencil for my friends, followed Tim through the forest, until we reached the water's-edge, where, carefully concealed by overhanging trees and bushes, I found a moderate-sized canoe. It was almost dark when I stepped into the boat, but still I saw that it already contained a human being; so my hand mechanically sought the butt of my pistol. 'You won't shoot me, sir,' said the rich full merry voice of Mary Rock to my infinite surprise. Tim laughed heartily at my mistaking her for an Indian, and then, cautioning me to speak low, until all the houses on the river were passed, we placed ourselves in the craft, and commenced our voyage. I, knowing the bayou to a nicety, acted as steersman. Mary sat next with a paddle, and Tim in the bows with another. It seemed that, determined to have me at the wedding, the brother and sister, with the consent of their friends, had started to fetch me, feeling certain that I would come, after the promises I had made to that effect. It seemed that they had judged rightly; for here was I, in company with two of the rudest settlers in the wilderness, embarked in a frail canoe to go I knew not whither—nor did I much care. This roving spirit it was, indeed, which initiated me into many secrets and mysteries of the woods and prairies which escape the more sober and methodical.

The record of that night's journey would in itself be a curious chapter in western economy; but more important matters forbid. Suffice it to remark, that, after sixteen miles' journey down a river by moonlight, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enlivened by merry jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family were already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and, to my surprise, the supply of eatables and drinkables was both varied and great—all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, one Luke, a wealthy landowner for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas women are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good-natured companion, more willing to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock. The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilised clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day. My presents were all, therefore, except a bead-necklace, employed in decorating Mary, who, secreting herself behind a screen with her sister, almost convulsed me with laughter by appearing a few minutes after in a man's red hunting-shirt, a cotton petticoat, white stockings and mocassins, the body of a silk dress sent to her by a Galveston lady, and a cap and bonnet. Never was London or Parisian belle prouder than was this little rosy-cheeked light-hearted Texian beauty.

About eight o'clock the visitors began to arrive. First came a boatful of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr Worcester and his lady from St Leon in a canoe; after them Colonel Brown from Anahuac in his *dug-out;* and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillions. Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, when a most substantial breakfast was sat down to, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and, rarer still, bread,

proved that Luke had had a hand in it. This meal being over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on our return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's-maid (Mary Rock officiating in this capacity), papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvass was rap full, and all therefore being in our favour, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr Parr, the magistrate, in less than an hour. We found our Texian Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being therefore in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in the possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter was moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears *she* shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded, than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes, we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen, and were proportionably merrier; none more so than my own particular friend Mary, who, in her finery, was an object of much good-humoured joking from the men who surrounded her. About one o'clock Mr and Mrs Charles Luke were presented by old Rock to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way, accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table. The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, beside roast-beef, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkin and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whisky, brandy, and Hollands, without which a *fête* in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking, when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissentient included, began to foot it most nimbly. Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, Mary; and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed, such couples as were tired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceasing, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. Mary had before let me into the secret; and the bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who had accompanied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband and wife on their fine black horse galloping beneath the pale moon across the prairie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my companions at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers of civilisation, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation. I saw Luke and his wife, as well as Mary, on many subsequent occasions; but I never learned that the American backwoodsman repented his union with the wild Irish Diana, who had hunted deer on Murtany island with the English stranger, could paddle a canoe with more ease than she could use a needle, and shoot a duck with more facility than write her name. Luke, however, is teaching her more useful accomplishments; and Betsy, ere her children—one of whom I have already seen—are of an age to require instruction, will doubtless be able to render it. I hope, however, my picture will send over no one to wed Mary; for, though I have for the meantime returned to civilisation, I cannot yet resign a certain faint notion, that there might be worse lives than that of a Texian settler with such an associate.

MAJOR HARRIS'S EXPEDITION TO THE HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA.

Little certain knowledge had reached us respecting the large tract of country usually called the Highlands of Ethiopia, when the British government was induced a few years ago to send an embassy to it, for the purpose of establishing commercial relations. Our ignorance of this country was the more remarkable, considering that its people, in common with their neighbours of Abyssinia, have long been professors of a form of Christianity. The work recently published by Major Harris* makes us for the first time tolerably acquainted with the country and its people.

The ambassador—if the term can properly be applied in such a case—experienced great difficulties and dangers in his approach to the object of his mission. Leaving Tajura with a small European escort, and a large and very troublesome native one, a string of 170 camels, bearing presents to the king, as well as the personal baggage of the embassy, the first and most extraordinary stage of suffering was that experienced in the Bahr Assal, 'an unventilated and diabolical hollow,' 570 feet below the ocean, where no zephyr fanned the skin, and where the glare from a plain of white salt, which formed the greater portion of its lower level, destroyed the eyesight, while a furnace-like vapour created an indomitable thirst, the thermometer under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas being 126 degrees. After nearly two months of this distressing journey, during which two Europeans sank under the daggers of banditti, after being robbed by foes, and cheated and deceived by pretended friends, the embassy at length, weary and forlorn, and yet full of hope for the future, arrived at the foot of the Abyssinian alps, when, 'as if by the touch of the magician's wand, the scene changed from parched and arid wastes to a series of green and lovely elevated grounds, presenting one sheet of rich and thriving cultivation. Each fertile knoll is crowned with its peaceful hamlet, each rural vale traversed by its crystal brook, and teeming with herds and flocks. The cool mountain zephyr is redolent of eglantine and jasmine, and the soft green turf, spangled with clover, daisies, and buttercups, yields at every step the aromatic fragrance of mint and thyme.' The camels were now eased of their loads, which were transferred to the shoulders of 600 Moslem porters, accompanied by whom the embassy advanced by a rough and stony road over hill and dale, amid shady lanes of wild-rose, fern, lantana, and honeysuckle, greeted at every step by the wondering glances of the Shoa peasants, and merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson. A brief journey brought them to Alio Amba, where Major Harris and his suite were again doomed to suffer manifold inconveniences, arising in this instance from the jealousy and curiosity of those in office, from wretched accommodation and provisions, pelting rain, filthy habitations, and other ills too numerous to mention. This principally arose from a habit which exists in Shoa, of the king's keeping all embassies a long time in waiting, to enhance the

* The Highlands of Ethiopia. By Major W. C. Harris. Three volumes. London: Longmans and Co.

honour of the reception at length granted. Unfortunately, too, the king's curiosity with regard to the presents, which at first had been great, was on the decline, from hearing of the contents of one box which the prying eyes of his satellites had searched, and which only consisted of the leathern buckles, linch-stocks, and ash staves pertaining to a chariot designed for his majesty. A few days of most tiresome delay at Alio Amba enabled Major Harris to witness a market-day in Shoa. 'Honey, cotton, grain, and other articles of consumption, the produce of the estate of the Amhara farmer, are exposed for sale or barter. The Dankali merchant exhibits his gay assortment of beads, metals, coloured thread, and glass-ware. The wild Galla squats beside the produce of his flocks, and the Moslem trader from the interior displays ostrich feathers, or some other article of curiosity from the distant tribe. Bales of cotton cloth, and bags of coffee from Caffa and Enárea, are strewed in every direction.' Women, unrestricted by any harem law, wander about also buying and selling; but, according to Major Harris, very little to the enhancement of the charms of the place, nature having been very unkind to the softer sex in this country.

At length, his curiosity being no longer able to restrain itself within bounds, the king of Shoa gave notice that he would receive the embassy at his palace of Machal-Wans, a beautifully situated building, with conical white roofs, embosomed in a grove of juniper and cypress, which crested a beautifully wooded tumulus rising at the extreme verge of a valley from the very banks of a roaring torrent. After a host of petty difficulties, which Major Harris treats with contempt, but which show the uncivilised nature of their hosts, the British party, radiant with plumes and gold embroidery, under the roar of artillery—six discharges to the minute—rode up to the palace, surrounded by an astonished and bewildered crowd, and were received by his majesty. Persian carpets, and rugs of all sizes, colours, and patterns, covered the floor of the reception room; two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats; whilst in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honour, and supported by gay velvet cushions, a harem of five hundred wives—still more orientalising his character—reclined, in Ethiopic state, His Most Christian Majesty Sáhela Selássie, attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair; and though the loss of his left eye took much from his appearance, the expression of his features was rather manly and pleasing. Compliments being exchanged, the costly presents of the British were displayed to the glistening eyes of the monarch, rich Brussels carpets, cashmere shawls, Delhi scarfs, jewellery, ornamental clocks, musical boxes, and, more welcome than all, three hundred muskets, and the despised chariot, now converted into an object of universal admiration. 'God will reward you,' exclaimed the king, 'for I cannot.'

Sáhela Selássie, 'the Clemency of the Trinity,' seventh king of Shoa, whose surname is Menilek, was twelve years of age when the assassination of Woosen Suggud called him from a monastery to the throne, and placed in his hands the reins of despotic government over a wild Christian nation. His character appears a singular compound of good and evil; avaricious, suspicious, deceitful, and superstitious; yet are his faults tinctured by amiable and excellent qualities. Grateful as the king was for the magnificent presents conferred on him, and though, showing the most unreserved confidence in Major Harris, who was assailed by every inimical influence which the intolerant bigotry of an ignorant priesthood and an interested train of courtiers could invent, yet was Sáhela Selássie never satisfied, always craving for something new. On the other hand, the monarch, at the earnest and humane solicitation of our ambassador, abolished the custom of imprisoning every relative of the crown whose ambition might be feared, and released seven princes from a long and wearisome captivity. During the morning of every day, Sunday and Saturday excepted, this half-civilised prince is engaged in public affairs, trying appeals, and deciding suits; after the performance of his morning devotions, he inspects his stables and workshops, bestows charity, despatches couriers, and gives private audiences. Every one, rich or poor, has a right to present himself with suits and appeals, to all which Sáhela Selássie listens with attention, giving prompt, and generally correct judgment. At three, the king of Shoa dines alone; and no sooner is he satisfied, than the doors are thrown open, and the long table is crowded with warriors. Music enlivens the repast, as well as songs in praise of the sovereign's liberality, who, meanwhile, reads and dictates letters, while the board is thrice replenished, and all the aristocracy have dined. At five he retires to the private apartments, where prayers and potent liquors fill up the evening hours, partly with company, and partly without. At midnight his majesty is called from his couch to peruse psalms and sacred writings; and priests chant hymns all the night to keep away evil spirits, until morn, when the same scene recommences. Sometimes, when business allows, and the sky is propitious, an excursion takes place on horseback, when, accompanied by some four or five hundred warriors, he alights, and, sitting for hours on the edge of some quiet and sequestered brook, listens to the soft music of the waters, conversing meanwhile with those around, watching the evolutions of his horses, and even hearing and deciding on petitions. Sáhela Selássie, in remembrance of the fate of his murdered father, never moves without a concealed and loaded pistol; well paid and trusty warriors surround his couch at night; the gates of the palace are barred after the going down of the sun, and stoutly guarded during the night. From both religious and worldly motives, King Selássie entertains vast bodies of pensioners, who receive, some rations of bread, and others even of mead, the greatest luxury of the land. The king is in high favour with his fanatical clergy, from the fact of his making munificent donations to churches and monasteries, and never carrying out any project without previously consulting them. The Jewish Christianity of these priests, their extraordinary customs, fasts, prophecies, rites, &c. are described at full length in the volumes before us. The king also, as far as in him lies, encourages letters, and spends much money in the collection of ancient manuscripts.

One of Sáhela Selássie's principal sources of revenue—in this the semi-barbarian has many other more civilised Christian monarchs to keep him in countenance—is the tax on slaves, one in every ten becoming his property, besides his having a right of pre-emption on all. Four pieces of salt—this article in oblong lumps is the principal money—is also levied as a transit duty; and as from fifteen to twenty thousand annually pass through his dominions on their way to the coast, the revenue which accrues is valued at about L.800 sterling. The king's own household slaves, male and female, exceed eight thousand; of the latter three hundred are in the royal harem. The remainder are employed in various servile offices, and they each receive a portion of barley sufficient to compose two loaves. Beyond this they must maintain themselves. After having performed their allotted tasks, therefore, they hire themselves for wages to private individuals. Slavery is hereditary, not only on the mother's side, but on the father's; and if a free woman weds a slave, her progeny becomes the property of her husband's master. On the subject of the slave-trade we have details brought before us by Major Harris of a fearful kind; but it is pleasing to think that there is some prospect of a diminution of these evils, from the increase of commercial intercourse with more civilised nations. The treaty of commerce effected by Major

Harris may be regarded as one important step towards the local extinction of this accursed traffic.

The natives of the Ethiopian Highlands, or Amhara, as they are called, have regular Caucasian features and long glossy hair, united to a complexion varying from the darkest dye of the negro to a species of brown or olive. The observer is struck by the tall, robust, and manly contour of the males, and of the females also, though in a slightly less degree. Beauty is not entirely denied to these black ladies; but comeliness only occurs as an exception, while every artificial means is resorted to to render the human face more hideous than nature has willed it to be. The frightful paint of the Red Indians, the terrible scarification of the New Zealanders, are, in their eyes, additions to their natural beauty; and with the Amhara damsel of Southern Abyssinia, the eradication of the eyebrows, followed by painting a deep narrow curved line in their stead with a strong permanent blue dye, is the favourite toilet. A mash of red ochre and fat on the cheeks, though highly esteemed, can only be resorted to by the rich, on account of the expense; and when the head is not shaved, or surrounded by a greasy rag, it is ornamented by elaborate rows of curls, plastered with stale butter. Below the neck commences a wide sack chemise, with huge sleeves, bound round the waist by a girdle, and surmounted by a 'long winding-sheet' thrown over the head. On ordinary occasions, large black wooden studs are worn in the ear, which on gala days are replaced by masses of silver or pewter, which, aided by bracelets and anklets of the same metals, cause the fair ones to emit sounds only to be understood by those who have witnessed the dance of the Ojibbeway Indians. Beads blue and gilt, a potent collection of amulets, feet and hands dyed red by a root, the nostrils plugged up with lemon peel or some aromatic herb, with a bouquet hanging over the mouth, such is the finished costume of a lady of rank. With the men, the dress, from the king to the peasant, consists of a loose web of coarse cotton cloth, wrapping the entire body in graceful folds. A cotton waist-cloth of many yards in length is swathed about the loins, and loose trousers hang nearly to the knee. A shield, spear, and sword, the latter very Hudibrasian, since it serves equally at the banquet and in the field, are the national weapons. The raw fleece of the sheep envelops the form of the serf, while during a journey or a foray, the prepared skin of the ocelot, or leopard, is thrown over the shoulders of the better classes. All are alike in one thing, from the king to the beggar, no one wearing shoes; neither is the head covered, save amongst the priests. The same amount of amulets and rings which are so conspicuous in the women, also adorn the men. Being as yet without razors—though the treaty of commerce with England will soon send our cutlery amongst them—the men denude their unwashed cheeks and chin with bad scissors. Water, tobacco, and coffee, are carefully avoided as Moslem abominations, the Christian being content to rub his eyes in the morning with the corner of his discoloured robe; the hair, however, commands his serious attention. Many hours are spent in arranging the abundant mop. At one time it is worn hanging in long clustering ringlets, at another frizzed into round globules, then brushed and trimmed like a counsellor's peruke, and now divided into four large compartments, invariably shining under the effect of rancid butter. A lump of raw fat, cut from the overgrown tail of the Berbera sheep, having been some time masticated, is put into the hands, rubbed in the palms, and then planted on the crown; the sun completes the toilet, causing the liquid tallow, mixed with dirt, to trickle over the face and neck. Many cannot afford this luxury; or, their intention failing them, they eat the morsel destined for the head. Black or yellow garments, or ordinary apparel steeped in mud, is the usual mourning. A small cord, called *mateb*, of deep blue silk, is the badge of Christianity. The Amhara have no family name. They soon ripen, and as soon grow old. Girls are mothers at twelve, and are old proportionably soon. Their houses, built as in the earliest days, are still a mere framework of stake, sparingly bedaubed with mud. So flimsy are the materials employed, that, as Major Harris says, 'the morning sun often rises a witness to the truth of the scriptural metaphor—"He built his house upon the sand, and it was swept away by the rising flood."' The windows are mere perforations in the wall, furnished with shutters, but unprovided with any transparent substance. Artificial heat is of course required, where the thermometer never ranges above 65 degrees; but, except through the crevices in the door, and the apertures of the cracked walls, there is no exit for the smoke of the wood fire, which thus fills the solitary apartment, blackening the roof, and injuring the eyes. The most slovenly appearance pervades the dreary interior. Furniture is limited to a small wicker table, a bullock hide, and a rickety bedstead. Sewers being unknown, the buildings have around them stagnant pools of most unaromatic character. Poultry, mules, farm stock, and inhabitants, reside under the same roof; and with all this, of course, sickness is abundant.

Morality among these Christians of Shoa is at a low ebb: marriage is not here the holy tie which binds society together. A girl is valued expressly according to her property: the heiress to a house, field, or bedstead, is sure of a husband. No distinction is made between legitimate and illegitimate children. All conjugal affection is lost sight of, and each woman is in turn cast aside in neglect. The bulk of the nation is agricultural; but, on pain of a fine of twenty pieces of salt, value twenty-pence, every Christian in Shoa must obey a summons to the field. A small bribe of cloth or honey will generally insure leave of absence; but the people are mostly eager for the fray, in hope of plunder. The great men not employed as governors spend their time basking listlessly in the sun, gossiping, lounging about the court, or playing at *gébbeta*, a kind of backgammon, or *shuntridge*, chess; the women managing the house, the slaves and servants the farm. Visits are made early, taking care not to drop in at meal times, as you are then supposed to invite yourself to partake. Idle attendants crowd round every principal man; a crying nuisance, especially when these noblemen honour a stranger by a visit, as all his attendants follow him. Respect is paid by a humiliating prostration to the earth, and the partial disrobing of the person.

Meals are eaten twice a-day, at noon and after sunset. The doors are first carefully barred, to exclude the evil eye, and a fire is lighted, ere an Amhara will venture to taste a mouthful. Men and women sit down together, picking out from one dish the choicest bits, which, at arm's length, they thrust into each other's mouth, wiping their fingers on the pancakes, which serve as platters, and are afterwards devoured by the domestics. Raw flesh is the chief aliment, cooking being held in sovereign contempt. The bull is cast down at the door, the head severed from the body, and no sooner is the breath gone, than the warm raw flesh is handed to the banquet. Sour bread, made from teff, barley, and wheat, is eaten with a stimulating pottage of onions, red pepper, and salt. Mead formed the famous beverage of all northern nations. In Shoa, the king alone retains the right to prepare this beverage. Unless brewed with the greatest care, it possesses a sweet mawkish flavour; but its powers of intoxication—with the additional inducement of producing no after-feelings—is irresistible to the Amhara of rank, who rarely goes to bed sober. It is compounded of the *gesho* plant, honey and water, chillies and pepper, and when kept thirty years, as some is in the king's cellars, is as strong as brandy. The common beer of the country, very like soap and water in look, is also very strong, and drunk in vast quantities by the Abyssinian, with its usual effects in scenes of violence. When not engaged in a debauch, the Abyssinian goes to bed at sunset. The clothing of the day forms the night covering;

and should the master of the house feel hungry, a collop of raw flesh, and a horn of ale, is proffered by a male or female attendant, who starts without apparel from the group of sleepers. Coffee is strictly forbidden, as well as smoking, 'because the apostle saith that which cometh out of the mouth of a man defileth him.' Meat is forbidden during one half the year (spent in fasting), as well as eggs, butter, and milk. A scanty mess of boiled wheat, dried peas, or hard cabbage, with a little vegetable oil, is the only fare allowed at that time. From the highest to the lowest, all classes are pertinacious beggars. Whatever is seen, is demanded —guns, knives, scissors, beads, and dollars. No compunction is felt in asking for the cloak from off the back, or in carrying it away during a pitiless storm. The Amhara takes a pride in this, and boasts that a child, before he comes into the world, will stretch forth his hand to receive a gift.

All the customs of Abyssinia are at variance with the creation, consumption, and distribution of wealth. A heavy taxation is levied on the fields. Monastic establishments crush the people. Here are no roads or bridges to facilitate commerce—no schools, no education. Husbandry is conducted without the advantage of any skill; and yet, such is the kindness of nature, the produce is immensely abundant. As soon as the periodical rains have passed, pastures and meadows are clothed in cheering green, the hills and dales are adorned with myriads of beautiful and sweet-scented flowers, and the sides of the mountain-ranges become one sheet of the most luxuriant vegetation. Forty-three species of grain and other useful products are already cultivated in Abyssinia; and 'if only,' says Major Harris, 'a small portion of European knowledge were to be instilled into the mind of the Christian cultivator, the kingdom of Shoa, possessed of such unbounded advantages, might be rapidly raised from its present primitive condition, and made one inexhaustible granary for all the best fruits of the earth.'

RIGA ROBBIE.

In the course of last summer, while journeying through one of the northern counties of Scotland, I was happy to rest for the night in a village that I had known many years ago, and which I may speak of under the name of Port-Marly. It is a little sea-port on the east coast, possessing a small but safe harbour facing the German Ocean.

When I formerly visited Port-Marly, it was poor, and scarcely known beyond its own immediate neighbourhood. Being picturesquely situated, like most of our old towns and villages, at the confluence of a small stream with the sea, the houses were erected irregularly along the steep bank of the rivulet, and were of all shapes and sizes—here tolerably large, with a slip of garden or flower-plot in front, marking the residence of a person of superior means; there small and abutting on the street; sometimes slated, sometimes tiled or thatched, with antique little windows on the roof, to give light to a garret storey, or entrance to pigeons, the favourites of the juvenile part of the community. At one particular point in the village the stream was seen hurrying through an open space, called the green, which, serving for ornament and use, might have been called the great square of the village. To those who knew Scotland half a century ago, it need hardly be told, that the road to Port-Marly was full of all sorts of irregularities and bends, more picturesque than suitable for draught, and that the village itself usually presented a scene of perfect quiet and dulness. Had a traveller passed through it, possibly the only inhabitant who would have met his eye would have been the half-employed tailor, airing himself for a space at the end of a projecting cottage overlooking the harbour, or a barefooted lass spreading out her washing of clothes on the village green.

Things might have gone on in this quiet, and no doubt primitive way, for ages longer, but for a particular circumstance. About the year 1790, a working man of plain appearance, by name Robert Rennie, settled in the village. No one knew distinctly whence he came, or anything of his genealogy or connexions, and as he was not by any means talkative, but of a thoughtful disposition, the curiosity of the villagers to learn the particulars of his history, supposing them to have had any curiosity on the subject, was not at least for the present gratified. Port-Marly, as Robert Rennie soon discovered, did not afford sufficient scope for his industry; and not feeling inclined to dawdle out existence within its humble precincts, he very wisely resolved to carry his labour to a more profitable market. Robert accordingly emigrated farther south to a stirring manufacturing town, where his employment was better. Here he remained some time in the establishment of a person who gave work to a considerable number of hands; and here he at least contrived to improve his mind by reading, if he did not improve his circumstances. To attain the latter object was not, indeed, easy; for he was already married, and had other mouths to feed, and backs to clothe, besides his own. But his mind was no more at rest than his hands, and he at length devised a scheme of not only personal, but public advantage. Port-Marly, he reflected, possessed wonderful capacities as a manufacturing town, which only required to be brought into play. It possessed a fine water-power: its inhabitants were not half employed, and could be set to labour at little cost: the port was good, and formed a ready means of inlet and outlet: in short, he decided it was the very spot where a manufacture would thrive, or a dealer in rural produce prosper, provided the enterprise were properly set about.

While all this was clear, it was also certain that the contriver of the scheme had not a shilling. He possessed, however, what is generally better than money, a good character, which he had earned by diligence in a situation of inferior trust given to him by his employer, a man of liberal mind and dealings. He had even earned a degree of gratitude from his master. On one occasion, he was the means of discovering and arresting a system of petty pilfering of materials, by which considerable loss was saved to the concern. Encouraged by the favourable notice which had been taken of his discernment and honesty in this affair, Robert broached the idea of setting up a small business of his own at Port-Marly, if Mr —— would stand his friend. After a few consultations, Mr —— promised to be security for a small credit, and with much kindness induced another party to be equally generous. On their joint responsibility, a credit was opened with a foreign house for flax, and our hero, as we may call him, returned to Port-Marly to enter on his undertaking. This he designed to do cautiously and economically. He had seen enough of the world to know that all great and flourishing concerns begin in a small way, as a lofty tree grows from a small and insignificant-looking seed. Prudently, therefore, did he commence operations in an old house rented for the purpose, without any external pretension or show. It may well be supposed, however, that he was a proud man when the Lively Nancy, a small schooner, entered the harbour of Port-Marly laden with the first cargo of flax from Riga, for his manufacture; and well he might feel elated, when he saw the sensation which the great event produced in the hitherto tranquil community. Nearly the whole population came down to the beach, or stood at gaze at their doors to witness the singular spectacle. Boys shouted and hurraed; young men had great anticipations of what was to be done; and old men with bent spines and hands in pocket prophetically shook their cowled heads over the agitating events of the day.

'Wonderfu' times, neibour Johnston; wonderfu' times. The Port's going to be a grand town at last. I wish we may live to see't.'

'I'm no sae sure, Sandy, about the upshot o' this

great importation. Nacbody kens where Robbie has gotten a' the siller to carry on in this kind o' way. In my opinion it should be looked to. What say *ye* til't, Tammie Norie?'

'Deed,' replied the worthy here addressed, 'I cannot but think it will turn out a daft business a'thegether; and that I said to the minister, honest man, when he was speerin' about Robbie's projects.'

'And weel, Tammie, what said the minister? he, to be sure, should aye ken best.'

'Houts, he just took a snuff, and said, Tammas, said he—Tammas, you know we should not judge folk hurriedly. Maybe he means weel, and will pay weel; and besides, said he, Robbie has brought a line frae Dr M'Cosh, said he, and has taen a seat in the kirk for himsel' and his family. That looks weel at ony rate, said he.'

'And I'm thinking the minister has the right end of the story,' observed a younger member of the corps. 'Robbie is an auld farrant chield, and kens what he is about. He has spoken to my lassie, Tibby, to work at the lint, and she's to have half-a-crown a-week. It would hae been lang to the day ere she could hae gotten that in the Port frae onybody else.'

Such was the gossip of the village oracles on the mighty occasion when Rennie introduced his first cargo of raw material to be dressed and spun by the hitherto uncommercial population of Port-Marly. Under the direction of some skilled operatives, various youngsters were initiated in the flax-dressing business; and in a short time the infant factory was in full employment. As soon as a few bales of yarn could be made up, they were despatched to his friends, and the prices drawn for. The cash paid in wages, though not amounting to a great sum at the outset, seemed to inspire new life into the moribund streets of the Port; and a gradual brightening up of affairs became visible. Industry began to send forth her sounds, and the hands of the people were observed to slumber much less in their pockets than formerly. Demands were made at the shops for articles which had till now been considered the extravagant luxuries of a capital. Shoes, hitherto unconscious of any menstruum but soot and milk, were now made acquainted with Warren's illustrious polish; and it was whispered that Nicholson, the great brush-maker of Newcastle, had got an order from Rechie Dickson. But the increase of trade was not confined to the town. As the factory added to the number of its hands, so did the demand for articles of rural produce also increase. The farmers in the neighbourhood, no longer compelled to resort to a distant market, brought their meal, barley, and other articles to Port-Marly, where there was a means for disposing of them to advantage. The arrival of ships with flax and other goods naturally increased these facilities of exchange. Rents of houses and patches of land rose in value, and the district was quietly changing its condition from comparative poverty to prosperity. The lands required liming, and there was lime in the country; but this method of agricultural improvement could not be put in practice till coal was imported on a large scale, and now importations of that article took place. Lime-kilns smoked, lands were reclaimed, cottages were reared, money circulated, and all might be traced to the enterprise of Riga Robbie.

Riga Robbie, nevertheless, bore his merits meekly. Pursuing the career he had chalked out, he paid off all his obligations, and extended his business on his own account and responsibilities. Everything seemed to prosper which he took in hand. His factory was vastly increased in size and capabilities, the water-power of the place being brought effectually into play. He likewise purchased a handsome brig, which, in compliment to his youngest daughter, he named the *Joe Janet*. This vessel on one occasion was exposed to a calamity which brought out in a striking manner the energetic character of its owner. In returning from the Baltic laden with timber, the brig sprung a leak after a very trivial gale, and became water-logged. The crew, after exhausting themselves at the pumps, and fearing the worst, took to their boats, and leaving the vessel to its fate, made to a sloop in the distance. Having a favourable wind, the sloop, with the crew of the brig, soon arrived at a port, and permitted the recreant master of the deserted vessel to set off to report the loss to its owner. The ship being new, Riga Robbie had not insured it; and the master travelled day and night to Port-Marly, which he entered in disguise, in order to induce our friend to insure it before the loss became known. Riga Robbie spurned the dishonest idea; and after rating the master soundly for his pusillanimity, reminding him that as the cargo was timber, the vessel could not possibly have sunk, he asked if the ship had been left under sail, and with her head towards the land. He was answered in the affirmative as to all these particulars. 'And what land would she reach, do you guess?' asked our hero; and was answered, 'Faithly Bay'—a bay at once safe and capacious, though in a dangerous neighbourhood. In half an hour master and owner were in a post-chaise on their way to the spot where it was supposed the vessel might land; and travelling through the night, they reached it at daylight, though distant about forty miles.

The eager owner of the brig was all eyes as he approached the shore, anxious to discover if at least the wreck and cargo of the fine vessel were not visible; but he saw them not, nor had any one heard of them. Wending his way to an old baronial tower perched on an adjoining promontory, here, with glass in hand, he looked out across the main for the remains of his unfortunate vessel. He had not waited long on his lofty station before a sail was seen on the verge of the horizon; it approached, and at last was plainly visible. 'I'm almost certain that is the Joe Janet,' said Robbie; 'I know her by her pendant. Take the glass.' The captain, his companion, a good deal disconcerted, took the glass, and at the end of a patient scrutiny, confirmed the belief that it was the Joe Janet which was reeling onward, and, as it appeared, in a direction right inshore. 'Let us hasten down to the harbour,' said the agitated owner; 'she may yet be saved from going on the Beetling crag.' The pair hurried off to the small harbour, and procuring a boat and pilot, with several stout rowers, they pulled direct for the vessel, now at no great distance. The effort was successful—for how seldom is the ready head and the ready hand otherwise? The Joe, the pride of Port-Marly, was safely reached, and safely conducted into harbour. In another half hour she would have gone to pieces on the dangerous reef at the western entrance to the bay.

This astonishing piece of good management being reported all over the country, Riga Robbie was universally considered as one of the most fortunate of men—it was thought that nothing could go wrong in his hands. His good fortune, however, did not save him from the usual fate of persons more prosperous than their neighbours. While benefiting thousands by his enterprise and industry, he was widely envied, and the object of general satire. When he purchased and entered into possession of a mansion in the neighbourhood of Port-Marly, which had belonged to the umquhile and impoverished laird of Birlweary, who had recently died in a drunken fit at the tryst of Balloch, the gentry sneered at his pretensions; and the populace, ever more ready to venerate antiquity than worth, did not fail to echo the cry of upstart. But Riga Robbie was a man of business, and let all such sarcasms buzz themselves to sleep. Nor did they prevent him from pursuing the schemes of improvement which he observed to be desirable for the district. The roads were straightened and put in good order, a weekly market was instituted, a branch bank was settled in the town, a commodious inn was built, a lighthouse established on the headland near the port, and sundry improvements effected in the educational establishments, all through his interference. It need

scarcely be hinted that Riga Robbie could not have attained the position he occupied without an auxiliary in his wife and family. In his family relations he was particularly fortunate, and his elegant fireside was for many years one of the happiest in the country.

I entertain so high a regard for the character and memory of Riga Robbie, that I cannot without grief recollect the losses which he endured towards the end of his days. Using common language, he may be said to have been the favourite of fortune up till the period of the great mercantile disasters of 1825, when, by a variety of misfortunes, he was stripped of nearly all that a lifetime of honourable industry had accumulated. After this distressing event he never held up his head. He was a stricken man, yet he was not without the usual consolations of an upright mind, and he was never heard to repine. It was a much greater blow when he lost his wife, the partner alike of his poverty and his wealth, his hopes and his fears. Shortly after this event, he gave up all connexion with business, and bidding adieu to Port-Marly, took up his residence in ———, where two of his sons had already entered on a career worthy of their sire. In this busy manufacturing town he spent a few years amid congenial society; but infirmities coming upon him apace, he removed to the pleasant abode of his younger daughter, now happily married and settled near Pannanich, and here, in the summer of 1838, did Riga Robbie tranquilly breathe his last on the affectionate bosom of his own 'Joe Janet.'

POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. III.—THE GASCON.

The inhabitants of the ancient province of Gascony have been accused, from the earliest time, of habits of exaggeration, which have passed them into a proverb. They are the Major Longbows and Baron Munchausens of France; hence a downright falsity, a very gross colouring of the truth, or an outrageous bravado, is called a 'Gasconade.' It is not easy to understand how this characteristic—whether real or imaginary—took its origin: it is, however, certain that the inhabitants of that part of France formerly included in Gascony (comprising those districts which are intersected by the river Garonne), are of a peculiarly vivacious temperament even for Frenchmen; their provincial dialect is full of superlatives, and their conversation is constantly ornamented with stories of marvellous adventures, and of deeds almost supernatural. It is at the same time admitted that the peculiarity is not absolutely confined to one district of France. 'It is said,' remarks De Montfort in the preface to his collection of jests called Gasconia, 'that the greatest Gascons do not come from Gascony; and that Gasconades flourish more or less in every country; at all events, the Seine produces quite as many as the Garonne.' La Fontaine goes a little further, and includes the whole of our sex, at a certain stage of existence, in the charge. Speaking of love, he says, 'Every man is a Gascon on that point.'

The Gascon has, for obvious reasons, been always a favourite character on the French stage. He is usually represented as endeavouring to counterbalance the limited gifts of fortune by boasting of his riches. In a comedy called the 'Stream of Oblivion' (*Le Fleuve d'Oubli*), Legrand, a Gascon, demands a hundred bottles of its water for his creditors to drink, that they may forget where to find his door. 'You are perhaps surprised,' he adds to another character, 'to find a Gascon gentleman in debt—that he has been obliged to borrow money?' 'Not at all,' is the reply; 'my great astonishment is, that any person could be so unwise as to lend it to him.'

The great feature of the Gascon is, however, his talent for boasting. In another play, a Gascon is engaged in a desperate encounter with a Norman, but a bystander separates the combatants. 'If you would only leave me alone,' exclaims the boaster, 'I would pin him up against the wall, and leave nothing at liberty but his arms, that he might take off his hat to me every time I pass.'

A Gascon is not only a boaster; he is often a wit, and the French jest-books are filled with anecdotes of Gasconading. From amongst a host of them we select the following:—Gasconading was a marked characteristic of the court of Henry IV. Though the monarch was not exempt from the fault himself, he grew tired of it in others, and intreated his minister Malherbe to endeavour to reform it all together—to de-Gasconise his court. 'Must I sweep them all away, sire?' asked the minister. 'All,' replied the prince. Upon which Malherbe slyly answered, 'Then I presume your majesty wishes to abdicate.'—Another prince told a Gascon gentleman, who had formerly served him as ambassador, that he looked like an ox. 'I cannot say what I look like,' replied the Gascon, 'but this I know, that I have frequently represented your majesty's person.' A Gascon abbé, who lost a living from the indecent haste of which he was guilty in canvassing for it, declared he had run so fast after the benefice, that he 'outstript, in his flight, his guardian angel.'

The author of the following song is M. P. J. Charrin, one of the founders of the 'Society of Momus,' whose members have, from time to time, contributed some of the best comic songs to the French language. 'The Gascon' is deservedly among the most popular: its drollery lies in this, that the first portion of every stanza contains a bouncer, which the Gascon is obliged to corroborate, or otherwise defend throughout the remainder of the stanza. It is proper to add, that, not to speak of the insurmountable inadequacy of translation, we have been obliged to take some liberties with the text to suit the moral taste of English readers.

THE GASCON.

There are Gascons, I'm told, not a few,
Whose tongues are so glib,
That they fib
Every day;
But, Parblieu,
You may always believe what *I* say.

I'm a noble of France by descent,
Through an old and illustrious line,
But the title unhappily went
To my uncle the Duke of Gascoine,
Though his fortune is properly mine.
To law I should go, 'twas agreed,
Attorneys and counsel employed;
But in seeking an old title-deed,
I found it by rats quite destroyed!
There are Gascons, &c.

These trifles ne'er trouble me much,
For, thank Fortune, I'm rich as a Jew;
So, my friend, should your fate e'er be such
To require of hundreds a few,
Don't be shy, but demand them—pray, do!
'Accommodate you?' Without doubt,
Though just now I'm unable to lend;
With money I never come out,
But rely on the purse of a friend.
There are Gascons, &c.

Could you see me at home, you would find
That my mansion's a model of taste;
Silk tapestries embroidered and lined,
Dresden vases on buhl tables placed,
And walls with gilt cornices graced.
But the crowds whom it used to attract,
Have induced me to let it on lease;
And I lodge in a lane—'tis a fact—
For the sake of a month or two's peace.
There are Gascons, &c.

I'd advise you, my friend, not to doubt,
For you know what a fencer I am;
Provoke me too much, and one bout
Will show I'm by no means a lamb,
And that fighting with me is no sham.
Were my passion not easily ruled,
I should average a victim a-day;
But, insulted, my anger's soon cooled;
I forgive, and walk nimbly away.
There are Gascons, &c.

You're aware, as an author I shine;
The Académie Royale Française
Acknowledged my writings were fine,
To my genius they gave every praise—
Sublime, they declared, were my lays.
'Their titles?' Alas! 'twas my fate
To be robbed of my justly earned fame,
Himself, a false friend, to elate,
Stole, and published them under his name.
There are Gascons, &c.

For composing love-songs, I am blessed
With a skill to which few can compare,
My brain is for ever possessed
With many a beautiful air,
Joined to couplets exceedingly rare.
You may judge for yourself when you hear—
Though the merit I never have sought—
That as Favart's and Panard's appear,
The songs I had previously—thought.
There are Gascons, &c.

'Can I dance?' What a question to ask!
You will find that at every ball
In the sunshine of plaudits I bask,
My minuet steps are quite gall
To the eyes of both Vestris and Paul.
'A specimen?' Dire mischance!
I am lame, you may easily see;
Last night at the countess's dance,
I tumbled and damaged my knee.
There are Gascons, &c.

I am popular, too, 'mongst the fair;
But a marriage I never have risked,
Though very large fortunes to share,
Many excellent matches I've missed—
I have fifty at least on my list.
If you ask me for proofs—they're denied,
There, alas! you will press me too hard;
For most of the dear ones have died,
The victims of tender regard.
There are Gascons, &c.

As a patriot, I glory in arms,
My country has witnessed my zeal;
And amidst battle's fiercest alarms,
My life has been risked for her weal—
To the honours I've gained I appeal.
But my crosses and orders to wear,
My modesty never allows;
For with envy they make equals stare,
And inferiors fatigue me with bows.

There are Gascons, I'm told, not a few,
Whose tongues are so glib,
That they fib
Every day;
But, Parbleu,
You may always believe what *I* say.

THE LAST CITATION.

Two criminals were executed at Madrid in 1838, for their ferocious and blood-thirsty conduct during the *emeute* of 1835. They perished by the garota, or iron collar, substituted in Spain for the halter—and not only protested their innocence to the very last moment of their lives, but summoned their accusers and judges to appear in judgment with them, within a few days, before the bar of the Great Judge. Yet the guilt of these unhappy criminals was most notorious; the murders for which they suffered had been publicly committed, and the only wonder was, that they should have escaped their just punishment for so long a period as three years.

This bold and pertinacious assertion of their innocence by such undoubted criminals, fills the mind with the most painful emotions. We cannot but shudder at the infatuation which led them to go before their Maker with a lie upon their lips; and we begin to doubt what degree of credit may be due to the last solemn assertions of many who have died for crimes proved against them by only circumstantial evidence. Can it be possible that innocence and guilt, in the same awful situation, with the terrible apparatus of death before them, an unpitying crowd of fellow-men around, with no hope for the future but such as may be founded on the mercy of their Creator—can the conscience-stricken criminal and the guiltless victim of judicial error, under these terrible circumstances, feel alike—be equally able to call down upon their judges the swift-coming condemnation of the Great Judge? It seems incredible that such things should be; yet a reference to the history of the past affords many instances in which this great problem of our nature remains on record, only to be solved at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

Spain was governed, in 1311, by Ferdinand IV., a monarch possessing many excellent qualities, being brave, just, and generous; yet he died in the prime of life under very singular circumstances, arising out of a departure from the love of justice which he had usually evinced. Three noblemen were brought before him charged with having murdered a fourth; they strongly protested their innocence, and affirmed that, if time were given them, they could bring proofs of it; but the king, disregarding their intreaties, ordered them to be thrown from a lofty rock. The unfortunate men continued to make the strongest asseverations of innocence, declaring that the death of the king, within thirty days from that time, would show the truth of their statements, for that they summoned him to come to judgment with them before the throne of heaven. Ferdinand, at this time, was in perfect health; but whether the startling prediction of his victims produced its own fulfilment by affecting his imagination, or whether some other malady attacked him, history does not determine—he died on the last of the thirty days, and hence obtained the surname of Ferdinand the Summoned.

About this period, which abounds in circumstances that show the superstition and intellectual darkness of all classes of people in Europe, the celebrated order of Knights Templars was abolished. This powerful body, half monastic, half military, had acquired a strength and influence which made them hateful to the jealous eyes of the sovereigns of Europe; while, individually, they were feared by the people, who suffered from their vices. Warriors of the cross, they passed freely into court and camp, wherever the nobles of the land were assembled; they were privileged to display all the pomp and circumstance of war—to practise all that was then considered gay, gallant, and refined, or adapted to win the love of dames of high degree; while their vows of celibacy cut them off from all chance of honourable alliance with the objects of their admiration. Many a noble house had been dishonoured by these soldier-priests: many a humble hearth was robbed at once of the innocence of its brightest ornament, and of all, in the shape of wealth, that rapacity could wring from those too powerless to resist. Still, though guilty of ambition and profligacy—the vices of the camp; though convicted of avarice and luxury—the sins of the cloister; these wrought not their downfall: their wealth, as a body, was immense, and greater than their political power; so Pope Clement V., then at Avignon, and Philip the Fair of France (needy prelate and avaricious king), caused all the Knights Templars within their dominions to be seized on the same day, and thrown into secure dungeons. Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the order, and several of the best and bravest among them, were accused of sorcery, and other dark crimes against the laws of God and man, which admitted not of proof, and could only be met by solemn denial; some of them, in the agonies of the torture to which they were subjected, confessed to impossible enormities, and were thereupon condemned to die. Not so Jacques de Molay; he appears to have possessed qualities, both physical and mental, that might 'give the world assurance of a man:' mingling the martyr's faith with the warrior's pride, he never quailed under the severest torture, but strongly protested not only his own innocence, but that of his order. Even at the last fiery ordeal of fagot and stake, before the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, he appeared with unshaken serenity. His deportment was full of majesty, for he had long been the equal com-

panion of princes; and of calm dignity, for he was conscious of innocence; and he had, withal, a Christian faith whose fervour could not be chilled even in the hour of death. Humbly admitting that he was guilty of the faults of our common nature, he denied the crimes imputed to him, and, committing his spirit to his Maker, he summoned Clement and Philip to appear with him in judgment within a year. They both outlived the period, though Philip died so soon after, as to occasion some doubt in the minds of the believers in the marvellous, whether his sudden death was not a fulfilment of the Grand Master's prediction.

Charles de Gontault, Baron de Biron, was the friend of Henry IV. of France before that monarch came to the throne, and he continued to be his firm adherent for some time afterwards. Disappointed, however, in some project of ambition, he caballed against his master, and being betrayed by his own valet, was committed to the Bastille. Henry was much attached to this brave chevalier, and intreated him to acknowledge his fault and be forgiven; but either Biron was innocent, and his valet a traitor, or he continued to hope that that person would not ultimately criminate him, and proudly refused to make any concession. When put upon his trial, he was found guilty; but he still trusted to Henry's favour for a pardon: the king, however, was not less offended by his obduracy than by his treason, and signed the warrant for his execution. Nothing could exceed the surprise and despair of Biron when he was informed that he was to die on the following day: he broke out into vehement protestations of innocence, upbraided the king with ingratitude and cruelty, and defied and denounced his accusers and judges, accusing the chancellor who had presided at his trial of unfair dealing, and summoning him to appear in judgment with him within the year. The chancellor, thrice armed in the consciousness of his own uprightness, did not die, but lived five years longer than Biron—until 1617.

The Portuguese in 1640 threw off the yoke of Spain, and nominated John, Duke of Braganza, to the throne. At his death he left two sons, Alphonzo and Pedro, and a daughter, Catherine, who became the unhappy wife of our second Charles. Alphonzo, who was a prince of mean intellect, married a princess of Nemours; she had a good dowry, a handsome person, considerable talents, and few virtues; and they succeeded to the throne. Don Pedro, the younger brother of Alphonzo, was every way his superior; and the shrewd, intriguing, unscrupulous princess of Nemours soon contrived that her husband's imbecility should be so apparent, as to justify his removal from the throne to make room for Don Pedro. Her own divorce then followed, and she artfully demanded back her dowry, well knowing that it was irrevocably squandered; but, as her real object was to become the wife of Don Pedro, she managed to be solicited to marry him, and so to reassume the name and rank of queen. Having carried this point, the guilty pair thought it necessary, for their own security, to have the deposed king and divorced husband closely confined: he submitted without complaint, and with only a momentary ebullition of anger, on hearing that his brother had married his wife. For fifteen years he remained a melancholy captive in the castle of Cintra, the beauties of whose 'glorious Eden' he was not suffered to enjoy. When on the point of death, he said, 'I am going, but the queen will soon follow me to answer before God's awful tribunal for the evils she has heaped upon my head.' She died a few months after him, in 1683; having been more miserable in the gratification of her passions, than her victim could have been in his solitary prison.

The last and most remarkable of these citations is connected with the history of the reigning family of this country; and its details are, perhaps, more touching and romantic than any that have preceded it. George, the electoral prince of Hanover, who afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain, was married, early in life, to Sophia Dorothea, princess of Halle, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. She was the only child of her parents, and had been reared with much tenderness, so that she carried to the court of the elector that unchecked gaiety of heart which so often leads innocent and inexperienced females first into imprudence and then into error. She allowed herself, soon after her arrival, to make some piquant remarks upon the rather coarse and inelegant ladies whom her father-in-law, after the custom of the small German sovereigns, kept openly at his court, and thereby she created enemies, who were ever on the watch to injure and annoy her. Her own conduct was irreproachable, until, in an evil hour, there came to Hanover the young Count Koningsmark, a Swedish nobleman of an ancient and honourable family, who was high in favour at the court of Stockholm. The count, fascinated by the manners of the princess (whose husband was absent with his father's army), paid her the most flattering attentions, which she carelessly, but it is believed innocently, admitted. This afforded the elector an opportunity of accomplishing her ruin. A trap was laid for her, which had the effect of bringing Koningsmark to the neighbourhood of her apartments at an improper hour. The unfortunate Swede was never more seen in life, and Sophia, being arrested, was conveyed without loss of time, and with the concurrence of her deceived husband, to the castle of Ahlen, on the banks of the river Ahlen, where she remained in close confinement thirty-two years.

It is not to be supposed that this incarceration of a young and beautiful woman, the wife of a powerful monarch—for George in time, became king of Great Britain—could be an unimportant secret. Their son, the Prince of Wales, who was never on very good terms with his father, was anxious to see her, and twice, at the risk of his life, swam his horse across the river that surrounded the castle where she was confined. There is something very touching in this filial devotion to a mother whom he could scarcely remember to have seen, and who was accused of such grave offences; but the heart of the old German baron who kept the castle was made of such stern stuff, as to be proof against all fine emotions, and the young prince could not obtain an interview with his mother. There was no evidence against her that could justify a divorce; and on one occasion her husband made overtures to her for a reconciliation; but she proudly replied, 'If what I am accused of be true, I am unworthy of him; if the accusation be false, he is unworthy of me; I will not accept his offer.' Immediately before her death, she wrote a letter to him containing an affirmation of her innocence, a reproach for his injustice, and a citation to appear, within a year and a day, at the Divine tribunal for judgment. This letter she confided to an intimate friend, with a solemn charge to see it delivered to the king's own hand; but as this was an undertaking of a delicate, if not a dangerous nature, some months passed by without its being conveyed to him. At length his visit to his electoral dominions seemed to present the desired opportunity, and when he was on his way to Hanover, a messenger met him and delivered the packet to him in his coach. Supposing that it came from Hanover, he opened it directly; but its contents, and the fatal citation with which it ended, had such an effect on him, that he fell into convulsions, which brought on apoplexy and death. He expired at the palace of his brother, the bishop of Osnaburgh, just seven months after his unfortunate wife.

George II., their son, always believed in his mother's innocence, and, had she survived his father, he would have restored her to her rank as queen dowager. Soon after his accession, he visited his electoral dominions, and caused some alterations to be made in the palace. On taking up the floor of his mother's dressing-room, the remains of Count Koningsmark were discovered. It is probable that the unfortunate man was seized and strangled at the moment of his arrest, and that his body was placed under the boards to prevent discovery. The

affair was hushed up, for George was careful of his mother's character; besides which, prudential motives would lead him to desire strict secrecy on this subject. His frequent altercations with his father, in conjunction with the stigma thrown upon his mother, had already given occasion to severe sarcasm and some ribaldry on the part of the Jacobites, and this discovery was not calculated to silence unwelcome insinuations about his parentage. Sophia's story remains on the page of history, a melancholy example of the miseries that may result from the neglect of those minor morals so important to woman. That she was essentially innocent, there is little room to doubt, but if she had also been duly scrupulous to maintain those appearances of purity which are necessary to the perfection of woman's moral status, her whole destiny might have been bright instead of dark; her talents and beauty, instead of being wasted in a prison, might have adorned a palace and added lustre to a crown.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the most famous citations recorded in history. There is matter in them for serious consideration, not as encouraging a superstitious belief in marvels, but as showing the influence of the mind upon the body; a subject of such importance, that the writer gladly leaves it to abler hands.

ASTRONOMY FOR THE MILLION—DICK'S 'SIDEREAL HEAVENS.'

Dr Dick is the author of a series of volumes, in which science is very happily united with moral objects and an enlarged philanthropy. His books, we believe, are even better known in America than in their native country, although there, also, they seem to have obtained an extensive circulation. One of the latest of his productions is *The Sidereal Heavens*, a work designed to convey a popular view of the descriptive department of astronomy, and not unworthy of the attention of the higher class of readers, in as far as it gathers into one focus a considerable number of the most recent observations of the chief astronomers of Europe. A brief review of some of the more novel facts brought out by Dr Dick in this volume, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

The first thing which must strike, on even a passing glance at the stars, is their apparent difference of size; and they are accordingly classed by astronomers as of the first, second, or third magnitudes (six of these being visible to the eye, and as many as sixteen by the telescope); though the term does not properly signify *size*, but relative distance and consequent brightness. Sir W. Herschel estimates it thus:—

Light of a star of 1st magnitude,			=	100
...	...	2d	...	= 25
...	...	3d	...	= 12
...	...	4th	...	= 6
...	...	5th	...	= 2
...	...	6th	...	= 1

From his own experiments, he found that the light of Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars, is about 324 times that of an average star of the sixth magnitude; and Dr Wollaston has estimated it as equal to that of fourteen of our suns.

Now, these are facts, or rather figures, in which we are apt to acquiesce, as we do in the general fact, now placed beyond contradiction, that all the fixed stars are suns, without any very definite conceptions of a matter so far removed beyond human apprehension. But when the former of the two astronomers above-quoted goes on to tell us, that, 'as seen with his forty-feet telescope, the appearance of Sirius announced itself at a great distance, like the dawn of the morning, and came on by degrees, increasing in brightness, till this brilliant star at length entered the field of the telescope with all the splendour of the rising sun, and forced him to take his eyes off the beautiful sight'—we not only begin to take in that what, at such an enormous distance (20,000,000,000 of miles from our earth) could display the splendour, and produce the dazzling effects of our own sun, is indeed a brother, though infinitely superior luminary; but form some faint conception of what must be the extent of a universe crowded with telescopic stars, unquestionably themselves suns also, whose distances, and the time requisite to traverse the space which separates them from us, Dr Dick thus familiarly illustrates:—'A steam-carriage,' says he, 'setting out from the earth with a velocity of twenty miles per hour, or 486 miles a-day, would require 356,385,460 years to pass from our globe to one of the stars above alluded to. A seraph might wing his flight with the swiftness of light for millions of years through the regions of immensity, and never arrive at a boundary; and we have reason to believe, from what we already know of the Creator and his works, that during the whole course of such an excursion, new objects and new scenes of glory and magnificence would be continually rising to his view. Whether man will ever be permitted to traverse these vast spaces,' says Dr Dick, 'is a question beyond our province to resolve.' But what a field does the bare knowledge of their existence open to the hopes and anticipations of an intelligent and immortal being!

To justify the use of the word 'crowded,' which, as allied with such boundless space, may seem inapplicable, let us turn to our author's interesting particulars of the Milky Way. This well-known object, 'when traced throughout its different directions, is found to encircle the whole sphere of the heavens, though in some parts of its course broader and more brilliant than in others. It seems to have been known to the ancients exactly as now, and by them poetically considered as a "pavement of stars;" a conjecture which the telescope has fully confirmed. Ovid says—

> "A way there is, in heaven's extended plain,
> Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
> And mortals by the name of 'milky' know;
> The groundwork is of stars, through which the road
> Lies open to the Thunderer's abode."

And Milton thus characterises it—

> "A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
> And pavement stars, as stars to us appear,
> Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
> Like to a circling zone, powdered with stars."'

The following is a brief summary of Sir W. Herschel's observations on this region of the heavens, with a Newtonian reflecting telescope of twenty feet focal length, and an aperture of eighteen inches:—

'In the most *crowded* parts of the milky way,' says he, 'I have had fields of view that contained no fewer than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes; so that in one quarter of an hour's time there passed not less than 116,000 stars through the field of view of my telescope. Now, the field of view taken in by the telescope was a space less than *one-fourth* of the apparent size of the moon; and in this narrow field were seen about as many stars as are generally beheld *through the whole sky* by the naked eye in a clear winter's night. In some parts the stars cluster so thickly, that an average breadth of about five degrees gave 331,000 stars. Were we to suppose every part of the zone equally rich with the space above referred to (about a 61st part of the whole milky way), it will contain no less than 20,191,000 stars. "In short," to use the words of Sir John Herschel, "this remarkable belt, when examined through powerful telescopes, is found (wonderful to relate!) *to consist entirely of stars scattered by millions*, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens."'

In endeavouring to determine a 'sounding line,' as he calls it, for fathoming the depth of the *stratum* of stars in the milky way, he seems to prove, by pretty

conclusive reasoning, that his twenty-feet telescope penetrated to a distance in the profundity of space no less than 497 times the distance of Sirius; so that a stratum of stars of 497 in thickness, each of them as far distant beyond another as Sirius is from our sun, was within the reach of his vision! consequently the most distant stars visible in his telescope must have been at nearly ten thousand *billions* of miles! Of such immense distances we can form nothing approaching to a distinct conception. We can only echo the sentiments of Schnider of Lilienthal, when, with a still more powerful instrument, he had calculated the number of stars visible by it in the milky way at 12,000,000, the sight drew from him the natural exclamation, 'What omnipotence!'

But what shall we say when this milky way, of which our sun is merely a grain of the gold dust, has come to be suspected to be only one of the 3000 similar galaxies, some of them (as that in Orion) incomparably larger than itself, and soluble into distinct stars; while others more distant, yet dimly visible, only require advanced powers in the instrument of vision to yield, according to every analogy, a similar result! The forms of these *nebulæ*, as they are called, are endless and varied; but it is a curious fact, that one in particular, and that, too, situate at nearly the remotest point to which our telescopes can carry us, and which its highest powers have as yet failed to resolve into stars, is supposed to bear a more striking resemblance to the system of stars in which our sun is placed than any other object which has yet been descried in the heavens. Sir John Herschel describes it as a 'brother system, bearing a real analogy of structure to our own.' It consists of a bright round nucleus, surrounded at a great distance by a nebulous ring, which appears *split* through nearly the greater portion of its circumference, being the precise aspect in which our milky way would present itself to the inhabitant of an equally distant part of this visible region of the Almighty's creation, which we are pleased to designate the 'universe.'

But in whatever part of creation we survey His operations, we uniformly find the character of *variety* impressed upon all his works. The light of the stars generally is greatly diversified, though, on a cursory view of the firmament, they appear nearly of the same aspect. The rays of Sirius, for example, are not only strikingly different from those of Aldebaran, but from those of many other stars which seem to bear a nearer resemblance. In tropical climates, where the sky is clearer than with us, and almost of a dark ebony colour, the difference is more perceptible. In this respect, as well as others, it is true that 'one star differeth from another in glory.'

But the phenomena of double stars do not seem to have been much attended to, till Sir William Herschel commenced his extensive observations. From some six or eight of these stars, known to a preceding age, that indefatigable observer, and his no less distinguished son, have risen to a distinct list of 3300 double and triple stars from their own solitary observations, which, added to a catalogue by the celebrated Struve of Dorpat of no less than 3000 (to determine which he had to examine minutely 120,000 stars), makes the total number known exceed 6000. To some minds, not accustomed to deep reflection, it may appear a very trivial fact, that a small and scarcely distinguishable point of light adjacent to a larger star should revolve around its larger attendant; but this phenomenon, minute and trivial as it may at first sight appear, proclaims the astonishing fact, that suns revolve around suns, and systems around systems. Prodigious reflection!—that sun should revolve round sun, with all its planetary systems along with it, and the probable distance between them 200,000 millions of miles!

It was predicted, so early as 1783, that probably some day the periods of these revolutions might be discovered; which is now fully realised, and no longer subject of conjecture. More than fifty instances of change of relative position in the two stars have been sufficiently observed to ascertain the fact of circular progressive motion, completed in some cases in a period of 43 years, in others of 342, while some must require 12 or 1600 years. 'On the whole,' says Sir John Herschel, 'we have the same evidence of their rotations about each other, as we have of those of Uranus and Saturn about the sun.'

There is another interesting view which may be taken of these binary systems, as they are called, and *that is the contrast of colours* which some of the stars composing them exhibit. 'Many of the double stars,' says Sir John Herschel, 'exhibit the beautiful and curious phenomena of contrasted or complimentary colours. In such instances the larger star is usually of a ruddy or orange hue, while the smaller one appears blue or green; and it may be easier suggested in words than conceived in imagination, what *variety* of illumination *two suns*, a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue, must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and "grateful vicissitudes" a red and green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, might arise from the presence or absence of one or other above the horizon. Insulated stars, of a red colour almost as deep as that of blood, occur in many parts of the heavens; but no green or blue star (of any decided hue) has, we believe, ever been noticed, unassociated with a companion brighter than itself.'

But wonderful as we have seen *binary* systems to be, triple, quadruple, and multiple stars are now also ascertained to form connected systems. What an idea of the *order* of creation and intelligence of the Creator does this complexity, yet harmony of motions and orbits, give rise to! Millions of bodies, all in regular yet connected motion, pursuing their way without confusion or collision, in spite of the (by man) incalculable disturbing forces of the bodies among which they circulate! What a daily and hourly attestation to the omniscience of Him who first impressed them with their motions and velocities, and by whom, at a glance, all their perturbations were foreseen and provided for!

Hitherto, we have spoken chiefly of the hundreds and millions of heavenly bodies which the progress of science has unfolded to the astronomer's view. But there are stars, 'few and far between,' indeed, which have blazed conspicuously in our firmament but to disappear from it; whether permanently or not, remains to be seen. The following is Dr Dick's account of the most remarkable among them:—

'In the beginning of November 1572, a new star appeared in Cassiopeia, whose appearance was sudden and brilliant, and its phenomena so striking, as to determine the celebrated Tycho Brahe to become an astronomer. Returning about ten to his laboratory, he came to a crowd of country people staring at something behind him, and looking round, he beheld this wonderful object. It was so bright, that his staff cast a shadow; of a dazzling white, with a little of a bluish tinge. It had no hair or tail around it similar to comets, but shone with the same kind of lustre as the other fixed stars. Its brilliancy was so great as to surpass that of Lyra and Sirius. It appeared larger than Jupiter in its nearest approach to the earth; and was seen, by those who had good eyes, at noonday.

In this state it continued to shine, with undiminished brilliancy, during the remaining part of November, or more than three weeks. It gradually diminished, through December, to the size of Jupiter. In January, February, and March 1573, it appeared about a star of the first magnitude, gradually decreasing in brightness, till, about October, it was only equal to one of the fourth, and in January and February 1574, to the fifth and sixth magnitude. In spring 1573, it grew reddish like Mars; in the month of May that year, pale and livid, like Saturn; and, after sixteen months, it finally disappeared in March 1574.'

'It is impossible,' says Mrs Somerville, when alluding to this star of 1572, 'to imagine anything more tremen-

dous than a conflagration that could be visible at such a distance.' Whether there were anything in the state of the body alluded to, similar to what we call a conflagration, may be justly doubted; but there was a splendour and luminosity concentrated in that point of the heavens where the star appeared, which would more than equal the blaze of twelve millions of worlds such as ours, were they all collected in one mass, and all at once wrapt in flames.

The supposition of these stars being suns destroyed by combustion, has been favoured by La Place, Professor Vince, M. Mason Good, and the late Professor Robison of Edinburgh, who asks, 'What has become of that dazzling star, surpassing Venus in brightness, which shone out all at once in November 1572?'

Another star, almost similar in brightness, appeared in September 1604, and shone, gradually diminishing, till some time between October 1605 and the following February. The theory of Dr Dick on the subject seems to be, that these are not worlds in combustion, but huge bodies approaching our system in vastly elliptical orbits at fixed periods, and receding in the same manner. As similar phenomena appeared in the same place (Cassiopeia) in 934 and 1264, a period of about 319 years, he supposes this might be the *same;* and if so, its next return would be about 1891 or 1892. Should this prove the case, astronomers will now have a better opportunity of marking its aspects and revolutions, and determining its size and period.

'Whatever view,' he says, 'we may be led to take of such events, we behold a display of magnitude, of motion, and of magnificence, which overpowers the human faculties, and shows us the littleness of man, and the limited nature of his powers; and which ought to inspire us with reverence for that Almighty Being who sits on the throne of the universe, describing all its movements for the accomplishment of His wise and righteous designs, and for the diffusion of universal happiness throughout all ranks of intelligent existences. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? In the heights of heaven he doth great things past finding out, yea, and wonders without number. By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens. The pillars thereof tremble, and are astonished at his reproof. Lo! these are but parts of his ways; but the thunder of his power who can understand?"'

ACCIDENTS IN MINES.

We can scarcely turn up a newspaper which does not record some mining accident. Indeed, combining the great mining districts of this island, it may be safely stated that broken limbs and loss of life are of almost every-day occurrence, involving a vast amount of individual suffering and family deprivation. There is now before us a list of accidents, gleaned from the pages of the *Mining Journal*, for a period of eight months, by which it appears 301 individuals have lost their lives, and 182 received severe and permanent injuries. According to parliamentary report, the annual loss of life in the Bromwich, Tipton, Dudley, and Wolverhampton district, amounts to 110; and it is stated by the Midland Mining Commission, that out of 1122 deaths of colliers, not fewer than 610 arose from accidents. All this points to a fearful amount of individual suffering, as well as national loss; and yet we believe nine-tenths of these calamities are never known beyond the locality in which they occur. In fact, the best authorities allow that scarcely a fifth of the accidents which happen in connexion with mining operations is recorded in the newspapers, and, proceeding upon this estimate, they calculate that 2500 lives are annually lost to Britain through this cause alone! Occasionally, the public is startled by some dreadful explosion in the collieries of Newcastle or Whitehaven; but such accidents, however distressing, create but a small portion of the total loss; falls of the roof, choke-damp, bursting of old waterwastes, breaking of apparatus in descending the pit, and other minor causes, insensibly increasing the mortality to its present alarming extent. Such being the facts, the question occurs—Can anything be done to lessen the evil?

Since the better construction of our roads, and the more careful management arising from public competition, stage-coach accidents seldom or ever occur. Experience, public opinion acting upon the pecuniary interests of companies, and legal enactments, have already produced a salutary diminution in railway casualties; and the same influences will also in time diminish the dangers of steam-navigation. In these cases the remedy has been effected by the public taking care of itself on the one hand, and companies looking after their pecuniary interests on the other. But the miner is obscure and comparatively helpless; on his side is dependence for bread, on the side of his master are power and authority. Unless, therefore, a benevolence akin to that which has prevented the employment, in mines, of females, and of children under ten years of age, takes part with the miner, the perils of his occupation run little chance of being speedily abolished. Presuming that such a benevolence were to interfere, nay, that the state were to legislate for its own protection—for the annual loss of so many lives entails a heavy burden upon the community—we see no inherent difficulties in the occupation of a miner which should render it more liable to accident than many other so-called 'hazardous' employments. We have only to glance at the causes of the accidents recorded, to be convinced that their removal or mitigation is within the power of human ingenuity and caution.

Upon investigation, it appears that explosion of fire-damp, choke-damp, falling of the roof, breaking of the rope or other apparatus in descent, fall of stones down the pit, and bursting of water from old wastes, are the chief causes of accident; and none of these appears to present any insurmountable obstacles to its removal or mitigation. In the first place, many of such casualties arise from carelessness or ignorance on the part of the workmen themselves, and might be prevented by the employment of an accredited agent to whom the entire safety-regulation of the mine should be intrusted. Where such overseers are employed, accidents seldom take place; the proper working of the engines, the ropes, ventilation, and locking of the safety-lamps, being the objects of their daily inspection. But even the strictest human vigilance is fallible; and in a matter of such momentous importance as the removal of fire-damp and choke-damp, there ought to be some arrangements of a peculiarly careful nature. Presuming that the most approved safety-lamps are supplied to the miner, the great currents of ventilation ought to be regulated from above, and in connexion with the never-failing source of the atmosphere. Fire-damp is light, and will ascend wherever an egress is afforded it; and choke-damp can always be driven from its lurking places by a superior current of pure air. To the former, an escape can be readily afforded by open shafts or by the boring rod; and where such ventilation exists, in connexion with rarefaction by fire, or with currents produced by the steam-engine, choke-damp must disappear. Falls of the roof should be of rare occurrence where props are liberally supplied, and where an avaricious system of 'harrying' (removing all the coal-supports for the sake of the mineral) is not adopted; and the breaking of the rope and other apparatus in descents would perhaps never happen, were these daily inspected, and properly secured at night from malicious damage. In fine, few of those causes which so frequently prove fatal in mines are beyond human control, if proper means were taken for their removal; but these means, we fear, will continue to be neglected, or at best be but imperfectly applied, till legislative enactment compel their adoption. Depending, as Britain does, for so much of her wealth and comfort upon her mineral resources, it is far from creditable that the lives of her miners should continue to be

exposed to such hazards, whether from their own ignorance, or from the neglect and avarice of their masters. Considerations of self-interest, as well as of humanity, should prompt to this endeavour; for an annual loss of 2500 lives cannot take place without materially adding to the liabilities of an already overburdened community.

THE WEATHER FORETOLD BY OBSERVING THE HABITS OF A SPIDER.

Quatremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots when they revolted against the Stadtholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years' imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years. Spiders, which are the constant, and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in the prison of Utrecht. Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with approaching changes in the weather. A violent pain on one side of his head, to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connexion between such changes and corresponding movements among the spiders. For instance, he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form, invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad headache; and that these two signs, namely, the pain in his head, and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably followed by very severe weather. So often as his headache attacked him, so regularly did the spiders disappear, and then rain and north-east winds prevailed for several days. As the spiders began to show themselves again in their webs, and display their usual activity, so did his pains gradually leave him until he got well and the fine weather returned. Further observations confirmed him in believing these spiders to be in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and reappearance, their weaving and general habits, were so intimately connected with changes in the weather, that he concluded they were of all things best fitted to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short, Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following fact, which led to his release.

When the troops of the French republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw, in the early part of the month of December, threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion, and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw. The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication, and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity, that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th January 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph; and Quatremer Disjonval, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.—*Foreign Quarterly Review for January.*

ENCOURAGING HINTS.

Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realised. The path of life appears smooth and level; but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one; and, whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure it with as much cheerfulness as possible, and to elbow our way through the great crowd, 'hoping for little, yet striving for much,' is perhaps the best plan. Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbour treads over you a little; or, in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you. Accidents *will* happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember, that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clear and favourable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile and smile again. Don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world; they are rotten at the core. From such sources as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived, and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you may become used: if you fare as other people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their character closely, before you allow great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be sober, be honest; dealing in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighbourly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly now as some of your neighbours, depend upon it you will be at least as happy.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The recent accounts from this colony, which are dated to the 15th August, appear to give indications of a spirit of enterprise having sprung up among the settlers. It is very evident that the first step for the advancement of a new colony must be the establishment of an export trade. No country can flourish which is drained of its specie in payment for imported articles; and therefore, to produce sufficient for its own use, is the most effectual means to prevent the emission of capital, while the production of more than sufficient, which must lead to exportation, will in its turn introduce additional capital. The Western Australians appear to be following this line of policy, and throughout the colony an anxiety seems to prevail to discover exportable commodities, and turn them to advantage. Besides the staple articles of wool, oil, and whalebone, the list of Western Australian exports is likely soon to receive additions in those of wine, live stock, potatoes, timber, flax, and olive-oil; and labour only is wanted to enable the colonists to ship these articles to the neighbouring colonies, and even to England, to an extent which cannot fail greatly to advance the prosperity of their settlement. The governor's speech at the opening of the council on the 21st June last, reports good progress. He alludes to the general state of affairs, and congratulates the council on the solvent condition of their colony, as compared with that of the other Australian settlements. He deplores the high price of labour; but hopes that some means may be devised for the introduction of immigrants, and urges the colonists to turn every attention to exportation. A long discussion subsequently occurred in the council on the motion of one of its members for the repeal of an act prohibiting distillation in the colony, as it was now thought that the manufacture of brandy, under certain restrictions, would benefit the community. The permission, however, was deferred until vineyard cultivation shall have reached a more advanced stage. The reports of the Western Australian, the Agricultural, and the Vineyard Societies, were very satisfactory; and that of the Western Australian Bank showed that its affairs were prosperous. The new church at Fremantle had been opened with a very interesting ceremony, and several other public works of great importance were rapidly approaching completion. On the whole, the advices from this quarter are pleasing, and indicate an exemption

from the depression so generally felt by the neighbouring colonies, and a gradual progress, retarded by the absence of labour, and consequent high rate of wages, but yet steady and prosperous.

INSTINCT OF THE ANT-LION.

Among the instincts which direct animals in the acquirement of their food, few are more remarkable than those possessed by the larva of the ant-lion, a small insect allied to the dragon-fly. This animal is destined to feed upon ants and other small insects, whose juices it sucks; but it moves slowly, and with difficulty, so that it could scarcely have obtained the requisite supply of food, if nature had not guided it in the construction of a remarkable snare, which entraps the prey it could not acquire by pursuit. It digs in fine sand a little funnel-shaped pit, and conceals itself at the bottom of this until an insect falls over its edge; and if its victim seeks to escape, or stops in its fall to the bottom, it throws over it, by means of its head and mandibles, a quantity of sand, by which the insect is caused to roll down the steep, within reach of its captor. The manner in which the ant-lion digs this pit is extremely curious. After having examined the spot where it purposes to establish itself, it traces a circle of the dimensions of the mouth of its pit, then placing itself within this line, and making use of one of its legs as a spade, it digs out a quantity of sand, which it heaps upon its head, and then, by a sudden jerk, throws this some inches beyond its circle. In this manner it digs a trench, which serves as the border of its intended excavation, moving backwards along the circle until it comes to the same point again; it then changes sides, and moves in the contrary direction, and so continues until its work is completed. If, in the course of its labours, it meets with a little stone, the presence of which would injure the perfection of its snare, it neglects it at first, but returns to it after finishing the rest of its work, and uses all its efforts to get it upon its back, and carry it out of its excavation; but if it cannot succeed in this, it abandons its work, and commences anew elsewhere. When the pit is completed, it is usually about thirty inches in diameter by twenty in depth; and when the inclination of its walls has been altered by any slip, as almost always happens when an insect has fallen in, the ant-lion hastens to repair the damage.—*Carpenter's Animal Physiology—Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science.*

HOW TO CLEAN A FOWLING-PIECE.

Sir Astley Cooper seemed to be innately philosophically disposed, and always had some object of practical utility in view. In his scientific inquiries, he had remarkable facility of applying his knowledge to the daily concerns of life, and delighted in suggesting improvements for matters which might almost appear too trifling to attract his notice. I remember upon one occasion saying in his hearing, 'I must send my gun to town to have it cleaned, for it has become so much leaded that it is unfit for use.' 'Pooh!' said he; 'send it to London! there is not the least occasion for it. Keep a few ounces of quicksilver in the gun-case, and then you can easily unlead your gun yourself. Stop up the touch-holes by means of a little wax, and then, pouring the quicksilver into the barrels, roll it along them for a few minutes. The mercury and the lead will form an amalgam, and leave the gun as clean as the first day it came out of the shop. You have then only to strain the quicksilver through a piece of thin wash-leather, and it is again fit for use, for the lead will be left in the strainer.' I have since adopted this plan, and with perfect success.—*Life of Sir Astley Cooper.*

HONG KONG.

The island of Hong Kong, lately added to our possessions by the Chinese treaty, is comparatively a small patch of land, deriving its main importance from the facilities afforded by its situation. It is from four to five miles in width, and is traversed by a range of granitic hills from 500 to upwards of 1000 feet in height. The climate is not essentially different from that of Macao, on the mainland of China; and there is abundance of good water at all times of the year. The soil is decomposed granite; and there are about 300 acres under cultivation, chiefly rice. The vegetable productions are mangoes, lichees, lengans, oranges, and pears; rice, sweet potatoes, yams, and a small quantity of flax. The animals are deer, armadillo, land-tortoise, and snakes, not known to be venomous; and a quantity of fish are captured and cured at the village of Chick-choo. As a station, it is reported to be by no means healthy. The most prevalent diseases are intermittent and remittent fevers; and dysentery is common throughout the year, particularly after sudden changes of weather. The natives suffer from these complaints as well as Europeans.

EXPORT EXTRAORDINARY.

There is an export house whose establishment is in Manchester, which, from the magnitude of its business, is perhaps unparalleled—that is, in the same business—namely, exporters of cotton twist and piece-goods. The firm referred to is known to pack no fewer than 25,000 to 30,000 bales per annum, each pack weighing half a ton; this latter quantity gives 82 bales a day, equal to 41 tons, or 287 tons weekly—or nearly 15,000 tons a year. The carriage or freight paid by this house is really astounding. The present charge to Hull is L.2 per ton, and which, at this rate, amounts to L.500 per week, presuming that the bales take this route, which, no doubt, nine-tenths of them do. The annual payment on this head will therefore be within a fraction of L.30,000. The statement will no doubt cause much surprise, but there is every reason to believe that it is based on facts.—*Leeds Mercury.*

SUBMARINE PLOUGH.

A submarine plough for removing sand-banks in shallow waters is said to have been constructed by Dr Eddy of Cincinnati, somewhat on the principle of the Archimedean screw, boring up the sand at one end, and passing it through the screw to be discharged at the other extremity.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them, the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

—*Longfellow's Poems (American).*

Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh; and, with their permission, by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.—A stamped edition of the Journal is now issued, price 2½d., to go free by post.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 14. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1844. Price 1½d.

BEGGING.

Perhaps no social feature of our country has been more changed since George III. was king, than that of begging. In my early days, this profession was practised only by a humble set of people, generally old and disabled: some went on crutches, some sailed along in things like bowls, a small select number were carried on from door to door in hand-barrows—and a precious set of tyrannical old men of the sea these were by the way, for, if a servant grumbled at their weight, or stopped too long to rest from it, they never scrupled to make hearty use of both tongue and stick; nor were they ever known to give any thanks for the trouble taken with them. There were, indeed, a very few of a respectable sort of beggars, who came half as volunteer guests, and were of such delicacy and propriety of behaviour, that they frequently sat with the master and mistress. Generally, however, the beggars of former days were a poor, humble, and despicable sort of people, trusting to their very wretchedness for a means of exciting the compassion of the public. Now, when everything has been so much improved, begging has been improved too, only in a far greater degree than anything else. In fact, begging has taken its place amongst the political and economic arrangements of our land. The greatest people resort to it, and the most wonderful things are done by it.

It is very remarkable how a science of such capabilities should have been allowed to slumber so long in an undeveloped state amongst the mere outcasts of society. Some one has remarked of printing, that it remained as Guttenberg made it for the first four centuries, but then took a sudden start, and went through a series of splendid improvements, terminating in the four-cylinder machine, all in the short space of thirty years. Somewhat similar has been the history of begging—a poor snivelling employment for the first six thousand years of the world's history, but at length expanded to one of magnificent system and detail in the course of about half an ordinary lifetime. Both facts form striking proofs of the dormitive condition of the human mind down to a recent period. Men dreamed long ago. They are now awake. There lies the difference. It would be absurd, however, to suppose that begging is even yet a perfect science, or one generally understood. It is going on well, but it is not at all what it might be made in the hands of thoroughly skilled and active men, women, and young ladies; and there is a vast portion of society who know as little of it as they do of printing. With a view to promote the advance of the science, I beg to submit a few of its fundamental principles to general consideration.

The first great principle concerned in begging is, that one has always a chance of obtaining a thing by seeking it. Few things fall swoop into one's mouth like Beau Tibbs's friends. Most things require to be asked for, sought for, or grasped at; but when this trouble is taken about them, they are very apt to be got. So truly is this the case, that, theoretically speaking, there is scarcely anything in this world which may not be had for the asking—that is to say, had in some sort of way or degree—the sleeve, if not the gown. Many rebuffs, many failures, much grumbling and groaning, may be encountered in the course of the requisition; but some share of success will also be sure to accrue. The world, let my readers depend upon it, is divided among those who seek it. Nor is it, after all, difficult to see how this should be. First, the seeker is the man ready to take: he catches what occurs; while others, not on the outlook, let things pass. Then it is far more pleasant for any one who has, to give to one who seeks, than to one who does not seek, for it is surer of being appreciated, and is always getting quit of a trouble in the person of the petitioner. Modest merit, sitting quietly behind backs, ought no doubt to be encouraged: everybody owns that; but then modest merit *can* wait, and does not get angry for being put off a little longer. So e'en let the pestilent fellow have what he wants, and be done with him. And thus he takes the spoils of fortune, whose only claim upon them is his making his claim so pertinaciously, while simple worth sits quietly by, with only the empty reward of good opinion.

A second great principle is the habit of the courtesies of society. An honest unthinking gentleman, who pays his bills, reads the newspapers every day, goes occasionally out to dinner, and performs in a decentish way all the other duties of a respectable person, is informed in his dressing-room, between ten and eleven one morning, that two ladies have called for him, and are sitting in the parlour. As soon as he can get himself properly trimmed, he goes down to see them, and finds two very gentlewoman-like persons in possession of his two arm-chairs. They rise at his entrance—he greets them, and desires them to be seated. The beauty of the morning, and the unpleasantness of the weather of Thursday last week, are fully admitted on both sides. He thinks they may be wishing to inquire respecting the character of a servant, or something of a similar nature: no matter, he is by habit a gentleman, and of course converses civilly. At length, after a few remarks on miscellaneous subjects, one of them draws forth a book from her muff or reticule, and, addressing him on the merits of a scheme for furnishing shoes and stockings to the women of the Blackfeet Indians, begs he will have the goodness to subscribe to it. Now really, he thinks, this is a most preposterous affair; but, on the other hand, these poor ladies have no personal interest in it; on the contrary, under the pure influence of charitable feelings, they are taking a great deal of trouble, and exposing themselves

to many collisions of a disagreeable nature, in order to promote an end which they think good. He cannot, then, but still treat them kindly, however annoying he may think their application. He therefore enters into an amicable argument with them, and, in the politest terms, endeavours to excuse himself from a subscription. There are feet requiring shoes and stockings nearer home. He has *so* many things to subscribe for—only yesterday, he put down his name for a sovereign to the three burnt-out families. He really cannot afford much in these days of reduced interest. He had a monument last week—has just himself been getting up a testimonial for a friend—and is looking for the soup-kitchen every day. How can he be expected in these circumstances to disburse for the female Blackfeets? Well, they hear his objections, but they never appear one whit affected by them; for always, after allowing that what he says is true, they immediately glide back to the matter of their book, and at him again. At length, it becomes a fair matter of calculation. A crown buys him off genteelly. The alternative is coming to a harsh or rude point with these fair petitioners. Being a man of courtesy, he prefers keeping up his usual tone with them, strangers as they are; and so he twitches out his five shillings with the best grace he may. They then rise to take leave; he sees them to the door; good morning on both sides—all ends well. The Blackfeet women get the shoes and stockings, and the gentleman has preserved his self-respect. The whole affair shows, in a forcible manner, the importance of good genteel appearances in begging. A really poor object—half fed, half clad, half sarkit (to use Burns's vigorous words)—gets only a copper, though he would require at least three or four to purchase him a supper and bed, and keep him off the streets for the night. But two well-dressed ladies are quite another thing, albeit their object be one almost vanishing beyond the horizon of human sympathies. With them polite observances must be kept up, while a growl is but a proper accompaniment to the copper. In this respect, begging is like business in general. The bare-footed waitress of a wayside alehouse is well rewarded with a penny; but the elegantly-dressed attendant of a first-rate hotel would be underpaid with a shilling. The dress and address in these matters is everything—and this brings us to the

Third principle, which is simply that faculty of our sentimental system called love of approbation, or desire of standing well with our neighbours. People in general do not like to be thought shabby, or even suspected of shabbiness; therefore they give. They like to see their names in a respectable subscription list, and that for a respectable sum; and therefore they give, and that liberally in comparison with their means. The application is always felt as a thing involving two interests—first that of the object of the application, second and chief, the personal feelings of the party applied to. What will be expected of me? What will look fair as my donation? These are questions asked almost before the necessity of the case is thought of. Even Byron, with all his enthusiasm for that Greece in whose cause he lost his life, wrote to a friend that, with regard to the Philhellenic subscription, he did not think he could *get off* under four thousand pounds. There are, indeed, some of a sufficiently stoical constitution to be able to resist all such weak impulses: these are the men who 'never give—upon principle;' but, like the wise in all ages, they are but a limited exception to a great rule. You are tolerably sure of a man when you can bring him under the compulsion of his wish to stand well with the world, or even the individual applicant.

Lastly, there *is* such a thing as a favourable disposition to particular objects calling for contributions. Each man has some bent or prejudice on behalf of which he will yield cash, when the application is properly made. Every man may be said to have his mendicable side—call it his weak one or not as you choose. Some are tender of heart towards widows and orphans; others delight in local improvements, and will subscribe for pieces of new causewaying, when their hearts would be found already paved if attacked on any softer subject. Oppressed patriots interest some: they will bleed for nobody who has not been tried for his life, or suffered at least a year's imprisonment. It is necessary for a petitioner to know the parties who have predilections in behalf of the matter in question; for if he were to speak of widows and children to a patriot, or of captive martyrs to a man who only delights in getting streets widened, and pavement laid down where no pavement was before, or only a bad pavement, he would probably be wasting his charms upon the deaf adder. On the contrary, when he assails the proper persons, all is easy and smooth, and he accomplishes his task in a surprisingly short space of time. Not that he should be scrupulous in addressing only favourably-disposed parties, if there be any need to go further; for even amongst the disaffected, he has always the first three principles to come and go upon, and possibly upon one of these he may strike down his bird; but it certainly is true, that it is by far the kindliest work when you have the prepossessions of the party in accordance with your object. It is taking things with the grain.

By favour of one or other of these principles, or of all together, it is wonderful how potent a thing is begging. Few persons have as yet the faintest idea of it; it is a Great Power known only to, and practised by, some scattered individuals, who themselves, notwithstanding their success, are perhaps not fully aware of the virtue which resides in it. I almost fear to go farther in developing the philosophy of this great subject, like the wife of Sawney Bean, the Forfarshire cannibal, who said that if people were generally aware of the delicious nature of human flesh, they would all wish to eat of it, and of nothing else. It seems much to be apprehended that, the puissance of the Mendicatory Principle becoming better known, we shall find more persons taking advantage of it, and the world made almost intolerable for quiet people. But again I consider that perhaps the time for such fears is past, and the only hope for those who at present do not beg is to begin to beg too. It seems as if we must all become beggars together, merely to stand on equal terms with our neighbours. On this ground, it cannot be anything but right and proper that the principles of mendication should be generally understood, as by no other means can any one cope with and defend himself from those around him. And, clearly, when once it comes to a fair stand-up fight of box against box, book against book, we may all expect to be comfortable once more. A man will then take his subscription paper with him when he walks out, as he takes his umbrella or great-coat, or as gentlemen long ago took a pistol or bludgeon in their pockets. It will be his *decus et tutamen*, at once his safety and his distinction. Young ladies in bonnets and veils, cruising about with book in muff for money to furnish schoolbooks to the slave children of South Carolina, will come to know that such and such a gentleman has one for a silver cup to the chairman of the county committee for the fox hounds, and will give him a wide berth accordingly. People will come to have a respectful dread of each other's ruled-paper blunderbusses, and none will then become prey but the silly fools who have not the sense, or won't take the trouble, to keep weapons offensive and defensive of the like nature.

Viewing the matter in this light, I believe I am doing nothing but good service to mankind in impressing upon them the great power of begging, and instilling into them a knowledge of its fundamental principles. They may be assured that it is a science as yet only in its infancy. Thirty years ago, it thought of nothing above copper. It afterwards rose through silver to bank notes. Now it collects its hundreds and thousands, or occasionally, by way of a great stroke of work, its hundreds of thousands. Once it was a solitary ragged vagrant; then it became a single lady or gentleman; now it is a regiment. But begging may yet be an occupation for an army, a crusade, and for hundreds

of thousands it may yet gather its millions. Only organise a proper force, and it might rival taxation in its results. There may yet be a central office in London for a mendicatory mission which overspreads the world, collecting alike from the Esquimaux and the Terra del Fuegans, the Japanese and the Kafirs. The way is clearly open for these and other such operations, for man is not only a begging, but a beggable animal. He is formed by nature to give to him who strenuously seeks; to give for the sake of fair reputation, and for the sake of doing good. He therefore lies fairly exposed to the Begging Power, ready to yield it the richest crops whenever the proper means are taken, just like a field which has as yet been in a state of nature, but could give seventy tons of turnips per acre if properly tilled and drilled. Some inconvenience may be experienced by individuals while things are going on to this pass, for some will naturally be less ready than others to take up the new weapons; but at length all will be fully armed and accoutred, and of course on a perfect equality in point of mendicatory redoubtableness; so that no one will have anything to complain of beyond his neighbours, while the funds so realised will be producing effects of a kind heretofore undreamt for the general interests of mankind.

LEGENDS RESPECTING TREES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our former selection of legends from Loudon's 'Arboretum' concluded with a quotation from an old Christmas carol in praise of holly, assigning to it a chief place in the hall, while ivy is made to stand without door, being 'full sore a-cold.' This suggests, as an appropriate beginning for our present gleanings, the mythological allusions to the latter evergreen.

The Ivy was dedicated by the ancients to Bacchus, whose statues are generally found crowned with a wreath of its leaves; and, as the favourite plant of the god of wine, its praises have been sung by almost all poets, whether ancient or modern. Many reasons have been given for the consecration to Bacchus of this plant. Some poets say that it was because the ivy has the effect of dissipating the fumes of wine; others, because it was once his favourite youth Cissus; and others, because it is said that the ivy, if planted in vineyards, will destroy the vines, and that it was thus doing an acceptable service to that plant to tear it up, and wreath it into chaplets and garlands. The most probable, however, seems to be, that the ivy is found at Nyssa, the reputed birthplace of Bacchus, and in no other part of India. The ancient Greek priests presented a wreath of ivy to newly-married persons, as a symbol of the closeness of the tie which ought to bind them together; and Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, ordered all the Jews, who would abjure their religion, and attach themselves to the superstitions of his country, to be branded with an ivy leaf. The ivy is symbolical of friendship, from the closeness of its adherence to the trees on which it has once fixed itself; hence, also, it has become a favourite device for seals—some of the best of which are, a sprig of ivy with the motto, 'I die where I attach myself;' and a fallen tree still covered with ivy, with the words, 'Even ruin cannot separate us.' Ivy is the badge of the clan Gordon.

The Jasmine is no less celebrated for the delicacy of its odour and flowers, than for the pretty love legend connected with its European history. The custom which prevails in some countries, of brides wearing jasmine flowers in their hair, is said to have arisen from the following circumstance:—A grand-duke of Tuscany had, in 1699, a plant of the deliciously-scented jasmine of Goa, which he was so careful of, that he would not suffer it to be propagated. His gardener, however, being in love with a peasant girl in the neighbourhood, gave her a sprig of this choice plant on her birthday; and he having taught her how to make cuttings, she planted the sprig as a memorial of his affection. It grew rapidly, and every one who saw it, admiring its beauty and sweetness, wished to have a plant of it. These the girl supplied from cuttings, and sold them so well, as to obtain enough of money to enable her to marry her lover. The young girls of Tuscany, in remembrance of this adventure, always deck themselves on their wedding-day with a nosegay of jasmine; and they have a proverb, 'that she who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmine, is as good as a fortune to her husband.'

The Mountain Ash has long been considered in Britain as a sovereign preservative against witchcraft. Lightfoot, in his Flora Scotica, observes, 'It is probable that this tree was in high esteem with the Druids; for it may to this day be seen growing more frequently than any other in the neighbourhood of those Druidical circles so often seen in the north of Britain; and the superstitious still continue to retain a great veneration for it, which was undoubtedly handed down to them from early antiquity. They believe that a small part of this tree, carried about them, will prove a sovereign charm against all the dire effects of enchantment and witchcraft. Their cattle, also, as well as themselves, are preserved by it from evil; for the dairymaid will not forget to drive them to the shealings, or to the summer pastures, with a rod of the rowan-tree, which she carefully lays up over the door of the sheal-boothy, or summer-house, and drives them home again with the same. In Strathspey, they make on the first of May a hoop with the wood of this tree, and in the evening and morning cause the sheep and lambs to pass through it.' This superstitious belief was recently, or is still, prevalent in Wales and the north of England; and the compiler of this article has seen, within the last ten years, a bundle of rowan-tree rods wrapped round with red thread, and placed over the door of a Lowland cottager's byre, on the ground that

> Rowan-tree and red thread
> Put the witches from their speed.

It is remarkable that nearly the same belief should exist also in India. 'I was amused and surprised,' says Bishop Heber, 'to find the superstition which in England and Scotland attaches to the rowan tree, here applied to a tree of similar form. Which nation has been in this case the imitator? or from what common centre are all these notions derived?'

The Myrtle was an especial favourite among the ancients, by whom it was held sacred to Venus. The name is said to have been taken from that of Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, a favourite of Minerva, who, suffering love to overpower her wisdom, was changed into a myrtle by her offended mistress, and taken pity on by Venus. Others say that Venus, when she first sprang from the bosom of the sea, had a wreath of myrtle round her head. The temples of this goddess were always surrounded by groves of myrtle; and in Greece she was adored under the name of Myrtilla. Pliny says that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their arms under a myrtle tree, and purified themselves with its boughs. Wreaths of myrtle were the symbols of authority worn by the Athenian magistrates; and sprigs of it were entwined with the laurel wreaths worn by those conquerors, during their triumphs, who had gained a victory without bloodshed.

The Rose has been a favourite subject with the poets in all countries and in all ages; and in mythological allusions it is equally fertile. It was dedicated by the Greeks to Aurora, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and reviving fragrance; and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms, and the wounds inflicted by its thorns. It was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of Venus; hence it was adopted as symbolical of silence. The rose was, for this reason, frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting rooms, as a warning to the guests, that what was said

in moments of conviviality should not be repeated; from which what was intended to be kept secret was said to be told 'under the rose.' The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red—according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis, and according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself. The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which the arc of his bow was strung. Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is, that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favourite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equalled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams, Bacchus bathed it in nectar, Vertumnus gave its perfume, Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself its diadem of flowers. A beetle is often represented, on antique gems, as expiring surrounded by roses; and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury—the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses, that the smell of them will cause its death.

Among the Romans, the rose was an especial favourite. They garnished their dishes with it; wore garlands of it at their feasts; strewed their banqueting apartments with its leaves; and their ladies used rose-water as a perfume. Throughout the East, it was still more extensively celebrated; the poetical allusions and legends relating to the rose being numerous enough to fill an ordinary volume. That which represents the nightingale as sighing for its love, is perhaps the prettiest, and has given rise to some of the most exquisite verses both in our own and in the Persian language. The origin of the fable is thus told in the *Language of Flowers*:—'In a curious fragment by the celebrated poet Attar, entitled *Bulbul Nameh*—the Book of the Nightingale—all the birds appear before Solomon, and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest, by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbles forth all the night in a sort of phrensy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, questioned, and acquitted by the wise king, because the bird assures him that his vehement love for the rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge.' The Persians also assert, that 'the nightingale in spring flutters round the rose bushes, uttering incessant complaints; till, overpowered by the strong scent, he drops stupified on the ground.'

The Catholic Church has also added considerably to the legendary history of the rose. A golden rose was considered so honourable a present, that none but crowned heads were thought worthy either to give or to receive it. Roses of this kind were sometimes consecrated by the popes on Good Friday, and given to such potentates as it was their particular interest or wish to load with favours; the flower itself being an emblem of the mortality of the body, and the gold of which it was composed of the immortality of the soul. The custom of blessing the rose is still preserved in Rome, and the day on which the ceremony is performed is called *Dominica in Rosâ*. The rose was always considered as a mystical emblem of the Catholic Church, and enters into the composition of most of their ecclesiastical ornaments. As a symbol of beauty and innocence, it was customary, in some countries, to award a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful in their native village—a custom which, till lately, was annually performed in some districts of France. In the middle ages, the knights at a tournament wore a rose embroidered on their sleeves, as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valour. About this period, the rose was considered so precious in France, that in several parts of the country none but the rich and powerful were allowed to cultivate it; but in later times, we find it mentioned among the rights of manors, that their owners were empowered to levy a tax, or tribute, on their tenants, of so many bushels of roses, which were used not only for making rose-water, but for covering the tables with, instead of napkins. The French parliament had formerly a day of ceremony, called *Baillee de Roses*, because great quantities of roses were then presented.

Shakspeare, who no doubt followed some old legend or chronicle, derives the assumption of the red and the white roses by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, from a quarrel in the Temple Gardens between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Lancaster. Finding that their voices were getting too loud, Plantagenet proposes that they shall

> 'In dumb significance proclaim their thoughts;'

adding,

> 'Let him who is a true-born gentleman,
> And stands upon the honour of his birth,
> If he supposes I have pleaded truth,
> From off this brier pluck a *white* rose with me.'

To which Somerset replies,

> 'Let him who is no coward, nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a *red* rose from off this thorn with me.'

Their respective followers gathered the different coloured roses; hence tradition says these flowers were adopted as the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster during the civil wars which afterwards desolated the country for more than thirty years. The York-and-Lancaster rose, which, when it comes true, has one-half of the flower red and the other white, was named in commemoration of the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. of Lancaster with Elizabeth of York.

The Rosemary is mentioned as emblematic of that constancy and devotion to the fair sex which was one of the characteristics of the days of chivalry. Garlands and chaplets were formed of myrtle, laurel, and rosemary, and put on the heads of the principal persons in feats. It was formerly held in high estimation as a comforter of the brain and a strengthener to the memory; and on the latter account is considered as the emblem of fidelity in lovers. Formerly, it was worn at weddings, and also at funerals; and is still grown for that purpose in many parts of the continent. Many allusions have been made to both customs by the poets, and also to its being a symbol of remembrance; thus Shakspeare makes Ophelia say, 'There's rosemary for you; that's for remembrance.'

The Rue, like the rosemary, being an evergreen, and retaining its appearance and taste during the whole year, is considered an emblem of remembrance and grace. It was anciently named herb grace, or herb of grace; and it is to this day called ave grace in Sussex, in allusion, doubtless, to *Ave Maria, Gratiâ Plena*. Warburton says, that rue had its name, 'herb of grace,' from its being used in exorcisms. Among the ancients, it was also used in several superstitious practices:—'You are not yet at the parsley, nor even at the rue,' was a common saying with the Greeks to those persons who, having projected an enterprise, had not begun to put it into execution. In ancient times, gardens were edged with borders of parsley and rue; and those persons who had not passed these borders, were not accounted to have entered a garden; hence, says Reid, in his 'Historical Botany,' the proverb originated.

The Laurel, or sweet bay, was considered by the ancients as the emblem of victory, and also of clemency. The Roman generals were crowned with it in their triumphal processions; every common soldier carried a sprig of it in his hand; and even the despatches announcing a victory were wrapped up in, and ornamented with, leaves of bay. The aromatic odour of these trees was supposed by the ancients to have the

around in the air as though he had wings. Then, after many break-neck movements and evolutions, before which the unaccustomed spectator grows dizzy, the dance suddenly assumes again its first quiet, careless, somewhat heavy character, and closes as it began, sunk upon the earth.

Loud shouts of applause, bestowed especially upon Harald, resounded on all sides as the dance closed. And now they all set themselves in motion for a great Halling-polska, and every "Gut" chose himself a "Jente." Harald had scarcely refreshed and strengthened himself with a can of ale, before he again hastened up to Susanna, and engaged her for the Halling-polska. She had danced it several times in her own country, and joyfully accepted Harald's invitation.

This dance, too, is deeply characteristic. It paints the Northern inhabitant's highest joy in life; it is the Berserker-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then he catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate; then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were, in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence.

Thus felt also at this time Harald and Susanna. Young, strong, agile, they swung themselves around with certainty and ease, which seemed to make the dance a sport without any effort; and with eyes steadfastly riveted on each other, they had no sense of giddiness. They whirled round, as it were, in a magic circle, to the strange magical music. The understrings sounded strong and strange. The peculiar enchanted power which lies in the clear deeps of the water, in the mysterious recesses of the mountains, in the shades of dark caves, which the skalds have celebrated under the names of mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-women, and which drag down the heart so forcibly into unknown, wondrous deeps—this dark song of Nature is heard in the understrings* of the Halling's playful, but yet at the same time melancholy tones. It deeply seized upon Susanna's soul, and Harald also seemed to experience this enchantment. Leaving the wilder movements of the dance, they moved around ever quieter, arm in arm.

"O, so through life!" whispered Harald's lips, almost involuntarily, as he looked deep into Susanna's moistly beaming eyes; and, "O, so through life!" was answered in Susanna's heart, but her lips remained closed.' The pleasure infused into Susanna's heart by this incident was not destined to be of long continuance. Alette had formed an unfavourable opinion of her with reference to her irritable temper, and thought it necessary to remonstrate with Harald on his evidently growing attachment. Susanna chanced to overhear her words, and returned from the dance with the most agonised feelings.

Obstructions arise from this cause to the progress of the loves of these young persons; but they are ultimately overcome. Not long after the *fête*, Mrs Hjelm was induced to undertake a dangerous journey over snow-clad mountains, to clear up the mystery which had long impended over the family. Her faithful servitors accompanied her, and but for the energy and courage of Susanna, would have perished in the snow. The mission was accomplished, and Harald discovered to be his mistress's nephew. A new strife then arose in Susanna's mind; she feared that Harald's rise in station would make him esteem her the less on account of her own humble birth. She then bethought her of her dear little Hulda, and resolved to fly from her present situation, and return to that unfailing object of affection. A kind contrivance of theirs prevented her from leaving them. When she had fully determined to do so, she sought her chamber, opened the door—' entered—and stood dumb with astonishment. Were her senses confused, or did she now first wake out of year-long dreams? She saw herself again in that little room in which she had spent so many years of her youth—in that little room which she herself had fitted up, had painted and embellished, and had often described to Harald; and there, by the window, stood the little Hulda's bed, with its flowery coverlet and blue muslin hangings. This scene caused the blood to rush violently to Susanna's heart, and, out of herself, she cried—"Hulda! my little Hulda!"

"Here I am, Sanna! Here is thy little Hulda!" answered the clear joyous voice of a child, and the coverlet of the bed moved, and an angelically beautiful child's head peeped out, and two small white arms stretched themselves towards Susanna. With a cry of almost wild joy Susanna sprang forward, and clasped the little sister in her arms.

Susanna was pale, wept and laughed, and knew not for some time what went on around her. But when she had collected herself, she found herself sitting on Hulda's bed, with the child folded in her arms, and over the little light-locked head lifted itself a manly one, with an expression of deep seriousness and gentle emotion.

"Intreat Susanna, little Hulda," said Harald, "that she bestow a little regard on me, and that she does not say nay to what you have granted me; beg that I may call little Hulda my daughter, and that I may call your Susanna my Susanna!"

"O yes! That shalt thou, Susanna!" exclaimed little Hulda, while she, with child-like affection, threw her arms about Susanna's neck, and continued zealously, "Oh, do like him, Susanna! He likes thee so much; that he has told me so often; and he has himself brought me hither to give thee joy. And seest thou this beautiful necklace he has given me; and he has promised to tell me such pleasant stories in winter. He can tell so many, do you know! Hast thou heard about Rypan in Justedale, Sanna? He has told me that! and about the good lady who went about after the Black Death, and collected all the motherless little children, and was a mother to them. O Sanna! do like him, and let him be my father!"

Susanna let the little prattler go on, without being able to say a word. She buried her face in her bosom, and endeavoured to collect her confused thoughts.

"Susanna!" prayed Harald, restlessly and tenderly, "look at me! Speak to me a kind word!"

Then raised Susanna her burning and tear-bathed countenance, saying, "O! how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

"How?" said Harald, "by making me happy, Susanna; by becoming my wife."

Susanna stood up, while she said with as much candour as cordiality, "God knows best how happy I should feel myself, if I could believe—if words were spoken for your own sake, and not merely for mine. But, ah! I cannot do it. I know that it is your generosity and goodness——"

"Generosity? Then am I right generous towards myself; for I assure you, Susanna, that I never thought more of my own advantage than at this moment; that I am now as completely egotistical as you could desire."

"And your sister Alette," continued Susanna, with downcast eyes; "I know that she does not wish to call me her sister, and——"

"And since Alette once was so stupid," said now a friendly female voice, "therefore is she here to deprecate it." And Alette embraced heartily the astonished Susanna, whilst she continued—"O Susanna! without you, I should now no longer have a brother. I know you

* The understrings of the so-called Hardanger fiddle are four metal strings, which lie under the sounding-board. They are tuned in unison with the upper catgut strings, whereby, as well as by the peculiar form of the violin itself, this gives forth a singular strong, almost melancholy sound.

Oh! she was, in short, an angel of Heaven! The little chamber which Susanna inhabited with her little Hulda, and which she herself had changed from an unused lumber-room into a pretty chamber, and whose walls she herself painted, she painted now from memory yet once more for Harald; and how the bed of the little Hulda was surrounded with a light-blue muslin curtain; and how a sunbeam stole into the chamber in the morning, in order to shine on the pillow of the child, and to kiss her little curly head. How roguish was the little one when Susanna came in late at night to go to bed, and cast her first glance on the bed in which her darling lay. But she saw her not, for Hulda drew her little head under the coverlet to hide herself from her sister. Susanna then would pretend to seek for the little one; but she needed only to say with an anxious voice, "Where—ah! where is my little Hulda?" in order to decoy forth the head of the little one, to see her arms stretched out, and to hear her say, "Here I am, Sanna! here is thy little Hulda!" And she had then her little darling in her arms, and pressed her to her heart; then was Susanna happy, and forgot all the cares and the fatigues of the day. At the remembrance of these hours Susanna's tears often flowed, and prevented her remarking the kindly glow which sometimes lit up Harald's eyes.'

In one of their moments of 'peace,' Susanna and Harald got permission to join a Christmas fête at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, and this gives occasion for a charming picture of the simple society of Norway. 'When, after a drive of about six miles, they approached the parsonage-house, they saw from all sides the little sledges issuing from the passes of the valleys, and then hastening forward in the same direction as themselves across the fields of snow. Steaming breath came from the nostrils of the snorting horses, and merrily jingled the bells in the clear air. Susanna was enraptured.

No less was she enraptured by the cordiality with which she saw herself received at the parsonage—she, a foreign serving-maiden—by wealthy and respectable people. Susanna was, besides this, very curious to see how things looked, and how they went on in a respectable parsonage in Norway; and it was therefore very agreeable to her when the kind Madame Middelberg invited her to see the house, and allowed her to be conducted by her eldest daughter, Thea Middelberg, everywhere, from the cellar even to the garret. Susanna conceived great esteem for the arrangements in the parsonage-house; thought that she could learn various things from it; other things, however, she thought would have been better, according to her Swedish method. Returned to the company, Susanna found much to notice and much to reflect upon. For the rest, she was through the whole of this day in a sort of mental excitement. It seemed to her as if she saw the picture of comfort and happiness, of which she had sometimes dreamed, here realised. It seemed to her that life amid these grand natural scenes and simple manners must be beautiful; the relationship between parents and children, between masters and servants, appeared so cordial, so patriarchal. She heard the servants in the house of the clergyman call him and his wife father and mother; she saw the eldest daughter of the house assist in waiting on the guests, and that so joyously and easily, that one saw that she did it from her heart; saw a frank satisfaction upon all faces, a freedom from care, and a simplicity in the behaviour of all; and all this made Susanna feel quite light at heart, whilst it called forth a certain tearful glance in her eye.

"Have you pleasure in flowers?" inquired the friendly Thea Middelberg; and when Susanna declared that she had, she broke off the most beautiful rose which bloomed in the window and gave to her. But the greatest pleasure to Susanna was in the two youngest children of the house, and she thought that *the heartful "mora mi"* (my mother) was the most harmonious sound which she had ever heard. And in that Susanna was right also; for more lovely words than these "mora mi," spoken by affectionate childish lips, are not in the earth. The little Mina, a child about Hulda's age, and full of life and animation, was, in particular, dear to Susanna, who only wished that the little romp would have taken a longer rest upon her knee. Susanna herself won quite unwittingly the perfect favour of the hostess, by starting up at table at a critical moment when the dinner was being served, and with a light and firm hand saving the things from danger. After this she continued to give a helpful hand where it was needful. This pleased much, and they noticed the young Swede with ever kinder eyes; she knew it, and thought all the more on those who thought of her.

Towards the end of the substantial and savoury dinner, skal was drunk, and songs were sung. Susanna's glass must clink with her neighbours, right and left, straight before her, and crosswise; and, animated by the general spirit, she joined in with the beautiful people's song, "The old sea-girded Norway."'

Amidst the strife and peace which alternately marked the companionship of Harald and Susanna, the steward's sister, Alette, arrived to pay him a visit, and the three friends soon after went together to a rural *fête* of a kind peculiar to Norway, called the Halling, which takes place in a glade in a forest, and is attended by the young of both sexes in appropriate dresses. The description of this scene has novelty and interest. 'Never had Susanna looked so well and so happy; but then neither had she ever enjoyed such pleasure. The lovely evening; the tones of the music; the life of the dance; Harald's looks, which expressed in a high degree his satisfaction; the delighted happy faces which she saw around her—never before had she thought life so pleasant! And nearly all seemed to feel so too, and all swung round from the joy of their hearts; silver buckles jingled, and shilling after shilling* danced down into the little gaily-painted Hardanger fiddle, which was played upon with transporting spirit by an old man, of an expressive and energetic exterior.

After the first dance, people rested for a moment. They ate apples, and drank Hardanger ale out of silver cans. After this there arose an almost universal cry, which challenged Harald and another young man, who was renowned for his agility and strength, to dance together a "lös Halling." They did not require much persuasion, and stepped into the middle of the circle, which enlarged itself, and closed around them.

The musician tuned his instrument, and with his head bowed upon his breast, began to play with an expression and a life that might be called inspired. It was one of the wild Maliserkund's most genial compositions. Was it imagined with the army, in the bivouac under the free nightly heaven, or in—"slavery," amid evil-doers? Nobody knows; but in both situations has it charmed forth tones, like his own restless life, which never will pass from the memory of the people. Now took the Hardanger fiddle for the first time its right sound. Universal applause followed the dancing of the young men; but the highest interest was excited by Harald, who, in the dance, awoke actual astonishment.

Perhaps there is no dance which expresses more than the Halling the temper of the people who originated it, which better reflects the life and character of the inhabitants of the North. It begins, as it were, upon the ground, amid jogging little hops, accompanied by movements of the arms, in which, as it were, a great strength plays negligently. It is somewhat bear-like, indolent, clumsy, half-dreaming. But it wakes; it becomes earnest. Then the dancers rise up and dance, and display themselves in expressions of power, in which strength and dexterity seem to divert themselves by playing with indolence and clumsiness, and to overcome them. The same person who just before seemed fettered to the earth, springs aloft, and throws himself

* About a farthing.

around in the air as though he had wings. Then, after many break-neck movements and evolutions, before which the unaccustomed spectator grows dizzy, the dance suddenly assumes again its first quiet, careless, somewhat heavy character, and closes as it began, sunk upon the earth.

Loud shouts of applause, bestowed especially upon Harald, resounded on all sides as the dance closed. And now they all set themselves in motion for a great Halling-polska, and every "Gut" chose himself a "Jente." Harald had scarcely refreshed and strengthened himself with a can of ale, before he again hastened up to Susanna, and engaged her for the Halling-polska. She had danced it several times in her own country, and joyfully accepted Harald's invitation.

This dance, too, is deeply characteristic. It paints the Northern inhabitant's highest joy in life; it is the Berserker-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then he catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate; then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were, in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence.

Thus felt also at this time Harald and Susanna. Young, strong, agile, they swung themselves around with certainty and ease, which seemed to make the dance a sport without any effort; and with eyes steadfastly riveted on each other, they had no sense of giddiness. They whirled round, as it were, in a magic circle, to the strange magical music. The understrings sounded strong and strange. The peculiar enchanted power which lies in the clear deeps of the water, in the mysterious recesses of the mountains, in the shades of dark caves, which the skalds have celebrated under the names of mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-women, and which drag down the heart so forcibly into unknown, wondrous deeps—this dark song of Nature is heard in the understrings* of the Halling's playful, but yet at the same time melancholy tones. It deeply seized upon Susanna's soul, and Harald also seemed to experience this enchantment. Leaving the wilder movements of the dance, they moved around ever quieter, arm in arm.

"O, so through life!" whispered Harald's lips, almost involuntarily, as he looked deep into Susanna's moistly beaming eyes; and, "O, so through life!" was answered in Susanna's heart, but her lips remained closed.' The pleasure infused into Susanna's heart by this incident was not destined to be of long continuance. Alette had formed an unfavourable opinion of her with reference to her irritable temper, and thought it necessary to remonstrate with Harald on his evidently growing attachment. Susanna chanced to overhear her words, and returned from the dance with the most agonised feelings.

Obstructions arise from this cause to the progress of the loves of these young persons; but they are ultimately overcome. Not long after the *fête*, Mrs Hjelm was induced to undertake a dangerous journey over snow-clad mountains, to clear up the mystery which had long impended over the family. Her faithful servitors accompanied her, and but for the energy and courage of Susanna, would have perished in the snow. The mission was accomplished, and Harald discovered to be his mistress's nephew. A new strife then arose in Susanna's mind; she feared that Harald's rise in station would make him esteem her the less on account of her own humble birth. She then bethought her of her dear little Hulda, and resolved to fly from her present situation, and return to that unfailing object of affection. A kind contrivance of theirs prevented her from leaving them. When she had fully determined to do so, she sought her chamber, opened the door—' entered—and stood dumb with astonishment. Were her senses confused, or did she now first wake out of year-long dreams? She saw herself again in that little room in which she had spent so many years of her youth—in that little room which she herself had fitted up, had painted and embellished, and had often described to Harald; and there, by the window, stood the little Hulda's bed, with its flowery coverlet and blue muslin hangings. This scene caused the blood to rush violently to Susanna's heart, and, out of herself, she cried—"Hulda! my little Hulda!"

"Here I am, Sanna! Here is thy little Hulda!" answered the clear joyous voice of a child, and the coverlet of the bed moved, and an angelically beautiful child's head peeped out, and two small white arms stretched themselves towards Susanna. With a cry of almost wild joy Susanna sprang forward, and clasped the little sister in her arms.

Susanna was pale, wept and laughed, and knew not for some time what went on around her. But when she had collected herself, she found herself sitting on Hulda's bed, with the child folded in her arms, and over the little light-locked head lifted itself a manly one, with an expression of deep seriousness and gentle emotion.

"Intreat Susanna, little Hulda," said Harald, "that she bestow a little regard on me, and that she does not say nay to what you have granted me; beg that I may call little Hulda my daughter, and that I may call your Susanna my Susanna!"

"O yes! That shalt thou, Susanna!" exclaimed little Hulda, while she, with child-like affection, threw her arms about Susanna's neck, and continued zealously, "Oh, do like him, Susanna! He likes thee so much; that he has told me so often; and he has himself brought me hither to give thee joy. And seest thou this beautiful necklace he has given me; and he has promised to tell me such pleasant stories in winter. He can tell so many, do you know! Hast thou heard about Rypan in Justedale, Sanna? He has told me that! and about the good lady who went about after the Black Death, and collected all the motherless little children, and was a mother to them. O Sanna! do like him, and let him be my father!"

Susanna let the little prattler go on, without being able to say a word. She buried her face in her bosom, and endeavoured to collect her confused thoughts.

"Susanna!" prayed Harald, restlessly and tenderly, "look at me! Speak to me a kind word!"

Then raised Susanna her burning and tear-bathed countenance, saying, "O! how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

"How?" said Harald, "by making me happy, Susanna; by becoming my wife."

Susanna stood up, while she said with as much candour as cordiality, "God knows best how happy I should feel myself, if I could believe—if words were spoken for your own sake, and not merely for mine. But, ah! I cannot do it. I know that it is your generosity and goodness——"

"Generosity? Then am I right generous towards myself; for I assure you, Susanna, that I never thought more of my own advantage than at this moment; that I am now as completely egotistical as you could desire."

"And your sister Alette," continued Susanna, with downcast eyes; "I know that she does not wish to call me her sister, and——"

"And since Alette once was so stupid," said now a friendly female voice, "therefore is she here to deprecate it." And Alette embraced heartily the astonished Susanna, whilst she continued—"O Susanna! without you, I should now no longer have a brother. I know you

* The understrings of the so-called Hardanger fiddle are four metal strings, which lie under the sounding-board. They are tuned in unison with the upper catgut strings, whereby, as well as by the peculiar form of the violin itself, this gives forth a singular strong, almost melancholy sound.

better now, and I have read in the depths of his heart, and know that he can now no longer be happy but through you. Therefore I implore you, Susanna, implore you earnestly, to make him happy. Be his wife, Susanna, and be my sister."

"And you, too, Alette," said Susanna, deeply moved; "will you, too, mislead me with your sweet words? Ah! could you make me forget that it is my weakness—that is, I who, through my confession, have called forth—— But that can I never; and therefore can I not believe you, ye good, ye noble ones! And therefore I implore and adjure you——"

"What fine speeches are making here?" now interrupted a solemn voice, and Mrs Astrid stood before the affectionately contending group, and spoke thus with an assumed sternness. "I will hope that my young relatives, and my daughter Susanna, do not take upon them to transact and to determine important affairs without taking me into the council! But, yes, I perceive by your guilty countenances that this is the fact; and therefore I shall punish you altogether. Not another word of the business, then, till eight days are over; and then I demand and require, as lady and mistress of this house, that the dispute be brought before me, and that I have a word to say in the decision. Susanna remains here in the meantime in safe keeping, and I myself shall undertake to watch her. Dost thou believe seriously, Susanna," and Mrs Astrid's voice changed into the most affectionate tones, while she clasped the young maiden in her arms—"dost thou believe that thou canst so easily escape me? No, no, my child! thou deceivest thyself there. Since thou hast saved our lives, thou hast become our life-captive—thou, and with thy little Hulda! But supper is laid under the lime-trees in the garden, my child; and let us gather strength from it for the approaching strife."' It was thus that all strife ended, and the two lovers were at length made happy in the approved method.

RECENT POLYTECHNIC EXHIBITIONS IN LIVERPOOL AND LEEDS.

It has become common of late years, especially in the English manufacturing districts, to open what are called Public Exhibitions of works of art, models of machinery, antiquities and curiosities, natural history, philosophical apparatus, specimens of various manufactures, and objects illustrative of several operations in the useful arts. These exhibitions have, in general, been held in connexion with mechanics' or other educational institutions, to whose benefit the proceeds are applied. In many instances considerable sums have been realised, and thus a twofold advantage is derived by the public—first, in the pleasure and instruction obtained from the exhibitions, and afterwards from the appropriation of the funds to the diffusion of knowledge at a cheap rate. All these exhibitions are essentially *public* in their character. The articles contributed being lent by the public, their management is intrusted to a public committee; and the benefits resulting from them, both in money and otherwise, are reaped by the public.

To give some idea of the nature and extent of these exhibitions, we propose to describe three that have recently been held in Liverpool and Leeds, and to give some account of the institutions in connexion with which they were opened.

Liverpool, it is well known, contains the largest Mechanics' Institution in the kingdom. The directors of this establishment have gone far beyond the original idea of a Mechanics' Institution; for while they have most fully carried out the plan of lectures, evening classes, and a library, they have also established day schools, under the names of the Lower and the High School, for the instruction of children of the working and middle classes. These schools have hitherto been attended with much success, and contained, according to the last report, 846 pupils. The number of members in March 1843 was 3375, of whom 404 were ladies, and 674 apprentices. The evening classes are conducted by thirty-one masters, and the average attendance is about 400 each evening. Lectures are delivered regularly twice a-week to audiences of from 600 to 1300. The library contains upwards of 11,000 volumes; and sometimes more than 500 volumes are taken out in one day. In the large and commodious lecture room, a powerful concerto organ, built by Hill of London, has lately been erected, for the purpose of giving increased effect to the musical lectures, and adding to the attractions of the institution. This organ is played regularly on lecture evenings for about half an hour before the lecture commences, and while the members are taking their seats. The institution also possesses a museum and a sculpture gallery, which contains a large collection of statues, casts, &c. and to which many valuable additions have recently been made.

The exhibition which was held in June and July 1842 occupied twenty large rooms. The first that the visitor entered contained a number of looms for weaving fringes, silk, &c. at which workmen were regularly employed. In the next, letter-press and lithographic printers were at work, printing various documents relating to the institution; while the processes of book-binding and engraving in all their branches were at the same time going on. In the third apartment, the walls of which were hung round with specimens of costly carpets, were workmen employed in stocking-weaving and lace-making. Passing from this, the visitor entered a long room containing an extensive collection of philosophical apparatus, models of ships, of steam-engines, &c. A portion of the philosophical apparatus was kept at work, and such parties as chose, received shocks from electrical machines and small galvanic batteries. Under this room was another, which contained a working steam-engine and a collection of machinery. There was also a canal surrounded by a railway, on which a model of a locomotive engine was shown at work. Contiguous to this apartment, the processes of glass-blowing and likeness-cutting were exhibited, as also a potter's wheel, on which were fashioned wares, &c. according to any form which visitors suggested to the workman. On ascending to the upper floor of the building, the visitor found himself in the natural history museum, which contained upwards of 200 specimens, all tastefully and neatly arranged. Adjoining this was a room in which were displayed about 250 autographs, many of them very rare and curious, and among which were twenty-one of English kings and queens, and eight of foreign princes. The next room contained architectural models and specimens of papier maché ornaments, after inspecting which, the visitor was introduced to the picture-gallery. This was ninety feet in length, lighted from the roof, with its walls completely covered with paintings. It contained 276 pictures, among which were Haydon's well-known painting of the Anti-Slavery Conference, Maclise's Bohemian Gipsies, and many others of great merit. In a line with this room were the museum and sculpture-gallery. In the latter, the visitor found himself surrounded by specimens of the great works of the ancient sculptors, while in the centre there was a fountain, surrounded by plants, which cast up jets of water, thus imparting a coolness and fragrance to

the gallery, and rendering it a delightful promenade. Two rooms next to this contained a collection of nearly 1000 antiquities, curiosities, &c. many of which were very valuable. A single article—a musical clock, with railway carriages passing in front, and two vases of flowers—was valued at 100 guineas. An apartment on the same range contained a collection of between 300 and 400 engravings and water-colour drawings, and the room next to it was filled with paintings by Liverpool artists, and portraits of Liverpool men. In the large lecture-hall, exhibitions of dissolving views, &c. by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, took place twice a-day. The play-ground of the High School was roofed in to accommodate the extensive collection of North American Indian curiosities, &c. belonging to Mr George Catlin, the celebrated traveller. The exhibition was open for six weeks, and in a statement published after its close, it was calculated that, during that time, the total number of visitors could not be fewer than 97,000. About 20,000 pupils belonging to the different charity schools of the town were admitted once gratuitously, as were also the police and military forces, and 380 domestic servants. The total sum realised, after paying expenses, was stated to be £2000.

The Liverpool Collegiate Institution was established in 1839, by a number of influential and wealthy gentlemen, for the purpose of affording to the higher, middle, and working-classes a secular education, combined with religious instruction founded on the tenets of the church of England. The building is one of the most handsome and magnificent in Liverpool. The foundation-stone was laid by Lord Stanley on the 22d December 1840, and the institution was opened in January 1843 by Mr Gladstone, now president of the Board of Trade. The cost of its erection was about £38,000. It contains upwards of forty class and other rooms, and has extensive play-grounds adjoining. The lecture-room is capable of accommodating about 2700 persons, and is fitted up with two galleries, a large platform, and orchestra. There are three day-schools open in the institution, called respectively the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower Schools. They are conducted by a principal, two vice-principals, and twenty other masters. There are also various evening classes, conducted by fourteen masters. No official report of the numbers attending the various schools has yet been published; but it was stated by the Rev. J. Brooks, senior rector of Liverpool, at the distribution of prizes at Christmas 1843, that the numbers at both day and evening schools were then 1030. Lectures are delivered regularly twice a-week, and the charge of admission to them is different to different parts of the lecture-room.

The exhibition in connexion with this institution was held in June and July 1843. It occupied no fewer than forty-one rooms, including the large lecture hall. In various rooms were exhibited the processes of book-binding, paper-ruling, letter-press, copperplate, and lithographic printing, fringe weaving, manufacture of tassels, stocking weaving, fustian cutting, ivory carving, and pin making. There was also a shawl-loom from Paisley, at which a workman was constantly employed, weaving shawls according to a pattern made expressly for the occasion; and the process of hearth-rug weaving was shown in the production of a rug embodying a view of the institution. There was an extensive collection of models of ships, and one of a ship-launch. Another of a steamer, propelled by the Archimedean screw, was exhibited at work in a circular basin of water, towing a full-rigged model of a merchantman. The processes of hatching eggs by means of hot water, and of cooking meat by gas, were also exhibited. There were also a cutter of likenesses, and a potter constantly at work. One of the rooms was completely occupied by a large and beautiful model of Hobart Town, in which, it was stated, every street and house was accurately represented. The harbour and bay consisted of 'real water,' and vessels were observed riding at anchor in the roadstead, unloading at the quay, and stranded on the shore. The walls of the room were hung with panoramic views of the same town. In one of the apartments there was a type-composing and distributing machine, invented by Captain Rosenberg, at which two boys were constantly employed. This machine, from its ingenuity and novelty, formed a very interesting part of the exhibition. Another room was completely filled with Chinese curiosities, all arranged with the utmost neatness. Other rooms contained collections of miscellaneous antiquities and curiosities, philosophical apparatus, and models of steam-engines. The picture gallery was considered to be the largest and most handsome exhibition of paintings that had ever been opened in Liverpool. It was 218 feet long, but its breadth and height were not in proportion to this length. It was lighted from the roof, and contained 420 paintings by eminent British and foreign artists. At each end of this gallery was a small room containing statuary; and a number of paintings and engravings were distributed over the other rooms. At the top of one of the staircases there was a fountain surrounded with plants. Two large mirrors were placed near it, which, by multiplying the objects, added greatly to the effect. In the lecture-hall, concerts of vocal and instrumental music were regularly held, and dissolving views and a panorama of the Eglinton tournament were exhibited twice each day.

Amongst the objects presented on both occasions in Liverpool was 'Allart's Happy Family,' a collection of mild and fierce animals, which live together on the most amicable terms in one cage. The hawk and the starling were seen feeding from the same piece of meat; the cat permitted mice and rats to repose on her body without molestation; and the pigeon might jostle the drowsy owl without danger of being attacked.

The Leeds Mechanics' Institution was established in 1825, and continued to exist on a very small scale until 1839, when the proceeds of an exhibition enabled the directors to purchase a building consisting of a lecture-hall, capable of accommodating about 400 persons, and several smaller apartments for class-rooms. A Literary Institution was established in Leeds in 1834, whose objects differed very slightly from those of the Mechanics' Institution. In 1842 the members of these institutions thought that the objects of each would be better obtained if they were united; and a union accordingly took place in 1842, which was celebrated by a grand soirée, at which Earl Fitzwilliam, Thomas Wyse, Esq. Professors Buckland and Liebig, Drs Daubeny and Playfair, &c. attended. It has been found that the institutions work harmoniously together, and that they are more effective now than they were when separate. The last report is dated January 1844, and from it we find that the number of members and subscribers was then 770, of whom 178 were under eighteen years of age. The evening classes are seven in number, and the average attendance is between 40 and 50 each evening. The library contains above 5000 volumes, and circulates, on an average, about 100 volumes per day. Courses of paid lectures are delivered as often as the funds of the institution will permit; and a regular series of papers, on interesting and instructive subjects, are read by gentlemen connected with the institution, and are always followed by a discussion. The attendance at paid lectures is from 350 to 500, and at papers about 150.

The exhibition in connexion with the Leeds institution was opened in July 1843, and remained open for four months. It was on a much smaller scale than those at Liverpool. It occupied six rooms. The picture-gallery was 71 feet long and 18 broad, and contained 128 paintings by distinguished artists. Ranged round the sides of this room were collections of natural history, curiosities, &c. A small circular room adjoining this was tastefully fitted up with 141 small paintings and water-colour drawings. The largest room, called the Saloon, was about 53 feet long and 36 broad. At one end there was an organ, which was played at various

times, and, on some occasions, by the celebrated Dr Wesley, organist of the parish church, Leeds. In the centre of this room there was a fountain throwing up jets of water; a circular canal, on which floated models of ships and steamers; and a circular railway, with a tunnel, on which models of locomotive engines were frequently made to work. Models of various kinds of engines were also exhibited in action. The processes of lithographic printing, likeness-cutting, silvering glass, and electrotype engraving, were also exhibited; and lectures were regularly delivered on chemistry, galvanism, pneumatics, hydrostatics, &c. illustrated by many interesting experiments. The walls were decorated with paintings. An adjoining room contained a large collection of ancient armour from the Tower of London, a great quantity of coins, autographs, curiosities, &c. There were 412 English coins arranged in chronological order, beginning with the first ancient British coins of lead and tin, and ending with those of Queen Victoria. There were also 56 Scotch coins, beginning with a penny of Alexander II., and ending with some coins of Queen Anne's reign, which were the last coined at the royal mint in Scotland. A room was set apart for machinery, and in it were exhibited a steam-engine of six-horse power, and other machines, at work. Another apartment was occupied with a diving-bell, which accommodated four or five persons. During the time that the exhibition was open, between 5000 and 6000 persons went down in the diving-bell, each of whom paid sixpence, and was furnished with a certificate, 'serving,' said the catalogue, 'as a record of the courage of the parties.' In the same room were exhibited dissolving views by the oxy-hydrogen microscope. The total amount realised by this exhibition, after paying all necessary expenses, was about L.400.

It would be superfluous to enter into any disquisition on the various good effects that such exhibitions must produce. From the necessarily rapid and cursory sketch which has here been given of them, it will be seen that few could attend them without receiving much pleasure of a pure and elevating kind. The trains of thought into which the various objects exhibited naturally led the mind, the healthy curiosity which they excited, and the expansion of ideas which such a collection of the beautiful and useful in nature and art is fitted to produce, must have had a very beneficial and stimulating effect. But in forming an estimate of the value of these exhibitions as means for elevating the character of the people, there are many circumstances which diminish, in some degree, the influence that on a first glance might be attributed to them. The collection of articles is so large, and the time generally occupied in exhibiting them so short, that the knowledge and pleasure which they produce are necessarily evanescent. If they were to be permanent, the case would be different; but this is rendered impossible by the manner in which the articles are contributed. In an exhibition made up of articles from private collections, it is not to be expected that all departments will be as complete, or arranged with as much accuracy and care, as they would have been if the exhibition were opened for any particular scientific purpose. The arrangement is generally made more with the view of obtaining neatness and compactness, than scientific order; and thus, though more pleasure may be communicated to the eye, there is less instruction imparted to the mind.

The importance of these exhibitions cannot for a moment be compared with that of the institutions in connexion with which they have been opened. The former are showy and temporary; the latter are solid and permanent. The exhibition, while open, may be more popular and lucrative; but the institution is more beneficial, and its interests ought on no account whatever to be sacrificed, even in the smallest degree, for the sake of a temporary gain. The exhibition may be said to represent the holidays passed in cheerful pleasure, as agreeable as it is temporary; while the institution resembles the regular school session passed in calmness and quiet, and in the attainment of solid and useful instruction, by whose aid the journey of life is to be performed.

DR GUILLOTIN.

With the machine to which the above physician was the unwitting sponsor, is associated the wholesale decapitations which took place during the French Revolution. It has thus conferred an unenviable notoriety on a man who appears to have possessed a large share of humanity, and whose gravest fault was the bad vanity which he expressed about his invention—that invention being after all not certainly his, as similar instruments had been used long before in Italy, Germany, England, Scotland, and even France itself. It is only recently that the true history of this man, and of the machine which bore his name, has been completed; first, by the discovery (in 1835) of some documents in the Hotel de Ville of Paris, and next by a pamphlet, written by M. Louis du Bois, published last year.*

We learn from the Biographie Universelle, that Joseph Ignace Guillotin was born in 1738 at Saintes, an ancient town on the lower banks of the river Charente. After having received the rudiments of education, he composed an essay to obtain the degree of master of arts from the university of Bordeaux. This composition produced a lively sensation; and the Jesuits, who invariably tried to connect every person of talent with their order, persuaded him to enter the fraternity, and Guillotin was appointed a professor in the Irish college at Bordeaux. After a few years, however, ambition prompted him to quit the religious habit, and he went to Paris to study medicine. There he soon distinguished himself as a diligent pupil of Antoine Petit, the most learned professor of his time. So ardent was he in the pursuit of medical knowledge, that he organised a certain number of his fellow-pupils into a society, to render a mutual account of the instruction they had derived from the lessons of their master. At length the good use he made of his days as a student met their reward: he obtained a diploma from the faculty of Rheims, and afterwards carried off, from a host of competitors, the prize given by the Paris faculty, which was the title of Doctor-Regent. From that time he was placed, in the opinion of the public, amongst the first physicians of the capital.

When the famous Mesmer broached his doctrine of animal magnetism, Louis XVI. ordered a commission to inquire into the merits of the theory, and Guillotin was appointed one of its members; but at this time the distant murmurs of the revolutionary storm were heard, and both the king and the royal physician had weightier matters to occupy their attention than mesmerism. Louis attempted to meet the coming tempest by organising a popular assembly under the title of the States General, while Guillotin, taking the general tone of the time, published what was thought a disloyal pamphlet, under the title of 'Petition of the Citizens domiciled in Paris.'† For this he was summoned to the bar of the French parliament to render an account of his opinions. The issue of the affair was favourable to him; and the populace carried him from the parliament house in triumph. His popularity now increased, and, after a time, he was elected a member of the States General. In this national assembly Guillotin chiefly directed his attention to medical reform; and it was in

* Recherches Historiques et Physiologiques sur la Guillotine, &c. Paris. 1843.

† Besides the *Pétition des Citoyens Domiciliés à Paris*, Guillotin published (in 1788) two other pieces, which formed an octavo of thirty-five pages: thus much from the Biographie Universelle—but in a book published in 1796, entitled Portraits of Celebrated Persons, we find it denied that Guillotin wrote these pamphlets, having only 'fathered' them, the real author being a lawyer named Hardouin, who was afraid of the consequences of the publication.

a debate concerning capital punishments that a circumstance occurred which, though somewhat ludicrous in itself, handed his name down to posterity in a manner which he bitterly regretted to the latest moment of his existence.

It appears that, under the old system of things, it was a *privilege* of the nobility, when condemned to death, to be beheaded instead of hanged. Singular as it may seem, this was complained of by the malcontents of the day as an odious distinction. To do away with it, Dr Guillotin framed, and, on the 10th of October 1789, proposed in the National Assembly a series of resolutions, the first three of which were—'1. Crimes of the same kind shall be punished by the same kind of punishment, whatever be the rank of the criminal. 2. In all cases (whatever be the crime) of capital punishment, it shall be of the same kind—that is, beheading—and it shall be executed by means of a machine [*l'effet d'un simple mécanisme*]. 3. Crime being personal, the punishment, whatever it may be, of a criminal, shall inflict no disgrace on his family.' These propositions were adjourned, as it seems, without a debate; but on the 1st of December the doctor brought them forward again, preceding his motion by reading a long and detailed report in their favour, to which, unluckily for the history of the guillotine, the Assembly did not pay the usual compliment of printing it, and no copy was found amongst Guillotin's papers. The circumstance which so lastingly attached his name to the beheading machine also proved that his propositions were not very attentively received: the debate finished abruptly, in consequence of a curious expression which he used. He had been, it would seem, describing the proposed instrument as his own invention; and, having argued that hanging was a tedious and torturing process, exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, 'Now, with my machine, I cut off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you never feel it!'* This strange expression produced a general laugh, which ended the discussion. Alas! amongst the laughers there were scores of the after-victims of the yet unborn cause of their merriment.

The unlucky expression of Dr Guillotin passed into a jest, which was indelibly fixed on him by a song that appeared a few days afterwards in a comic periodical supported by the royalist party, and the humour of which turned on his being supposed to wish for a swifter mode of killing than the professional one which he had previously practised.

Guillotin,
Politician,
And physician,
Bethought himself, 'tis plain,
That hanging's not humane
Nor patriotic;
And straightway showed
A clever mode
To kill—without a pang—men;
Which, void of rope or stakes,
Suppression makes
Of hangmen.

'Twas thought, and not in vain,
That this slim
Hippocrates' limb
Was jealous to obtain
The exclusive right of killing,
By quicker means than pilling.

The patriot keen,
Guillotin,
The best advice to have,
Before the next debate
Consults *Coupe-tête*,
Chapelier and *Barnave*; †

And then off-hand
His genius planned
That machine
That 'simply' kills—that's all—
Which after him we call
'Guillotine.'

This jeu d'esprit became very popular, and the name of Guillotine, which it gave in derision, and by anticipation, clung to the fatal machine when it was finally adopted, and for ever after. It appears that the bad taste of jesting on so grave and solemn a subject did not escape notice, for in the Moniteur of the 18th December 1789, appear some 'observations on the motion of Dr Guillotin, for the adoption of a machine which should behead animals in the twinkling of an eye,' and censuring the 'levity with which some of the periodical papers have made trivial and indecent remarks thereon.'

To show how unjustly Guillotin's name has been treated by posterity, it is only necessary to add, that the above is nearly all the connexion he had with the so-called guillotine; for at the time he talked of '*my* machine,' it does not appear that he had made either a model or so much as a drawing of it, and it could only have existed as an *idea* in his mind, whether borrowed or original, it is now impossible to determine. The fact is, that the first guillotine was not constructed till three years afterwards, and with the making of it Guillotin had nothing whatever to do!

Though the doctor's propositions were laughed off on the 1st of December 1789, yet every one of them were eventually adopted. That which first came under discussion was the third, by which every stain of disgrace was to be removed from the relations and families of criminals. About the middle of the following month (January 1790), an event took place which shows that, although Guillotin and his ideal instrument found little favour in the Assembly, the third clause of his motion made a great impression amongst the populace. The case, very characteristic in all its circumstances, was this:—There were three brothers of a respectable family in Paris, of the name of Agasse, the two eldest of whom—printers and proprietors of the Moniteur—were convicted of forgery of bank-notes, and sentenced to be hanged. Their condemnation excited great public interest, from the youth and previous respectability of the parties. Instead, however, of this sympathy being employed in procuring a mitigation of the sentence, it was expended on the relations and friends of the criminals, whose case was thought to afford an excellent opportunity of carrying out one of Guillotin's ameliorations. In the evening sitting of the 21st of January, the Abbé Pepin hastily mounted the tribune of the National Assembly, recalled to its attention Guillotin's propositions, and stated that the clause relative to the abolition of prejudice against the family of criminals ought to be immediately passed, to meet the case of the Agasses. This was enthusiastically agreed to, and a decree was immediately ratified to meet the case. Three days after, the battalion of National Guards of the district of St Honoré, where the Agasses resided, assembled in grand parade; they voted an address to M. Agasse, the uncle of the criminals, to condole with his affliction, and to announce their adoption of the whole surviving family as friends and brothers; and, as a first step, they elected the young brother and younger cousin of the culprits to be lieutenants of the grenadier company; and then, the battalion being drawn up in front of the Louvre, these young men were marched forth, and complimented on their new rank by M. de Lafayette, the commander-in-chief, accompanied by a numerous staff. Nor was this all: they were led in procession to St Eustache and other churches, and paraded, with every kind of ostentation, to the public gaze. A public dinner of six hundred National Guards was got up in their honour; numerous philanthropic toasts were drunk; and then,

* 'Avec ma machine, je vous fais sauter la tête d'un coup-d'œil, et vous ne souffrez point!'

† Coupe-tête was one Jourdain (afterwards more widely celebrated for his share in the massacres of Avignon), who derived his nickname from having cut off the heads of Messrs De Huttes and Varicourt, who were murdered in the palace of Versailles about two months before Guillotin's unlucky speech. Barnave and Chapelier were two of the most violent democratic members of the National Assembly. *All* these men fell under the guillotine a few years later.

in an enthusiasm of patriotism, the two youths were marched back through half Paris, preceded by a band of music, to the house of the uncle, where the whole family, old and young, male and female, came forth into the street to receive the congratulations of the crowd. While these tragical farces were playing, the poor culprits, who did not at all share in the enthusiasm their case excited, were endeavouring to escape from the painful honour of having this great moral experiment made in their persons; but in vain; their appeals were rejected, and at length they were, on the 8th of February, led forth to execution, and hanged.

After this, none of the questions concerning the execution of criminals mooted by Guillotin were revived till 1791, for meantime the executioner's revolting office was never performed. But on the 6th of October in that year, it was enacted, that 'every person condemned to death should be beheaded'—the especial privilege of the nobility being thus at last abolished. The next question was, as to *how* the fatal operation was to be performed. Hanging would no longer be tolerated, in consequence of the shocking number of 'irregular executions' which had formerly occurred from that mode, when the populace, taking the law into their own hands, suspended obnoxious persons from the street lamps. Guillotin's plan seems to have been almost forgotten; and the general adoption of the aristocratic mode of beheading with the sword possessed many disadvantages. The subject was much discussed for some time, but was at length brought to an issue by the condemnation of one Pelletier, who, on the 24th January 1792, was condemned to capital punishment for assassination. The magistrates of Paris inquired of the minister how the sentence was to be executed; and, after the delay of a month, the minister himself, and the Directory of the department of Paris, were obliged to have recourse to the Legislative Assembly for instructions. The letter of the minister, Duport du Tertre, is remarkable for the reluctance with which he enters on the subject, and the deep and almost prophetic horror he expresses at having had to examine its odious details. 'It was,' he said, 'a kind of execution [*espèce de supplice*] to which he had felt himself condemned.' Alas! it was but an anticipation of a fatal reality. On the 28th of November 1793, he was himself really condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, and suffered on the 29th by the machine first used under his involuntary auspices, and in company with that same *Barnave*, the first and most prominent patron of revolutionary bloodshedding!

In the midst of the difficulty, M. Sanson, the hereditary executioner of France, was applied to for his opinion, which he gave in a memorial written with good sense, showing the cruelty, uncertainty, and torture of beheading by the sword, then the usual mode. The question was finally referred to M. Louis, secretary to the academy of surgeons, and in his report, dated 7th March 1792, he recommended such a machine as Guillotin had previously described, but without the smallest allusion to Guillotin himself. This proposal was entertained, and Guillotin at last thought of; for, on the 10th of March, we find that Rœderer, then the departmental Procureur-General, wrote the following private note to Guillotin:—'Dear sir and ex-colleague, I should be very much obliged if you would be so good as to come to the office of the department, No. 4, Place Vendôme, at your earliest convenience. The Directory [of the department of Paris] is unfortunately about to be called upon to determine the mode of decapitation which will be henceforward employed for the execution of the third article of the penal code. I am instructed to invite you to communicate to me the important ideas which you have collected and compared, with a view of mitigating a punishment which the law does not intend to be cruel.' Whether the proposed interview took place, is not positively stated; and with this letter ends *every* tittle that has been recorded of Guillotin's connexion with the terrible contrivance to which, three years before, his name had been given, and which bore it ever after. In proof of this, it is only necessary to follow up the narrative of what occurred in reference to the machine.

All the time this discussion was going on, not only Pelletier, but several other malefactors, lay in the provincial jails awaiting execution. In this difficulty, an officer of the criminal court of Strasburg, named Laquiante, made a design of a beheading machine, and employed one Schmidt, a pianoforte maker, to execute a model. Meanwhile, Louis's proposition was acted on at head-quarters, and the Legislative Assembly empowered Rœderer to get an instrument made; but whether or no his 'ex-colleague' Guillotin assisted him in the task, is not stated. Rœderer applied to one Guidon, who was the contractor for furnishing wood for the use of the criminal executive (*pour la fourniture des bois de justice*), for an estimate of the expense. On the 5th April 1792, Guidon sent in his estimate; no less than the sum of L.226. When expostulated with on the exorbitancy of the amount, he replied that it arose from his workmen demanding 'enormous wages, from a prejudice against the object in view.' On which Rœderer remarks—'The prejudice, indeed, exists; but I have offers from other persons to undertake the work, provided they should not be asked to sign contracts, or in any other way *to have their names exposed as connected with the object*.' This is very remarkable, as showing that even operative carpenters dreaded the sort of notoriety which Guillotin inadvertently courted on the 1st of December 1789, by talking of '*my* machine.' In the end, Guidon's offer was rejected, and Schmidt made, for L.38, the instrument that was finally adopted. One was immediately ordered and made for each province or department.

After a great many delays, an execution by this mode took place on Monday, 23d April 1792, Pelletier being the first victim. The new machine performed its duty with complete success, and, shocking as it may appear, became so popular, that it afterwards served as a model of ornaments for women, and of toys for children![*] Some attempt was made to give it the name of the Louison, from the share M. Louis, the surgeon, had in bringing it forward; but the epigram had fixed Guillotin's name on it too firmly, and it was never popularly known by any other.

During the horrible anarchy which followed, Dr Guillotin hid himself in such close secrecy, that it was believed he had fallen a victim to his so-called invention. This was so current an opinion, that we find Mr Todd, in introducing the word guillotine into Johnson's Dictionary, states it as a fact. Guillotin did not, however, wholly escape the fury of the time, as he was for a certain period imprisoned on some slight pretence. When order was in a degree restored, he was liberated; and being heartily tired of performing the character of a politician, he returned to the practice of his own profession, overwhelmed, it is stated, by a deep sense of the great, though not wholly undeserved, misfortune which rendered his name ignominious, and his very existence a subject of fearful curiosity. 'It is astonishing'—we quote the Biographie Universelle—'that Guillotin did not solicit from the authorities permission to change a name which thenceforth must have been hardly supportable to him.' In spite of it, however, he enjoyed, up to the latest moments of his life, the esteem of all who knew him. His love for his profession suggested to him the idea of a medical society, which still exists in Paris under the name of the Academy of Medicine, where he associated with his old companions. He lived just long enough to see the Restoration, and died in his bed on the 26th May 1814, aged seventy-six years. A funeral oration was made over his remains by one of

[*] Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxiii. p. 261.

his oldest friends, Dr Bourru, and was published shortly after his death.

Never was a man more severely punished for a little inconsiderate vanity than Dr Guillotin, who, apart from the merit or demerit of his invention, seems to have been a truly estimable member of society.

BOOK TITLES.

In Butler's *Remains* it is remarked, that 'there is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.'

Generally speaking, this is correct. But the optician who should happen to purchase a book entitled *A New Invention; or a Paire of Cristall Spectacles, by helpe whereof may be read so small a print, that what twenty sheets of paper will hardly containe shall be discovered in one* (1644), would find, to his surprise, that it has nothing to do with his business, but relates to the civil war. So also might mistakes very readily occur with regard to Horne Tooke's celebrated *Diversions of Purley*, which a village book-club near our own city actually ordered at the time of its publication, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games, very likely to be serviceable in putting over the long winter nights, when in reality it is one of the most abstruse treatises which exist on a subject altogether beyond clownish wits—etymology. There is a scarce and curious tract, entitled *Merryland Described, containing a Topographical, Geographical, and Natural History of that Country* (1741): a person with a taste for geography might suppose that it related to the well-known colony (now state) of that name in North America; but in reality it consists entirely of facetious matter. A mistake of this kind actually did occur at the time of the first publication of the now well-known *Essay on Irish Bulls*, when, we have been assured—though no Irishman can ever be induced to admit the fact—no fewer than a dozen copies were ordered forthwith by the Farming Society of Dublin! In like manner, we can imagine a juvenile naturalist being disappointed in finding nothing relative to botany in *A Treatise of Hebrew Roots*. It is said that a French writer, mistaking the meaning of the title of *Winter's Tale*, translated it by the words *Conte de Monsieur Winter*, or *Mr Winter's Tale*—a mistake extremely natural, we must admit, to one unacquainted with our national idiom. It may be added, that a medical man's curiosity might perhaps be gratified by Oberndorff's *Anatomy of the True Physician and Counterfeit Mountebanke, disclosing certain Stratagems whereby London Empirics oppugne, and ofttimes expugne, their poor Patients' Purses* (1602); but he would find himself stepping somewhat out of his course to peruse Hutton's *Anatomy of Folly* (1619), Nash's *Anatomy of Absurdity* (1589), *The Hospitall of Incurable Fools* (1600), &c.

A love of quaint titles has been shown by our literary men from the earliest times of publishing, but generally in a more conspicuous manner two centuries ago than at present. Not even royal wits could then dispense with this attraction; witness King James's *Counterblast to Tobacco*, which, by the way, is a far more sensible production than is generally supposed, or than its whimsical title would imply. Shakspeare himself was not superior to this whimsicality, and we accordingly find it shining in the titles of most of his comedies, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *As You Like it*. Apropos of King James's pamphlet, we may advert to a poem by his contemporary Sylvester, entitled, *Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered about their Ears, who Idly Use so Base and Barbarous a Weed*. It would seem that some of these odd old titles have suggested the writing of certain remarkable modern works. Thus Barnaby Rich's *Souldier's Wish for Britain's Welfare, a Dialogue between Captain Skill and Captain Pill* (1604), may have suggested Leigh Hunt's *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*. A little work published in 1679, entitled *Unfortunate Heroes, or Adventures of Ovid, Horace, Virgil, Agrippa, Capion, &c.* reminds us of the chapter on literary men in Thomas Carlyle's recent work, *Hero-Worship*.

Some titles are agreeably short, and others wonderfully long. A few years since, a work was issued with the laconic title of *It*, and for days previous to its publication, the walls of London were placarded with the words, 'Order *It*,' 'Buy *It*,' 'Read *It*.' The old naturalist Lovell published a book at Oxford in 1661, entitled *Panzoologicomineralogia*, which is nearly as long a word as Rabelais' proposed title for a book; namely, *Antipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes*.

Titles are occasionally remarkable for their modest pretensions; for example, *Did You ever see such Stuff? or, So-much-the-better, being a Story without Head or Tail, Wit or Humour* (1760); *A Satire for the King's Birthday, by no Poet-Laureate* (1779); Barnaby Rich's *Faults, and Nothing but Faults*. On the other hand, the titles of some books implore us to read them, and crave indulgent criticism, while others taunt and threaten us if we will not read them. In illustration, we may cite, *Oh! Read over Dr John Bridge's Martin Mar-Prelate, for it is a Worthy Work, Printed over-sea in Europe, within two furlongs of a bounsing Priest, a rare work against the Puritans* (1588); Roy's *Read me, and Be not Wrath*; Tourneur's *Laugh and Lie Down, or the World's Folly* (1605); *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*; and Rowland's *Look to it, or I'll Stab ye*.

According to Stowe's Chronicle, the title of *Domesday Book* arose from the circumstance of the original having been carefully preserved in a sacred place at Westminster, called *Domus Dei*, or House of God.

Books have been frequently likened to store-rooms and other buildings; hence the titles of *Magazine of Zoology; Repository of Arts; Treasury of Knowledge; The Jewel-house of Art and Nature*; Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1565); Primanday's *Academy of Manners* (1586); Parkinson's *Theatre of Plants* (1640); Boysteau's *Theatre of the World* (1574). The comparison of a book to a looking-glass or mirror is also very common and natural. Thus we have a black-letter book called, *A Chrystal Glass for Christian Women, Exhibiting the Godlie Life and Death of Katherine Stubs of Burton-upon-Trent, in Staffordshire*; Snawsell's *Looking-Glass for Married Folks, wherein they may plainly see their Deformities* (1631); Spooner's *Looking-Glass for Tobacco Smoakers* (1703); *The Mirror of the Worlde* (1481); *The Mirror for Majistrates* (1559); and several periodicals have lived and died with the name of Mirror.

Some titles are remarkable for their satirical character. Thus, a work relative to a large class of the literary world was entitled, *The Downfall of temporising Poets, unlicensed Printers, upstart Booksellers, trotting Mercuries, and bawling Hawkers* (1641). Printers are brought into strange company in another book entitled, *A History of Filchum Cantum, or a Merry Dialogue between Apollo, Foolish Harry, Silly Billy, a Griffin, a Printer, a Spider Killer, a Jack-Ass, and the Sonorous Guns of Ludgate* (1749). The Latin poetasters seem to have their merits called somewhat in question by the title of John Peter's curious and very scarce work, *A New Way to make Latin Verses, whereby any one of ordinary capacity that only knows the A.B.C., and can count nine, though he understands not one word of Latin, or what a verse means, may be plainely taught to make thousands of Hexameter and Pentameter Verses, which shall be true Latin, true Verse, and good Sense* (1679).

The ancient and still frequently mooted question about the mental equality of men and women, has elicited many works with quizzical titles. Thus, in 1620, appeared *Hic Mulier, or the Man-Woman, or a Medicine to Cure the Staggers in the Masculine-Feminines of our Times*. This was answered by another work with as curious a title, *Hæc Vir, or the Womanish-Man to Hic Mulier, the Man-Woman*. Some sixty years later, in 1683, a rare little book came forth, entitled, *Hæc et Hic, or the Feminine Gender more worthy than the Masculine, being a Vindication of that ingenious and innocent Sex from the*

biting Sarcasms wherewith they are daily aspersed by the virulent Tongues and Pens of malevolent Men.

Whether married or single, it is impossible not to feel interested in such titles as the following: *A Caution to Married Couples, about a Man in Nightingale Lane who beat and abused his Wife, and Murthered a Tub-man* (1677); *The Art of Governing a Wife, with Rules for Bachelors* (1746); Braithwait's *Boulster Lecture, or Art thee Asleep, Husband?* (1640); *A Certain Relation of the Hog-Faced Gentlewoman, Mrs Tannakin Skinker, who can never recover her shape till she be married* (1640); *A Discourse concerning having many Children* (1695); *A Relation of several Children and others that prophecy and preach in their Sleep* (1689); *Chickens Feeding Capons, or a Dissertation on the Pertness of our Youth in General, especially such as are trained up at Tea-tables* (1731); *Pap with a Hatchet, or a Fig for my God-son.*

The ancient costume of men and women called forth various singular literary attacks, as we learn from Bulwer's *Man Transformed, or the Ridiculous Beauty, Filthy Finesse, and Loathsome Loveliness of most Nations in altering their Bodies from the Mould intended by Nature* (1650); *Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen, or a Glass to view the Pride of vain-glorious Women, containing a Pleasant Invective against the Fantastical Foreign Toys daylie used in Women's Apparell* (1595); *England's Vanity, or the Monstrous Sin of Pride in Dress, Naked Shoulders, and a Hundred other Fooleries* (1683).

The titles of religious works are frequently somewhat droll. A little book of consolation, published in 1630, is entitled, *A Handkerchief for Parents' Wet Eyes upon the Death of Children.* Dr Sibbs published a religious work called *The Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax* (1627), which led to the conversion of the celebrated Baxter. As humorous titles of the same class, we may instance—*The Coalheaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats, and a Reviving Cordial for a Sin-Despairing Soul* (Manchester, 1741); The Rev. James Murray's *Sermons to Asses* (1768), in three volumes; *Os Ossorianum, or a Bone for a Bishop to Pick* (1643); Primatt's *Cursing no Argument of Sincerity* (1746); *A Relation of the Devil's appearing to Thomas Cox, a Hackney Coachman, who lives in Cradle Alley, in Baldwin's Gardens* (1684); *Ka me, and I'll Ka thee* (1649), a dialogue against the impious arrogance of persecuting people who happen to differ from us in matters of faith.

Some titles amuse by being alliterative, as in *A Delicate Diet for Daintie Droonkard's* (1576); Henry Butt's *Diet's Dry Dinner* (1599); St Austin's *Christian Catholic Catechised, Penned for the Private Benefit of the Parish of Little Kimbell, in Buckinghamshire* (1624). Some are agreeably tautological, as in *A Most Learned Speech, in a Most Learned House of Commons, by a Most Learned Lawyer, on a Most Learned Subject* (1722); *The Most Wonderful Wonder that ever appeared to the Wonder of the British Nation, being an Account of the Capture of the Monstrous She-Bear that Nursed the Wild Boy in the Woods of Germany* (1726), a rare and curious poem; *The Egg, or Memoirs of a Right Honourable Puppy, with Anecdotes of a Right Honourable Scoundrel.* Some play upon the same termination of different words, as in John Taylor's *Verry Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage* (1622); and in *A Chemical Collection to Ex-press the In-gress, Pro-gress, and E-gress of the Hermetic Science* (1650). Some try to please by antithesis, as in Sir J. Harrington's *New Discourse of a Stale Subject* (1596); Green's *Groat's-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance.*

Rhyming titles are occasionally met with, as in Thomas Heywood's—

Reader, here you'll plainly see
Judgment perverted by these three—
A Priest, a Judge, a Patentee (1641).

A little black-letter volume, without any date, has the following four lines for its title:—

I playne Pierse, which cannot flatter,
A Plowe-man, men me call:
My speeche is foul, yet mark the matter,
How things mayhap to fall.

In 1559 appeared a book entitled, *The Key to Unknowne Knowledge, or a Shop of Five Windows,*

Which if you do open,
To cheapen and copen,
You will be unwilling,
For many a shilling,
To part with the profit
That you shall have of it.

Thomas Lupton, in 1587, published

Too Good to be True,
Thought so at a view;
Yet all that I told you
Is true, I uphold you:
So cease to ask why,
For I cannot lie.

Later still, in 1730, we find this rhyming title—

The Rival Lap-Dog, and the Tale
(As ladies' fancies never fail),
That little rival to the great,
So odd, indeed, we scarce dare say't.

In cases where it was thought prudent to conceal the names of the printer and publisher, and the date of certain books, the title-page often exhibited some odd fictitious reference. A scarce little book, entitled *The Earl of Essex's Amours with Queen Elizabeth,* was printed 'at Cologne, for Will-with-the-wisp, at the sign of the Moon in the Ecliptic.' William Goddard published some satires, 'Imprinted at the Antipodes, and are to be bought where they are to be sold.' This sort of concealment is burlesqued by Brathwait in his *Solemn Jovial Disputation on the Laws of Drinking* (1617), which is published at 'Oenozthopolis, at the sign of the Red Eyes;' and also in his *Smoaking Age, with the Life and Death of Tobacco, dedicated to Captain Whiffe, Captain Pipe, and Captain Snuffe* (1617), printed 'at the sign of Tear-nose.' A little old French work, *Le Moyen de Parvenir,* purports to be 'Imprimé cette Année' (printed this year).

The mottoes on title-pages are often very curious. The following is from a book called *Gentlemen, look about you*:—

Read this over if you're wise,
If you're not, then read it twise;
If a fool, and in the gall
Of bitterness, read not at all.

Another from that very delightful old book, Geffrey Whitney's *Emblems* (1586):—

Peruse with heede, then friendly judge, and blaming rash refraine:
So maist thou reade unto thy good, and shalte requite my paine.

The famous and learned Robert Record was very fond of mottoes on his works. His *Pathway to Knowledge* (1551), a treatise on geometry, displays these four lines:—

All fresh fine wits by me are filed,
All gross dull wits with me exiled;
Though no man's wit reject will I,
Yet as they be, I will them try.

The title-page of his *Castle of Knowledge* (1556) displays a device of several figures and a castle, on which we read—

To knowledge is this trophy set,
All learned friends will it support,
So shall their name great honour get,
And gain great fame with good report.

A good motto, well chosen, and thoroughly applicable, acts as a bright lamp to show the contents within. When Colonel David Stewart was printing his *Sketches of the Character and Manners of the Highlanders of Scotland* (1822), Sir Walter Scott suggested as its most appropriate motto the following lines from Shakspeare:—

'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearned; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from others; valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed.

Ere now, the titles of books have furnished materials for the punster. Thus, in a newspaper announcement of the death of Oliver Goldsmith, April 4, 1774, we read, '*Deserted* is the *Village;* the *Traveller* has laid him down to rest; the *Good Natured Man* is no more; he *Stoops* but to *Conquer;* the *Vicar* has performed his sad office; it is a mournful office from which the *Her-*

mit may *essay* to meet the dread tyrant with more than *Grecian* or *Roman* fortitude.' Better still was the reply of the young lady, when asked if she was at all literary. 'Yes,' said she, 'I am a *Spectator* at church, an *Idler* at school, a *Rambler* at Vauxhall, a *Connoisseur* at the milliner's, an *Adventurer* at the lottery, a *Tatler* at the tea-table, and a *Guardian* to my lap-dog.'

OUR FISHERIES.

Of the numerous resources appertaining to this island, the maritime are undoubtedly the least attended to. Indeed no branch of our fisheries is one-half developed—partly from imperfect modes of curing and preparing, but chiefly from the paltry and unskilful manner of capture. The natural supply is unlimited, and without tax or rental: all that is necessary, therefore, is a larger outlay of capital, and the adoption of more skilful modes on the part of the fisherman; for we are certain that the demand would increase twentyfold, were the article only presented at a steady and reasonable price.

To begin with Salmon-fishing. This, though conducted with great labour and assiduity in some of our rivers, is at best a very primitive affair, and thus the salmon is only a delicacy at certain seasons for the tables of the wealthy. We have, as yet, no cheap mode of preserving on a great scale; there is little or nothing done seaward with the drag-net, although this fish be continually traversing between our estuaries; even the legal season of capture is so imperfectly arranged, that some half-dozen bills have been framed, re-framed, and abandoned, since 1840. This is scarcely creditable to a country possessing the finest salmon-grounds in the world; the average annual returns from which, even under their present imperfect management, and the damage done to them by the erection of factories, amounts to more than a quarter of a million.

Again, though a large amount of capital be employed in the Herring-fishery, yet, considering the shoals which throng our seas, and the hungry thousands we have inland, this department is far from receiving that attention which it deserves. Granting that the price should never rise beyond one penny per dozen, nay, that one hundred should be purchased for that sum, there are other uses to which herrings could be profitably applied—even as a manure, so long as other substances are selling for this purpose at from L.10 to L.14 a ton. The boats, nets, and crews of the present day, are vastly superior to those of the last century; but still it is an improvement in point of size merely. The same style of capture is adhered to with all its tediousness and danger; the fisher beats or rows his way seaward, and he toils in the same slow manner back to his station. Three-fourths of his fishing-time is consumed in journeying, and that, too, at the expense of the finest shoals, which were here to-day, but are sixty leagues off by the morrow. Now, by the aid of steam-tugs or cruisers, one-third of the present fishing-time would produce the same amount of fish; while it would enable a much greater number of nets to be carried to sea, and afford greater security to the lives of the fishermen. Besides, it is well known that what is called the *deep-sea-fishery* (that carried on by vessels from thirty to eighty tons, and in which the herrings are pickled and stowed for the time being) is a steadier and more certain source of profit than the *boat-fishery*—partly from meeting in with the earliest and best fish, and partly from the shoals being less fickle in their movements than when closer in-shore. The means which we suggest would embrace these as well as the other advantages alluded to; would afford our own population a more abundant and cheap supply; and would readily double or treble our annual exports. Our exports rarely, if ever, reach 150,000 barrels—a very small demand, compared with that which cheapness and superior curing would create; and the total capture, we believe, has never reached 600,000 barrels—certainly a mere fraction of what our seas can supply, and of what our needy population could consume.

The same remarks apply to the White-fishery (that of cod, ling, and haddock), which is at present not one-tenth developed, and which brings prices so irregular and high, as almost to preclude the consideration of these fish as part of the national food. We have seen on the east coast of Scotland a fleet of sixty sail making seaward for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and taking about eighteen hours to the 'run;' while one steamer would have gone over the same distance in a third of the time, carried out more lines, and would not have required one-tenth of the number of hands. A well-equipped fishing-boat requires a complement of six men, and, with her nets, will cost, at an average, from L.60 to L.80; a small steamer, with two or three cobles, would do the duty of at least twenty ordinary boats, and that too more regularly and securely. The same may be said of our Shell-fish—such as lobsters, crabs, oysters, cockles—and which exist in vast quantities along the rocky portions of our sea-line. The methods of entrapping, dredging, and otherwise gathering these, are attended with little labour, and in most cases with no outlay of capital. Unless in the case of oysters, none of the other shell-fish are supplied to our markets with regularity; not from want of demand, but because few direct their attention to these matters as a branch of industry. Lobsters, crabs, cockles, &c. will always command a market in our populous towns; and we would therefore urge this on the attention of our fishers and others of the poorer classes, who might obtain an honest livelihood by reaping from the endless supply of shell-fish with which nature has furnished our sea-coasts.

The above is a mere glance at a subject on which volumes might be written with benefit to the country. Our purpose, however, will be obtained, if these observations shall be the means of directing attention to a source of employment and wealth at present so unaccountably neglected—the more so since our railways are opening up a facility of transport, which may be said to place our sea-port and inland towns on an equal footing as regards a fresh and abundant supply of our maritime produce.

LIVING IN A HURRY.

Perhaps the most characteristic peculiarity of the social condition of England at present is the unhealthy want of repose. Travelling by railroad is merely typical of the headlong hurry with which all the affairs of life are transacted. In business, men are in a hurry to get rich: they cannot submit to the tedious process of adding one year's patient and legitimate gains to those of its predecessor, but seek by bold speculative combinations, by anticipations of intelligence received through the ordinary channels, to make or mar themselves by one bold stroke. The devotees of pleasure seek, as it were, to multiply their personal presence—not only by rattling to a dozen assemblies of a night, as has been the worshipful practice in London during the gay season for some hundred years, but by shooting in the north of Scotland and yachting in the Channel during the same week, visiting Palestine and the Pyramids during the parliamentary recess, and other feats of celerity. The mechanical wheels revolve with accumulated speed to correspond to the hot haste of those who impel them. The long hours of factory and milliner drudges, the gangs of night and day labourers relieving each other in printing offices and coal-pits—all the unintermitting, eager, 'go-ahead' pressure of society—are but so many symptoms of the excitement which impels men to live in a hurry. It is a paradox only in form to say that we are in such a hurry to live that we do not live at all. Life slips through our fingers unfelt, unenjoyed, in the bustle of preparing to live. A day of business is a day of breathless haste. The duties of the toilet are hurried through; the breakfast is gulped down without being tasted; the newspaper is skimmed with a dim idea of its contents; the place of business is posted to in chariot, cab, or buss; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, and dinner is curtailed of its fair proportion of time for the debate, or the committee, or the opera, or the evening party, or all of them. Even sleep is got

through impatiently, with frequent startings and consultations of the watch, lest the morning hours be lost. We snore in quicker time than our ancestors snored. And the worst of it is, that men cannot help this railroad fashion of galloping out of life. When such a crowd as now peoples these islands are all running at this headlong speed, you must run with them, or be borne down and run over, and trampled to death by the mass. It is only by joining in the frantic gallop that you can keep your place and save your bones from being broken. Habit becomes so inveterate, that even when thrown out of the vortex, men cannot rest. In the young societies of our colonial empire (and this is not their least recommendation), men might live more leisurely if they chose; but the gigantic bankruptcy of New South Wales shows too clearly that even in our antipodean provinces this foolish effort to accomplish everything at once is epidemic. Our very diseases partake of this contagious haste: the lingering consumption is growing less frequent—the instantaneous apoplexy and ossification of the heart are taking its place. Even the moralisers on this universal race for the sake of running, hurry along with the rest, and pant out their reflections as they run.—*Spectator.*

THE RAILWAY.

A SONG.

TUNE—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

'TWAS on a Monday morning soon,
As I lay snoring at Dunoon,
Dreaming of wonders in the moon,
I nearly lost the Railway.
So up I got, put on my clothes,
And felt, as you may well suppose,
Of sleep I scarce had half a dose,
Which made my yawns as round as O's;
No matter, on went hat and coat;
A cup of coffee, boiling hot,
I poured like lava down my throat,
In haste to catch the Railway.
Racing, chasing to the shore,
Those who fled from every door,
There never was such haste before
To catch the Greenock Railway.

The steam was up, the wind was high,
A dark cloud scoured across the sky,
The quarter-deck was scarcely dry
Of the boat that meets the Railway;
Yet thick as sheep in market pen,
Stood all the Sunday-watering men,
Like growling lions in a den,
With faces inches five and ten;
Some were hurrying to and fro,
Others were sick, and crying, oh!
Whose wooden peg's that on my toe?
In the boat that meets the Railway.
Rushing, crushing up and down,
Tipping the cash to Captain B——n;
O what a hurry to get to town
Upon the morning Railway.

When arrived at Greenock quay,
What confusion—only see—
Each selfish wight so quickly flee
In hopes to catch the Railway.
High and low, and thick and thin,
Trying who the race shall win,
Creaking boots and hob-nailed shin,
All determined to get in!
People laughing at the shore;
Merchants smiling at each door;
Those running who ne'er ran before,
And all to catch the Railway!
Fleet through Greenock's narrow lanes,
Over mud and dibs and stanes,
Careless o' their boots and banes,
And all to catch the Railway.

See the rear-guard far behind,
Out of temper, out of wind,
Out of patience, out of mind!
For fear they lose the Railway.
Last comes old Fatsides with his wife,
Waging a real hot-mutton strife;
'Such scenes in Scotland sure are rife;
It's *very* hot upon my life!'
'Alack, there'll be no room for us;
Let's get into the *hamnibus.*'
'O pray, my dear! don't make a fuss
If we should lose the Railway.'
Blowing, glowing all the way,
Crying upon the train to stay,
We'll never get to town to-day
Upon the morning Railway!

Now the crowded station gained,
Rain be-drenched and mud be-stained,
Melting-browed and asthma-pained,
Hurrying to the Railway!
A boat has just arrived before,
Which later left a nearer shore,
And fills a full-sized train and more,
Which is a most confounded bore;
But coach to coach are quickly joined—
Which surely is *surpassing kind;*
And off we fly as fleet as wind
Upon the Greenock Railway!
Thus the sports of railway speed
Nought on earth can now exceed,
Except my song, which all must read,
About the Greenock Railway.

The *moral* of my song I add,
To make you married ladies glad,
Who lately were a little sad—
Before the Greenock Railway.
So now dispel each moppish frown,
And don your most attractive gown,
Your loving husbands can get down,
In one short fleeting hour from town;
While vessels waiting at the quay,
Conduct them swiftly home to tea,
Or to a drop of *barley bree,*
So certain is the Railway!
Then let us steal a march on time,
And echo forth this ranting rhyme,
Which *street Rubinis* think sublime,
About the Greenock Railway.

—*Park's Songs for All Seasons.* Glasgow. 1843.

EXPENSES OF THE LAW.

The case of Ranger *v.* the Great Western Railway Company involved, upon the question of amount, almost as important results as were embraced in the great case of Small and Attwood. We are able to lay before our readers some of its statistics. The first bill was 312 folios, the amended bill 1157. The first supplemental suit bill 341 folios, the second supplemental suit bill 525 folios. The first answer 1299 folios, the second 132 folios, the third 212 folios. The documents admitted upwards of 800 folios. The plaintiff's evidence 1865 folios, the defendant's 405 folios. Total of folios upwards of 6736, for which an office-copy charge was made of 10d. per folio, besides voluminous affidavits. Short-hand notes on collateral arguments 2200 folios. Observations 30 brief sheets. The total brief embracing these copies for counsel would be nearly 960 brief sheets. Sir William Follet's fee was 300 guineas, and 100 additional, with sundry other fees, making L.500. Mr Stuart had 220 guineas, and 100 additional; Mr Richards 220 guineas; Mr Stevens 150 guineas, and 50 additional. In the early stage of the cause, the counsel had fees as follows:—First counsel 150 guineas, second do. 125 guineas, third do. 80; besides numerous other smaller fees, making a total in counsels' fees alone of nearly L.2000. The vice-chancellor has already ordered the plaintiff to pay a great part of the costs of these matters. The case was five years in progress, and the same solicitors were for the company that were engaged in Small and Attwood; namely, Messrs Swain, Stevens, and Co., Frederick Place, London. The short-hand writers' bills amounted to nearly L.400! Thus it will be seen that going to 'law' is a rather expensive amusement.—*Railway Times.*

BUTTONS FROM CLAY.

The principle of forming Mosaic tesseræ by the pressure of dry powder, has been applied to the manufacture of various kinds of buttons. They are called agate buttons, and are made of *Kaolin*, or China-clay, brought from the neighbourhood of St Austell, in Cornwall. This kaolin is the same as the celebrated pottery-clay of the Chinese, which is obtained from disintegrated granite. The buttons are pretty and clear in appearance, and very hard. They are manufactured in all shapes and sizes, plain and ornamented; and as compared with the cost of mother-of-pearl, are said to be about one-third the price.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, April 6, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 15. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE FIRST OFFENCE.

In the cheerful dining-room of my bachelor-friend Stevenson, a select party was assembled to celebrate his birthday. A very animated discussion had been carried on for some time, as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency. Various were the opinions, and numerous the arguments brought forward to support them. The majority appeared to lean to the side of 'crush all offences in the bud,' when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed, 'Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offence being treated with injudicious severity, than from the contrary extreme. Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed; that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offence committed, perhaps, under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to render it irresistible. For instance, a lady hires a servant; the girl has hitherto borne a good character, but it is her first place; her honesty has never yet been put to the test. Her mistress, without thinking of the continual temptation to which she is exposing a fellow-creature, is in the habit of leaving small sums of money, generally copper, lying about in her usual sitting-room. After a time, she begins to think that these sums are not always found exactly as she left them. Suspicion falls upon the girl, whose duty it is to clean the room every morning. Her mistress, however, thinks she will be quite convinced before she brings forward her accusation. She counts the money carefully at night, and the next morning some is missing. No one has been in the room but the girl; her guilt is evident. Well, what does her mistress do? Why, she turns the girl out of her house at an hour's notice; cannot, in conscience, give her a character; tells all her friends how dreadfully distressed she is; declares there is nothing but ingratitude to be met with among servants; laments over the depravity of human nature; and never dreams of blaming herself for her wicked—yes, it is wicked—thoughtlessness in thus constantly exposing to temptation a young ignorant girl; one most likely whose mind, if not enveloped in total darkness, has only an imperfect twilight knowledge whereby to distinguish right from wrong. At whose door, I ask,' continued he, growing warmer, 'will the sin lie, if that girl sink into the lowest depths of vice and misery? Why, at the door of her who, after placing temptation in her very path, turned her into the pitiless world, deprived of that which constituted her only means of obtaining an honest livelihood—her character; and that without one effort to reclaim her—without affording a single opportunity of retrieving the past, and regaining by future good conduct the confidence of her employer.'

'There is, I fear, too much truth in what you say,' remarked our benevolent host, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation; 'and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the earlier part of my life, which, as it may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing, I will relate.' There was a general movement of attention; for it was a well-known fact, that no manufacturer in the town of ——— was surrounded with so many old and faithful servants as our friend Stevenson.

'In the outset of my business career,' said he, 'I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and, according to a rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my service, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible, until sufficient time had been given to form a correct estimate of his character. This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family. He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him. After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith. My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as, on this occasion, it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so. Therefore calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting-house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct. Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

"From whom," said I, "did you receive this money?"

He replied, "From Mr ——," naming my confidential clerk.

"It is strange," said I, looking steadily at him. "But this money is incorrect, and it is the first time I have found it so." He changed countenance, and his eye fell before mine; but he answered, with tolerable composure, "that it was as he had received it."

"It is in vain," I replied, "to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavour to cast suspicion on one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now, I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am

willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly confess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty; restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavour, by your future good conduct, to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you." The poor fellow was deeply affected. In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being intrusted with it himself, the idea had flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded. "I cannot now," he continued, "prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me; time alone can show that it has not been misplaced." He left me to resume his duties.

Days, weeks, and months passed away, during which I scrutinised his conduct with the greatest anxiety, whilst at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness; and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention—the utmost devotion to my interests—marked his business habits; and this without any display; for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable. At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain-dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored, that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and increased emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it; and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I had acted towards him. Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow-creature from a continued course of vice, and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society, but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend. For years he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous honesty, was so well known, that "as honest as Smith," became a proverb amongst his acquaintances. One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and upon inquiry, learnt that he was detained at home by indisposition. Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his house to inquire after him, I found the family in great distress on his account. His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind. From almost the commencement of his attack, he had, as his wife (for he had been some time married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave little hope of his recovery. For some days he continued in the same state: at length a message was brought me, saying that Mr Smith wished to see me; the messenger adding, that Mrs Smith hoped I would come as soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

On entering his chamber, I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved. As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me his dying countenance, full of gratitude and affection, and said, "My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you that I may give you the thanks and blessing of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it, that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave to my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father. O God!" he continued, "Thou who hast said, 'blessed are the merciful,' bless *him. According to the measure he has* meted to others, do thou mete unto him." Then turning to his family, he said, "My beloved wife and children, I intrust you, without fear, to the care of that heavenly parent who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.' And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them as you have been to me—guide, protector, and friend." That,' continued the kind old man, looking round upon us with glistening eyes, 'though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life. As I stood by the bedside of the dying man, and looked around upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent, and upright, respecting and honouring, as much as they loved their father; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope, but even in that moment of agony deriving comfort from the belief that she should meet him again in that world where

"Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;"

when I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him calmly awaiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God, and at peace with his fellow-men; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonoured life, perhaps a shameful and violent death—had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I felt a happiness which no words can express. We are told that there is more joy amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. With such a joy as we may imagine theirs, did I rejoice over poor Smith, as I closed his eyes, and heard the attendant minister in fervent tones exclaim, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I set out in life, to "temper justice with mercy."'

Such was the story of our friend. And I believe not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow-creatures, and, as far as lay in his power, to extend to all who might fall into temptation that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling 'that it is more blessed to save than to destroy.'*

DR D. B. REID ON VENTILATION, WARMING, AND LIGHTING.

Dr D. B. Reid, while pursuing the profession of a teacher of chemistry in Edinburgh, constructed a classroom for his own use, in which he exemplified the best principles of ventilation, in combination with heating and lighting, at the same time that the communication of sound was specially provided for. The success attained by him on this occasion was submitted to the personal examination of Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and other eminent persons, and proved the cause of his being selected to superintend the ventilation, heating, and lighting of the Houses of Parliament. In that office he has for some years devoted himself almost exclusively to considering and experimenting upon various modes of ventilating and warming, besides being employed to reduce his plans to practice in the houses of some of the principal nobility and gentry of England, as well as in various public buildings; so that he may now, we believe, be esteemed as at the head of this department of architectural economy. The skill which he has acquired by experience, may be presumed

* It may not be superfluous to remark, that this little paper describes events of actual occurrence.

to have qualified him in a peculiar manner for producing a standard work on these subjects, so nearly concerning the health and comfort of the public.

Such a work Dr Reid has produced in the form of a goodly octavo, illustrated by several hundreds of wood engravings, and embracing all desirable information, not only on ventilation, but every other kindred subject, as fully noted below.* He commences with a chapter on the importance of a constant supply of pure air for respiration, and the injurious consequences of breathing a vitiated atmosphere. 'It is not generally understood,' he says, 'that in innumerable public and private assemblies, churches, theatres, schools, &c. an atmosphere is often breathed continually which is as foul and offensive, compared with the air that is congenial to the lungs, as the water of the Thames at London Bridge contrasted with a pure mountain spring. It is no exaggerated statement to affirm, that the greatest scourge with which this and so many other climates is affected, namely, consumption, owes its origin more to ignorance of the laws of health connected with the peculiarities of exposure to alterations of air and temperature, and to the severity of local draughts, than to any disadvantages connected with the local state of the atmosphere, which cannot be met with proper care and attention.' He adds that, in some ill ventilated hospitals, cases have 'presented themselves where the apparently lifeless corpse, subdued and oppressed far more by the atmosphere with which it was surrounded than by the disease to which it was supposed to have fallen a victim, has actually been known to revive after removal to the dead-room, a separate apartment, where a wholesome atmosphere played unrestrictedly upon it.'

Dr Reid states, that the breathing of a bad atmosphere has a great effect in depressing the appetite, and of this fact he presents an illustration which will probably be read with a smile. Let us first mention that our author constructed, in connexion with his class-room, a chamber which he designed as a model of all that a private room ought to be in respect of ventilation. Fresh air was constantly flowing into it through apertures in the floor, and by a draught out of the ceiling it was made certain that no one should ever breathe the same air twice. He could by these means throw any sort of odour into the room which he pleased, as that of a lavender field, an orange grove, &c. One evening, calling at the class-room, we found a multitude of young men rushing into it from this chamber in a state of great risible excitement. What was the cause? Nothing but this. Their master had been giving them a treat of strawberries and cream, followed by some light negus; and, during the feast, he had regaled them with a succession of the most delicious perfumes. At last, when it was time to disperse, he had thrown in a *drug smell* so intense and intolerable, that the hint could not be mistaken; and the party broke up in the admired disorder which we had witnessed. This anecdote will serve to introduce the following remarks from our author's volume:—

'It appears to be universally admitted, that a low diet diminishes the necessity for much air; and that, on the other hand, where there is little air, there cannot be a great appetite for food. There are no periods, accordingly, if we except a period of severe bodily exercise, where the constitution demands such a variety of supply as immediately before and after dinner; and, in the present state of society, a large share of the evil, not unfrequently attendant upon a dinner party, does not always arise so much from individuals having taken more than their constitution requires, but rather from the vitiated air with which the system is usually surrounded at such periods. Some years ago, about fifty members of one of the Royal Society clubs at Edinburgh dined in an apartment I had constructed, where, though illuminated by gas, the products of its combustion were essentially excluded, as they were all removed by a ventilating tube connected with, but concealed in, the drop of the Gothic pendant in which the central lights were placed. Large quantities of a mild atmosphere were constantly supplied, and passed in quick succession through the apartment during the whole evening, the effect being varied from time to time by infusing odoriferous materials. Nothing very special was noticed during the time of dinner by the members; but Mr Barry, of the British Hotel, who provided the dinner, and who, from the members of the club being in the habit of dining frequently at his rooms, was familiar with their constitutions, showed the committee that three times the amount of wines had been taken that was usually consumed by the same party in a room lighted by gas, but not ventilated—that he had been surprised to observe that gentlemen, whose usual allowance was two glasses, took, without hesitation, as much as half a bottle—that those who were in the habit of taking half a bottle, took a bottle and a-half; and that, in short, he had been compelled twice to send hackney-coaches for additional supplies during dinner, though he had provided a larger supply than usual, considering the circumstances under which the members met.

Minute inquiries afterwards assured me that no headache nor other injurious consequence had followed this meeting, nor were any of the members aware, at the moment, that they had partaken more heartily than usual, till Mr Barry showed them what had taken place. The meeting included individuals of all ages, and of extreme variety of occupations, among whom there were judges and members of Parliament, medical men and members of the bar, naval and military officers, whose different ages varied as much as their very various professional occupations.

Though the illustration now detailed is important, in placing in an extreme point of view the power of a pure atmosphere, supplied freely without offensive currents, the facts illustrated must be more or less familiar to all who have paid any attention to the influence of the air upon the appetite.' The operations of a vitiated atmosphere are nowhere, he says, 'seen more distinctly than in numbers of the refreshment-rooms in which this great metropolis abounds. Many a hard-worked clerk too often imagines he has had enough for his support, because he has taken all that his appetite permitted; whereas the saturated atmosphere in which he dines may have reduced his appetite by a half, and made him contented with an inadequate supply.'

The ventilation and heating of the Houses of Parliament have already been described in this journal: they are, as is well known, combined in one system, by which heated air is caused to pass continually into the room through the floor, and out at the ceiling, by means of a fire-draught in an adjoining chimney. The system appears simple, but, in reality, it is surrounded with difficulties, as will appear from the following explanations. 'In directing the ventilation [of the House], great difficulty is often experienced in ascertaining the feelings of the members. These necessarily fluctuate with every change of circumstances in the state of the internal or external atmosphere that is not immediately controlled, independent of the extreme diversity of temperament that may be expected to prevail where so many are assembled in the same apartment. The first remark made after the House of Commons met, subsequent to the alterations, was—"The temperature was rising; we shall be suffocated immediately." This was addressed to me by a member walking from the bar to the door, and he had no sooner passed, than another followed him, hurriedly stating as he passed, "I am shivering with cold; I can bear this house no longer." I went to the lobby, and stated to each what the other had said, when a conversation ensued as to the most desirable temperature, as it was obvious that, unless a peculiar atmosphere were prepared at each place, it would be impossible to

* Illustrations of the Theory and Practice of Ventilation, with Remarks on Warming, Exclusive Lighting, and the Communication of Sound. By David Boswell Reid, M.D., F.R.S.E. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

do more than give an average quality, particularly when some members demanded a temperature of 52 degrees, while others required a temperature of 71 degrees.

The House is heated to 62 degrees before it is opened, and maintained in general at a temperature between 63 degrees and 70 degrees, according to the velocity with which the air is permitted to pass through the House. * *

Attendants on the ventilation take the temperature periodically during the sittings, and are constantly ready to receive instructions as to the alterations required when they may not have anticipated them, though this they are in general enabled to effect. But as no one can ever be an exact judge of another's feelings, and from the great diversity of requests at times communicated to them, and the fact that extreme constitutions are necessarily most prone to demand changes, while their indications are less likely to conduce to the general comfort, it is not unfrequently difficult for them to decide as to complaints; communications, therefore, as to the ventilation, are usually addressed to the sergeant-at-arms, whose knowledge of the general expression of opinion is always a safer guide than that of individual members. In some cases, where the debates in both Houses have continued for a long period, and the fluctuations have been great, both in the state of the weather and of the numbers attending, I have occasionally, in studying details as to the action of the ventilation, made, with advantage, from fifty to one hundred variations in the quantity or quality of the air supplied in a single night. * *

Since the alterations were made in 1836, the atmosphere with which the right honourable the speaker is supplied has been placed under special control. Before this was done, it was impossible to give the kind of atmosphere generally desirable in the House, and, at the same time, to meet the very different circumstances which always require attention in a case where the peculiar duties, and a sitting extending so frequently to ten or twelve hours, or to a longer period, necessarily demand special modifications. The same has been done, also, in respect to that provided for the sergeant-at-arms.

The atmosphere in the House of Commons never being quiescent for a moment, the effect produced by it is very considerable on a constitution accustomed to air comparatively stagnant. It sustains a continuous evaporation, both from the lungs and from the surface of the body; and no cold currents descending from the windows, coughing has almost entirely disappeared, compared with the extent to which it has sometimes been observed before the present system was introduced. Members who have come down to the House of Commons unwell, have occasionally been relieved by exposing themselves for a short time to a blast of hot, cold, or tempered air in the air-channels.'

It would be out of place here to advert particularly to any of the plans brought forward by Dr Reid for ventilation in the various cases to which it is to be applied. Sufficient it is for us to state, that here the whole subject is elaborately and skilfully treated, so that, for any conceivable circumstances, the appropriate modes may be learned from this book. We shall conclude with a few remarks of Dr Reid on the subject of communication of sound, one which he has made his own, even in a greater degree than ventilation. 'Much interesting illustration is,' he says, 'accessible to those who inhabit hilly countries, where the endless variety of forms, scenery, and outline, is continually presenting new features of observation, especially where different individuals arrange so as to communicate with each other under a great variety of circumstances. Some of the acoustic arrangements introduced at the House of Commons were founded on facts that were first presented to my notice during excursions with my pupils, who were studying the examination of soils, minerals, and mineral waters, with portable apparatus, such as enabled them to apply their knowledge practically on the open field, wherever they were directed to enter on any examination.

In the open air, in calm weather, and on plain ground, no difficulty was experienced in conversing without effort at the distance of 400 to 800 feet. At night, the surface of the ground being free from the currents produced by the action of the sun (a circumstance which Humboldt found to produce a great interruption to the communication of sound), and the hum of insects being stilled, the voice extended much farther, and satisfied us that the accounts given of its being heard at the distance of miles, in the stillness of the polar regions, could be no exaggeration. In the morning, before sunrise, the voice, and occasionally the laugh, of the sailors on board the war-ships at anchor off Spithead have been heard at a place at Portsmouth, distant two and a-half miles in a direct line. The sound of a military band at the hour of roll-call has been heard at the distance of twenty-one miles from Edinburgh castle. In one of the illustrations I laid before a committee of the House of Commons, I explained the circumstances under which Admiral Stoddart and his officers heard (at sea in the Baltic), as they proved afterwards by a very interesting chain of evidence, the sound of cannon, for a whole day, at the distance of 300 miles.* Colonel Dod, with several hundred troops, was on one occasion under arms all night, it being considered on shore that there was an engagement at sea; but the noise heard was afterwards found to have proceeded from a volcano at the distance of 400 miles. It has been stated that there are despatches in the government offices detailing supposed engagements heard by ships at sea, and that the sound came in reality from a volcano at a distance of 900 miles from the position where the sound was heard.

But there are few localities where numerous facts might not be accumulated, such as have been adverted to in regard to the communication of sound, illustrative equally of the power of the voice and of the air in a still atmosphere. And the general conclusion appears to be, that few buildings have yet been constructed too large for the human voice to fill, where excessive reverberation can be subdued, where the audience maintains a careful silence (for the breathing of multitudes sometimes produces offensive noise), and where the unity of the atmosphere is preserved.'

VOYAGE IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

I CAN hardly give any reason for the act, but I suppose it must have been the mere romantic phrensy of youth, that induced me some eighteen months ago to throw up an excellent mercantile situation in Manchester—where my prospects were of the highest order, and where I enjoyed the perfect confidence of my employers—for the purpose of pushing my fortune in the wilds of America.

As my means were exceedingly small, and as, at any rate, I wished to enter into the feelings and situation of an emigrant, I took the advice of a man with whom I formed a casual acquaintance, and who had crossed the Atlantic before, and engaged a berth in the second cabin of the fine ship Julius Macgregor, sailing from Liverpool to New York, for L.2, 15s., being the price paid by many of the steerage passengers. My next step was to go with my aforesaid friend to an emigrant's store, in order to buy a stock of provisions and tin vessels—a very necessary preparation; but one which requires some caution. The goods in such places are merely made to sell. It is ten chances to one that your water-can will leak out half your allowance, and your

* The cannon were fired at a foundry where the men were proving cannon all day, and when the fleet met at a future period, it was found that it had extended over a line of 300 miles. All the ships heard the cannon sounding, and some sailed opposite the foundry at the time they were fired.

sauce-pan go to pieces the first time you use it, and put out the fire; in which case you will not only lose your dinner, but become the butt for the spare maledictions of the rest of the passengers. With regard to myself, by something little short of a miracle, my cooking utensil reached New York with little more damage than the loss of the lid and the handle. As for the hole in the bottom, I stopped it up regularly with oatmeal every time I used it. While hinting, however, at the evanescent nature of the tin materials, I cannot urge the same fault against the provisions. The tea had evidently been upon more than one voyage; and if I had had the slightest idea of the dearness of leather in Canada, I should have carried my cheese thither to serve for boot soles, for which purpose it was eminently well adapted. On examining a package marked 'sugar' on my list, I found it to contain a very curious compound of sand and timber, with a few faint traces of saccharine matter, but sufficient to give a slightly sweet taste to the mixture. The result of my experience is an advice to all emigrants to buy everything they want from some respectable tradesman in the town, whose interest it is to sell good articles in order that he may retain his business, and not from one who has the idea uppermost in his mind that he is never to see his customer again.

I required to lay in a complete stock of provisions; but within this last year a regulation has been made by which the captain is bound to supply all the passengers with liberal rations of bread stuff and potatoes; though, if any other provisions are wanted, the parties must supply themselves. Oranges and lemons are very much relished by sick persons, as well as all kinds of drinks; and I should advise that a large quantity of turnips and cabbages be taken, as, if kept dry, they will serve during the voyage, and are not only very palatable, but, from their antiscorbutic nature, very necessary, if much salt meat is eaten. The choice of other articles will, of course, depend upon taste; but I should advise them to be chosen with special reference to their facility of digestion.

It was an excellent practical joke, on the part of the captain, to give our apartment the name of *second cabin;* but, like all practical jokes, it was enjoyed only by one party. The place was simply one end of the steerage, boarded off with deals so far apart, that the parties on either side had ample opportunities of inspecting each other's accommodations. Although the cost of passage in the so-called second cabin was greater, the place was neither so light nor so well ventilated as the steerage, the only advantage it possessed, and I must confess it was a great one, being the superior character of the occupants, who consisted mostly of respectable mechanics and farmers. Before proceeding further, however, let me advise all who have thoughts of crossing the Atlantic, to choose one of the regular line of packets, which always sail on the appointed day if the weather permits. The Julius had never carried emigrants before. When I engaged my passage, the broker told me to hasten on board, as she would sail in a couple of hours; and as she was already a week behind the day advertised, I thought it probable he might be correct. I was therefore in great fear of her sailing before I was ready, which would involve the loss of my passage-money. However, I found afterwards that I might have saved myself a great deal of anxiety, for she did not leave port for three days after, putting the passengers, many of whom had been on board for a fortnight, to great expense for food, as fires were not allowed on board.

Nothing could be more dreary than the life on board ship while we were in dock. It was impossible to see the town; for in Liverpool it *always* rains; and even if it were possible, the fear of the vessel's sailing would have prevented it, the mate invariably declaring, when questioned on the subject, that we should haul out of the dock in an hour and a quarter exactly. I had plenty of provisions on board, but could not cook them; and as I did not wish to lay out money in what seemed a supererogatory way, I was obliged to make alternate meals of bread and cheese, and bread and butter; and when I got tired of that, I ate both butter and cheese together by way of a change. I went on deck the first morning I came on board, when they were cleaning the ship; but one of the sailors speedily contrived to throw a bucket of water over me by accident, and the boatswain swore that if I did not keep below while the decks were wet, he would throw me overboard; and so below I went, wet and shivering, with a resolution to remain there as much as possible until the vessel should sail.

The centre of the cabin was taken up by the passengers' luggage. Around the sides were the berths, beside each of which were placed the occupants' boxes containing their provisions and cooking utensils. The berths were a double row of shelves made of rough planks, each capable of holding two persons, although, upon a push, three, and sometimes four, are packed upon them. In our case, however, as we had only about 150 passengers, three tenants were the utmost allowance for one shelf. Mine contained only two. There was no separation for the sexes; neither was there any division between the berths—an arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, which surprised me at first, and seems, on after-reflection, very far from what is desirable; yet it is equally surprising how soon myself and all the other passengers, the females included, became reconciled to it.

After my rebuff on deck, I changed my clothes, and went through the form of a dinner, feeling all the while very cold and miserable, and thinking of a fable that I had read at school about the squirrel which went to see the world. A faint idea now arose in my mind that it was possible I might be acting foolishly in quitting my comfortable office, and my snug two pair back, for a perilous voyage and a country of which I was perfectly ignorant. I began to think that if America was as some travellers have described it, I should have a very slight chance of ever coming home again; and if the truth must be known, I also bethought me how a certain Mary would feel when she heard that I had been blown up in one of their high-pressure lightning-speed steamers, or lost in the profundities of a Canadian forest. But it was too late to turn back; so, clearing my throat, I manfully began to shout forth, in a manner that astonished and delighted all my auditors, a song, the only part of which I now remember is the end of every verse, which is, 'And we'll hunt the buffal-o!'

After this, feeling a little more comfortable, I got out my bed and bed-clothes, and having as yet no companions, I put them on the sleeping shelf next the vessel's side, very wisely considering, that if she should lurch much in heavy weather, my companion being outside, would be ejected first, and thus break my fall. I then lashed my boxes, and got all my things in order for the voyage; having done which, I scrambled up into the berth, and looked down upon the busy scene before me. It was a perfect Babel of noise and confusion; but among much calculated to excite laughter, there was one scene that made my heart ache to look at. Immediately opposite to me, a man and his wife were eating their frugal meal. The woman had an infant on her lap, about as pretty a child as I ever saw; and although only a few hours on board, it had become a general favourite, and was a source of continual contention to all the young ladies on board; indeed its fame had already reached the remoter districts of the steerage. The man, whose name I afterwards learnt was Eccles, was a Spitalfields weaver, whom hard times and want of employment had compelled to sell off his little stock of furniture, in order to settle in America. Both he and his wife were young, and had evidently been good-looking; but care, anxiety, and sickness, had all contributed their share to drive everything away but their affection for one another and for their child. Indeed I never saw two countenances so bereft of all ex-

pression of hope, so heart-broken, so wo-begone; but amidst all this they were patient and uncomplaining. They seemed as if they knew that they were marked out as the prey of misery and misfortune, and had resolved to bear without a murmur what they could not prevent or remedy.

However, there must be an end to all things; and one fine day in the month of June 1842, we hauled out of dock, and dropped anchor in the stream. After a few hours' delay, we took the captain and pilot on board, the steam-tug dropped alongside, and we were just going off, when two men came on board, and requested the captain to stop for a short time. After looking along the deck, where we were all assembled, they walked up to the place where Eccles and his wife were standing. It seemed that he owed one of the men some ten shillings for certain work that had been injured when he was ill. In vain he promised to pay the sum when he got to New York and met his brother, whom he expected to see there. The creditor was inflexible. By this time a considerable crowd had gathered around them, when an Irishman, after hearing all, instinctively put his hand in his pocket; we all followed his example, and the next moment the amount was paid. But although the creditor thus received his due, he made little advantage by his visit. The waterman who put him on board, and who had been listening very attentively to the squabble, refused to take him on shore for less than *ten shillings;* and to this he was actually obliged to yield, rather than submit to be ferried across the ocean!

At last the captain gave the word, and we were off. The moment the first motion of the ship was felt, all on board, with one accord, gave three mighty cheers, and then suddenly became silent. We had been longing for the hour of sailing; and now, when it had arrived, we would have delayed it if possible; and when the afternoon came, and the pilot left us, how we strained our eyes to catch a distant glimpse of the Welsh coast, perhaps for the last time in our lives. When the moon arose, we were alone in the world—nothing could be seen around us but the clear sky and the sea agitated by a gentle breeze. I remember leaning against the bulwarks and giving way to the soothing influence of the evening. I was thinking of the past, when I was a happy thoughtless child: I was thinking of my friends, then far away, and wondering if they were now gazing at that fair heaven and holy moon: I was thinking of one who—but at the moment it occurred to me that those wretched apples that I ate in the morning must have disagreed with my stomach, and I suddenly dived into the cabin. Every soul there, however, seemed to have eaten of a similar fruit, and one unfortunate wretch, in his agony, was bitterly cursing Columbus for having discovered America. The atmosphere was close, the noise far from musical, and the smell decidedly unamiable; but, nevertheless, I managed to climb into my roosting place, when I covered my head with the clothes, and was soon asleep.

About three o'clock in the morning I awoke, and was surprised, and at first alarmed, at the different aspect affairs had taken. When I went to sleep, we were gliding along at the rate of some four knots an hour, with a very slight motion, and all was quiet below, except those who were sick; but now we were plunging fearfully, and at each deeper plunge a half-suppressed scream would break from the women. The creaking of the beams and the dashing of the waves sounded to my unpractised ears as the signs of a storm, and hastily dressing myself, I went on deck; but there the scene was different. A few of the lighter sails certainly were taken down, but the sailors were still lounging about the forecastle, half-asleep—the moon was still bright, and the sky cloudless; and with the exception of the wind being rather more fresh, and the water rougher, all was the same as before.

Having got over my first little qualm, I began to enjoy myself exceedingly; and my appetite returning with tenfold vigour, I began to look out for the means of cooking. On each side of the ship, beside the long-boat, there was placed a long grate, wherein whoever felt disposed for his breakfast in the morning, kindled a fire; and I verily believe that, from seven o'clock in the morning until sunset, when the fire was extinguished, there was not a vacant place at either of these grates. Indeed such was the demand, that there were constant squabbles for priority, not to talk of three pugilistic encounters, in one of which, I am sorry to say, a young man with a name very similar to mine made himself rather conspicuous. Besides eating, the steerage passengers have few amusements. We generally lounged on the long-boat, or lay down in the lee of the bulwarks, reading while our little stores lasted, or speculating as to the probability of our reaching New York in a month; now hailing as a treat the appearance of a school of porpoises; now watching some gigantic blackfish slowly swimming round the ship, and flinging up *jets d'eau* for our amusement.

There was a melancholy attempt made to get up a debating club; but it fell to the ground, the first speaker being unable to proceed further than the preliminary, 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' and no one else being gallant enough to follow him in his break-down. We also tried a convivial meeting; but the only one who would sing was a man from Glasgow, who persisted in roaring the adventures of a Yorkshireman in London with the accent of the Saltmarket. It was intensely comic at first, but after two or three repetitions, grew rather tedious. The only persons who seemed to enjoy themselves were a young farmer and a rather pretty girl, both, I believe, from Derry. They were never at a loss for a subject, but, unluckily, kept all their conversation to themselves. I ventured one evening, when they were sitting together on the forecastle, to ask them how they managed to procure materials for such long conversations, when the damsel told me with a smile that they were engaged in a discussion about the Union. It occurred to me that politics must be a mighty pleasant study.

At length, after having seen all the sights that are generally seen by voyagers, and which have been so often described, and after having been seven weeks at sea, we took the pilot on board; who, on account of the competition among his trade, had come out 150 miles from land in his little piratical-looking schooner. When he came alongside we received him with three cheers. All that day he was the lion of the ship. He was a neat-looking dapper youth, more like a linen-draper's apprentice than a man intrusted with the lives of so many human beings. The women wondered how his mother liked to trust him in such a little boat, and the opposite sex seeming to derive not a little encouragement from the idea that men must be scarce in New York, since they employed boys as pilots. However, the following night, after sitting up very late, straining our eyes since it had been dark, we saw the light-house on Sandy Hook, and the following morning we were at anchor at the quarantine ground opposite Staten Island. When we first saw land, it had a singularly dreary aspect; nothing appeared but a sandy beach, backed by a seemingly interminable forest; but gradually the scene changed. The sun was shining brightly on the dazzling white farm-houses and prim churches of Long Island; the country was chequered like a piece of patchwork with fields of every colour. The sea around us was swarming with shoals of small fish, and we could hear the birds singing gaily in the distance. It was a very cheering sight; and a stout farmer standing by me, dressed in his Sunday clothes, rubbed his hands joyfully together, and chuckled out, 'Ah, this will do; this is something like.' All were in high spirits; and even Mrs Eccles got up something like a smile. Curious-looking machines, which the pilots called steamboats, were sailing about in every direction; they looked like factories that had broken loose, and taken to the water, with the beam of the steam-engine working up and down through the roof.

After sending a poor man ashore who had been brought to the very gates of death through sickness, we fastened ourselves to one of these small factories, and in a couple of hours anchored in the North River, a hundred yards from the wharfs of the city of New York. Just at that moment the guns of a large frigate lying astern of us thundered out a salute in honour of some great personage who was going on board, and the battery on shore took up the echo. The moment we were steady in the water, fifty boats that were lying in wait pounced down on us, and in a moment we were boarded by a herd of tavern touters, luggage porters, and transportation agents, as they with great frankness called themselves. They were all slenderly-built men, very pale or sallow, looking as if they had passed their lives in a coal-pit. Their thin hair, which was either very black or very sandy, was neatly parted on one side. With the exception of two Irishmen, who evidently had not been long in the country, they were all much better dressed than their class in England, and certainly much more foppishly so. They all either smoked cigars, or chewed; and one or two indulged in both at the same time. Almost every word they spoke was coupled with an oath; and one or two boys, who dressed and talked like the men, and seemed to be considered as such by them, made up for the inferiority of their years by the originality and frequent use of expressions that would shock even a Billingsgate fishwoman of the *ancien regime*.

I was standing with a young man, who had been my messmate and bedfellow, beside our boxes, when a melancholy-looking individual, dressed in a green jacket, with a small glazed cap perched on his head, and his shirt-collar turned down smoothly over his black silk neckcloth, sauntered past, looking, as if accidentally, at the superscription on our trunks. In a minute or two he came up again in great haste, with a smile on his face, and a pocket-book in his hand. 'Wall,' said he, 'it *is* queer that I did not recognise you before;' but looking first at his book, and then at me, and breaking into soliloquy, 'I guess that's the very article. Your name ain't Brown, is it?' I briefly assured him that he had hit my distinguished patronymic to a nicety. 'And your'n Mr Inglis?' turning to my companion, who answered him in the affirmative. 'Wall, I thought I should find you out; in fact, sir, it takes *me* to do it—rayther. I was told to be pretty particular with you two gents, and I've come to see what I can do for you. The truth is, sir,' said he, with a confidential whisper, 'I am ashamed to say that some of these citizens ain't over and above good characters; they'd cheat a feller out of his eye-teeth while he was opening his mouth to take a chaw. Now, here's the way we'll fix it; jist stand where you are, and don't let them touch nothin', and I'll get a man to help to tote your plunder to the boat.' Well, thought I, that is pretty cool—plunder, indeed! 'Set down the traps instantly, and tell me why you take us to be swindlers.'

'Swindlers!' said he, staring; 'who on airth said you were swindlers? Traps! Plunder is traps, and traps is plunder.'

While he was gone, we had some leisure to look around us. We seemed to be the only persons who were doing nothing. A matron beside us with five children, and a great quantity of baggage, was alternately charging her juveniles not to stir from the spot where they were standing, and darting down into the cabin, as if with an insane conviction that something was left behind. The tavern touters, by way of saving the trouble of choosing, quietly lifted up such luggage as they had a mind to, and walked off with it to their respective establishments, treating the remonstrances of those who did not wish to avail themselves of the hospitality thus forced on them with a philosophical indifference. The gentlemen of the press, in the meantime, were thrusting themselves in everywhere, eagerly asking questions about the voyage and the number of passengers. Mrs Eccles was bustling about, introducing her brother to everybody, and asking every soul on board to spend a week with her, if they should ever come to Canada. At length our new friend rejoined us, attended by an Irishman. 'This man,' said he, 'will go with you, and I'll foller myself in little less than no time. It's a splendid location he is goin' to take you to, and dirt cheap. You'll live like fightin' cocks; you won't be able to get thin no way you can fix it; the smell alone will make you fat; and it's all first chop—class A. No. 1. Nothin' mean about it—all chicken fixins and uncommon doins. Your friend said he wouldn't have you miss goin' there for no money.'

I was just about to ask him the name of my friend who was so solicitous about me, but of whom I had not the slightest knowledge; but as he was already gone to the other end of the ship, and as the Irishman was shouldering our trunks, I deferred it till a better opportunity; and, with some anxiety as to the nature of 'chicken fixins,' and some misgivings as to the cheapness of dirt, I brought up the rear, stopping every now and then to gaze around me, and forget my own little affairs in the feeling inspired by a new and remarkable scene. At first view, New York strikingly reminded me of a French town, with its narrow dirty streets—houses painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and signboards plastered over the walls up to the very attics—the word 'pension,' however, being changed into 'boarding,' and written upon every second house. Carters, dressed in French blue frocks, with French caps on their heads, were driving their cars furiously in every direction, uttering, by way of encouragement to their horses, certain mysterious words that might easily be mistaken for French. There were the same *cabarets*, and indeed in one place having a sanded floor with a little stove in the middle, purporting to be a 'grocery,' I was at first almost positive that I saw my old friend Monsieur Jardin of Passy serving out *petits verres* to some soldiers. We endeavoured to get the Irishman into conversation, but in vain; he seemed to be very sullen; and on our remarking that America appeared to be a good country for emigrants, he merely grinned; and when we asked his opinion of the government, replied that he had no opinion about it at all, at all. While wondering at the man's taciturnity, we arrived at our destination, which, as we were informed by a sign hung on a post before the door, was the 'Freeman's Refuge.' It was a two-storey wooden habitation, painted white, with green blinds and door, which, by the way, was the style of the greater part of the houses. The street door opened into the bar-room, the distinguishing characteristics of which were the extreme neatness of the bar, and the great plentifulness of spittoons. The moment we appeared, every person in the room, which was pretty full, rose up, and giving a hasty glance at us, with one accord turned round and made for a door beside the bar, excepting the landlord and one unfortunate individual who happened to be drying himself with a towel after having washed, and who necessarily took a few seconds to drop the article before he made his escape, wiping his hands with his coat-tails as he fled. While we were staring aghast at these proceedings, the landlord, who was a young man, not distinguishable in dress or appearance from the others, came up to me and said, 'I guess you're come in the Julius Macgregor? Wall, I expect you'll be for having dinner; the bell's jist rung.' 'And is that the reason why these gentlemen made off so suddenly?' said I, inexpressibly relieved by this announcement. 'Sartinly,' replied he; 'come on, or you wont be in time for the first table. But stop; I guess we'll have a sling first,' walking behind the bar. To his great astonishment, however, we declined a sling, and following him, we walked to the dining-room. It was a long room, with a table about a yard shorter than itself, leaving space at each end for two black waiters to pass. Around the table were seated about twenty gentlemen (which is the designation of every person of the male sex in America, coloured persons excepted), and three or four of the softer sex. The

table was covered with fowls, roast sucking-pigs, hot joints, pies, cakes, and sweetmeats, and each person helped himself *sans ceremonie*. This would have been a pleasant sight at any time; but after having lived on salt junk for the last two months, it seemed to me to be a peep at Paradise. Even while sitting down, however, a shade of anxiety crossed my mind, as I considered how 'uncommon doins' would suit the state of my finances; but for all that, I was soon as busy as the rest. The company seemed to be divided between their anxiety to finish their meal in the shortest possible space, and the desire to obtain all the information they could from me. For the first two minutes nothing was said, the dead silence that reigned around being broken only by the rattling of the knives and forks. At length a young cadaverous-looking gentleman, of perhaps seventeen years, who sat next me, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, guessed that it was a pretty considerably warm day; and the ice being thus broken, another hazarded the conjecture that I had come from England lately; while a third decidedly opined that I would realise a great difference in America from what I had been used to. This was received with great unanimity, many declaring with an oath that they *ray*ther expected so. However, they had now spun out their dinner to the unreasonable length of a quarter of an hour, and so the gentlemen dropped off one by one, and left me alone with the ladies. Now, thought I, I shall have some quiet, and I helped myself to the wing of a fowl. But I was doomed to experience the vanity of human expectations; for a pretty little girl of sixteen, who, I afterwards learned, was on her bridal tour with the youth mentioned above, taking upon herself to be the spokeswoman of the party, began to question me, and to such good purpose, that as I had not, in those days, either the wit to elude or the nerve to decline answering, in a very short time she possessed herself not only of my own history and prospects, but also of the private memoirs of my ancestors for the last two or three generations. And this was not all; for at nearly every reply I gave, an old lady from Massachusetts cried out, 'I want to know!' And thinking she had as good a right to the information as the other, I retailed it over again for her peculiar benefit. At last, however, I escaped; and hastening, in some perturbation, to pay for my dinner, that I might judge of the progress of my expenses, I found, to my agreeable surprise, that the damage was only a shilling! which, I may add, would have been the same even if I had indulged in a 'sling'—namely, a dram—both before and after dinner. As I was putting on my hat to go out, the landlord asked me if I would not like to 'wash up;' I thanked him for his attention; but not exactly comprehending the proposal, I thought it safest to decline.

I hardly know how the afternoon was spent between this hour and bed-time. I have only a dim recollection of wandering about for a considerable time, my steps still unsteady with the motion of the ship, my head swimming with the undulation of the sea, my fancy turned topsy-turvy with the novelty around me, and my heart agitated with fear and regret on the one hand, and the longings and courageous hopes of youth and inexperience on the other. When I returned, it was time for bed; and thankfully accepting an invitation of the youth who sat next me at dinner, given to the assembled company, who consisted of about twenty, and in these words—'Gentlemen, let's liquor,' but declining any further hospitalities for the night, I retired to my apartment.

This was a bare-looking uncarpeted room, with six uncurtained tent bedsteads ranged along the wall, each with one chair and two lodgers. My thoughts, however, were busy with my own position. Here I was in America without a single friend, and with only a very small number of pounds in my pocket. The die was cast: I had wilfully severed myself from all who cared for me, and plunged alone and helpless into what was to me, indeed, a New World. There was no room for me in this crowded city, and I longed to escape from it. It was my design, as far as my money would carry me, to flow on with the tide of emigration; and already the wilds of Canada lay vast and dreary before my mind's eye. I was restless and feverish for a time; but when the light was at length extinguished, and the deep breathing of my eleven comrades proclaimed that they were already unconscious of the world and its anxieties, my cogitations became gradually indistinct. I was still in the Freeman's Refuge, but tossing in it on the vasty deep. Forests of trees sprung up among the forests of houses around me, and the noises of the street were mingled with the whoops of Indians. When I fell asleep, these incongruities were continued in my dreams; and when, at an early hour next morning, I started from my uneasy pillow, it was some time before I could comprehend where I was, or that I was really an outcast and a vagabond in America.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MANIA FOR SAXON WORDS.

Of late years there has been a mania for Saxon words, or at least a strong advocacy of that kind of speech, as if there were some especial and inimitable virtue in this portion of our language. Swift and Cobbett are praised in many quarters for the predominance of Saxon phraseology in their writings; and Southey goes so far as to express himself in the following terms:—'Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language. I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake; but he who uses a French or Latin phrase where a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for high treason against his mother-tongue.' Is this preference of one element of our speech over the rest justifiable on any rational grounds? We suspect not; for we have never seen a single reason presented for the preference—nothing but the preference itself, which may be a mere freak or conceit. It strikes us as rather curious, that those who express the preference do not the less on that account use the ordinary quantity of Latin and French words in their writings: Mr Southey, for instance, employs eight words belonging to these languages in the above two short sentences—one of them, at least, being a substitute for an equally appropriate Saxon term (tolerate, for bear with), so that, if his own law were to be acted upon, he must have been hanged, drawn, and quartered himself. But the fact is, there is no need for discountenancing the use of French and Latin words by these or any gentler means. Our language was originally Saxon, and that kind of speech served, while we were a simple people, like the Saxons themselves. But as the ideas of our nation were improved and extended, it was necessary to obtain appropriate words from other sources, and they were drawn from French, Latin, and Greek, because these sources were the most convenient. Confine ourselves to Saxon! we might as well try to live in wigwams, with no government or courts of law but the wittenagemot. We cannot dispense with French and Latin now, although we were never so willing. Nor is it desirable. An English word, of French or Latin origin, *provided it be moulded into the form of our speech, and does its duty of expressing the idea which it represents*, is quite as good as any Saxon one.

STEAM NAVIGATION.

When steam navigation was struggling into existence about the years 1814, 15, and 16, it was the subject of loudly-expressed contempt amongst nearly all men who enjoyed, or had ever enjoyed, any command at sea. It struck the minds of our bold captains in much the same light as Baillie Jarvie's craft that of Rob Roy—as a poor mean mechanical thing, unworthy of the least consideration; and the ability of a 'steamboat' (such was the name then employed) to outride an angry sea, or perform any exploit above the paltriest coasting and

ferrying, and that in fair weather only, was so utterly scouted, that even the friends of the invention did not venture to pretend to it. Now, it is unnecessary to remind the reader there is steam navigation to America, the West Indies, and even Hindostan, conducted on a scale approaching the magnificent; and many men who have been employed in the proud sailing navy of England, are content to steer these mechanical barks through the broad waters. What a triumph is there here over professional prejudice and the *It-will-never-do* spirit! More than all this, however, let the original scoffers at steam navigation read the following description of a gallant action recently performed by it, and blush.

On Friday, the 23d February (1844), the Newcastle, a fine new vessel bound from Newcastle for Aberdeen with coal, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, and driven during the night in a disabled state to a place about a mile and a-half off the Girdleness, where she obtained anchorage. Here, on Saturday, the people at Aberdeen harbour saw her to be in a condition in the highest degree critical, and an effort was made to take off her crew by means of the life-boat, but in vain. It was found utterly impossible to navigate the boat through the breakers in the teeth of so violent a storm. The subsequent transactions are thus graphically described by the *Aberdeen Journal*:—'The storm continuing with undiminished violence, and night drawing on, it was determined to make another effort in behalf of the storm-tossed mariners. The tug-steamer, Samson, was thought of, and as the atmosphere appeared likely to continue comparatively clear and calm, it was resolved that she should be employed on the hazardous enterprise. The use of this vessel was promptly and generously granted by Captain Robinson, her owner; and accordingly, about 4 P.M., when the tide was nearly at full, the Samson was seen tearing her way through the swelling surf, under the direction of her master, Captain Robinson; Captain Guthrie, of the Duke of Wellington, steering the vessel, which was manned by as gallant a crew as old ocean ever bore on her bosom, comprising the following experienced shipmasters; namely, Captain Guthrie, of the Duke of Wellington steamer; Captain Lawson, of the Edinburgh packet; Captain Cadenhead, of the Falcon; Captain Low, of the Preceptor; Captain Petty, of the Commerce; Captain Daniel, of the Brigand; Captain Sangster, of the Dwina; and Captain Cook, of the Joseph; who nobly volunteered their services on the occasion. The news had widely spread of the daring enterprise which was contemplated, and the piers were crowded with thousands of our citizens, eagerly yet fearfully awaiting the issue. As the Samson struggled along between the piers, she was saluted with three hearty cheers, expressive of the deep-felt wishes of the assembled multitude that she might return in safety and with success from her short but perilous voyage. She experienced little difficulty until she reached the bar, over which the infuriated billows were careering in ceaseless succession, threatening destruction to all that dared to come within the range of their maddened fury. Here the struggle commenced—man's strength and skill seeming all too feeble to meet the elemental war; wave after wave came rushing on, breaking over the frail bark, while her quivering hull was for a moment lost to the eye. But the tight little steamer held her course, showing a gallant front to the breakers; sometimes tossed like a nut-shell on their terrible crests, and again grappling successfully with the full stretch of their might, scornfully showing her keel as she dashed triumphantly forward; buried occasionally in the foam of the wrathful ocean, but again and again emerging buoyant from the struggle. Once beyond the breakers, she lay kindly enough to the swell of the sea, and, to the inexpressible delight of all on shore, she was seen to reach the Newcastle. After some time, she succeeded in getting under the lee of that vessel; a boat was lowered, and at two trips the whole of the passengers and crew, including a female, were transferred to the steamer; which then made for the harbour with her interesting freight, bearing them gallantly through the infuriated surge, and landing the whole in safety at Waterloo Quay, to the delight of the assembled thousands.'

There cannot, of course, be the slightest doubt that, but for steam navigation, the lives of all on board the Newcastle must have been exposed ere long to the mercy of a tempestuous wintry sea, a mile and a-half from land—that is to say, must have perished.

FLOATING OF THE PERSON.

In the storm alluded to in the preceding note, a South Shields vessel was driven out of her course for London, and stranded at a dangerous place in St Andrews Bay. The crew, consisting of nine persons, took to their boat, which made for land amidst circumstances of the greatest peril. It reached a dangerous half-sunk rock—the people on shore expected next moment to see it upset—but, by mere accident, it was carried over the point of danger by an unusually high wave. To this happy chance the preservation of the lives of these nine persons is attributed.

Now, it cannot be too strongly insisted on, that there was no need for this lucky accident to save the lives of the men. In the circumstances they were in, supposing their boat to have been upset, they would have in all probability been saved had they been furnished each with a safety belt to keep them afloat till help was obtained. Modern science and ingenuity have placed in our power the means of floating the person in the water for an indefinite length of time, at the cost of a few shillings. Why should not every seaman possess one of these useful articles, ready to be employed on any such exigency as that described? Mr Carte's invention, composed of cork, and not exceeding a small dressing-case in its whole bulk, costs twelve shillings. Belts of inflatable Mackintosh, equally efficient for floating, but less certain to resist damage, can be had at about the same expense. Then there is Mr Carte's admirable *Life Buoy*, which, on an emergency, could support four persons in the water; besides other ingenious appliances for the same purpose. Already, these inventions of Mr Carte, although but partially introduced, are ascertained to have saved twenty-eight lives. Considering their proved efficiency, their convenience, and cheapness, it seems little less than mindless folly for men accustomed to be at sea to want them; a folly as great as it would be to despise having linch-pins in a carriage, or a hearthstone and fender to save a house from taking fire.

MR LAING'S PRIZE ESSAY.

About a year and a-half ago, the proprietors of the Atlas newspaper proposed to give a prize of a hundred pounds, fifty pounds, and twenty-five pounds, for the first, second, and third-best essays respectively, on the causes of, and remedies for, the existing distress of the country. To insure impartiality in the award of merit, Sir David Brewster; Herman Merivale of Baliol college, Oxford; George Pryme, professor of political economy in the university of Cambridge; Thomas Tooke, of the Statistical Society, London; and John Wilson, professor of moral philosophy, Edinburgh, were appointed arbiters. The announcement of the offer, as well from its novelty as liberality, excited considerable attention at the time, and the result was awaited with a curiosity befitting the importance of the subject. The adjudicators have at length discharged their onerous and laborious task, some idea of which may be learned from the fact, that they examined the productions of 157 competitors, each of whose essays contained from four hundred to five hundred pages of closely-written manuscript. The highest prize was awarded to Samuel Laing, Jun. Esq.

late fellow of St John's college, Cambridge; the second to the Rev. Joseph Angus; and the third to Edward Baines, Esq. editor of the Leeds Mercury, and author of the History of the Cotton Manufacture. How far the award has been founded on a correct estimate of the merits of the respective productions, is a point which we are not prepared to discuss, as one only has yet come under our notice. The proprietors of the Atlas having commenced issuing the prize essays in weekly detachments, we are enabled to lay before many thousands of our readers, who will never see the essays themselves, a sketch of the leading arguments and conclusions of at least the production which has borne the highest premium.

Mr Laing, who belongs to a family in which ability appears to be hereditary, has executed his task with considerable skill, and no doubt with much labour, along with a conscientious conviction of its importance. Unfortunately, however, by entering on his task in what must be called a spirit of morbid philanthropy, and with an ardent desire to make out his case, he fails, as we think, in presenting that faithful portraiture of our times which the reader of such an essay has every reason to expect. As we proceed, we may perhaps attempt to show the want of comprehensiveness in his views, and the unsoundness of his opinions; and that consequently his conclusions, logical though they be from his premises, are not so uniformly correct as we could wish to see them. The subject divides itself into three parts, which he has treated seriatim—Part 1. Nature and extent of the existing distress, extending to six chapters; 2. Causes of the existing distress, extending to four chapters; and, 3. Remedies for the existing distress, in nine chapters.

Mr Laing sets out with observing that the complaints of national distress point more to an organic malady in the framework of society, than anything which can be brought within the domain of recognised rules. 'At former periods of history we have heard complaints of national distress, and witnessed instances of national decay; but these have been occasioned by causes, and accompanied by symptoms, very different from those which characterise the present phase of social existence in England. For instance, invasion of foreign enemies, loss of national independence, decay of energy and martial spirit, domestic discord, religious persecution, financial embarrassment, sudden changes in the accustomed course of commerce, are all recognised causes and symptoms of the decline of nations. Of none of these do we find a trace in the present condition of England. On the contrary, never, perhaps, was there a period when national prosperity, judged of by these outward historical tests, stood higher. England stands, without dispute, the first naval and commercial power in the world. Ships and money, the two great elements of superiority in modern warfare, she commands to an almost unlimited extent, and by the application of steam, her relative superiority over other nations is daily increasing.' There is likewise nothing like internal convulsion; party rancour is abated; public opinion is becoming more healthful. The prospects of our vast colonial empire afford more room for gratulation than apprehension. In the West Indies, instead of 800,000 dissolute and discontented slaves, we have as many civilised Christian fellow-subjects, bound to the mother-country by ties of gratitude and interest. At home, abroad, and in the colonies, England is great and prosperous. Her public credit never was higher. Her resources are stupendous. The united annual incomes of the people are estimated at from L.290,000,000 to L.310,000,000, little more than two years of which would pay off the whole national debt. Accumulated savings can scarcely find an outlet. In the course of about six years, 1700 miles of railway have been completed at a cost of L.54,000,000. The length of navigable canals in England exceeds 2200 miles. The number of inhabited houses in Great Britain is 593,911, being nearly double the number in 1821. The value of British produce and manufactures annually exported has risen, in the course of the last fifteen years, from about L.35,000,000 to upwards of L.50,000,000. In 1840, there were consumed 35,127,000 lbs. of tea, 22,779,000 lbs. of tobacco, 7,000,000 gallons of wine, and 3,825,000 cwts. of sugar. In the same year there were used 39,814,000 bushels of malt, and 25,190,000 gallons of British spirits. On the 1st of January 1841, the United Kingdom owned 21,983 vessels, having a tonnage of 2,724,104; upwards of 3,000,000 tons of this shipping leave port annually. Since 1820, upwards of L.60,000,000 of British capital have been invested in foreign loans.

'It would be easy,' observes Mr Laing, 'to accumulate facts of a similar nature; but those above cited are sufficient for our present purpose, which is simply to show that the country exhibits, as yet, no decided symptom of declining wealth, and that whatever may be the evils which afflict society, the want of a sufficient capital to set industry in motion, and to sustain the national burdens, is certainly not among them. Where, then, is the distress? If neither the political circumstances, the financial condition, nor—considered with reference only to the amount of wealth—the economical state of the country, show any indications of decay or danger, how is it that so many serious men shake their heads with gloomy apprehensions, and at times feel tempted to doubt whether the amount of evil in the present social condition of England does not preponderate over the good? *It is in the condition of the labouring classes that the danger lies.* Amidst the intoxication of wealth and progress, and the dreams of a millennium of material prosperity to be realised by the inventions of science, the discoveries of political economy, and the unrestricted application of man's energy and intelligence to outward objects, society has been startled by a discovery of the fearful fact, that as wealth increases, poverty increases in a faster ratio, and that in almost exact proportion to the advance of one portion of society in opulence, intelligence, and civilisation, has been the retrogression of another and more numerous class towards misery, degradation, and barbarism. To speak more specifically, the leading facts to which the evils that, in one shape or other, are continually forcing themselves upon the attention of society, may be reduced, appear to be—1*st*. The existence of an intolerable mass of *misery*, including in the term both recognised and official pauperism, and the unrecognised destitution that preys, like a consuming ulcer, in the heart of our large cities and densely-peopled manufacturing districts. 2*dly*. The condition of a large proportion of the independent labouring class, who are unable to secure a tolerably comfortable and stable subsistence in return for their labour, and are approximating, there is too much reason to fear, towards the gulf of pauperism, in which they will be, sooner or later, swallowed up, unless something effectual can be done to arrest their downward progress.'

To fortify these propositions, Mr Laing accumulates a large body of facts from parliamentary evidence, statistical reports, &c. With respect to destitution, he shows that the number of avowed paupers in England is 1,300,928, or 8¼ per cent. of the population, which is nearly one person out of every twelve. But this gives no idea of the real amount of destitution and misery, particularly in the large towns and manufacturing districts. 'An enlightened and philanthropic foreign writer, in describing the results of his personal observation in England, says, with equal force and truth, that by the side of an opulence, activity, elegance, and wide-spread comfort, of which the world has no example, every great city contains "a real *Ghetto*"—a cursed quarter—a hell upon earth, where the reality of *misery*, depravity, and every hideous form of suffering and degradation, surpasses anything that the imagination of a Dante ever conceived in describing the abode of devils.' Here follow some details respecting the dens of Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other cities; hideous and revolting; yet so real, so dangerous,

that the most fastidious are bound, from even the inferior motive of self-defence, to look them in the face. One or two facts speak emphatically as to the social deterioration. In Manchester, in 1839, as many as 42,964 persons, or nearly a sixth of the population, were admitted at different medical charities; and more than one-half of the inhabitants are either so destitute or degraded, as to require the assistance of public charity in bringing their offspring into the world. In Glasgow, in the five years ending in 1840, as many as 62,051 persons were attacked by typhus fever, a disease generally produced by filth, intoxication, and vice. In Liverpool, from 35,000 to 40,000 of the lower population live in cellars, without windows or any means of light and ventilation but the door. Out of 6571 cellars lately examined, 2988 were found either wet or dirty. In towns not connected with manufactures, similar horrors are disclosed. Edinburgh possesses alleys and courts vile as those of Manchester; and in Brighton, the abode of royalty and fashion, there are districts which, for wretchedness and degradation, may dispute the palm with the wynds of Glasgow or the cellars of Liverpool. The ratio of mortality for all England is 1 in 48 annually; but in the lowest quarter of Leeds it is 1 in 24, in Whitechapel 1 in 26, in Glasgow 1 in 31, &c.—the greater mortality being traceable to poverty, bad ventilation, want of cleanliness, vice, and intemperance.

The chapters towards the conclusion of the first part relate to the condition of the hand-loom weavers, and other classes of not highly skilled operatives; also the agricultural, the mining, and the fishing population. It is, says our author, established, by incontestable facts, that a large proportion of the dense masses of population, crowded together in the low districts of our large towns, have absolutely no regular and recognised occupations, and live, as it were, outlaws upon society. The most unfortunate class of operatives is the hand-loom weavers, of whom, in 1841, there were upwards of 800,000. It was found, by inquiry at Huddersfield, that the average earnings of 402 weavers, maintaining 1655 persons, was 5s. 6½d. per week, or 2¼d per day for each individual. At Ashton-under-Lyne, the average family earnings were 4s. 11¼d. per week. At Wigan, the average of 113 persons employed gave 3s. 11d. per week for each. In the more favoured branches of hand-loom weaving, a wage of about 7s. 6d. was realised; but to earn this, or even an inferior sum, labour was protracted to seventy hours per week. The employment, in most instances, was also irregular; and, all things considered, it was manifest that the bulk of the 800,000 persons depending on this precarious employment existed on the verge of extreme destitution. Nearly the same remark might be applied to a large proportion of persons employed in the great national manufactures. Of two and a-half millions of individuals engaged in the woollen, linen, and silk trades, there are, in ordinary circumstances, about one-third plunged in extreme misery, and hovering on the verge of starvation; another third earning something better than the agricultural labourer, but under circumstances very prejudicial to health, morality, and domestic comfort; and finally, a third earning high wages, amply sufficient to maintain them in respectability and comfort. Since these facts were elicited, wages have fallen 15 or 20 per cent., and distress has spread upwards, invading the condition of the highly-paid workmen connected with machinery. From all credible investigations, it appears that the English agricultural labourer is in circumstances only a degree better than those of the poorest paid town operatives, and worse than those of the higher class of mechanics. His condition is also gradually deteriorating; with the best elements of mental improvement, he is subsiding into intellectual darkness and moody distrust and discontent. He is, in fact, almost abandoned to wild desperation. 'He has absolutely nothing to look forward to; nothing to fall back upon.' The mining population are among the best paid and most regularly employed workmen; but, except in Cornwall, they are generally deteriorating in habits, uninstructed, and too often intemperate. The fishing population is not in a condition of so much deterioration as many others.

Here Mr Laing closes the first part of his essay, having made out, as he thinks, a case of distress and demoralisation which deserves to be called national, and alarming from the very contentment which prevails among the most debased of the population. Without disputing a single fact which he produces, we fear he has exposed himself to the charge of keeping out of view whatever circumstances go to prove *an advance of mind, morals, and physical comforts among the classes whose condition he has pictured as so deplorable.* Strangely enough, he does not think it necessary to compare past with present misery, an oversight so serious as to weaken the whole of his subsequent conclusions. For example, allowing that in England 1 in every 12 persons is a pauper, what was the proportion forty, sixty, or a hundred years ago? Is it only a *new* fact that our large towns contain a vicious population, or that agricultural labourers are in distress? It may be true that the proportion of deaths is as great as 1 in 24 in Leeds, and 1 in 26 in Whitechapel; but is it not equally true that in London, at the middle of last century, the average for the whole population was 1 in 20; which argues a far greater intensity of poverty, vice, and misery, than is at present in existence. Sixty years since, every road in the kingdom was haunted by highwaymen, and it was quite customary to hang dozens of robbers and burglars in a morning at Newgate. All parts of the country are now freed of these pests; and capital offences, with capital punishments, are comparatively rare. In the same golden age of sixty years ago, the lower classes sought amusement in cock-fighting, duck-pelting, bull-baiting, and other brutal sports; the same classes of persons now resort to mechanics' institutions, libraries, reading-rooms, lecturing halls, and other places of an improving tendency. In the matter of intemperance, the people at large are also wonderfully improved of late years; and the increase of prudence and decent economy may be learned from the fact of there being now many thousands of benefit clubs, sick and annuity societies, and something like twenty-five millions of pounds sterling lodged in the Savings' Banks. We are sorry that Mr Laing has not chosen to soften the darker shades of his picture by these and similar bright streams of light, and so far he fails in presenting a truthful portraiture of our times. With this caveat against his preliminary assumptions, we shall proceed in another paper to analyse the second part of his essay.

CODES OF ETIQUETTE.

In one of his colloquies, the sage Erasmus tells his pupil—'A gentleman ought to behave himself like a gentleman. As often or whenever any one that is your superior speaks to you, stand straight, pull off your hat, and look neither doggedly, surlily, saucily, malapertly, nor unsettledly, but with a staid, modest, pleasant air in your countenance, and a bashful look fixed upon the person who speaks to you; your feet set close by one another, your hands without action. Do not stand titter totter, first standing upon one foot and then upon another, nor playing with your fingers, biting your lips, scratching your head, or picking your ears. Let your clothes be put on tight and neat, that your whole dress, air, motion, and habit, may bespeak a modest and bashful temper. When you are at a feast, behave yourself cheerfully, but always so as to remember what becomes your age. Serve yourself last; and if any nice bit be offered you, refuse it modestly; but if they press it upon you, take it, and thank the person; and cutting off a bit of it, offer the rest either to him that gave it you, or to him that sits next you.' Some of these regulations are worthy to be followed; but Fashion—who, though the most changeful, is the most arbitrary of

codifiers—has very considerably altered the rules of etiquette since the great Reformer's time. It is, for instance, no longer a point of politeness for persons, young or old, to say 'no' when they mean 'yes;' or to halve a *bonne-bouche* with its donor. Nevertheless, some of these maxims held their sway for a very long period, for we find them repeated in that popular compendium of elementary instruction, 'Vyse's Spelling-book,' published at the beginning of the present century. Others are added in the same work, which serve to show what mathematically correct young gentlemen the schoolmaster of that day sought to produce. In the chapter on 'Behaviour at Home to your Parents,' he directs his pupils thus:—'Having come softly up to the door, and knocked at it once, and not too loud, as soon as it is opened, go in. Take off your hat as soon as you are entered, and don't touch it again till you are going out. As soon as you come into the room to your parents and relatives, bow, and stand near the door till you are told where to sit.' The process of commencing a conversation is to be extremely elaborate. After you have taken care 'how you speak to those who have not spoken to you,' the scholar is to wait till the person he wishes to address is at leisure, and then to 'stand up, that he may see you want to speak. When his eyes are upon you, walk softly to him, and speak so gently, that others may not hear. Before you speak, make a bow or curtsey, and when you have received your answer, make another, but with discretion.' These formulæ instruct the pupil in the whole art of appearing what the naughty boys of the present day call 'sheepish'—and, happily, they are not at present followed. We, again, of the modern school of etiquette, deem it a very bad sign when young ladies or gentlemen never suffer themselves to speak above a whisper. To be continually bowing, also, however much discretion is used, we have ceased to consider convenient or graceful. Concerning behaviour in company, Mr Vyse is uncommonly particular; he even prescribes the exact position in which young gentlemen are to sit. The posture is to be 'easy and genteel,' of which his idea is as follows:—'Put one hand in the bosom of your waistcoat, and let the other fall easily on your knee.' The rigid disciples of Mr Vyse's principles, when many of them were seated in company, must have presented a curiously uniform effect. Further on, singing, whistling, yawning, and 'biting your nails,' are strictly prohibited; but with these regulations modern society has, as far as we have observed, never as yet interfered.

It is not to be regretted that many of the unnatural restraints formerly prescribed for the young have been abolished. The arbitrary imposition of rules of conduct by masters, where nature, and the example of parents and teachers, are the best guides, while it checked the natural flow of animal spirits, taught the pupils hypocrisy; to say one thing when they meant another, and to be continually acting contrary to their inclination. Hence they too often took their revenge, when out of sight and relieved of restraint, by running into excesses of a worse nature than those which the codes of politeness imposed on them were designed to prevent. The effect of such rules was to bring them into such habits of constraint, that nature and reason had no play whatever; whilst in a well-regulated house, where every influential member of a family instinctively, and, as a matter of course, does just what has been held to be most convenient for moving in society with ease and propriety, children become far better mannered than those who were formally drilled and lectured into good behaviour. That example is better than precept, is as strikingly exemplified in what have been called the minor morals, as in those of greater moment.

France, the head-quarters of European politeness, has been far more prolific in treatises on etiquette than England in all ages. One of the most extensively used has the date of 1838 upon it, and is entitled, 'Rules for Juvenile Politeness; to Instruct the Young in Good Behaviour and Graceful Demeanour.' It is, considering the subject, a work of some pretension, containing thirty-five chapters. This code is a vast improvement on that of Mr Vyse. In, for instance, describing the proper mode of carrying on a conversation, the author tells young people 'not to be of that number who talk incessantly, and who do not give others time to say what they think. Should any one speak, allow them to finish what they are going to say; listen attentively, without interrupting their discourse. Speak neither too loud nor too softly; let your discourse be low, but distinct and familiar, without affectation, as much in what you say, as in the manner of saying it.' In the matter of personal carriage, the French authority is also far in advance of Mr Vyse. He, however, instructs chiefly by negatives:—'Do not stoop,' he says, 'as if you had a pack on your shoulders; but hold yourself upright, and accustom yourself to that posture.'

Another French guide to gentility, exactly contemporary with the last, is entitled, 'New and Complete Manual for Good Society, or Guide to Politeness and Good Breeding.'* It contains 350 closely printed pages, and addresses itself minutely to all sorts and conditions of men, showing them how they ought to act in every possible variety of circumstances. It would appear that a different style of conduct is expected in France from different professions; hence physicians, clergymen, lawyers, soldiers, and even authors, are each instructed in the proper behaviour towards persons with whom they come in contact. Madame Celnart wisely advises professional men to talk as little as possible of their own professions. She recommends the doctor to converse about law, and the lawyer to inquire particularly into the state of his client's health; the military man must be eloquent on ships, and the sailor communicative concerning campaigns. Her reasons for forming a code of politeness for authors are both strong and flattering:—'Why, it will be asked, should not authors belong to the ordinary category of society? But I inquire in turn, Do those men, absorbed with high and noble thoughts, live a common life?—they, who are constantly seeking for the secret of the beautiful—agitated by passions, wandering in dreams, and strangers to the commonplaces of the world? No, no. Theirs is an existence apart; one of delights which the world cannot appreciate; one which is concealed from vulgar apprehensions.' For gentlemen so constantly in the clouds, a long course of instruction has been deemed necessary; and all authors who may wish to distinguish themselves in company, are imperatively called on to learn by heart from the seventy-first to the seventy-eighth page of Madame Celnart's Manuel. Passing over 'The Art to Shine in Society, or Manual for the Man of the World,' &c.† we leave the French books of etiquette, to mention one of the many which have made their appearance in philosophical Germany; for it is quite erroneous to suppose that the metaphysical character of the Germans prevents them from paying every possible attention to ceremonious usages. In all the minute details of etiquette, that grave people are unequalled; and Kotzebue satirises this propensity of his countrymen to refine upon formalities in his novel of 'Die Komödiantin aus Liebe' [the Comedians from Choice]. 'My uncle, the court-marshal,' says one of the characters, 'is an author. He has written a large volume on the shoulder-straps of pages, and another on the art of arranging card-tables. He is now occupied on his grand work, in eight volumes, and three hundred and forty chapters, on etiquette. One of the chapters contains excellent rules as to the manner in which we should behave towards the prince's pointers.' The German code‡ of etiquette, entitled 'The Rules of Politeness,' exemplifies Kotzebue's sarcasm. It

* Nouveau Manuel Complet de la Bonne Compagnie, ou Guide de la Politesse et de la Bienséance, &c. Augmented and revised by Madame Celnart. Paris: 1838.

† L'Art de Briller en Société, ou Manuel de l'Homme du Monde, &c. Par P. C. et A. L. R., Membres de la Société Royale Académique de Sciences et de Plusieurs Sociétés Litteraires. Paris: 1829.

‡ Die Regeln von Höflechkeit. Vienna: 1832.

is simply a list of titles, with proper directions for addressing their owners, accompanied by a detail of such formalities as are practised at the various imperial courts and petty dukedoms in Germany. Whenever the Germans take up a subject or a custom, they never enter upon it by halves; they are the most profound philosophers, the deepest dreamers, the most inveterate smokers, and nicest observers of ceremony, in Europe.

Italy has produced but few works on the subject of etiquette. The truth is, the essence of ceremony is self-restraint, which the Italians practise but little. Their standard work on the subject, therefore—'The New Gallant'*—is the very opposite of the German production. Instead of being made up of formal rules, it is a grave philosophic treatise on the principles of politeness, by an eminent political economist, and is applicable to all ages and countries alike. Indeed both English and American writers on the subject have borrowed largely from it.

We now pass to such of the innumerable English books on etiquette as have fallen under our notice, with the view of remarking on some of the curious laws which they lay down. In all of them, much stress is placed on the manner of saluting our friends. Following the authority of 'Hints on Etiquette,'† it is not necessary in England to uncover, unless to a lady. 'Never,' says the author, 'nod to a lady in the street, neither be satisfied with touching your hat, but take it off; it is a courtesy her sex demands.' On the continent the hat is removed indiscriminately to either sex; and in some parts of Germany the act is performed *after* the parties have met; that is to say, should they encounter opposite number ten of a street, one hat is taken off somewhere about number fifteen, and the other at number five—a peculiarity which gives rise to the adage, 'Better late than never, like a German bow.' Doctors differ even in etiquette; and another regulator of salutations insists that taking off the hat is *not* essential on meeting a lady. You may sometimes —kiss your hand to her;‡ but this can only be proper to 'persons with whom you are intimately acquainted.' Ladies, according to an American authority,§ are to bow in the street, and on no account to attempt the curtsey. 'It is,' he adds, 'a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head.'

And this brings us to a point which does not appear to have received the attention it deserves from any of the authorities we have consulted. This is the difficult one of promiscuous recognition. In foreign codes of etiquette, that department of the science is scarcely noticed; for the reserve and caution which raise the point are only peculiar to the English. Abroad, a 'regular introduction' is not absolutely necessary to noticing persons in the street, or to conversing with them in public places; while here, such a preliminary is so strongly insisted on, that we have seen an anecdote in a French publication, which, though declared to be a fact, is a little too extravagant for implicit belief. An English gentleman, as the story goes, while hunting in a remote country, perceived one of the party had been thrown from his horse, and was struggling for his life in a horse-pond. On being asked why he had not helped the sufferer out of his danger, the precise formalist replied, that he did not like to take the liberty, 'for he had never been regularly introduced to him!' This is an extreme exemplification of English reserve, modified instances of which are constantly occurring. To avoid embarrassments on this score, we would humbly suggest two rules. *First*, Never bow to a person unless you are perfectly sure you know him. But what constitutes knowing him? You may have met him in private or public assemblies, in watering-places or steamboats; you may have conversed with him there on general topics, and be perfectly cognisant of his person, name, and station; still, that does not convert him into a recognisable acquaintance in the street; and were you thrown together again in similar places, though your intercourse might be repeated, it would only be as strangers. It is related of George Selwyn, a celebrated leader of fashion in the latter part of the last century, that, when at Bath, he got upon this sort of conversational terms with an elderly gentleman, whom he afterwards met in London. Selwyn endeavoured to pass him unnoticed, but his pump-room friend insisted upon stopping him with the exclamation, 'Why, don't you recollect me? We became acquainted at Bath, you know.' To this Selwyn replied, 'I remember perfectly, and when I next go to Bath, I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again.' As, however, some dubiety must exist about what constitutes acquaintance, the *second* rule—applicable to those who pass bows unnoticed—provides for all contingencies. It is this:—Return every bow that is offered you. Charles II. and George IV., who, on the point of exterior manner, have always been considered models, saluted every person in the street who saluted them, whatever his grade. This is also the case at the present day with the dignitaries of the church; and the mark of respect is paid them without the smallest pretence of acquaintanceship.

The books before us are copious in their information on the sciences of eating dinners, drinking tea, making visits, sending invitations, &c.; but on these matters very little literal instruction can be available; for what is convenient, and considered etiquette in one grade of society, and in one part of the empire, is not so in others. It is, therefore, much safer to trust to observation, and acquire experience; for, after all, the grand comprehensive basis upon which true politeness stands, is acting naturally, and doing as other people do—not deranging society by strange, eccentric, or conspicuous actions.

The improvement which has of late years taken place in the tone of general society is fast abolishing mere etiquette, and such works as we have mentioned will doubtless be looked upon, a few years hence, as literary curiosities. What is now aimed at is a pervading politeness founded on benevolence, and which persons of normally constituted feelings readily acquire amongst well-bred friends. It is something considerably different from mere etiquette, and in many instances opposed to it. It enables us to perform the little courtesies of life easily and naturally, without that kind of flourish and formality which a strict adherence to the rules of etiquette produces. Byron's dictum is more efficacious than all the rules and regulations that ever were imposed; it is, that those persons only are truly agreeable and popular in society, who are

> 'at ease,
> And, being natural, naturally please.'

It is that effort and hypocrisy exhibited by individuals who aim at manners which are not the result of general habit, which is real vulgarity. A clown in the most refined society is not really vulgar, be he ever so clownish; it is only when he tries to become genteel that he is so. Let us hear on this point the philosophy of the most amusing clown, real or fictitious, this world ever produced. 'Provided,' quoth Sancho Panza, 'I have plenty, I can eat more to my satisfaction standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor. And if the truth must be told. I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be on a bit of bread and an onion, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, and to abstain from sneezing and coughing; therefore I hope these honours which your worship would put upon me, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me.' Far,

* Nuovo Galateo, de Melchiore Gioja, &c. Milano: 1827.
† Hints on Etiquette and Usages of Society, &c. London: 1838.
‡ Instructions on Etiquette. By James Pitt, professor of dancing and fencing.
§ The Laws of Etiquette, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society. By a Gentleman. Philadelphia: 1836.

therefore, from thrusting himself into society whose customs differed from his own, and struggling to be mate-fellow of the great and rich, Sancho, with the naturalness and good-breeding of his peculiar station, wishes to decline the honours intended for him. He knew that, were he to attempt an imitation of the ceremonies of the great, he would become essentially vulgar. This is a good lesson for tuft-hunters—precisely the sort of persons among whom mere etiquette is chiefly in vogue.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

A CONVERSATION WITH CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

On the 11th July 1793, I went to the National Convention to assist at the debate which it was expected would take place on the motion for outlawing Lanjuinais, who had miraculously saved himself by flight from the arrest under which he had been placed by an order of the Committee of Public Safety, in consequence of his having, on the 2d of July, denounced at the tribune Marat and his followers for their murderous deeds. In fact, Barrere proposed in a long speech, and Robespierre seconded in a few words, the project of a decree for outlawing that individual; but the very instant that Condorcet rose to address the members on the subject in question, St Just having made a sign to the *sans culottes*, with whom the Committee of Public Safety daily filled the space allotted to the public, a tremendous uproar began, and numerous stentorian voices were heard to exclaim—'Outlaw the traitor! Down with the royalists! To the guillotine with the friends of Brissot and the federation!'

Turning my eyes towards that ferocious band, I perceived with sorrow amongst them a rather stout and tall female, dressed in deep mourning, who, however, disgusted, and probably horror-stricken at so dreadful a scene, soon endeavoured to open for herself a passage, and left the house. The unusual presence in such a place, and the sudden departure of the unknown but decent female, made so powerful an impression on my mind, that I immediately resolved to leave the Convention and follow her, to find out, if possible, who she was, and what extraordinary motive could have instigated her to visit a place in which so many horrors and crimes were perpetrated under the mask of justice, and in the name of liberty.

Fortunately, the woman who had so strongly excited my attention was walking rather slowly towards the Tuilleries, so that I not only overtook her, but, as she seemed absorbed, and unconscious of my presence, I was able to examine her countenance very minutely. The more I looked at her, the more anxiously I sought an opportunity of engaging her in conversation, without committing a breach of politeness towards a female apparently so modest and dignified.

We had scarcely arrived at the entrance of the garden of the Tuilleries, when, by good fortune, a shower of rain suddenly overtook us. Having an umbrella, I spread it, approached, and offered her a share of it. With a dignified but kind expression she replied, 'Thank you, citizen; I accept your offer, and beg you to accompany me to a shelter.' On reaching Rue St Florentin, we found shelter under the gateway of the house of Robespierre. Then my fair companion said, 'I am truly thankful, citizen, for your kindness.' Reanimated by these words, I attempted a gallant and complimentary reply; but, as if taking alarm at my freedom, she abruptly, almost angrily, interrupted me by saying, 'Who are you? If a spy, I scorn your baseness, and warn you to respect both my sex and my virtue.' 'Pardon, pardon, citoyenne,' I resumed, in the most respectful tones; 'I am not a spy; I meant no offence by my words; they were the natural expression of an Italian mind. I will candidly explain to you why I am now in your company. I observed you, a female, *alone*, amidst that horrible multitude assembled in the Chamber; and I was so much surprised to see you there, that I followed you with the intention of asking what motive had brought you into such company. Believe me, citoyenne, I am not one who would willingly offend you. I came to Paris five years ago in search of instruction and amusement, but the political events made me a republican, and the friend and admirer of Brissot and Lanjuinais. For this reason I had gone to the Convention.'

While I was speaking thus frankly, her eyes, which she had fixed upon my countenance, seemed to penetrate my inmost mind; afterwards, resuming her natural air, she said, 'Well, well, young citizen, I believe you; and agree that you must have been justly surprised at seeing a female alone amongst those strange beings; but I had strong reasons for being there. I am glad to learn that you were a friend and admirer of Brissot. May I ask if you have known the noble Citoyenne Roland?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I knew her in her days of prosperity, and do not now shrink from visiting her during her adversity.* She always treated me as a friend.'

'Hast thou ever met Barbaroux at her house?'† demanded she.

'Oh yes, many a time. He is one of the men I esteem, and whom I think unjustly persecuted. He is an able and pure-spirited republican. Very often he has confided to me his projects, his apprehensions——'

'Enough!' cried my companion, with a pleased look; 'I now guess that you are the foreigner whom I have heard Barbaroux speak of with affection as the friend of his party.' She gazed for a minute upon me; then turned her eyes towards the sky, as if to see whether the rain would soon cease; but I perceived by her countenance that her mind was powerfully agitated by different emotions; for at one moment she flushed, and then became again pale and melancholy.

However, after a few minutes' meditation, she said, 'Now that I know thee, I will ask you a favour. I am a stranger in Paris, and have come purposely from the country to obtain an interview with Marat, for I have some important secrets to reveal to him. Could you tell me how I can succeed?'

'Citoyenne,' I answered, 'Marat is at present very ill, and during three weeks has been unable to attend at the sittings of the Convention; nay, it is with difficulty that he goes sometimes to the Committee of Public Safety; but you may write to him, and request an audience, and he will probably grant it to you. I would, however, advise you to address yourself to Fouquier-Tinville.'

'No, no,' she exclaimed; 'I know Fouquier-Tinville well; but he is the public accuser, and the agent of Marat; though, probably, in a short time I shall have business with him also. I want to speak first to the man who rules at his will over France.'

'But have you ever seen Marat?'

'No, I have never seen his person, and am told it is repulsive; but I know him so well by his acts and deeds, that I earnestly wish to have an interview with him for the sake of my country.'

'May you succeed in your patriotic project!' I replied. 'You will find, citoyenne, that it will be rather difficult to obtain any good in that quarter.'

'Well, well, we will see; but I fear the rain will continue some time longer, and I must go home on pressing business. Will you fetch a chariot for me?'

'May I dare to ask your name?' said I with much anxiety.

'No, you must not,' she replied with a resolute

* Madame Roland was now in confinement amongst other victims of the Jacobin party.

† Barbaroux was that member of the proscribed Girondist party who had conversed with Charlotte Corday at Caen, and whom she most admired. He had furnished her with a letter for a friend in Paris, without being aware of her design.—Ed.

air; 'but rely on what I tell you—very shortly both my name and project will be known to you and to the whole world. Now, go and fulfil my wishes.'

I obeyed her orders, fetched the chariot, and, when she entered it, I kissed her hand in token of respect and admiration; when she, apparently not displeased at my Italian compliment, said, with a sweet smile, 'Adieu, citizen, adieu.'

After her departure, I remained for some time absorbed in thought, and invented a thousand schemes to guess what she could have to reveal to Marat; but at last finding no solution to the enigma, I returned home. Next morning I had almost forgotten the strange female, notwithstanding having passed upwards of an hour in conversation with her.

But two days afterwards, when the almost incredible news of the assassination of Marat was spread with rapidity and terror all over Paris, I remembered my meeting; and as it was reported that a young lady had stabbed him in the heart, I no longer doubted that, as she had manifested such an anxiety to see Marat, the deed had been committed by the fair unknown whom I had met in the Convention. Consequently, the day that she was tried I was present at her examination, and with heart-felt sorrow I recognised my new acquaintance in the handsome and modest heroine of France, Charlotte Corday. She wore the same dress in which I had seen her. Amidst the assemblage of corrupted judges and jurymen, and in the presence of that monster, Fouquier-Tinville, her countenance presented no marks of fear; nay, she appeared to me more lovely and more majestic than when I saw her first. She acknowledged and gloried in having murdered the man whom she considered the greatest enemy of her country, and of a pure republic; and when the sentence of death was passed on her, while I and many others shuddered, her countenance remained calm, and her angelic smile shone triumphant. And I am told that, on the 17th, during her long journey from the Abbaye to the scaffold, she preserved the same equanimity.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE appears in one of those small country papers† to which we recently adverted, the following admirable letter by Mr Carlyle, author of 'Past and Present,' 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' and other well-known publications. 'It was addressed,' says our authority, 'to a young man who had written to Mr Carlyle desiring his advice as to a proper choice of reading, and, it would appear also, as to his conduct in general. It is now, we believe, printed for the first time; and we most earnestly recommend it to the attention of our youthful readers, as containing advice of the most valuable and practical description, and pregnant with truths with which they cannot be too well acquainted. The young are too much inclined to be dissatisfied with their actual condition, and to neglect their immediate duties in vain aspirations after others beyond their lot; and they need the monitions of such a kind, but vigorous and emphatic adviser as Mr Carlyle, and to have it impressed on their minds, that

> To do
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.'

Dear Sir—Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first free half hour I have had since to write you a word of answer.

It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honourable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed; this reason namely, that it so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books which you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable:—'Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;' that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderfullest, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones), what *is* for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—what is *your* true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between *true* desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we *truly* have an appetite for; but what we only *falsely* have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectionaries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them—what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named History can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement!—it is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that *it*, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain, yours sincerely, THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHELSEA, 13*th March*, 1843.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

During the panic of 1825, a woman, who had long attended the Bristol market as a vender of vegetables, walked into Stuckey's banking-house on the quay, and making her way direct to the cashier's desk, thus addressed Mr M———: 'How d'ye do, sir? I do hope you be charming: I've got a bit of a favour to ax you. They do tell I that things be agoing on but quceriish like up in Lunnon, and it so happens that I've a saved bye a five-pound bank o'

* For an account of Charlotte Corday's assassination of Marat, see the present volume of the Journal, No. 8.

† Cupar and St Andrews Monthly Advertiser.

England note, and I should be 'bliged to you if so be as how you'd be so kind as to give I gold for it.'

'My good woman,' replied the cashier, 'I'm sorry I can't do what you ask. We are not in the habit of giving change to strangers.'

'Lord love 'e, I be'ant no stranger; I've a served Madam M——— wi' garden-stuff for many a long day; she do know I pretty well I should think, or she wouldn't have ax'd me to find out a decentish wholesome young woman to nurse your last dear beautiful babby. So now you do know all about it; and I'm bound won't refuse to give change for this nice clean-looking Lunnon bank-note.'

'I tell you again I cannot,' was somewhat snappishly replied; 'I am too busy to listen to you just now, so it's no use your staying.'

'I ax pardon, sir, but I won't keep 'e a minute; if Madam was here, she'd get it for me in less than no time; she said only last Saturday as ever was, she never tasted such beautiful gold runnets as the lot I was pleased to sell her the week afore.'

The cashier evinced strong symptoms of impatience; these were not lost upon the applicant, who, in a most winning tone resumed—'Well, now, I'll tell 'e what—since you won't give I gold, maybe you'll be so uncommon kind as to change this here bank o' England for one of your own notes of the same vally? I'd a precious sight rather have *that*, 'cause I do know there be no fear o' your breaking all to bits, though they do say a mortal sight o' banks have done so lately.'

'Certainly, ma'am,' blandly responded Mr M———; 'I'll do that with a great deal of pleasure.' The proposed exchange was made.

'Thank 'e kindly, sir; you be as civil a spoken gentleman as a body may wish to meet, and sartain sure I'll tell Madam so the next time she do come to my standing.'

Thinking the business concluded to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, the cashier turned on his heel, and was about to ensconce himself behind his desk, when the dealer in greens suddenly checked his progress by audibly reading —'"Promise to pay five pounds on *demand*." Oh! ye do, do ye? Then I say, Mr M———, I don't mean no offence, or to say anything unpleasant like; but I'm hanged if I *don't have gold now*, or I'll stick myself up at the door, and cry out, "The bank be stopped!"'

Need we say this unsophisticated child of nature carried her point?

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

The oft-told tale of the actor who, in Richard III., instead of adhering to the text, and repulsing the intrusive Gloster with, 'My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass,' addressed him in cockney dialect, 'My lord, stand back, and let the pass'un cough,' is not a solitary instance of the perversion of sense and inversion of language sometimes heard upon the stage. We were present at the first representation of a lively interlude, the name of which escapes us at this moment; but Farren personated a sort of English Dominie Sampson, grafted upon Doctor Syntax; and the mysterious discovery of an infant constituted the mainspring of the plot. The unseen baby was much talked about. Blanchard, who played an irritable old man, in the course of the piece called for a lantern, having resolved to search the grounds despite a heavy storm, rendered audible to the audience by the mechanism employed behind the scenes to imitate rain and wind. The servant, who was supposed to be in the confidence of the parents, endeavoured to throw an obstacle in the way of the old man's determination, and *should* have said, 'Going out, sir? Why, 'tis pouring with rain!' instead of which he substituted, to the great amusement of the audience, who appeared deeply interested in the fate of the innocent child, 'Going out, sir? Why, 'tis roaring with pain!' We have also heard a provincial Shylock gravely ask, 'Shall I lay surgery upon my pole?' though *perjury* upon his *soul* was the correct reading. And have been told of a Haymarket King of Denmark loudly desiring his attendant nobles to 'Suck them a plunder!' though plucking asunder Hamlet and Laertes at the grave of the fair Ophelia should have been his majesty's direction.

EFFECT OF MANUFACTURING PRESSURES.

Manufacturing pressures tend to increase improvements in machinery. Driven to threadbare profits, the manufacturers seek every means of reducing the cost of production; and hence it has occurred that, during the last five or six years, there has been more improvement in machinery than had taken place for twenty-five years before that period. We believe we are correct in stating that, some eight or nine years since, the maximum capability of the spinning-mule did not exceed the power of turning above 640 spindles. There are self-acting mules now in use that will turn upwards of 2000 spindles! A mill of the present day, with improved machinery, is capable of turning off a given quantity of work at about one-third less expense than it could have accomplished seven years since: in other words, a factory, which in 1836 required an outlay of L.600 per week for wages, can now throw off the same quantity of work for L.400 per week. We heard one respectable manufacturer declare that if his forty-inch cotton was made fast to a vessel at Liverpool, and the vessel allowed to make the best of her way to Canton, he could make the cotton as fast as the ship could sail away with it, or he would consent to have nothing for it. Now, allowing the ordinary voyage of four months, and calculating the number of miles the ship would sail, it would require about *twenty-four millions of yards of cloth* to keep pace with the ship, or above 8,330 yards per hour, working the whole time, night and day. The same machinery would, in seven months, make a belt round the earth 40 inches wide. Now, we would ask, if one manufacturer can do this, what could the whole machinery of England alone accomplish? Could it not make sufficient cloth in a few years to cover the whole surface of the inhabited part of the globe?—*Poor-Law Guide.*

TO A WILD BIRD.

SWEET is thy gurgling song,
Wild Bird, that flittest by on gladsome wing
The hedgerow boughs among;
Which thou, with thy most sweet companion, Spring,
Dost make a bower of beauty and of song.

Say, in thy little heart
Doth joy or tenderness the master prove?
What to thy notes impart
Their pathos? Is it mingled joy and love
Give them a magic unapproached by art?

Where is thy little nest?
In the snug hollow of some mossy bank?
Or shall we make our quest
Where tall weeds dip their tresses long and dank
Into the brooklet, at the wind's behest,

That, in a frolic feat,
Bends down their sleepy heads, and rushes by;
A perfumed music, wild as it is sweet,
Mocking the drowsy streamlet's lullaby:
But, birdling! tell me where is thy retreat?

Doth the dark ivy throw
The beauty of her berries round thy porch;
Which the bright moon peers through,
And the sun gleams on, but lacks power to scorch?
Or are the bursting May-buds screen enow?

As yet, no little voice,
Whose feeble 'chink' eats into pity's heart
(Though it bids thine rejoice),
To curious ear the secret doth impart,
Of where are treasured all thy hopes and joys.

Happy, uncareful thing,
No thought of the dim morrow mars thy mirth—
Each day its store doth bring;
Thy caterer God, thy garner the wide earth;
Oh! wise were we like cares aside to fling.

The bee is come abroad,
And 'mid the golden flowers is busy singing;
The lark springs from the sod
In raptured soarings. Hark! heaven's arch is ringing;
Say, does he all unconscious praise his God?

Birdling, the Power Divine
That thus with gladness girds his creatures round,
Will watch o'er thee and thine;
For to his meanest does his care abound;
And, thus assured, I all to him resign!

**** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, April 13, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 16. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1844. Price 1½d.

FALSE POSITIONS.

Man is never an isolated or independent being; he is in every case connected by unseen, but powerful and tenacious ties, with thousands of surrounding things, with which it is necessary for him to be in harmony, in order that he may have a fair chance of being happy. He may in this respect be likened to a plant, which must be in certain circumstances of soil, climate, and exposure, in order that it may thrive: alter but one of these, and the plant at once finds itself in a false position, and soon shows symptoms that all is not well with it. Should the unharmony or falsity of position be of sufficient moment the poor plant perishes. And so, also, in certain extreme cases, false social position will nip human existence. One law presides over all these matters, however diverse they may appear; namely, that every phenomenon of animated nature depends on certain appropriate conditions, without which its perfect development and healthy being are not to be expected. A northern exposure for a tender shrub, a low temperature in the nursery of an infant, and a biting sorrow in the heart, are all strictly analogous things, not more to the fancy of the poet, than to the reason of the philosopher.

Such being the case, it becomes evident that a true position forms an important consideration in the economy of human life, and that to attain or to retain this advantage, is an object entitled to our utmost care. This is a fact of which few are cognisant; indeed the idea of truth or falsity of social position is a novelty to a vast majority of even the reflecting part of mankind. But however unperceived, the principle operates not the less powerfully; and it is the fate of many who seem to have all the grosser elements of well-being, to pine from this cause, like children who know not their ail. Let us endeavour, as far as our limited space and abilities permit, to give an indication of the subject, adding a few hints which may be serviceable for practical guidance.

A false position in society may be defined as consisting in a discrepancy between some of the chief conditions of the social being. The position, for example, may be one which, according to the customs of the world, demands the keeping up of good appearances, while there are no adequate means of doing so. Whether it is the native rank of the party, or his official character, or the style in which he has originally pitched himself, which calls for these appearances; and whether the inadequacy of means may be owing to misfortune, or an undue pressure of temptation, or a want of care and prudence, it is all one as far as the effect is concerned, which is invariably a dire struggle between wants and wishes, a forfeiture of all the true comforts of life for the sake of the show only, a reduction of existence to the character of a shabby drama, tending, of course, to a fifth act of ruin and misery. Acts of economy, which persons of well-assured circumstances readily adopt when they think proper, are beheld with dread by the 'poor gentleman:' to him the idea of a saving is as alarming as a compulsory expense would be to most other men. Every thing is considered by him with a reference to the besetting evil of his life, the disparity between his pretensions and his powers; at one moment he is devising plans for skulking from positions where his professed equals are to appear; at another he is frantically overdoing what he does enter into, in order to avoid the suspicion that he has the least thought of economy: see him afterwards, and he is groaning in spirit over a recollection of the unenjoyed expenditure. What vexations will men incur, rather than confess an honest truth! How true, that many of our evils arise less from what we are, than what we wish to appear to be!

A sudden reverse of fortune, which there is no concealing or denying, and which it is impossible immediately to remedy, is usually productive of very decided falsity of position. It may be said to set the whole social man ajar. A week ago, he was the pleasantly-received equal of many resembling himself in worldly circumstances; was esteemed and respected; had frank greetings in the market-place, and more invitations than he could well accept. Now, he is rather shunned than sought, and the best feeling which his old friends entertain for him is pity for his misfortunes, which neither relieves nor soothes, perhaps is only offensive. The circumstantial man being entirely changed, he is no longer what he was, but a new being, appropriate to some totally different grade of social life. The falsity of position hence arising makes it almost impossible for the unfortunate person to live any longer agreeably in the same place. He is not perhaps unwilling to move in a lower social sphere, but it is painful to do so within view of that from which he has declined. He is not perhaps unwilling to make some humbler ventures in industrial life, conformably to his reduced means; but it is painful to do this under the immediate observation of those who have known him in his better days. If he make the attempt, constant distraction and uneasiness of mind is the almost certain consequence. But in a different place, and amidst new associates, he may be as humble as is necessary without any such discomfort. This is well exemplified in the colonies, where men and women, accustomed to elegance and delicacy of living at home, find they can readily adapt themselves—there being no onlookers—to drudgeries which they would have shrunk from at home. They are in a true position, and are consequently happy. Change of scene may therefore be prescribed as a specific for the whole of this class of false positions. In a new field, amongst new associates appropriate to the new circumstances, let renewed exertions be made, without one moment's

reflection on the past prosperity, except to indulge in the hope of renewing it—this is the conduct worthy of a wise and virtuous man of the world, and the only course which is likely to save him from complete ruin.

The same remedy may be prescribed for a large class of false positions in which natural qualities are concerned. It often happens that a very good intellect is dwarfed and stinted by its too near neighbourhood to others which are superior. There are even instances of highly endowed minds which are prevented from taking their proper course of action, by being placed in connexion with certain others of narrower scope, which exercise an undue influence over them, 'freezing the genial current of the soul.' For the troubles hence arising there is no cure but flight. Such persons may be counselled to emigrate to Australia—New Zealand—any where—rather than dwindle out a wretched life of restraint, with a denial of all the happiness arising from a harmony with circumstances.

The evils of false position are also seen to beset the man who takes an upward course in life. In this case, the newly affluent and dignified circumstances are perhaps irreconcilable with homely manners too long practised to be readily changed. He is in a false position, because often expected to make a show of refinement and taste which it is not in his nature to exemplify. There is always, too, an uncertainty about his conduct towards his new associates; every act and manifestation being liable to be estimated with a regard at once to his present position, and also that out of which he has emerged. He is expected at once to be what he now actually is, and yet to have a large infusion of his original self; a requirement which unusually-constituted men may be able to fulfil, but which must be quite beyond the reach of most of the children of Adam. Supposing him a person of average sensibility, he is liable to still greater perplexity from the old associations. Here, too, he must be two men in one—at once the man he now is, and the same man which he once was: that is to say, with the improved tastes of affluent circumstances and an extended intellectual nature, and with the habits which change of position in a manner forces upon him, he must also preserve all the sympathies, and retain all the tastes and feelings, proper to the state in which he no longer lives, in order to be all that his old friends expect of him, and which his own benevolence would prompt him to be. The fact is, no man can be two things so different; and one or other of them must therefore be in a large measure fictitious—a part sustained with difficulty and a constant sense of uneasiness. This cannot but be productive of a considerable subtraction from the advantages supposed to attend the smiles of fortune.

There are many special cases of false position which I cannot pretend even to enumerate, much less to treat fully. The greatest possible, is that of the pretender to a throne—at once a king and not a king—keeping up state appearances for the chance of these being in time changed to realities, but this with wretched means, and the haunting sense of its insubstantiality and its hopelessness. To act a king at Rome, Avignon, or Gratz, and this during a whole life—never for one hour of existence to be a real man—not even to be a real man to one's wife or children, but a ghastly show, and thus lose some of the sweetest realities of life, merely in order to preserve a paste and tinsel covering, which neither warms nor truly decorates—what a fate! The Stuarts endured it for a hundred years—no trifling expiatory sacrifice for the errors of a shorter period of true regality. Another is that of a political man who has changed his opinions and friends, or who is by the unhappy tyranny of situation obliged to act a political part out of harmony with his actual sentiments. It is a painful consideration, that the ambition or injudicious wishes of parents often lead their children into false positions, pregnant with distress to both parties. To elevate the new generation into a superior rank, naturally appears a great good, and this end is sought by education and other means. The parent does not reflect that a child so elevated is apt to become more or less alienated from the parental bosom. I have heard of a case, no doubt extreme, yet characteristic, where a young cottage-born student, in the course of being educated (as often happens in our part of the island) for the clerical profession, caused his meals to be served for him apart from the rest of the family. Few cases approaching to this exist; but some degree of the separation of taste and sympathies which it indicates, must take place wherever the mental and social grade of the child becomes much superior to that of the parent. For these and other reasons, it becomes a procedure of very doubtful propriety for a person in an elevated station to adopt, or even bestow any considerable amount of friendly patronage upon, the child of comparatively humble parents. I shall suppose a case in which a young person of interesting appearance or hopeful abilities is translated into the home of a lady of rank. Few persons in humble life but would grasp at such a fortune for one of their offspring: they see only the material advantages; the dangerous moral consequences are hidden from their sight. I shall suppose that the girl receives a highly ornamental education, and is admitted to live in the same style as her patroness. The refinement thus acquired makes her of course a very different person from what she would have been in her original station. It cannot be reasonably expected of her—seeing she is human, not angelic—that she will both possess this refinement, with all its attendant tastes and feelings, and have precisely the same sentiments respecting her parents which she entertained when living with them. They must appear to her coarse and homely; their conversation, turning upon the humble necessities of their station, things in which she can take no interest, will disgust her; she will be ashamed to be known amongst her new associates as having such humble relations. Thus, even on the supposition that her new station is secured to her, she must needs endure many of the evils of false position; and it is easy to imagine how much more certain of happiness she would have been, if never removed from her native home, or taught to have a dainty or ambitious thought. But the patroness may have limited her design to getting her young protegée well married, or, failing that, devoted to an employment presumed to be superior to any she could have otherwise aimed at; but, even if successful here, will the case be much improved? In the event of a marriage in the new sphere, what vexations must needs be incurred in the vain attempt to amalgamate the husband with his wife's plain relations! If she has any good feeling, she will deplore being cut off from them, the more so if she knows that they pine under the idea of having, as it were, lost their child. If otherwise, their complaints of being neglected and overlooked, well or ill-founded, will be scarcely less distressing. But the matrimonial scheme may fail, as is indeed most likely, and suppose the superior employment is then resorted to. This may turn out well; for it is possible that the young lady has unusual sense and tact, and is somewhat fortunate in her lot as to employers; but there is acknowledgedly great danger of the reverse being the case; for of all the situations in life, that of a governess is the one eminently of false position, insomuch that it is almost impossible for human wisdom and goodness to make it perfectly a happy one. Our young heroine may then have frequent occasion to envy those who still remain contented in their original station; their condition, while destitute of intellectual pleasures, full of humble drudgeries, and perhaps sordid cares, being at least in harmony with the character of their minds, which that of the aspirant is not, and can never again be. There remains the supposition, that the patroness may have merely acted under the impulse of feeling, and without any definite design. We may suppose a case in which a lady has brought a young person more or less out of her original sphere, thinking she was performing a kind and beneficent

action, never reflecting on the future, or making any provision to insure her protegée from falling back into poverty when deprived of her favour, whether by death or caprice. The revulsion must then be dreadful. Think of an elegant home exchanged for a humble, however honest one—tastes disappointed of their habitual gratification—associates once despised, now forced again upon her, albeit as awkward and cold to her as she is uncordial and constrained to them. Clearly, the patronage in such a case has only done harm. Ten thousand times better for the unfortunate person experimented upon, had she never been moved one step above her original position. There she might have been less a reflecting being, less informed, less elegant and admirable every way; but she would have been in harmony with all associated circumstances, physical and personal, and, unknowing any better, enjoying the all-sufficient blessing of content, she would have been happy instead of miserable.

False positions, it will be seen, are sometimes voluntarily incurred; in other instances, they arise in the course of providence. In the former class of cases, there is generally good intention, but an absence of foresight and of knowledge of the world. It would be well if the possibility of falling into a false position, and the extent of misery to be thereby incurred, were more generally seen and understood, and if the unbending nature of the laws which govern our social economy were at the same time fully appreciated. Thus relations or predicaments calculated to embitter a whole life might sometimes be avoided, at the expense of a submission to slighter existing evils. Where fortune forces poor mortals into false positions, it must of course be left to the good sense and good feelings of individuals—their eyes being opened to the nature of their trouble—to make their way out of it as well as they can.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

AN ADVENTURE AT LEGHORN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

In the beginning of 1799 I was intrusted by M. Barras, of the French Directory, with a mission to Leghorn, there to lay out a large sum of money in the purchase of provisions and ammunition for the army under General Bonaparte in Egypt. As at that time the ports of the Mediterranean, and especially those of Egypt, were almost blockaded by the ships of the English and their allies, my business was one of no ordinary difficulty. I was instructed either to employ, for the transport of whatever I could forward to the national army, neutral merchant ships and privateers; or, by offering large premiums, to excite the interest of covetous speculators to undertake the providing of the army at their own risk.

Leghorn is the only city of Italy where a certain degree of religious and civil toleration exists, and, in consequence of its being a free port, and the mart of the Levant commerce, the traveller may there meet with merchants, captains, and sailors of almost all the maritime cities of Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor. At the time I am speaking of, most of the commercial business, and also that of the money market, was in the hands of Jews and Armenians. It was therefore chiefly with these crafty speculators that I had to negotiate; a task, it may well be supposed, of considerable difficulty, but which I had, nevertheless, the good fortune to fulfil to the satisfaction of not only Barras, who was my friend, but also that of Seyes, then at the head of the Directory.

On the morning of the 16th June, I went by appointment to meet at his residence Jacob Solomon, who was then the Rothschild of Italy, and lived in a splendid villa about three miles from town. On my return towards home, observing at the side of a deep ditch a great mob of the lowest class, some fighting, some haranguing, and others throwing all sorts of missiles at an object whose lineaments I could not clearly discern at that distance, I ordered my coachman to drive thither, when, to my surprise and disgust, I found that this base populace were in the act of stoning to death a poor Turk or Arab, whom they had previously thrown into a pit of deep and tenacious mud. Grasping my pistols, I alighted and made up to the spot, where, partly by remonstrances and partly by threats, I succeeded in dispersing the assemblage; after which, with the aid of my servants and a couple of stray sailors, who procured a ladder, I extricated the poor victim from his miserable situation. The wretched man was still breathing; but he was covered with bruises and wounds, and so sadly disfigured with gore and mud, as scarcely to bear the aspect of anything human. Placing him in my carriage, I drove home as fast as possible, and had him put under proper medical treatment at my hotel. When Dr Speroni had examined him, I asked what likelihood there was of his recovery, and learnt there was but little, for, besides having in his fall into the ditch dislocated his collar-bone, and broke three of his ribs, he had received a severe wound on his frontal bone, besides two of less consequence on the back of the head. I could only instruct the doctor to spare no pains in endeavouring to effect the poor man's recovery, and assure him that I should willingly recompense him for his trouble.

That very evening I received a letter from Colonel Menard, who had arrived in Florence from Naples, with General Championnet's despatches for Barras, and who requested me either to come to see him, or, if I had any official communications for the Directory, to forward them to him, that he might carry them along with those of Championnet. I deemed it necessary to go in person to Florence; but, before starting, I strictly recommended the suffering Arab to my housekeeper, and renewed my injunctions to the surgeon.

Returning about a week after, I found that the patient had recovered his senses, but was still so weak, that he could hardly speak loud enough to be heard, and he was extremely dejected in spirits. However, next morning I entered into conversation with him, and learned that his name was Abd-al-Ali, that he was the mate of an Algerine brig, and that on the day when I first saw him, he had been sent by his captain with some papers to the country house of Jacob Solomon. He was returning to his ship, which was to sail next day, when he was beset by a senseless mob, whose first dispositions seemed to be those of petty mischief, but who, when he resolutely defended himself, were provoked, and from less to more, came to throw him headlong into the ditch, where they fell a-pelting him with stones. His senses had then left him; but he had no doubt that, but for my interference, he would have lost his life upon the spot. He then bewailed his hard fate; for even if he recovered, what was he but an outcast in a strange land, without money or friends, and with but faint reason to hope that he would ever again see his native country. I here interrupted him with words of comfort, bidding him entertain no fears on that account, as I should certainly provide him with the means of returning to his country whenever he should be fit for the voyage. The depression of the poor wretch was wonderfully relieved by these words; indeed they acted upon him like a medicine; and from this time he evidently improved more rapidly in health. In about six weeks I had the pleasure of learning from Dr Speroni that the Arab was no longer in any need of his services.

According to the poor man's wishes, I procured for him a passage in a Sardinian merchant vessel bound for Algiers, and early in August he sailed for his destination, amply furnished with provisions and money. I shall never forget the scene that took place when the grateful Arab was to take leave of me. He threw himself on his knees, and, clasping my legs, with tears streaming from his eyes, expressed eloquent thanks for my kindness, which he felt to be the greater as being shown to one differing from myself in country, in nation, and in faith—concluding thus solemnly—'May Allah grant me, noble sir, the opportunity of showing that, though an Arab, I have a grateful heart, insomuch as to be ready to sacrifice my life for your welfare!' I could not help being considerably affected by the looks, words, and gestures of my humble protegé, who now left me to go on board the vessel in which he was to sail. The impression of these events was, of course, vivid at the time, but in a few months the affair of the poor Arab and his gratitude had waxed faint in my memory, taking its place there beside the thousands of other casual things with which I had been connected in the progress of my life.

Years passed on: the Directory gave way to the Consulate, that again to the Empire, and at length came the restoration of the old state of affairs in Europe, in consequence of the events of 1814. I now returned to my native city Naples, thinking to spend the remainder of my days in peace. The stormy and dangerous part of my life is now, thought I, past. I have outridden the tempests of the Reign of Terror, and glided smoothly through all the subsequent revolutions. Surely I am now safe for life. Alas! I had completely miscalculated; and it soon appeared that a man of my ardent temperament was most in danger under a quiescent government. The rule of the restored Ferdinand, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, was so atrocious, that it was sure to be conspired against. In 1816, I joined a sect of politicians who combined with a view to freeing our country from a thraldom so execrable. I was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, but without revealing the name of any one of my associates. My mother, supported by her numerous and influential relations, appealed to the mercy of the king, but was unsuccessful. She then contrived, by great sacrifices, the means of my escape, and on the day previous to that intended for my execution, dressed in deep mourning, called upon me, professedly to take her last farewell of a son whom she had so much loved and cherished. When we were alone together, she informed me of her plans, and told me that she had obtained from Prince Canosa, then minister of police, permission for the renowned Franciscan, Father Antonio di Dio, to visit me under the pretext of affording the spiritual consolation desirable in my situation; and I was to do all that the father should direct me to do, trusting that, when escaped from the Castel Nuovo, in which I lay, I should find all proper arrangements made for my further proceedings.

About nine o'clock in the evening my anxiously wakeful ears caught the sound of 'Chi vive?' to which the names of the father and a companion were answered. In a few minutes the guard in attendance unlocked the door, and introduced two Franciscan monks of the most venerable aspect, having long beards, sandalled feet, and other appropriate parts of costume. When the door was again closed, he who seemed to be Father Antonio desired me in a loud voice to kneel and make confession of all my crimes; which I immediately proceeded to do, not for a moment doubting that I saw a real monk. Presently, however, the man before whom I knelt told me with a changed voice that he was no more a monk than myself, but an actor who could personate almost any character, and who had undertaken to procure my release at the solicitation of my mother. I now found, to my inexpressible delight, that the other figure was that of my faithful valet Joseph, who told me that I was to change dresses with him, and leave him to occupy my place, while I should make the best of my way out of my troubles. At first I positively refused to place the worthy fellow in such jeopardy; but when assured that counsel had been consulted, who gave it as their opinion that only a short imprisonment could be bestowed upon him as a punishment, I at length consented. Joseph immediately went to bed; I put on his dress and beard; and Father Antonio having in an elevated voice bidden me farewell, with a promise to see me again in the morning, we immediately left the prison, passing through the whole of the guards without challenge.

A few minutes after, I found myself in the presence of my mother, who, transported with joy, could only call on me to thank Providence, and enter the chariot which she had provided for me. My mind was too bewildered to admit of my saying what I ought to have said to either her or the clever personator who had done me so important a piece of service. There was, however, no time to be lost; so they pushed me into the carriage, which instantly drove to a place at some distance along the shore, where a large fishing-boat lay ready to receive me. Here I recognised the pretended Father Antonio, who informed me that I was to be conveyed towards the Isle of Capri, in order to be taken up by an Algerine merchant vessel, which had that day sailed from Naples, and which was appointed to await me there. In fact, at five in the morning I was received into this ship, which immediately hoisted sails, and proceeded on her destined way, the boat with my friend Antonio returning to land in the direction of Sorrento. We at first encountered rough weather, but in due time approached the end of our voyage, and on the 18th of August I stepped upon the quay of Algiers.

My provident and generous mother had not only, through the English house of Bell and Company, rewarded the captain for his future services to me, but sent into the ship two large and heavy boxes containing things intended for my use, but which, to prevent suspicion at Naples, had been directed to his Excellency C. S. Blankley, Esquire, British Consul-General at Algiers. The reader will presently see what important consequences flowed from this innocent and well-meant little stratagem.

I took up my abode in the house of Ben Isaac, a Jew, who was the agent of Bell and Company. For the first six days I seldom left my room, and when I did go out, it was always in the evening, and in company with some member of the family of my landlord, who seemed anxious to pay me all proper attention, and even to sympathise in my misfortunes. But on the afternoon of the sixth day I was unexpectedly arrested by orders of the mufti, having been denounced as an English spy. The fleet under Lord Exmouth was now coming within sight of this den of pirates, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained by the government on that account. I was immediately carried before the atrocious Dey Omar Pacha, who, in the most savage manner, told me I had been plotting in favour of the English, that Ben Isaac had himself seen two boxes in my possession which belonged to the English consul-general, and in consequence of this treason I had forfeited my life. To exculpate myself, I related the story of my captivity in, and escape from, my native land, and accounted for the inscription on my boxes as a stratagem of the negotiators of my release, an English commercial house at Naples. The accusation, I said, had arisen only from the cupidity of Jacob, who had observed me to possess some money. All, however, was in vain. The dey gave orders that I should be kept in chains in a state dungeon, and if the English fired a single shot against his fleet or city, I was to be immediately impaled. When I attempted once more to address him, the mufti prevented me by giving me in charge to four janissaries.

In passing through a gate on my way to the dungeon, I observed a chief of the Mamelukes staring at me with great attention, as if he earnestly wished to recognise in me some one whom he had seen long before. He addressed some words to a bystander, evidently referring

to me, but I did not know their import. After having descended some flights of steps, and passed along several subterraneous corridors, I was ushered into a small dark cell, chained to the ground, and left to meditate on my deplorable situation.

Amidst the mental vicissitudes of a life spent amongst all kinds of men, I had never once, before this fatal moment, been shaken in my dependence upon a supreme eternal Providence guiding the affairs of men, and operating for the good of the innocent and the virtuous. But now this faith began to give way; and as I hopelessly tugged at the fetters upon my limbs, and surveyed the dense walls which intervened between me and freedom, I felt more inclined to believe that there is an evil destiny presiding over the lot of man. My feelings in Castel Nuovo had been quite of a different kind, for there I was sustained by the reflection, that my late design and my contemplated death tended to promote the good of my country; but here to perish miserably and obscurely, at the bidding of a reckless savage chief, for an imaginary offence—this was a thought at which my nature recoiled with horror.

Some time passed in this desperate state of feeling, and when I heard my door unlocked and opened, I fully expected to see some barbarous emissary enter to put an end to my misery. Something at the very first assured me that my visitor was of a different character. It was the same tall Mameluke whom I had passed under the gate as I came to my dungeon. As he approached me, and brought his lantern near my face, he said, 'Fear nothing from me, stranger; but tell me if you have ever been at Leghorn?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'several times;' and now a flash of hope, though arising from no defined source, entered my mind. 'Were you in that city in the month of June 1799?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I was there at that time.' 'Allah be praised,' he said. 'Do you remember doing a kind action to a countryman of mine at that time?' At these words I felt an inexpressible consolation overspreading me. 'I remember,' said I, 'doing the duty of a man to a poor Arab named Abd-al-Ali.' The eyes of my visitor filled with tears, as he said, 'And have you ever thought of him since that time?' 'No,' I replied; 'when I do a good action, I make no endeavour to remember it, because doing so can be of no use; it is different when I commit a bad one, for then one may hope to atone for and repair it.' 'Oh, my generous saviour!' exclaimed the Mameluke, kneeling before me, and clasping my legs; 'behold before you Abd-al-Ali, who owes you his life and his present elevation, and who most sincerely thanks Allah, the god of all mankind, for having afforded him an opportunity of showing you his gratitude, and of fulfilling the promise he made to you, that he would gladly sacrifice his own life for your welfare.'

Having then unlocked my chains, he raised me, bade me lean upon his arm, and led me from my dungeon, and out of the Casouba, when, having confided me to one of his servants, he embraced me affectionately, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'Allah be praised, you are saved, and I have fulfilled my duty.' At the same instant, seizing his right hand, I said, 'And will you not escape with me? Are you not afraid of the dreadful consequences, were it discovered that you have saved me?' 'Yes,' answered he calmly—'yes, I am almost certain of my fate; but, Allah be praised, I must perform my duties even at the risk of my life. To-morrow my lord and master may require my services in assisting him to defend our faith and our national independence; I therefore return to my post.' So saying, he returned towards the Casouba, and I followed my guide, by whom I was conducted to the house of an Arabian marabou, where I was to remain concealed until means were found of effecting my escape from Algiers with safety and comfort.

The next day, however, Lord Exmouth having entirely annihilated the barbarous arrogance and despotism of Omar Pacha by bombarding his city, and destroying almost the whole of his fleet, I had no longer any need to conceal myself; and on the 29th of August I called on the English consul-general, who, now restored to liberty, had resumed his diplomatical functions, and acquainted him with my situation: through his protection and interest I soon obtained the effects that were at the residence of that specimen of Iscariotic perfidy, Ben Isaac.

Would that I could end this interesting incident of my life with a joyous recollection! But no; my mind is even now distressed in informing the reader that, on making inquiries about my grateful friend Abd-al-Ali, I found that, early in the morning of the 27th, having been denounced by a Mameluke for saving me, he had been immediately beheaded at the place where, three hours after him, the high admiral and minister of the Algerine navy had met with the same fate.

WEATHER PROGNOSTICATION.*

Both ancients and moderns have been much addicted to looking into futurity as to the weather. Providence, however, seems to confine our knowledge of this kind within narrow bounds. An author (Dr Johnson) who makes no pretensions to meteorological science, has boldly affirmed, that on the morning of one day we cannot tell for certain what will be the weather of next morning. One may guess, and guess rightly at times; still it is but guess work.

Many years' diligent observation, and the perusal of all the treatises he could find on the subject, have led the writer to be of opinion, that the appearance of the heavens is the only thing to be depended upon as prognosticating change of weather; and the utmost certain observation to be obtained in this way extends but to a few hours previous. It often happens, indeed, that the transition from one state of the atmosphere to another is so sudden, that no notice whatever is given beforehand.

The phases of the moon are a favourite subject for the weather-wise. Our almanacs contain regular tables, inferring to every quadration a different kind of weather; whereas the truth is, a whole lunation may pass without any change of the least importance. From close examination, these tables may be pronounced to be useless for any practical purpose. That they are always wrong, is indeed impossible; for even the most random conjecture will often prove right. This is the great source of delusion to the common people, and even to those who should know better, that if they now and then see a very distinct change with a new or full moon, they conclude such may always be depended upon.

It has been proved, indeed, that the position or phases of the moon have some influence on the weather; and Toäldo, an eminent Italian astronomer, has given a table of this kind, deduced from about forty years' observations; but his calculations amount to mere probabilities, and often remote ones, so that the information he presents is not of any great value. It may be noticed also, that, taking Britain altogether, the same phases may apply to Scotland, and not to the south of England, as there may be a rainy tract in the one part of the island, and it may be quite fair in the other. Another difficulty occurs in speaking of a change—that the weather is sometimes in such an anomalous state, that we can hardly say whether a change has taken place or not.

* We think it proper to state that this paper is handed to us by a gentleman of our city, who has given daily attention to the weather, and kept tables of both the barometer and thermometer, since the year 1797. As concentrating the results of so much observation on the part of a mind of much natural sagacity, we consider it as an article of more than usual value.—Ed.

The aspect of the heavens is, however, worthy of our most careful observation, as here we have something like certainty in the warning it gives us. The clouds have been accurately classified into three great divisions:—1*st*. The *cumulus*, having a swelling roundish appearance, somewhat like wool; 2*d*. The *stratus*, which is quite flat, and sometimes divided into oblong divisions with sharp edges; 3*d*. The *nimbus*, or rain cloud. There are also diminutives of the two first. The *cirrho-cumulus*, which appears like a chain of small woolly-looking clouds, and the *cirrho-stratus*, which extends like long streaks.

Every one knows that a gradual accumulation of dark clouds is commonly a pretty sure indication of rain. But though one would think the *nimbus* is more like the *cumulus* than the *stratus*, the latter more certainly denotes the approach of rain, though at some hours' distance. For instance, in the evening, *stratus* of a dark colour extending lengthways, somewhat like fishes with very little motion, are pretty sure harbingers of rain. On the other hand, *cumuli*, though rather dense and opaque, if sailing along quickly with the wind, have very little moisture, and, at the most, emit now and then a trifling shower. The case is different, however, if they move against the wind, for then they very soon assume the appearance and properties of the *nimbus*.

A haziness in which the sun, if in the daytime, or the moon and stars at night, get gradually dimmer, and at length disappear, in summer and harvest denotes rain; the air is then usually calm, and the rain lasts about five or six hours. The heaviest rains of the whole year probably fall in the latter part of summer and harvest. The wind is then commonly easterly, and the clouds, as far as we can observe, are low and misty, flying with the wind; but the real *nimbus* is probably in a higher region of the air, and moving slowly from the south. Mists in the spring seldom lead to much moisture; but in the autumn, and latter part of the season, they are often followed by a tract of very wet weather. Country people, too, distinguish between white and black mists, the former being indications of dry, and the latter of wet weather. This may be easily explained by the former having no clouds above them, and the latter being shaded by dense masses of vapour. The barometer assists in pointing out a difference between clouds which otherwise is not readily discernible. Thus, with a high barometer, the heavens may be covered with dark clouds of the cumulus species, yet not threatening rain; but with a low barometer, the smallest cloud, in passing, has its sprinkling of wet.

Of thunder storms, however violent, we have often but very short previous knowledge. The air is commonly still; the clouds move slowly from the south; are exceedingly dense and dark. Sometimes their motion is confused, as if running against one another. Thunder is usually, though not always, accompanied with very heavy rain; and the weather, if hot before, becomes much cooler. In the autumn evenings we have sometimes a great deal of lightning, without thunder. In this case it appears under a great many fantastic shapes, but seems to have little effect on the weather.

The *aurora borealis* prevails chiefly in the latter part of the season. When its coruscations are very bright, it indicates a stormy, moist, and unsettled state of the atmosphere. Rainbows merely indicate a moist state of the atmosphere. Lunar halos, if distinct, seem to announce a strong wind rising.

Prognostics of change of weather from plants and animals are not of great value, though they fill up pages in treating of this subject. It is true enough that both plants and animals are sensitive to these changes; but the notice they give is very short, while the appearances of the heavens are still more accurate, and within everybody's observation. For instance, the low flying of the swallow is supposed to announce rain; but it is not easy to define their low flying, they take so many altitudes. Ducks and other acquatic birds are usually noisy and active in wet weather; but to take warning from their quacking is unnecessary, as we have more certain notice otherwise.

There have been calculations, also, how often dryness or wetness in one season affects those following; but the experience of many successive years only shows an uncertain degree of probability that such may be the case. The prevalence of particular winds certainly leads more or less to similar tracts of weather. Westerly winds prevail almost two-thirds of the year, and easterly one-third. From February to the end of June, east winds occur oftenest, and west winds during the rest of the year. This renders our winters often mild, but our springs severe, so that our fruit crops are always precarious. In the spring, the east wind is mostly dry and sharp; but in the end of summer or autumn, it is sometimes accompanied with the heaviest rains of the year. The direct west wind is usually dry, with rather a mild temperature; but, veering to the south, it inclines more or less to moisture. The north wind is always cold, and usually, but not always, dry. Coming after a tract of very wet weather, it generally clears the air.*

A great deal has been said about prognostication from the barometer. Important as this instrument is in many respects, the experience acquired by long observation leads to the conclusion, that its indications are rather of the present than of the future state of the weather. No doubt, if we look over a well-kept register, we find tracts of fair and wet weather corresponding with a high and low state of the barometer. Still, when the mercury is low in the tube, can we foresee when it is to rise, or when high, when it is to fall? The barometer, indeed, in all kinds of weather, is continually rising and falling; but it is a decisive rise or fall that announces a real change, and even then we cannot foresee how long that change is to continue. The most certain sign of a complete change from wet to dry weather is when the rise is quick, and to a great height; but even then the wind and the appearance of the atmosphere give this notice also. The mercury rising during heavy rain is also strongly indicative of a return of fair weather. It is well known, too, it does not fall so much with heavy rain as with high winds. When high, its motions are slow and gradual; and when low, rapid, and its fluctuations more remarkable. In winter, its ranges are both higher and lower than in summer, and in tropical regions it keeps still nearer to the medium. At sea, the barometer has been found useful; for its sinking quickly gives notice, though but a short time before, of a coming gale, and in that case even half an hour is of value to the mariner.

An instance of the absurdities to be found in treatises on this subject, may be given by a quotation from a tolerably respectable work. 'Persons who have occasion to travel, are recommended to look at the mercury in the tube some hours before they set out; if rain threatens, it will be concave; if otherwise, convex or protuberant.' This no doubt shows the present state of the weather, but as to the future, the writer will give his own experience. One fine clear evening he observed the barometer rising quickly, and so late as eleven o'clock the convexity was most distinct. About seven next morning, however, upon looking out, he found it had been raining heavy for some time; still the barometer was correct, at least as to the present, for the mercury had fallen sensibly, and the surface was quite concave. This state of matters, too, is not unusual. In a late precarious harvest, therefore, a farmer would be to blame if, upon the authority of a rising barometer and bright sky, he should

* In this climate, the mean temperature of the same month in different years varies much less in summer than in winter. In the summer and early autumn months, the mean of the thermometer hardly differs more than 5 or 6 degrees in one year from what it does in any other year. The case is different in the winter and early spring months, when the same range of mean temperature in different years extends to 11 or 12 degrees of Fahrenheit; for instance, the mean of the thermometer in July of any year ranges hardly more than from 58 to 64 degrees; while in January it extends to from 31 to 42, and in December from 36 to 48 degrees.

leave off clearing his fields at seven or eight in the evening, depending upon next morning being favourable; whereas the weather may change by three or four in the morning, and here would be a loss of seven or eight valuable hours, to the great detriment of his crop.

If we err at times in the anticipation of good, the same thing happens occasionally as to the threatening of bad weather. The season of 1816 is well known to have been cold, wet, and unproductive. The harvest was only getting general about the end of September. About the beginning of October, the weather previously being very moist, the crop, already cut, was lying out in the worst condition. On the 10th of October everything had a most dismal appearance. It had rained till mid-day; the afternoon and evening, though fair, were still and dark, and the air seemed loaded with moisture; the weathercocks, too, were occupied by numbers of crows: in short, everything indicated a continuance of bad weather. That very afternoon, however, was the commencement of a fine seasonable tract, by means of which a large part of the crop, indifferent, indeed, as to produce, was secured in good order.

If the barometer gives us but short insight into the future, its indications at the exact time as to storms or earthquakes at a distance, are sometimes very remarkable. The effects of these, as far off as 2000 miles, have been distinctly observed. The great earthquake at Lisbon, November 1755, affected our barometer in a striking manner. On the 13th of January 1843, we had a storm in the English and Irish Channel, denoted at Edinburgh by a fall of the barometer to 27¾ inches, lower than it had been for some years before. That afternoon, at Edinburgh, hardly a breath of wind was perceptible, while at this very time such a storm raged in the English and Irish Channel, that 180 vessels were wrecked, and nearly 500 lives lost.

An illustration of the nature of the barometer may be given by a case of very frequent occurrence. One morning the mercury was observed to sink very much, towards mid-day the clouds appeared heavy, and the general talk was, that all this denoted much rain. This threatening ended, however, in a slight shower or two. But the whole affair was very soon explained. That morning it had rained heavily thirty or forty miles to the westward, and the clouds we saw coming from that quarter had nearly exhausted their moisture before they reached us.

That there is such a thing as a cycle of the seasons—that is, a return of years at regular periods with the same kind of weather—is an opinion which has been broached by respectable writers on the subject, but is really very little authorised by any accounts we have on record. The nearest approach to an illustration of this theory, was the circumstance of three very bad seasons recurring at nearly the same intervals. The cold and wet season of 1766 was followed by those of 1782, 1799, and 1816, the distance of each being 16 or 17 years. But, allowing these years to have resembled each other pretty closely, the order of the intervening ones, more or less favourable in the above periods, was not all similar. Thus 1799, very wet and cold, was followed by 1800, remarkably dry; but 1816, very like 1799, was followed by 1817, also wet and cold, though much less so than 1816. It is to be kept in view, also, that we have no accounts of such a cycle before 1766, though no doubt meteorological registers before that period are quite defective. The year 1740 is known to have been very cold, but hardly any one between it and 1766. Since 1816, it is certain we have had nothing of the kind. In the spring of 1833, the talk was, that 17 years had elapsed since 1816, and that we must look for a bad season; but it so happened that 1833-34-35-36 were all good seasons. There was a falling off in 1837, and 1838-39-40-41 certainly proved more or less unfavourable; still, reckoning by the price of grain, 1838, the worst of them, was not nearly so bad as 1799 or 1816.

In short, though all seasons have necessarily a general resemblance, each has its own peculiar features, like the human countenance in individuals. For instance, in the course of the last fifty years, we have had no winter nearly so severe as that at the commencement of 1795. For more than two months, from Christmas 1794 to March 1795, the snow lay many feet deep round Edinburgh. There was no coach travelling for some weeks, and it required the labour of a great number of men to cut a road to the nearest collieries. We have had occasionally deep snow in different years since; but on the occasion of January 1814, which was next in severity to 1795, the snow, about one foot deep, hardly lay one month.

On the other hand, the summer of 1826 was warm beyond example in any person's remembrance. The harvest, too, was unprecedentedly early. Near Duddingstone, a large field was completely reaped by the 16th July; that is, about a fortnight sooner than what is reckoned an early harvest.* The Decembers of 1842 and 1843 seem to have had no precedent as to mildness for more than forty years. The mean temperature of both these months, taken at nine A.M., was very nearly 48 degrees, which is quite equal to that of a very mild April. The mean heat of September 1843, too, was about 60 degrees, of equally rare occurrence; but the difference between that and the ordinary mean is not so striking as that of the two Decembers.

From the observation of many years, we can ascertain the average temperature, moisture, and also the prevailing winds, of each month; and this is of importance, as giving us the general character of our climate, and its peculiarities. But this calculation gives little information as to the winds or weather of any particular month. Thus in May, the average amount of east wind exceeds that of any other month, yet it will happen occasionally that the whole month may pass without a single day of wind from that quarter.

In the business of life, we must be on our guard against dependence upon probabilities. And the farmer and the mariner, whose avocations are so much connected with the winds and weather, require to keep this in view, and not to allow their vigilance to be relaxed by flattering appearances. In the words of Paley, 'The seasons are a mixture of regularity and chance. They are regular enough to authorise expectation, while their irregularity induces, on the part of the cultivator of the soil, a necessity for activity, vigilance, and precaution.'

SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

CAEN—HAVRE—CONCLUSION.

Little remains to be told. It was my intention to make a deliberate journey through the Channel Islands, but news of a distressing nature from home induced me to abandon the project, and proceed to England without any undue loss of time. Being anxious to take Caen in our route, as well as to shorten the voyage by sea, we now determined to cross the peninsula of Normandy to Havre, in preference to going direct to Southampton. It was not without a degree of regret that we thought of bidding adieu to Jersey on so short an acquaintance, for no place in the course of this or any previous excursion had ever charmed us so much with its rural beauty and fertility, its appearance of good management, prosperity, and happiness. Nor do I believe any territory on earth offers greater advantages as a place of agreeable residence to persons of moderate desires, but with leanings towards the usages and free government of Britain. When the day for our departure arrived, we selected a steam-vessel bound for Granville, between which port and St Heliers there is now a regular communication at least once a-week.

* Seasons such as 1795 and 1826, occurring, at most, not oftener than once in fifty years, afford additional proof of the fallacy of the seventeen or nineteen year cycle.

Granville, though not found in every map, may be called the chief port on the coast of Normandy between Cherbourg and St Malo, and is the most suitable for the intercourse kept up with this part of the French coast by the Channel Islands. Parties proceeding from Southampton to Avranches, by way of Jersey, also come this way; and not a few of our fellow-passengers were of this latter class. Granville, which we reached after a pleasant and short voyage of only three hours and a-half, is partly situated on a bold headland, conspicuous with its lofty church-spire at a considerable distance in the bay. Latterly, it has been furnished at a great expense with a capacious harbour, sheltered by a long and substantial pier; but it contained only a few small vessels, not half enough, as we thought, to employ the corps of douaniers who obligingly wait upon travellers as they enter the port. In times past the town made some figure in history; but now it has retired from public life, and chiefly recommends itself by its excellent sea-bathing. The interior of the town, like that of all old walled cities, is gloomy and comfortless; and its hotels are among the worst in France. Were I disposed to make up a case of hardship, I daresay a good deal could be said respecting one with a high-sounding name at which we spent the night; but why speak of such trifles in a world wherein there is so much to please, when viewed as well as used in a right spirit?

Our route from Granville conducted us by way of Coutances and St Lo, through one of the prettiest and most interesting parts of France; but almost every portion of Normandy is superior in appearance to the other provinces. In proceeding through it, we are impressed with the resemblance between the cottages and fields and what one sees in the south of England, while the bushy hedgerows and patches of plantation indicate a more than usual attention to rural beauty. This part of France, whence proceeded the host of adventurers who accompanied William of Normandy to England, is likewise remarkable for its number of cathedrals, the very flower of pointed architecture, and the objects of attraction to travellers during the last three centuries. A brief stay at Coutances afforded us an opportunity of gazing with admiration on the cathedral of that town, the most unique and beautiful in Normandy. Standing on an elevated ground, the elegant pointed towers of this superb monument may be seen at Jersey, a distance of thirty miles, and they indeed serve as a conspicuous landmark from Cape la Hogue to nearly St Malo. The edifice is fortunately entire, and, from the central tower and front to the chancel, abounds in the most elaborate and tasteful sculpture. At St Lo and Bayeaux we saw cathedrals of lesser dimensions, but also striking from their finely pointed architecture. Early in the afternoon we arrived at Caen, a town situated in the centre of an extensive plain, inclining to a valley, the whole land, for many miles around, recently shorn of its grain crops. Through the middle of this fertile stretch of country winds the river Orne, on the left bank of which, and at the distance of ten miles from the sea, Caen is agreeably placed. The situation is also in some respects advantageous for commerce; for to this point the Orne is navigable for small vessels, and its quays do not seem destitute of traffic.

Caen is, on the whole, a well-built and handsome town. I am told that it is also cheap and agreeable as a place of residence, and on that account it has been selected by many English families, who are willing to forego the comforts of a native for a foreign home. The streets, generally spacious, and tolerably well paved, are lined with tall buildings, many of an ancient fashion; there are also some pleasant open squares, and elegant public buildings, and a fine choice of old and venerable churches. Chancing to spend a Sunday in the town, we had an opportunity of seeing it in its holiday dress; or filled with a concourse of country people in their picturesque costumes, performing the double duty of attending church and market. Spread out before the great door of St Peters was a rich array of rural produce — rows of basketsful of the finest fresh eggs, poultry cackling from cribs, bunches of vegetables, and a vast gathering together of fruits. And there, looking somberly down upon the lively scene, was the magnificent Gothic edifice, out of and into which poured a fluctuating stream of peasants — devotion, as it were, mingling with merchandise; the forms of religion, and, I trust also, its spirit, uniting with the ordinary cares of life. St Peters was full of kneeling worshippers, who, with the politeness we have always experienced on such occasions, made way for us in our tour of the various sculptures, altars, and pictures throughout the edifice. The interior is in some parts extremely rich in mouldings and pendent figures, but of different eras and styles. The exterior of the tower, which rises to a height of 242 feet, is, however, the grand attraction, being, like that of Coutances, one of the most perfect of the Gothic models. It dates from 1308.

The church of St Peter, though the finest in Caen, is less an object of attraction to strangers than that of St Etienne. This edifice, situated in the western part of the town, away from the hum of commerce, was built by William of Normandy in 1077, as a place of rest for his remains, and here his body was finally interred in front of the grand altar, and about the centre of the building. Originally, and for ages attached to a monastic institution, the Abbaye Aux Hommes, which has been transformed into a college for education, the church is now one of the ordinary places of worship in the town; and, on visiting it, we found its ancient aisles attended by a small congregation of persons apparently of a humble order. The architecture is of the rounded form of arch, and is distinguished for its imposing severity and plainness. Some portions are of a date more recent than the era of the Conqueror, and are of the pointed and more elegant form; but the impression generally conveyed is not particularly pleasing. With little to occupy us in the vast and gloomy expanse of the building, we looked with some degree of interest on the spot in the centre of the choir, where William's body was entombed (1087), and over which a monument of gold, silver, and precious stones, had been erected by his son Henry I. Local historians mention a remarkable circumstance connected with the place of interment. When the body was in the course of being lowered into the vault prepared for its reception, the ceremony was suddenly arrested by a person named Ascelin, who claimed the ground as the property of his family, and protested against its present use till paid for by the representatives of the deceased. Whether from the justice of the demand, or a wish to avoid a controversy at such an unpropitious moment, the claimant was pacified by a payment of sixty sous, and the ceremonial was finished in the usual form. This story has been investigated as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, and it appears, from the records of the abbey, that some ground actually was purchased from the Ascelins, though in what manner is not mentioned. William's tomb was opened in 1522 by three Italian prelates desirous of verifying its contents, and the body was found in such excellent preservation, that a portrait of the countenance was taken. Forty years later, in 1562, during the unhappy war of religious sects in France, the church of St Etienne, like most others, was ravaged by the reformers, who utterly destroyed the monument of the Conqueror, tore his remains in pieces, and scattered them about with insulting derision. After this gross outrage, the church remained in a half-demolished state till 1626, when it was restored as a place of worship by prior Jean de Baillehache. Having by his researches recovered a thigh-bone of the Conqueror, this pious ecclesiastic, in the year 1642, replaced it with religious honours in the tomb, over which he put the short inscription it now bears. Yet this last relic of William of Normandy was not doomed to decay in peace. During the revolutionary troubles of

1789-90, a mob again rifled the grave of the Conqueror, and for some years the church was degraded into the condition of a stable for republican cavalry. A period of tranquillity again restored the edifice to its proper character; but Normandy can now show no more than the empty tomb of its greatest hero.

We visited some other public structures of lesser interest in Caen, and enjoyed the pleasure of strolling in its beautiful environs, observing here and there groups of neatly-dressed women occupied at their doors in making lace, an article which is produced to a considerable extent in this simple domestic manner throughout the greater part of Normandy.

Advancing eastwards from Caen, the country becomes still more varied in outline, and ornamented with woods, while it is apparent that the farming is also on a more than usually large scale. Proceeding leisurely from Caen by Pont L'Evêque, a small town prettily situated in the vale of the Touques, we did not reach Honfleur till the close of day, the sun only affording sufficient light to show that we were descending through a long and stately avenue of trees towards the margin of the Seine. It was too late to cross the estuary of this fine river, which is here about as wide as the Firth of Forth at Edinburgh, and we therefore took up our abode at a small inn in the town. Honfleur occupies a pleasing situation under the shelter of a woody hill, close upon the shore of the Seine, and enjoys a considerable trade, though under the embarrassment of a constant blocking up of mud from the confluent tides. Latterly, it has fallen off as a port, and its commerce has gradually been crossing the water to Havre, which is nearer the open sea, and much more readily entered by vessels. In a clean and handsome steamer we had the pleasure of being carried to Havre in the morning, in the space of little more than an hour.

In approaching Havre, it becomes apparent that we are about to reach a scene of life and industry. The face of the hills overlooking the Seine is dotted over with villas and cottages, in the midst of gardens and pleasure-grounds. On the shore beneath, large accumulations of sand and shingle have added to the breadth of available soil, and at the extremity of this low-lying tract of ground is situated *Le Havre*, as it is now termed by the French, instead of its original name of Havre Le Grace. In spite of that pest of the French coast, drifting gravel and sand, which seems almost to have a malignant intention of blocking up every port from Brest to Dunkirk, Havre has increased from small beginnings in the sixteenth century, to be one of the principal sea-ports in France. At present, it possesses about 30,000 inhabitants; but many thousands live beyond the walls, in the town of Ingouville, a kind of suburb spreading up the hill behind. Havre owes no little of its importance to its being the port for Rouen, Paris, and other towns in this direction. Napoleon used to observe that Paris, Rouen, and Havre, formed only one town, of which the Seine was the street; and besides the river communication, the intercourse between these cities will be soon greatly augmented by a railway, which has already connected Paris with Rouen. Havre, by its various extensions, now possesses nine or ten basins of considerable extent, occupied with shipping of various kinds, and surrounded by well-built quays, the scene of mercantile bustle. Several streets are spacious, and possess shops of the best kind, showing a large array of fancy articles. In the street facing the outer quay or harbour, one is amused with the vast display of foreign birds of gay plumage, monkeys, marmosets, and other animals, exposed for sale in cages. One shop we noticed was filled entirely with parrots, macaws, and cockatoos, of I daresay every imaginable variety and power of speech, ready for the patronage of any fond fancier of the species. Equally large stores of brilliant coloured shells, and other articles, the produce of tropical countries, were laid out in a way quite dangerous for ladies smitten with the rage for chimney-piece and drawing-room ornaments.

Havre has latterly become the principal port for travellers from England to Paris, and is now frequented by numerous large steamboats sailing daily in connexion with London and Southampton. In one of the vessels for the latter port we were fortunate in making a tolerably pleasant voyage in about twelve hours, and once more were landed safely on the shores of Old England.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE WEST.

Early in the spring of 1842, I was descending the Trinity river, Eastern Texas, in company with several brothers in arms, in a large and commodious eight-oared cutter. The low banks of the stream were clothed in delightful verdure; groves of cedar, sycamore, and other forest trees, lined it in places, while, at the height at which we now were, not a solitary habitation presented itself. We had been hunting beyond the settlements on the eastern bank, within the territories of the Shawnee Indians, then perfectly friendly and well-disposed. It was towards evening, and we were pulling with great energy to reach the hut of Edmund Bent, on the extremity of Mulberry Creek, where it falls into the Trinity, with the intention of taking up our quarters there for the night. We had as yet some distance to go; but eight oars well manned, and a stiff current in our favour, promised the speedy termination of our day's journey.

Edmund Bent, the owner of the rude cottage in question, was a very favourable specimen of a Yankee settler in Texas. A little more than four years previous to the time of which I speak, he had landed at Galveston with a rifle, an axe, a few tools, and three hundred dollars in cash. In addition to these materials of success, he brought with him a brother, who, though younger than himself, was infinitely more valuable than all else besides. In a new country, physical force is almost everything. The old Kentuckian who crossed the Red River with seven sons, all grown men, was far richer than those who came to the young republic with their thousands of dollars. Edmund Bent's first act was to procure a boat. This he easily found in the shape of an old flat, in which were placed all his worldly treasures above-mentioned, and a small supply of flour, tobacco, seeds, and sweet potatoes, and an ample provision of powder and lead. This done, the brothers entered their craft, pushed off from Galveston Island, gained the mouth of the Trinity river, and commenced ascending it in search of a 'location.' The first hundred miles they journeyed on without other stoppage than was required to circumvent a proper amount of game, cook their meals, and pass the night. The hundred miles, however, passed, they began to look about them, entering every tributary, examining each likely location; for a long time, however, in vain. At length, after a weary month, they reached Mulberry Creek, falling into the Trinity from the west, and on the upper bank pitched their tent. To men inured from childhood to the duties of a border life, the erection of a log hut, the planting and sowing of an acre of prairie land, were matters of no great difficulty. Still, time is required to bring the simplest human devices to perfection, and six months elapsed ere the farm wore anything like a homely and comfortable appearance. At the end, however, of that time, a rude log hut, rather larger and more roomy than ordinary, a second crop of sweet potatoes, a field of maize, a number of swine, and a couple of cows bought and driven up by the younger brother, occupied the place so recently desolate and abandoned. Edmund Bent gazed upon all this with pride and satisfaction, examined every corner to seek for deficiencies, and finding none, shook his brother by the hand, shouldered his rifle, entered the old flat with all their available cash, and returned to Galveston. Here the settler wrote a letter, which he directed to Mr William Bent, Lexington, Kentucky, and having duly delivered it to the clerk of the steamboat plying between the United States and Texas, turned round and commenced laying out his dollars.

His first act was to buy the land which he had already located; his next to sell his boat and purchase one larger and more commodious, which he loaded with every necessary required by a retired settlement. Edmund had brought down a small cargo of deer-hams and sweet potatoes, with which he bartered to great advantage at the sea-port of Galveston, where provisions are always dearer than elsewhere in Texas. This done, Edmund Bent, feeling that idleness was the parent of more vices than halfpence, borrowed a canoe, and each day of his residence at the new settlement roamed in and about the bay, now fishing, now fowling, and once upon a time or so taking to the land in search of deer, which were in those days far more plenty than at present. The time thus passed rapidly, and on the fifty-seventh day after the departure of Bent's letter to Kentucky, there arrived in Galveston harbour the United States schooner, Star of the Republic, with several parties of emigrants on board. Young Bent was on the schooner's deck ere another boat had left the shore, to welcome his father, mother, sister, and bride, who had come thus far to seek their fortunes in the wilderness of Texas, then the El Dorado for all the restless spirits which swarm in the great republic of the north. The very next day Edmund Bent and Mary Bryan were married, and on that following the whole party entered the boat, which contained their all, sailed merrily over the bay, and up to Liberty on the Trinity, where the trees having deadened the wind, the old and young Kentuckians took to their oars. The stream being strong against them, much time was consumed in reaching their destination. At length, however, Bentville, as in true American fashion the emigrants had designated their location, hove in sight; the solitary young guardian came forward to greet his relatives, and the whole family were once more gathered together in one spot, henceforth to be their home. From this day prosperity threw its mantle over the Bents; the men laboured hard, cut wood, fenced fields, drove home such cattle as were required, scoured the timber for game, went down to Galveston with hams, pork, eggs, poultry, Indian corn, and potatoes; and, in short, did all that was considered necessary for the insurance of future stability and independence. The women meantime made the family clothes, tended the poultry, and kept the house neat and clean. In a word, both males and females were models of backwood perseverance and propriety. When we passed on our way up, the log hut had given way to a neat frame house, out-offices had been erected, thirty head of cattle, and twice as many swine, owned their sway; while a couple of horses and a plough gave sign of a very flourishing state of things. Three children, one an infant, were by no means the least pleasing part of the picture.

Our anxiety to reach the hut on Mulberry Creek has now, I hope, been satisfactorily explained. There was not a man of us but was eager to taste a specimen of Mrs Bent's cookery for supper; though, sooth to say, the company of the ladies—female society being a rare acquisition in Texas—had as much to do with our anxiety as anything else. Walcot, a young hunter, who had left Bentville to conduct us up the country, and who owned to a liking for the sister of Edmund Bent, was not the least eager at the oar. I have said our progress was rapid. Eight oars and a favourable current work wonders. I was at the helm, and consequently was the only person whose face was turned towards the desired spot. The rest, too much engaged at their somewhat fatiguing work, took no note of passing events. For some minutes after turning a bend in the river, and entering upon a long open reach—my eye had been engaged in scanning the appearance of the sky above the trees—I thought, though at first I felt doubtful as to the fact, that I caught sight of a column of smoke rising in the direction of Bentville. I imparted the cheering news to my friends, who were about to answer by a shout, when the distant crack of a rifle came upon our ears, and a column of vapour, black, dense, and appalling, rose, where first a thin smoke had alone appeared. 'The Indians!' cried Walcot, as with one accord the party ceased rowing. A brief council was held. We were three miles from Bentville, which it was manifest was on fire. The distant report of rifles proved the contest was not over. In another instant our arms were ready, the oars in use, and the boat gliding swiftly along the water. As the current took us three pulling six miles an hour, twenty minutes would bring us to the scene of action. Unfortunately, darkness was rapidly coming on; and Walcot stood up in the bows to give me directions how to steer, the river being filled with snags and sawyers. The scene was eminently, nay, fearfully picturesque. The now blazing house in the distance, the dull gray light, the boat gliding swiftly past under the friendly shade of the west bank, Walcot in the bow, I at the helm, and seven eager and manly oarsmen bending in unison with the strokesman, the whispered 'starboard a little—port—steady so—now you clear it—keep away' of the look-out, the rifles and musket reports each moment more distinct, the doubt, the uncertainty, the terrible nature of the enemy we had to deal with, all united to make that evening the most wildly-exciting of all my adventurous hours in the far-off west. Presently we slackened our efforts, shipped our oars, and prepared for action. At the distance of some five hundred yards lay the blazing house; in its rear, close to the river, intrenched behind a huge pile of fire-wood, were the emigrants, discovered only by the crack and flash of their rifles, as they poured volley after volley upon their invaders. The enemy—Indians of course—were posted behind an out-house, replying with guns and arrows to the quick discharges of the western rifle. They were, it appeared from the light cast by the blazing house, in considerable force. We hesitated not a moment; but, as soon as we were near enough, taking advantage of a moment when a general volley from those behind the wood-pile had rendered the Indians for a moment incautious, gave them the benefit of our nine rifles, adding, gratis, a sort of imitation war-whoop, got up extempore for the occasion. In two minutes more we were behind the wood-pile. To the very great satisfaction of the whole party, the emigrants, who welcomed us as criminals do a reprieve, were found whole in numbers, though all the men, and Mrs Bent, were wounded. We found, upon inquiry, that early that morning the attack had commenced, the enemy being Caddoes, Tawackanies, and other Indians; the same gang of outcasts from every tribe which had already caused such serious detriment to life and property amid the out-lying parts of the young republic. They had been discovered, stealthily approaching the house, by Mrs Bent, who had risen before dawn to seek milk for one of her children who was ailing, and, being fired upon, had retreated. A successful defence had, from that time, been made from the house, until by arrows, to which were attached blazing cotton, the house had been set on fire. A vain attempt at extinguishing the flames had been succeeded by a retreat to the wood-pile. 'They have burnt my all,' said Edmund Bent with a grim smile; 'but I care not. God has spared our lives. It is but to begin again.'

The women and children were transferred to the boat, while all the males of the party prepared to renew the contest. The Indians, however, had retreated, and were heard of no more that night, which we all passed under the lee of the wood-pile, a guard being mounted, who kept strict watch. Before dawn, we were reinforced by eleven men from Doun river, whom the blaze from the house had attracted; and, after a hasty breakfast, Edmund Bent taking the command, we hurried in pursuit of Blackbird and his party, for such the intruders were. The trail of the Indians was plain and broad, as if they feared not the vengeance of those whose home they had made desolate. Other feelings, however, besides revenge, actuated the party. Blackbird, a half-breed, was a notorious robber, who, having been compelled to fly on account of some villany or other from Canada, had

assembled in Texas a band of desperadoes from every Indian tribe, and for some time had rendered the frontier a scene of terror and alarm. The opportunity was favourable for crushing his power and depriving him of the means to do harm. About two hours before sunset, our scouts intimated that we were close upon the Indians, who, fortified in an island of timber, awaited our approach. In the attack which instantly followed, Blackbird defended his post with courage and skill. His force, larger than ours, was well posted; but the dogged valour of the backwoodsman, the superiority of the western rifle, and ample ammunition, were odds far greater than numbers, and a rude mound of earth is all that now chronicles the fate of the prairie roamer. Thrilling and exciting though the subject be, it was a scene of blood, over which a veil is best thrown.

Edmund Bent and his enterprising family, nothing daunted by the disasters which had befallen them, were not to be driven from the home they had selected. Though their house had been burnt about their ears, logs were easily got, planks were cheap, labour abundant; and, when we left, the whole family remained behind, busily engaged in rearing over their heads another residence, determined that Bentville should not be erased from the map of Texas. I could not but admire their constancy and courage, and so much was I interested in them, that, a short time previous to my leaving the country, I took the steamer, and was, in a brief space, again amid the old familiar scenes. I obtained a hearty welcome—my opportune arrival some twelve months before being not forgotten—and remained two days with my friends. The house was rebuilt, the offices neat and clean, the fields in prime order; in fact, not a trace remained of the visit of Blackbird and his gang. The only changes my careful eyes could note were two new faces, another little Bent and a little Walcot. Such is life in the wilderness, with its many serious drawbacks: perseverance, however, finally overcomes everything.

LIFE AND POETRY OF MR HAYNES BAYLY.

The songs of Mr Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr Moore's best ditties of the same kind; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow,* we learn that he was connected by birth with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of a solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatising stories from his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession; but it was found impossible to confine him to such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntarily-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried; and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

* Songs, Ballads, and other Poems. By the late Thomas Haynes Bayly. Edited by his Widow. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1844.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. At an early stage of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sickbed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr Bayly. Afterwards, 'his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief: the poet sympathised, and "pity is akin to love." It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel ——, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another.' Mr Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, 'Oh, no! we never mention her;' also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;
I could not bear to view thee decked in fashion's bright array;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of none but thee;
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy now;
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the bough:
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste of snow,
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy thought.
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me.

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent gayer residence in Dublin, re-established the poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his songs. Returning in 1824 to his father's house of Mount Beacon, near Bath—being now twenty-seven years of age—he formed a new attachment, equally peculiar in its circumstances, but more fortunate in the event. 'He was introduced by a friend at an evening party given by Mrs Hayes, whose soirées at Bath were frequented by the talented, the young, and the gay. Mrs Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard with delight the ballad of "Isabel,"

expressed the greatest anxiety to see its author; the friend just alluded to being one of Miss Hayes's suitors, was requested by her mother to convey an invitation for her next party to the *beau ideal* of her daughter's fancy. The appointed evening arrived—the poet saw, and was fascinated with Miss Hayes—and, on conversing with Mrs Hayes, discovered that she and his own mother had been friends and school-fellows in their young days. This circumstance laid the foundation of an intimacy which ceased only with his life. His friend was then little aware that he was introducing to her, whose hand he himself was seeking, her future husband; for so it proved.

'He came, he saw, but did not conquer at once; for the young lady, though she could not but acknowledge that Mr Haynes Bayly was very charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disappointed at not finding him *exactly* what her youthful imagination had portrayed. Seeing, therefore, that he was "*épris*" without her having any intention of captivating him, she persuaded her mother to shorten their stay at Bath, and take her to Paris. Mrs Hayes reluctantly complied, as she much wished her daughter to encourage Mr Haynes Bayly's suit; but when she found her daughter's mind was set on going abroad, she wisely allowed her to do so; for Miss Hayes, when absent from the poet, missed his witty and delightful conversation and his attentions, which were entirely devoted to her, so much, that her mother's wish was more forwarded by absence than it would have been had she remained in Bath. Mr Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged by her intended departure'—as appears from the poem addressed to her, of which the following is a specimen:—

Oh! think not, Helena, of leaving us yet;
Though many fair damsels inhabit our isle,
Alas! there are none who can make us forget
The grace of thy form, and the charm of thy smile.

The toys of the French, if they hither are sent,
Are endeared by the payment of custom-house duties.
Ah! why do not *duty* and *custom* prevent
The rash exportation of pure British beauties?

Say, is there not *one* (midst the many who sighed
To solicit your favour)—one favourite beau?
And have you to *all*, who popped questions, replied,
With that chilling, unkind monosyllable—NO?

Your mansion with exquisite swains has been thronged,
With smiles they approach you, in tears they depart;
Indeed it is said that a man who belonged
To the Tenth, sighed in vain for a tithe of your heart.

And are you still happy? Could no one be found
Whose vows full of feeling could teach *you* to feel?
A girl so expert at inflicting a wound,
Should surely be now and then willing to heal.

Then leave us not; shall a foreigner own
The form we have worshipped as if 'twere divine?
No, no, thou art worthy a Briton alone,
And *where* is the Briton who would not be thine?

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of all the poet's songs. 'A large party was staying at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre, and determined to turn the tables upon them. He waved his hand carelessly, and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, "I'd be a butterfly." He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of *his* solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which had afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

'It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen, by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after-years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again.'

For several years Mr Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity: he composed a novel, *The Aylmers*, which met with success—and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal-mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities: for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and he resumed the pen with feelings which he has embodied in an Address to the Spirit of Song:—

I welcome thee back as the dove to the Ark:
The world was a desert, the future all dark;
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last.
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of earth;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young;
The lamp is relighted, the harp is restrung.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong;
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Some deeper feelings which still abode with him are expressed in a birth-day ode, which he soon after, in pursuance of a custom, addressed to his wife:—

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound!

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been,
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah no, that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike *some*, who have professed
So much in friendship's name;
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn;
They'd make me loathe mankind.
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take.
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

From this time Mr Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, insomuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe literary labour, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk in 1839 under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed:—'He was a kind parent, an affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman.' Most sad it is to reflect how he thus came to realise his own playfully-expressed wish:—

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a Butterfly; living, a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away!

The poems and songs of Mr Haynes Bayly will not be entitled to a high place in the literature of our age; a certain air of insubstantiality attaches to them all; the pathos rarely goes down to the springs of the human feelings, and the humour scarcely exceeds the playfulness which marks elegant society in its daily appearances. Yet, considering him as what he really was, the poet of modern fashionable life, he must be allowed the merit of having reflected this successfully, both in its gravities and its levities. He must be allowed, moreover, to have possessed in an eminent degree the comparatively rare power of producing verses which readily danced along in connexion with music. Withal, an amiable and virtuous nature shines throughout all his various compositions. As a specimen of his humorous powers in a walk in which he is little known to the public, take the following, descriptive of the realised consequences of 'love and a cottage':—

Some months the bride, with fortitude unshaken,
Endured the dull routine of beans and bacon;
Preserved each precious morsel on the shelf,
And ate the puddings that she made herself:
By daily repetition well she knew
How to provide but just enough for two;
Learnt to economise in every way,
And hash the mutton of a former day.
Before her spouse she laboured to conceal
Her secret horror of the vulgar meal;
Boldly contented with domestic ills,
And studied the amount of bakers' bills.

Her bridal garments soiled, with wondrous skill
She turned, and washed, and made them useful still;
Corrected and revised her old array,
And neatly darned each symptom of decay;
Contrived to make the last year's bonnet do,
And said it looked almost as good as new;
Dyed her old gown, its splendour to recall;
And sighed in secret—if she sighed at all.

The bridegroom gazed upon his lovely wife,
Talked of domestic joys and rural life;
Genteelly acquiesced in all she said,
And drank her currant wine both white and red.

So far 'twas well; but ere two years were past,
Their matrimonial sky was overcast;
And Ellen then, in tone not very sweet,
Complained their mansion was not quite complete.
'"Tis such a bore,' said she, 'in rainy weather,
In this small room to sit all day together,
Which serves for drawing-room and parlour too;
And there's no study set apart for you;
You're never out of hearing—and it feels
So strange to have you always at my heels;
We're very loving—but it is too much
To sit so close—our elbows almost touch.
And then our maid (alas! we have but one)
Does only half of all that should be done,
For Nelly acts as cook and butler both,
And she who scrubs the kitchen lays the cloth;
With arms all crimson, and a flaming face,
She bustles on, sole handmaid of the place;
And frequent must my occupations be,
Since all she fails to do—is done by me:
Oft am I plagued with closet, drawer, and shelf—
In fact, I'm maid-of-all-work to myself.
My dear, before I married you, I vow
I wish I'd been as wise as I am now.'

These Edward heard, and he at times gave vent
To equal murmurings and discontent.
'What you assert, my love,' he cried, 'is true;
I think our cottage quite as small as you;
But then, my charmer, what can you expect,
Your portion brought me nothing, recollect;
"Nothing can come of nothing," pounds and pence
In calculations make a difference.
I hate our paltry dinners, where the meat
Is only just as much as we can eat;
If sick of mutton roasted, we arrange
To have it boiled next day, by way of change;
And boiled or roasted, it might do, I own,
Had I some good old port to wash it down;
But as for currant wine, say what you will,
That home-made stuff is apt to make one ill.
In tedious tête-à-tête our time is past—
Each day a repetition of the last;
And in this nutshell, as we sit alone,
I hear no human voice except your own.
We used to read, but who can pass his life
In reading doleful ditties to his wife?'

This was his constant theme: thus months were spent
In bitter matrimonial argument.

'Love and a Cottage' was their former boast—
The Cottage still remains, but Love is lost;
And when for man and wife it proved too small,
No wonder Love could find no room at all.
Thus wise at length—though haply wise too late,
By mutual consent they separate:
And by a written paper we are told—
'This Cottage either to be let or sold.'

As a specimen of his serious or sentimental manner, few pieces could be more appropriate than the following, which expresses, indeed, the whole soul of that softened kind of tragedy which he saw beneath the gay *externe* of modern society:—

Oh! do not suppose that my hours
Are always unclouded and gay;
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers
That fortune has strewed in my way:
When seen by the cold and unfeeling,
We smile through the sorrows we feel;
But smiles are deceitful—concealing
The wounds which they never can heal.

The world is a changeable ocean,
And sunbeams and shadows abound;
Where the surface seems least in commotion,
The rocks of misfortune are found:
And man is the pilot, who, steering,
Of every billow the sport,
Sees the gale of prosperity veering,
Which promised to waft him to port.

Our hopes are the gales that serenely
Waft onward our sails as we float;
Our tears are the whirlwinds that keenly
O'erwhelm our poor perishing boat;
And reason's the beacon that gives us
Its light through life's perilous way,
But folly's the ray that deceives us,
And leads us too often astray.

Our moments of mirth may be many,
And hope half our sorrow beguiles;
But, believe me, there cannot be any
Whose features are always in smiles.
The heart may be sad and repining,
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene,
As a goblet with gems may be shining,
Though bitter the potion within.

A glittering volume may cover
A story of sorrow and wo;
And night's gayest meteors may hover
Where dangers lie lurking below;
Thus oft, in the sunshine of gladness,
The cheek and the eye may be drest,
Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness
In secret o'ershadow the breast.

MR LAING'S PRIZE ESSAY.

SECOND PART.

Mr Laing, in the preliminary part of his essay, having shown, to his own satisfaction, by an ingenious but one-sided exhibition of evidence, that the lower departments of society are at present in a much more demoralised, impoverished, and dangerous condition than they ever were before—all comparison with the past, however, as we said, being kept cautiously out of sight—proceeds in his second part to an elucidation of the causes which have produced so unhappy a posture of affairs.

Commencing with an attack on political economy, Mr Laing blames the writers on that science for confining themselves too rigorously to the doctrines of capital, rent, labour, population, and the like; 'the necessary consequence of the abstract and mathematical nature of their definitions and reasonings being,' he says, 'simply this—that the true solution of the problem of national wealth is to be found in the systematic application of the principle of *laisser-faire;* in other words, of leaving things to adjust themselves by the free unimpeded operation of the individual self-interests involved. All interference on the part of legislation or public opinion, and especially all interference founded on moral considerations, is,' he adds, 'stigmatised as erroneous!' There is here, it appears to us, a mixture of truth and injustice. Political economy professes nothing beyond an exposition of the laws which regulate the production of wealth. This is very much a matter of conveniency with its students, as it is with students of other sciences to confine their views in like manner. But a political economist, while laying down any of the principles of his science, does not deny that there may be moral and political, or even accidental considerations, tending to modify his conclusions in practice. He regards interference as generally calculated to be injurious to the production of wealth, and with the exposition of this truth he rests content. A result of the leave-alone system, Mr Laing argues, is the present singular condition of affairs—wealth increasing in vast masses, while misery, like an inseparable shadow, follows, and increases with it, and for which no remedy has yet been provided. In short, the distress now deplored arises from the unequal aggregation of wealth, which is again a result of society proceeding on economical and mechanical principles, without moral considerations.

Mammon-worship, our author says, has been the vice of modern English society, along with an undue depreciation and neglect of the duties, obligations, and influences of an unseen and spiritual world. 'The prevalence of this spirit in modern English society is,' he says, 'a fact too obvious to admit of dispute, or to require demonstration. The very expressions of our common familiar conversation testify to it. A "respectable" man has come to signify a man who lives in a manner which denotes the possession of a certain income; a "successful" man means a man who has succeeded in realising a certain fortune; a "good match" is synonymous with a marriage to a man of handsome means. The practical working faith of most people for the last century seems to be, that to get on in the world, and realise a certain amount of money and social position, is the *one thing needful.* The sense of duty, which is in its nature infinite, has resolved itself into a sort of infinite duty of making money. Our whole duty of man is, in the first place, to be rich; or, failing this, in the second place, to appear rich. On all hands the gospel is zealously preached and practised, that "poverty is disgraceful, and that hard cash covers a multitude of sins." Now, to the prevalence of this spirit may be directly traced a large portion of the evils of which society complains. For instance, what has been the history of manufacturing England? The inventions of Watt and Arkwright effected an entire revolution in domestic industry. The spinning-wheel was supplanted by the spinning-jenny, the hand-loom by the power-loom, and by the application of capital and machinery on a large scale, enormous additional power was obtained over the products of nature for the use of man. But the power thus obtained was not obtained by the working man; he was a mere link in the machine, helpless without the capitalist who set the gigantic factory in motion. Hence manufacturing society came to be organised on a new footing. Factories sprung up like so many baronial castles, where great cotton or woollen lords reigned supreme over the happiness and welfare of hundreds of retainers. The master manufacturer was placed there by the hand of Providence, as the feudal baron was in days long past, to be the head and leader of a little community whose welfare was, from the nature of the case, intrusted in a great measure to his keeping. How did he fulfil this trust? With some noble exceptions, we may say that the capitalists and master-manufacturers of England have not only not fulfilled the trust committed to them in any tolerable degree, but have rather acted with a deep unconsciousness that they had any trust or duty to fulfil beyond that of getting rich as fast as they could.' Our author acknowledges that the landed aristocracy, gentry, and farmers, have been equally neglectful of those to whom they gave employment.

This may be said to state Mr Laing's case; for the universal neglect he reprobates 'lies,' says he, 'at the bottom of the disease of which society complains.' We cannot consent to this doctrine. Allowing that the lower classes are demoralised, and that society is getting into what our author considers to be a state of rottenness, dangerous to its existence, is the whole blame imputable to the employing classes? We most decidedly deny such a sweeping proposition. In a question of this kind, it becomes necessary to state explicitly what is the nature of individual and social responsibilities. According to our notions, man is a responsible being, bound to exert himself in well-doing, and to take the consequences of any neglect of his obligations and duties. To assume that he must be constantly attended by neighbours, propped up by advisers, coddled by patrons, nursed and watched over by employers, is destructive of all moral independence, and would reduce our population to a level with the automatic serfs of Austria and Russia, or the government-ridden nonentities of France. Mr Laing says that the factory owner is a species of feudal baron, and implies that he is bound, as such, to watch over the lives and fortunes of those under him. The factory owner, however, occupies no such position. The relation between him and those in his employment is temporary, and purely commercial. The connexion is only a little more close than that between a shopkeeper and his customer. It is generally from week to week, and is nothing more than the sale of so much labour for so much money. We acknowledge that, acting his part in the spirit of a genial and universal philanthropy, and even calculating his own self-interest, he ought to adopt every reasonable means for preventing disorder in his establishment, and giving opportunities of well-doing. That, however, he is to conduct himself as the owner of his servants, as the baron was of old, and to be made responsible for their misbehaviour—to keep them from lapsing into crime, intemperance, poverty, misery, and utter degradation—

is an expectation almost too absurd for remark. Every employer, great and small, has responsibilities of his own, which occupy the bulk of his time; the duty of scheming to find constant employment for his hands, of keeping his place as a competitor in the general market, independently of all other claims, being usually sufficient for any single individual. Clearly, if there be any deficiency in the moral tendence of the large masses of new population brought into existence by the factory system, it ought to be supplied by a systematic arrangement calculated for the purpose, and which shall be satisfactory to the representatives of the nation in parliament—not left to the casual and imperfect efforts of individual masters, or of any individuals whatever. But the essayist seems scarcely aware how much, under many disadvantages and embarrassments, has been done by employers to those in their service. Examples of neglect, of course, abound; but nothing can be more evident than that the tendency of the age, affected by a thousand improving influences, is to draw closer the sympathies of employer and employed, the higher, the middle, and the lower classes. Every city abounds in institutions in which the most opposite ranks may be seen vieing in objects of social improvement and benevolence. The very pains taken by statisticians to gather facts respecting the condition of the lower orders, argues an increased care of the rich for the poor. A few days ago, we attended a private meeting relative to the establishment of baths for the working-classes, at which there sat round one table, without any perceivable distinction, two lords, a baronet, five or six private gentlemen, and a dozen operatives. And this is only one out of many instances in which a kindly feeling is manifested in the right direction, without one class encroaching, by undue interference, on the independence and self-respect of another. We would only, indeed, fear that there is some danger of leading the humbler classes to trust too much to those above them. It is the law of nature that each man must look chiefly to himself for the protection and advancement of his own interests; for no other can do it so well. Each person is also bound to take some care of his own conduct; for it is impossible that he can be safely conducted in moral leading-strings all his days. Are the millions of brains amongst the working-classes to take no active or independent part in these respects, but to trust entirely to the smaller number of superior rank? There is surely some absurdity here. We are bound, no doubt, to exercise a moral influence over each other, and to be ready to promote each other's interests to some extent, but assuredly not to the extent of taking an entire charge and responsibility.

Mr Laing is happily alive to the danger of the lower classes sinking to that condition of destitution which produces an accelerated increase of population. It is now proved that 'misery up to the extreme point of famine and pestilence, instead of checking, tends to increase population;' and from this the practical inference is to be deduced, 'that the only means of regulating the progress of population in a country, is to begin by taking effectual means to raise the condition of its poorer inhabitants.' A humane and properly-worked poor-law, we apprehend, is the best apparatus for preventing the utter destitution which is productive of these results.

Our author's third chapter is a return to an attack on the factory system, not with regard to any evils in itself, but on account of the consequences which arise from the hopeless condition of the operatives. Yet he admits that the factory system has been a vast benefit to the nation. 'If we are not at this moment a department of the grand empire, receiving laws from a préfet of Napoleon the First or Second, we may thank the factory system for the creation of the money-power which enabled us to contend successfully with the overwhelming military force of France. We may thank the factory system also, in a great measure, for the general diffusion of wealth throughout English society, and for the great development of a middle class of tradesmen, mechanics, and artisans.' But the factory system has destroyed the old process of domestic manufacture, with all its decent habits and virtues. In the present state of things, 'the prospect of being able to rise a step in the social scale, and to secure a more permanent and respectable position than that of the journeyman or day-labourer, is cut off, and the consequence is too often seen in reckless improvidence and dissipation, even among workmen whose money wages are comparatively high.' The extensive employment of infant and female labour is also lamented by Mr Laing as a serious evil. We agree with him that, in excess, it is so; but, above a proper age, it is in reality anything but an evil for boys and girls to be employed for a certain period every day, and there can be no doubt that, but for the employment given to young persons in factories, the poverty and wretchedness of the lower orders would be greatly aggravated. A general law, to put juvenile labour on a proper footing, seems all that is desirable at present.

The essayist afterwards acknowledges with truth, that to mourn over the continued existence of the factory system, is now quite in vain. The only question is, how is it to be regulated? 'The domestic system,' he proceeds, 'is gone, and cannot be revived, and the only hope now lies in a complete transition to the opposite system. There is the most distinct evidence that the intermediate system between the two works ill, and that all the worst abuses of the present manufacturing system are found in connexion with second-rate establishments belonging to capitalists of limited means. As a general rule, the larger the capital invested, the more chance is there of an intelligent and humane superintendence being exercised for the good of the operative. Many causes contribute to this result: the large capitalist is better able to withstand fluctuations in trade, better able to prosecute the *ultimate* interests of the concern, which are generally the same for all parties; and, what is still more important, he is generally better educated, more of what is called a *gentleman*; more liberal in money matters, and more accessible to moral influences. The more capital is concentrated in a few hands, and becomes stationary in a few families and companies, the more are these influences likely to operate, until, by degrees, we have a real manufacturing and trading aristocracy, capable of acting as the patrons, protectors, and guides of a manufacturing and trading population. One effect of such a concentration of capital will probably be the destruction of the ruinous spirit of unlimited competition, which, if allowed to operate unchecked, will clearly always end in reducing profits and wages to a *minimum*, and deluging all the markets of the world with articles at a price which gives neither a return to the capitalist nor a subsistence to the operative. When production once gets into the hands of a few intelligent men of immense capital, they will find it for their interest to regulate supply by demand, and to keep up a high standard of wages among their operatives, so as to prevent unprincipled competition. But is not this monopoly? some will ask. Yes, it is monopoly. We do not hesitate to avow that in monopoly, provided it is fairly brought about by the force of circumstances, and is properly watched and regulated by an active and conscientious legislature, we see the best prospect of an escape from the devouring bottomless gulf of unlimited competition. The greatest improvement of modern times, the introduction of railways, is the establishment of a gigantic monopoly: the evident tendency of the extension of steam-navigation is to run into monopolies. Why should we make a bugbear of a word which expresses a great *fact* in the march of modern science and industry? There is no question now-a-days of narrow exclusive monopolies conferred by jobbing governments on rapacious favourites, or secured to selfish orders by iniquitous enactments; the question is of such an infusion of the principle of monopoly by the concentration of capital, as will restore the natural relations of buyer and seller, producer and consumer. The operative,

who forms part of the great machine of manufacturing production, needs to be protected against the effects of inordinate competition, as much as the villein or serf of the middle ages needed protection against the inroads of the Hun and Tartar.' These views are, as far as known to us, quite new; but what strikes us most about them is, that Mr Laing should not see that whatever evils attach to the system at present, must be only increased when the system is perfected. Undoubtedly, in the state of things he describes, the bulk of the people must be reduced yet lower in pupilage than they are now—there will be less of the sustaining agency of hope—and the self-abandonment of large hordes of people must be greater and more pernicious in its consequences.

In the fourth chapter our essayist treats the subject of foreign competition, which he does not consider as a proximate cause of distress. 'The real effect of foreign competition,' he says, 'has been this:—Combined with commercial restriction, it has not only prevented us from extending our trade with the most wealthy and civilised nations of Europe, but has gradually excluded us from their markets, and driven us to seek for others at a disadvantage; and it greatly complicates the problem of extricating ourselves from the difficulties which the manufacturing system has brought upon us, by making cheap production necessary to the existence of our export trade.'

And so ends Mr Laing's recital of the causes of the distress and demoralisation of the working-classes. Not a word on the imperfection of the moral machinery of the land; not a word about the responsibility of individuals for their own conduct; not a word in condemnation of that self-inflicted and supreme vice, which eats into the vitals of the humbler classes, and makes desolate every hearth which it visits. We shall not further pursue the subject at present; but in a third paper make our readers acquainted with the remedies which Mr Laing considers necessary for assuaging the national distress.

EUROPEAN JOURNALS.

It has been estimated that at Rome there is one journal to every 51,000 persons; at Madrid, 1 to 50,000; Venice, 1 to 11,000; London, 1 to 10,600; Berlin, 1 to 1070; Paris, 1 to 3700; Stockholm, 1 to 2600; Leipsic, 1 to 1100. Taking, instead of cities, kingdoms, the estimate is—in Spain, 1 journal to 864,000 individuals; in Russia, 1 to 674,000; in Austria, 1 to 376,000; in Switzerland, 1 to 66,000; in France, 1 to 52,000; in England, 1 to 46,000; in Holland, 1 to 40,450; in Prussia, 1 to 43,000. Comparing the number of subscribers with the population, the proportion is, in France, as 1 to 437; in England, as 1 to 184; in Holland, as 1 in 100.

GLASTONBURY THORN.

The Glastonbury Thorn, alluded to in the Journal (No. 3. new series, p. 44), is a variety which blows twice a-year; at the usual time in the spring, and about Christmas. At the latter season, the blossoms and young foliage are but thinly scattered over the tree. The tradition of the monks of Glaston was, that Joseph of Arimathea ceased from his wanderings at the spot where their abbey (dedicated to him) was afterwards built, and that there he stuck his staff, cut from a thorn-tree in the Holy Land, into the ground; it took root and flourished, and from it the variety has been propagated in the west of England, where plants of it may be purchased in the nursery gardens.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.

It is stated by the Medical Times, that a Mr Peppercorne has cured several cases of severe burns of the hand by the application of a single layer of lint soaked in a saturated solution of carbonate of soda. Mr Peppercorne conceives that, besides acting as a direct sedative upon the nervous structure of the skin, it may possibly relieve pain by neutralising the acidulous quality of the perspiration as it passes off through the irritated skin. Whether the proposed remedy should have the effect here ascribed to it or not, it is, at all events, worthy of a trial, as the solution can be readily procured, and as readily applied, without the possibility of doing any harm. The carbonate of soda is one of the ingredients of soda and seidlitz powders; it is also used in many culinary operations; and scarcely any one need be at a loss to obtain it.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OAK.

In the annals of the Agricultural Society of Rochelle there is the following description of an oak-tree, which, on account of its age and extraordinary size, may be justly regarded as the king of European forests. It grows in the court of a modern mansion about six miles south-west of Saintes (in the Lower Charente), near the road to Cozes, and still promises to live for many centuries.

Diameter of the trunk at the ground, from 27 to 30 feet.
Diameter at the height of a man, from 19½ to 22½ feet.
Diameter at the base of the principal branches, from 3 to 6 feet.
Diameter of the whole head, from 120 to 129 feet.
The height of the trunk, 24 feet.
The general height of the tree, 66 feet.

By removing the interior dead wood of the trunk, a room has been formed, measuring from 9 to 12 feet in diameter, and 9 feet high, with a circular seat cut out of the solid wood. When wanted, a round table can be placed in the centre, capable of accommodating twelve guests. This novel apartment has a door and window which admit light, and its floor is adorned by a living carpet of ferns, mosses, and lichens. Upon a plate of wood taken from the trunk, about the height of the door, 200 concentric annual rings have been counted; whence it results, by taking a horizontal radius from the exterior circumference to the centre of the oak, that there must have been from 1800 to 2000 of these rings, which makes its age nearly two thousand years!

PASSENGER PIGEONS.

The number of pigeons to be met with in some parts of America is almost incredible, and the quantity of food daily consumed by them is prodigious. M. Audubon, the celebrated naturalist, makes the following curious estimate respecting them:—'Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile in the minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.'

ANCIENT LUNATIC ASYLUM.

One of the earliest notices of the establishment of an asylum for the insane, is in the life of St Theodosius, who was born in the year 423, and died in 529. He established near Bethlehem, a monastery, to which were annexed three infirmaries—one for the sick, one for the aged and feeble, and the other for such as had lost their senses—in which all succours, spiritual and temporal, were afforded with admirable order, care, and affection.—*Butler's Lives of the Saints.*

Correction.

In the Journal, No. 505, p. 292, it is stated 'that the town of Grasse alone, situated on the Mediterranean near Nice, sends annually to Paris for upwards of eight millions of articles of perfumery—for the Mediterranean trade, we presume.' Now, the fact is, that the town of Grasse is celebrated for the manufacture of perfumery, with which it supplies not only Paris, but, we believe, great part of Europe, and other parts of the world besides. It is situated in the midst of gardens, or rather fields, of all kinds of sweet-scented plants, with which, in their flowering season, the air is perfumed for a considerable distance: roses, mignonette, tuberose, lavender, and many other plants, may be seen cultivated by acres.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, April 20, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 17. New Series. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1844. Price 1½d.

DID SHAKSPEARE VISIT SCOTLAND?

A great poet lived in England two hundred years ago; and all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning him is, as one of his editors has remarked, 'that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married, and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote plays and poems—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.' A hundred years after his death, an attempt was made to write a life of him; but a few dubious traditions were all that could be obtained in addition to these facts. Already had the first man of James I.'s reign become almost as much a mythic being as Homer or Ossian. So has it continued till our time, when an effort of a very original and ingenious kind has been made to biographise Shakspeare, by describing all that he must have been in connection with—all that could operate in forming such a mind at the time—the scenes and persons amidst which he lived; leaving us, as it were, to read the man in the reflection of his necessary circumstances. This book—a beautiful and most interesting one—is the production of Mr Charles Knight, the well-known publisher. We cannot, on the present occasion, enter upon a general description of 'William Shakspeare: a Biography;' that may be done at some future time. Our attention is now to be especially devoted to a question, which Mr Knight treats fully in one of his chapters, and on which he has thrown some remarkable light. 'Did Shakspeare visit Scotland?'—this is his query; and it is one in which for several reasons we feel much interested. First, it would be a gratification to us as Scotsmen, could we associate the idea of the bodily presence of Shakspeare with any of the beautiful cities and romantic natural scenes of our native land. Secondly, this association would give us a new and interesting view of one of Shakspeare's most admirable productions, the tragedy of Macbeth, as well as of Shakspeare himself as a literary artist; for, as Mr Knight remarks, 'if we can trace Shakspeare's accurate observation of the things which were around him, in recent events, in scenery, and in the manners of the people, during a brief visit to a country so essentially different in its physical features from his own—of which the people presented so many characteristics which he could not find in England—we may add one more to the proofs which we have all along sought to establish, that Shakspeare was the most careful of observers and the most diligent of workers; that his poetical power had a deep foundation in accuracy; that his judgment was as remarkable as his imagination.'

During the earlier years of Shakspeare's career as an actor, theatre-owner, and play-writer in London, the throne of Scotland was occupied by James VI., who, in March 1603, succeeding to Elizabeth, became king of England also. There was then no stage in Scotland; the severe spirit of the national clergy was opposed to it; but the king and his courtiers had no disinclination to such amusements. Accordingly, in 1589, 1593, and 1599, companies of players visited our northern region: any of these might have included Shakspeare, but there is no evidence for or against the presumption. Again, in 1601—in the autumn of the year—there was a company of English players in Scotland. Their visit to Aberdeen is noticed in the council books of that city: they came recommended by a special letter from the king, whose 'servants' they are called; they performed several times, were presented with a small gift of money by the magistrates, and entertained by them at supper on one of the evenings of performance. Amongst the company, and probably its head, was Lawrence Fletcher, whose name happens to have been specially preserved, in consequence of the council having thought proper to confer upon him the honour of making him a burgess (being the highest in their power), in company with eleven other persons, amongst whom are included a travelling French nobleman and several Scottish gentlemen of consideration. Fletcher's name is entered in the council books with the addition, 'comedian to his majesty.' Now, this Lawrence Fletcher is associated with the name of Shakspeare in a remarkable document issued eighteen months after this time—namely, the patent granted by James (then king of Great Britain) in May 1603, licensing the Globe company of players. This is headed, 'For Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, and others,' and authorises the performances of 'Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Henings [and four other persons specified by name].' That the company now licensed was that which played at Aberdeen in October 1601, there is tolerably good evidence. The Globe company, it must be observed, had in England been hitherto considered as the lord chamberlain's servants, not the queen's. But, in the patent of May 1603, James speaks of them as his servants, not the lord chamberlain's, although there is no trace of any authorised change of their status in the ten days' interval. Now, the reason of this might be, that James had constituted them his servants in 1601, when they were in Scotland: they are plainly called *the Kingis servandes* in the Aberdeen council book, while in the same place Fletcher is *comediane to his majestie*. So constituted by James in his capacity of King of Scots, he would of course continue so to consider and style them when he acceded to his new dominions. There can therefore be little doubt that the company was the same in the two cases. Granting that it was so, the precedence allowed to Fletcher's name in the patent shows that he might, as head of the company, be selected for the honours of the Aberdeen guild, leaving undis-

tinguished, *although present*, that Second Man, whom the world has since made, by such a mighty interval, the First. Nor is there anything positively known which forbids the supposition that it was the chamberlain's servants who visited Scotland, or that Shakspeare was one of the company on the occasion. The official record of the performances of the lord chamberlain's servants notices none at this time. 'Shakspeare,' says Mr Knight, 'had buried his father on the 8th of September of that year. The summer season of the Globe would be ended; the winter season at the Blackfriars not begun. He had a large interest as a shareholder in his company; he is supposed to have been the owner of its properties or stage equipments. His duty would call him to Scotland. The journey and sojourn there would present some relief to the gloomy thoughts which the events of 1601 must have cast upon him.'

This is one department of the evidence in favour of an affirmative answer to the question, 'Did Shakspeare visit Scotland?' Another kind of proof is to be sought for in the tragedy of Macbeth, which Mr Knight has justly described as 'altogether one of the most remarkable of Shakspeare's plays, not only as displaying the highest power, but as presenting a story and a machinery entirely different in character from any of his other works.' Macbeth, although its date is not certainly known, was unquestionably produced after the succession of James to the English crown, seeing that it contains things pointedly complimentary to that monarch, and which, beyond all doubt, Elizabeth would not have permitted, jealous as she was on the subject of her cousin's pretensions. Now, Macbeth, while in the main following the story of the chronicles then popular (those of Hollinshed), shows a much more correct attention to details of Scottish geography than could have been at that time expected, *without personal observation and acquaintance*, from almost any English writer, and particularly from one who, in the Winter's Tale, had placed a sea-port in Bohemia. A Scottish reader of this play never finds himself outraged by any of those gross ignorances which are so rife in English authors even of later date, who have occasion to describe transactions in Scotland. In details, he even improves upon his authors; for while Hollinshed described Macbeth and Banquo as meeting the witches in a *laund*, which is a meadow amidst trees, our poet made the rencontre take place on the far more poetically appropriate ground of a black and blasted heath, such being the actual character, to this present day, of the country which we pass over in going to Forres. Was this entirely imaginary on the part of the poet? or may he not rather be presumed to have *known* that the country near Forres was a wild muirland, and seized the fact accordingly as suitable for his purpose? Again, following Hollinshed in placing the scene of Duncan's murder at Inverness, do we find him attributing to that place anything of a similar character? Does he present the place with any of those uninviting features which an Englishman of that day, and perhaps many of the present also, might be expected to attribute to a spot so far north? On the contrary, *and in perfect consonance with truth*, there is a very inviting reference to Macbeth's residence:—

> *Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.
> *Banquo.* This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, doth approve,
> By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
> Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
> Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
> The air is delicate.

Now, it is ascertained that Macbeth's castle stood upon an eminence a short way to the east of Inverness; and the character of the spot is entirely what the poet has represented it. It is also remarkable that the fourth scene of the first act is 'Forres—a room in the palace.' There are remains at Forres of a castle which might be popularly considered as a palace, seeing that an earlier king than Duncan is said by tradition to have been killed in it; but how, before the age of popular geographies and guide-books, was Shakspeare to know this fact, unless he had been at or near the spot in person?

The general character of the scene of the last act—the castle on the top of Dunsinnan hill, and the wood on Birnam hill, where Malcolm's army rested the night before the attack—were described to Shakspeare by Hollinshed. The actual distance between the two places is twelve miles. Shakspeare speaks as if he had thought them nearer; and there is here, therefore, some ground for a presumption against his having seen the place. But, on the other hand, Birnam is actually visible from Dunsinnan, and distances in such circumstances are deceiving. The poet has also, as Mr Knight remarks, 'a particularity which the historian has not:—

> Within this three mile may you see it coming;
> I say, a moving grove.

This minuteness,' he says, 'sounds like individual local knowledge.' There is another circumstance showing local knowledge, which Mr Knight does not advert to, and which has been pointed out to ourselves by a gentleman connected with the district. Macbeth, when contemplating the advance of Malcolm against his castle, and confident of their not being able to make any impression upon it by a siege, exclaims,

> Here let them lie,
> Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Now, the ague was then a prevalent disease, and apt to fall upon an army lying long in the fields, so that this allusion might have been on general and conjectural grounds only. Yet it is very remarkable that, in past times, the plain near Dunsinnan hill was noted, above all other places in the district, for its frequent and severe visitations of the ague; insomuch that any intelligent person, contemplating the possibility of a besieging army being placed there, would have been instantly struck with the idea that they could not fail to be eaten up by the ague in a short time. This, too, then, looks like individual local knowledge. It may here be observed, that an exception against Shakspeare's personal acquaintance with this district has been taken on the ground of his accenting the name differently from the common pronunciation—

> When Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane.

But, in fact, there is one instance of his giving the accent in the ordinary way—

> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him.

And the pronunciation is given both ways by the Scottish poet Wyntown, showing it to be a matter of indifference. There is also some reason for believing that Dunsinane was formerly the popular pronunciation.

It has been remarked that the witches of Macbeth are a very peculiar creation. Witchcraft was not then rife in England: there were but sixteen executions from the reign of Henry VIII. till the civil war. The witches of contemporary English authors are mean and vulgar beings comparatively. Was Shakspeare's imagination here aided in any degree by materials of an actual or historical character? To this query a lengthened and elaborate answer is given by Mr Knight, showing that, when Fletcher's company was in Scotland in 1601, the country must have been ringing with a great number of witch cases of recent occurrence, the details of which are of a character calculated to interest the imagination of a great poet, and in many instances the almost undeniable prototypes of ideas introduced in Macbeth. Commissions for the trial of witches sat at Aberdeen in 1596 and 7, and put to death twenty-one of these poor wretches, besides banishing and otherwise punishing many more. The record of the trials has been lately published by an amateur printing society. Isabel Oig is accused of laying the wind by aid of Satan: another, Violet Leys, from revenge for her husband having been paid off from

a merchant ship belonging to the port, had haunted the vessel ever since with bad winds, so that 'either the master or merchants at some times, through tempests of weather, were forced to cast overboard the greatest part of their lading, or then to perish, men, ship, and gear.' How well might such facts have suggested the second conversation of the witches of the play, so irrelative to Macbeth's story:—

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched—
'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind, &c.

This speciality of going to sea in a sieve might have been suggested by the evidence in an Edinburgh witch case of 1591, where it was testified that several hags went all together to sea, 'each one in a riddle or sieve,' the object being to drown the king on his return from Denmark with his queen. Some passages of the trials which recall passages in the play may be overlooked, as the superstitions concerned were also English, and might therefore have been known to Shakspeare otherwise. Others are of a nature which seems quite peculiar and local. 'Banquo,' says Mr Knight, 'addresses the weird sisters—

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me.

This,' he adds, 'may be metaphorical, but the metaphor is identical with an Aberdeen delusion. In the indictment against Janet Wishart, there is this item:—"Indicted for passing to the green growing corn in May, twenty-two years since or thereby, sitting thereupon timeous in the morning before the sun-rising, and being there found and demanded what she was doing, thou answered, I shall tell thee; I have been feeling the blades of the corn; I find it will be one dear year—the blade of the corn grows withershins [contrary to the course of the sun]; and when it grows sungates [with the course of the sun], it will be good cheap year."'

'The witches' dance,' Mr Knight remarks, 'can scarcely be found in any superstition of the south. In Macbeth, the first witch says—

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round.'

Now, the Scottish trials of this time present many instances of the Evil One piping to make his haggish followers dance. The Aberdeen sisterhood danced in the morning upon St Catherine's hill, and at midnight round the Fish Cross of the burgh. Marion Grant is thus accused:—'Thou confessed that the devil thy master, whom thou termest Christsonday, caused thee dance sundry times with him, and with Our Lady, who, as thou sayest, was a fine woman, clad in a white wylicoat, and sundry others of Christsonday's servants with thee, whose names thou knowest not, and that the devil played on his form of instruments very pleasantly unto you.' 'Here,' says Mr Knight, 'is something like the poetry of witchcraft opening upon us.' He goes on to show that Hecate, apart from the appearance given to her on the stage as only a superior kind of hag, is a lofty sort of supernatural being, communing with spirits who wait for her in the clouds, and bringing music and dancing amidst the gloomy solemnities of the witch incantations—unquestionably meant to be an evil spirit, but a brilliant and beautiful one. Some such being pervades the Aberdeen evidence as the Queen of Elphame. Andro Man, for instance, is thus indicted:—'Thou art accused as a most notorious witch and sorcerer, in so far as thou confessest and affirmest thyself, that, by the space of threescore years or thereby, the devil thy master came to thy mother's house in the likeness and shape of a woman, whom thou callest the Queen of Elphen.' This queen and her companions rode upon white horses; they had shapes and clothes like men, yet were but shadows; and they had playing and dancing when they pleased. 'Thou affirmest that the Queen of Elphen has a grip of all the craft; but Christsonday is the good man, and has all power under God; and that thou kennest sundry dead men in their company, and the king who died at Flodden and Thomas Rhymer is there.' 'Shakspeare,' says Mr Knight, 'certainly could not have found more exact materials for drawing a fairy queen.' Finally, there is a curious passage in the trial of Marjory Mutch, laying to her charge that 'Thou, having discord for some wrongs he [William Smith in Tarsorhill] did you, for the revenge of which thou camest to his plough, he being ganging and tilling the land as use is, and then thou cast thy witchcraft on his oxen, through which they instantly ran all wood [mad], brake the plough; two thereof ran over the hills to Deer, and two other thereof up Ythan side, which could never be taken nor apprehended again.' Sheep also 'ran wood and furious, that no man durst look on them, for fear and danger of their lives.' How strikingly like is this to the conduct attributed to Duncan's horses on the occasion of his death, which,

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Mr Knight enters into a curious comparison between the play account of Duncan's death, and some circumstances attending the celebrated Gowrie conspiracy, in order to show a likelihood of Shakspeare having been at Perth in 1601, and there heard a recital of the singular events which took place in the town during the preceding year. The resemblance is certainly considerable, in as far as in both cases the visit of the king is unexpected, and is announced by a hasty messenger; while the conduct of Alexander Ruthven, in wiling the king to Gowrie house, is as much marked by a dismal abstraction as was that of Macbeth when Banquo exclaims, 'Look how our partner's rapt.' But here we think the speculation comparatively fails, for all that was to be learned respecting the Gowrie conspiracy had been published in London, and was therefore accessible to our poet otherwise.

There is something to us much more striking in the traits of an acquaintance with Scottish matters in Othello, which was acted before the queen in 1602, being probably a composition of that time. Iago's song,

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

is altered from a verse which occurs in a Scotch one—

In days when good King Robert rang—

(only leaving unaltered one rhyme which becomes false in English, namely, *crown* with *loon*—the Scotch manner being *croon*, which answers exactly). Before 1603, when there were scarcely any Scotch in London, and Scotch songs were as yet unprinted there, there was no ready source from which we can imagine Shakspeare to have obtained this snatch of northern lyrical humour, if he did not get it by a visit to the country itself.

Finally—

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a *charmer*, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love.

This remarkable passage finds a curious reflection in the Aberdeen trials. In the information against Isobel Strachan, it is alleged that 'the said Isobel came to Elspeth Mutrie in Woodhead, she being a widow, and asked of her if she had a penny to lend her, and the said Elspeth gave her the penny; and the said Isobel took the penny, and bowit [bent] it, and took a clout and a piece of red wax, and sewed the clout with the thread, the wax and the penny being within the clout, and gave it to the said Elspeth Mutrie, commanding her to use the said clout to hang about her craig [neck], and when she saw the man whom she loved best, take

the clout, with the penny and the wax, and stroke her face therewith, and she so doing, she should attain into the marriage of that man whom she loved.' Also—'Walter Ronaldson had used to strike his wife, who took consultation with Scudder [alias Strachan], and she did take pieces of paper, and sew them thick with thread of divers colours, and did put them in the barn amongst the corn, and from henceforth the said Walter did never strike his wife, neither yet once found fault with her, whatsoever she did.' He was *subdued* 'entirely to her love.'

Everything considered, it seems to us that there is evidence for a considerable probability that Shakspeare visited Scotland. That he actually did so, is far from being proved; but it is at least very likely that he did so. Perhaps in a few years we may see this, and other questions in the biography of Shakspeare, brought into a clearer light; for it is undoubted that the research of the present day exceeds all ever before known; and Mr Collier himself has in the last five years contributed more facts to the life of our great bard than had been previously elicited since the days of Rowe and Pope. However it may be with this particular question, whatever be the conclusion come to about it now or hereafter, we think it will scarcely be denied that Mr Knight has made it a theme for the exercise of much ingenious reasoning, and the effusion of a large measure of high and generous enthusiasm.

Note.—Several visits of English players to Scotland, in the reign of King James, are noticed in the books of his treasurer and privy council. In February 1593, he gives to 'certain English comedians the escheat of the Laird of Kilcreuch and his accomplices,' value L.333, 6s. 8d. In October 1599, the king in person bestows L.43, 6s. 8d. upon 'the English comedians;' also L.40 'to buy timber for the preparation of a house to their pastime.' On this occasion the permission given by the king to have plays acted in Edinburgh, was met by the kirk sessions with an act forbidding their flocks to attend; and James found it necessary to issue an act of privy council, commanding, by proclamation at the cross, that the sessions should annul this rash and unadvised order, and that the ministers should publicly proclaim, next Sunday, 'that they will not restrain nor censure ony of their flocks that shall repair to the said comedies and plays, considering his majesty is not of purpose or intention to authorise, allow, or command onything whilk is profane, or may carry ony offence or slander with it.' This order was obeyed, which is somewhat of a wonder, considering how the clergy of those days used to brave their sovereign. In December, James gives a further present of L.333, 6s. 8d. to these English comedians. There is no entry in the Lord Treasurer's books (nor, we may add from personal inspection, in those of the town council of Edinburgh) regarding the party headed by Fletcher in 1601. But in February 1603, the Lord Treasurer notes, 'By his majesty's special command and direction, delivered to Mr Cobler and other three comedians, to be ilk ane of them coat and breeks, 8 ells of scarlet claith, 76*l.*'

MR LAING'S PRIZE ESSAY

CONCLUDING PART

Although Mr Laing, in the previous portion of his essay, does not impute any of the existing misery or general embarrassment to commercial restrictions, or indeed to legislative arrangements of any kind—confining himself, as we have seen, exclusively to moral considerations—he commences the summary of *remedies*, in his third part, by stating that the distress in the manufacturing districts arises 'from the increasing difficulty of finding a profitable market for what we produce;' and he adds, 'the obvious practical remedy, therefore, for manufacturing distress, is to extend our markets.' Two things are proposed—extension of trade by removal of existing difficulties; and an increase of means by lowering the price of necessary articles of consumption, so that, with the present employment and wages, the mass of the labouring population may have a larger surplus to spend on clothes and manufactured commodities. In several consecutive chapters our author discusses the principles of free trade in their various practical bearings, and expresses himself favourably regarding them. He next advocates some new theories of taxation, on which it is neither our wish nor our province to enter; and then arrives at the perplexing subject of poor-laws. He thinks it would be highly injudicious to attempt a relief of all existing destitution, for that would have the inevitable result, in less than ten years, of swallowing up the free rental of half the kingdom, while a stringent refusal of aid, as in the case of Scotland, would be 'a callous repudiation of the first duties of humanity, until destitution, abandoned to itself, acquires a virulence and intensity which threatens society with ruin.' A compromise between the two principles is desirable; and, with some modifications, he thinks the present poor-law of England to be perhaps the best which it would be possible to work in the present state of affairs.

Amongst preventive measures, he advocates an effective law for enforcing a proper system of sewerage and drainage, and for improving the dwellings of the poorer classes. 'Houses,' he says, 'have been suffered to be built, in which it is physically impossible for human beings to exist without disease and degradation. Every large town may be looked upon as a place of human sacrifice, a shrine where thousands pass yearly through the fire as offerings to the Moloch of avarice. The remedy for these evils is obvious, if the legislature has the courage to apply it. There would be no sort of difficulty in framing strict regulations enforcing drainage, sewerage, the removal of filth and refuse, the construction of proper receptacles, the supply of water, the periodical inspection of houses, and condemnation of such as were obviously unfit for habitation, the licensing and strict regulation of lodging-houses, the separation of sexes, the prohibition of everything that was obviously inconsistent with health and decency. In addition to these regulations, effective provision might be made, as regards future dwellings, for an improved construction; and as regards future streets and towns, for ventilation, drainage, and the preservation of open spaces and places of public amusement. Fever hospitals also might be erected in populous towns, and a strict sanitary supervision enforced, and all public nuisances vigorously repressed.' We have pleasure in concurring with Mr Laing on these points. Legislation is in nothing more desirable than the establishment of proper police and sanitary regulations.

The question of education occupies the succeeding chapter. Our author here takes a middle view between those who expect everything from the barest kind of education—reading and writing—and those who will allow of none except in complete subordination to the national church. He counsels a compromise between opposing views, as the only means of attaining good and avoiding evil in the case; but the point at which he leaves the question seems to us eminently unsatisfactory, the fact being, that there is hardly the glimmer of a hope that either party will make the necessary concessions.

Emigration is treated of as an important means of melioration, if conducted on an extensive scale. Speaking of the English nation, 'its appointed mission,' he observes, 'evidently is to people the boundless regions of America and Australia with a race of men professing the purest religion, inheriting the richest literature and proudest history, and endowed by nature with the largest share of personal energy, perseverance, moral courage, self-command, habits of order and industry, and, in a word, possessing the highest degree of aptitude for practical civilisation, of any race which the world has yet seen. Already the flood of Anglo-Saxon population sweeps westward across the continent of America like a great tide, swallowing up the solitary prairies, and conquering every year from the Indian and the buffalo a wide belt of six or seven miles along the line from the Rio Grande to Lake Huron. Already the outposts of the Australian continent are securely occupied, and the seeds of future empires planted in New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and wherever a favourable situation presents itself to British enterprise. The uneasiness and distress at home, the pressure of

population on employment, the wonderful discoveries in science, and even the mechanical tendency, money-making spirit, and restless discontent of the age, are, to the eye of a philosophical observer, so many incentives and aids in the accomplishment of the two great missions of the English race—first, that of filling new worlds with a civilised and Christian population; secondly, that of bringing the religion and civilisation of Europe in contact with the stationary forms of society and religion which have existed for so many centuries in the ancient East. Nor can it be well doubted, that it is in a wise co-operation with these great designs of Providence that we are most likely to find a solution of our social difficulties, and relief from the evils which oppress us. When we descend, however, from these general considerations to practical details, the subject of emigration is surrounded with many difficulties; and it must be at once admitted, that no feasible scheme has yet been suggested, by experienced practical men, for conducting emigration on the extensive and systematic scale which would be required, in order to make a sensible impression on the mass of distress at home.' It is certainly true that, as emigration is at present conducted, it has little effect in relieving the pressure on the labour-market. In the ten years ending in 1841, the number of emigrants from Great Britain was 460,278, while the increase of population in the interval, notwithstanding the abstraction of emigrants, was 2,268,381. At the same time, it may be admitted that emigration has at least the recommendation of being a partial relief, while fulfilling an ulterior design of the greatest importance in laying the basis of future great communities.

We now arrive at the 'Conclusion,' which takes the form of a summary. Mr Laing acknowledges that the complexity of the great social problem prevents its complete solution at present; and that, for years to come, it will be necessary to proceed only by way of experiment, and not by any *à priori* road of theory. After recapitulating the evils of our national condition, he says, 'On examining the causes which have led to this state of things, we have been struck by the insufficiency of the economical causes usually assigned, such as increase of population, extension of manufacturing industry, and the like, to account *in themselves* for evils so extensive as those which now exist. On the contrary, it has appeared to us that every one of these causes might have co-existed, and has actually co-existed elsewhere, with a sound and healthy condition of society, and an advance in the elements of true civilisation. We have been led, therefore, to the conclusion, that the evils complained of are the natural result and retribution of what may be called a decay in the vital warmth of religious feeling and sense of duty, which showed itself generally throughout European society during the eighteenth century, and in this country took the form of a hard utilitarian selfishness and inordinate devotion to money. This spirit appears to have showed itself among all classes, reducing the relations between landlord and tenant, cultivator and labourer, capitalist and operative, more and more into those of *hostility resulting from the competition of adverse self-interests*. Under these circumstances, the revolution effected by machinery, the vast and sudden increase of wealth and population, the French war with its exorbitant expenditure and rise in prices, the enormous immigration from Ireland, and a variety of other causes, have conspired to increase the evil, and to bring it to a crisis. The labouring population, ground down in the unequal conflict between capital and labour, and demoralised alike by the neglect and by the example of the upper classes, have taken the only effectual method of revenging themselves, that of multiplying their numbers, and threatening society with an increasing mass of misery and want. Distress, spreading more and more widely, is invading fresh classes, and with each recurring paroxysm of trade and period of commercial depression, is threatening to engulf those who have hitherto escaped its ravages. Society, awakening from the dreams of a new golden age to be realised by mechanical inventions, march of intellect, accumulation of capital and sound political economy, finds itself compelled by a terrible necessity to abandon the system of *laisser-faire*, and to embark in a struggle for life or death with the elements of disorganisation and ruin.'

In these remarks, Mr Laing, as usual, takes a much more gloomy view of national demoralisation than we think justifiable, considering the many symptoms of advancement; and continues to recognise no other cause of disorder than 'the neglect and example of the upper classes,' thereby implying that all individuals below a certain station are relieved of everything like moral responsibility, and to be looked upon as beings incapable of self-reliance. Not seeing clearly, however, how external interference is to be brought into operation, he afterwards hints at the necessity for individual reform, and alludes to the impossibility of legislative enactment, unless with the concurrence of public opinion. 'When we turn,' says he, 'from a contemplation of the disease to a consideration of the remedies, it appears evident that as no specific cause can be assigned, so no specific remedy can be pointed out. The only effectual reform is that in which each person begins by reforming himself; in other words, where a revival of those feelings of duty and moral obligation whose decay has been the primary source of the evil, leads to innumerable individual efforts, and to an improved state of public opinion. Without this, it must be frankly admitted that legislation can do little. In the first place, legislative measures of improvement are, in the present political constitution of the country, impracticable, unless supported by the public opinion of the upper classes. In the next place, even if practicable, they would be inoperative against a continuance of the causes which tend to swell the existing evils, and to make distress, if driven back for a moment, continually recur on a wider scale.'

Our author concludes by expressing his opinion that there is nothing, after all, to justify despair. And here we can again fully concur with him. 'Amidst a great deal,' says he, 'that is unsound and dangerous, we have never failed to recognise a great many elements of good. The energy and worth of the national character are still unimpaired. Wherever individuals have exerted themselves, zealously and disinterestedly, for the improvement of those around them, benefit has never failed to ensue. *A little good has invariably gone a long way*, and in every grade of society, every department of industry, there are numerous examples which radiate improvement around them, and demonstrate that the most inveterate evils are not incurable. On all hands we see a stir and movement in the public mind; and if nothing more, at any rate a recognition of the necessity of doing something, which, after the protracted lethargy of the last century, is a great step in advance.' In these sentiments we cordially concur. Operated upon by numerous improving influences, the public mind is becoming daily more alive to the necessity of social meliorations. Evils which forty years ago would never have been the subject of remark, are now examined with a care that betokens a wide-spread intelligence and philanthropy. 'Every well-considered measure,' adds our essayist, 'brought forward in a right spirit, not only does good in itself, but makes it easier to do more good. Difficulties which appear insuperable, doubts which cannot now be solved, vanish of themselves when we grapple boldly with the duty which lies nearest at hand. The evils of society, as of the individual, are of our own creation, and are already half conquered when we look them in the face. No society ever yet perished which had the will to save itself. It is only where the will is so enervated, that a community had rather shut its eyes to the dangers which menace it than make the necessary sacrifices to avert them, that its situation is desperate. Let every one,' he adds, 'who, in his public or private capacity, can do anything to relieve misery, to combat evil, to assert right, to redress wrong, do it

with his whole heart and soul, and trust to God for the result.'

We heartily say amen to these concluding words of our author, and only regret that a man so well-disposed in his views of social melioration should have failed so signally in giving a true picture of society, or in pointing out remedies for those disorders which, notwithstanding all improvements, continue to exist. Although his essay, however, cannot be read without disappointment, we trust it may serve the useful purpose of awakening inquiry and agitating a subject which cannot be too thoroughly discussed.

JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

ON THE WAY TO ROCHESTER.

[This article is a continuation of one which appeared in No. 15, under the title of *Voyage in an Emigrant Ship*. The writer was there left spending his first night in America, in a New York boarding-house of a humble description, to which he had been conducted on landing.]

I AWOKE the next morning as the clock was chiming seven, and seeing that I was the only person left in the room, jumped hastily out of bed, and, having dressed, threw up the window and looked out. The sun was shining brightly; the birds, perched upon the tops of the houses, chirruped away as merrily as if there were no long winter coming; and altogether it was a complete English May morning, such as makes one long for a ramble in some fine shady country lane. The streets, however, seemed to wear the same bustling aspect they had done the evening before. I had not as yet seen anything that much differed from home; yet one of my boyish dreams was now becoming realised, and I looked out on the streets with a throbbing heart. 'And this,' said I, involuntarily speaking aloud—'and this is America, the vast temple dedicated to freedom, the wonder of the whole civilised world!' 'There's no two ways about *that*,' said a voice at my elbow; 'that's about as true a thing as you ever said in your life; but I guess you had better come down and get breakfast; the bell's jist goin' to ring.' I accordingly followed the landlord down stairs, and the next minute, answering to the sound of the bell, all the boarders came flocking in. The breakfast was composed of similar materials to the dinner of the day before, with the addition of tea and coffee. I created some little amusement at first by hastily putting aside some preserved peaches, with which an officious gentleman had heaped my plate, as it is the custom all over this country to use preserves to meat. The party were in the highest spirits, having only just received news of a glorious triumph of the loco-focos in the election of a constable. Indeed that subject, together with the progress of the Croton aqueduct, entirely engrossed the conversation, and I was impressed for the first time with the enthusiastic interest excited in Americans of all classes by subjects which in Europe are attractive only to a few.

After I had finished breakfast, I strolled out to see something of the city, and to endeavour to discover some of my fellow-passengers. The first thing that struck me (a cloud of dust that almost immediately filled up both eyes), brought the negligence of the worshipful company of scavengers forcibly under my attention. In summer, it appears, the great quantity of dust is almost insupportable, and in winter the streets are knee-deep with mud. New York is certainly a very fine city; and if this great nuisance were attended to by the municipal authorities, and the principal streets disposed in a more regular order, it would indeed be a credit to the state. Broadway is a fine showy broad street, but, from the irregularity I have mentioned, and the style of decorating the shops, which partakes of the character of the dresses of the ladies of New York, being more gaudy than tasteful, it is not quite so handsome a street as it might be made. I shall say no more of a city so well known, than that, after a few days of sauntering amongst its public places, I agreed with some of the companions of my late voyage to proceed with them to Rochester, four hundred miles into the interior of the country. They had engaged passages by the steamer for this distance at two dollars; but, by the advice of my host, I agreed only for a passage to Albany, paying for that distance (one hundred and sixty miles) a quarter of a dollar, or a little more than an English shilling.

At the time specified on my ticket, five o'clock P.M., I went on board the steamboat; and as it had a very novel appearance to me, a description of it may perhaps be interesting. The boat was immensely long, with very sharp bows. Above the ordinary deck was placed another deck, supported by posts, and running about two-thirds of the vessel's length, which gave the whole a very clumsy appearance, increased by the circumstance of the beam of the steam-engine, which seemed to me to resemble one of Watt's stationary engines, working up and down through the top of the hurricane or upper deck. In some steamboats a vertical high-pressure engine is used, the machinery of which is also exposed. Between the two decks were the ladies' cabin, the office of the clerk of the boat and the bar; which last two, I believe, may be classed among what the Americans call their 'peculiar institutions,' and which, from a reason that I afterwards discovered, were both at that time untenanted. Below these was the saloon, which ran very nearly the whole length of the boat. To walk round it once would have been considered by some people quite a feat of pedestrianism. We did not sail until nine o'clock; but still, when we did move, and while, leaning over the bulwarks, we gazed at the distant wharfs and streets, the lights of which seemed to shoot past like so many meteors, we congratulated ourselves on having got on board so fast a vessel, with the promise of a comfortable bed for the night. The captain, however, presently gave the order to stop, when a schooner and three large flat-bottomed boats were lashed alongside; and for the next hour we stopped every few minutes for a similar purpose, until at last we were slowly dragging after us at least a score of vessels of heavy burden. We were evidently caught in a trap, perhaps to be imprisoned for two days; and as many of us had brought no provisions, we should in addition perhaps have to pay a large sum for meals. However, there was no use in complaining; and on a philosophical gentleman recommending that we should 'take it out in sleep,' we went in a body to the steward to demand our berths, which he, to crown our misfortunes, refused to give without the payment of an additional twenty-five cents, alleging that we were only deck-passengers. After a long and angry altercation, it was resolved *nem. con.*, that rather than submit to extortion, as the night was warm, we should repair to the deck, and there select the softest plank whereon to rest ourselves until morning. In a short time several of my companions were asleep; but to my shame be it said, after having for some time endeavoured to follow their example, I quietly slunk below and paid for a bed. But, verily, I had my reward; for I was not only a subject for the jokes of the rest the next morning, but was also so tormented during the night by a numerous colony of strange bed-fellows, that I could not sleep a wink.

As soon as I had breakfasted next morning, I went on deck, anxious to observe the appearance of the country remote from the large cities. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the prospect, when, gliding through an amphitheatre of mountains, clad to their very summits in verdure, the river seemed to take the appearance of a lake, by losing itself in some abrupt winding, which in its turn would unfold new beauties. The pretty little Dutch villages, too, came in for a share of

my admiration, with their very white cottages, and their stiff, prim-looking churches, that in some cases almost equalled the houses in number.

On the morning which succeeded, I was awakened by the blowing off of the steam, and on going on deck, I found that we were alongside the wharf at Albany. It was still dark, and raining very hard, and I waited with my companions rather anxiously for daylight, as, on account of the heat of the previous day, I was lightly clothed, and the rest of my apparel was in a box in the hold. At length, however, the rain ceased, and the sun rose, and one or two of the shops began to open. After we had breakfasted, a select committee of our party went to see what arrangements had been made for the remainder of our journey, while I with the rest walked out to see the town. Albany is the seat of government of the state of New York. It possesses several very neat-looking streets, paved with bright-red bricks, and planted at regular distances with trees. Having returned to our hostelry, we found the committee awaiting with the intelligence that the canal-boat that was allotted them would not leave until next morning. I went on board, and engaged with the captain for a passage by the Erie canal to Rochester, at the rate of a cent per mile, for which sum I was to have a berth, and to be provided with fuel and water. I engaged to pay him every evening for the distance I had come, and at the end of the journey to pay a few cents for the freight of my trunk. In the meantime we amused ourselves with watching the boats, some of which contained acquaintances, and two or three of which were going off every hour. In shape they are not unlike coffins, the top, or lid, being used as a deck, and without bulwarks or rails. The interior is divided into three compartments, the smallest of which is at the stern, and contains the captain's room and dining-cabin for such as engage for their board; the compartment at the bows is the largest, and is used as the general cabin, having a row of berths on each side; and the division in the middle is the hold. The whole is drawn by two horses, at the rate of three miles an hour. Starting in the morning, we found, at a short distance from the town, that the bed of the canal ascends suddenly, on account of which there are a great number of locks congregated together in about the space of a mile, which caused some detention. My companions now found that they were again to be cheated, for the captain refused to let them enter the cabin, and so they were obliged to walk on deck or on shore during the day, and to luxuriate on some barrels in the hold during the night. I congratulated myself on my good fortune in not having paid more than they, and having such superior accommodations; but I discovered there was a Yankee who had been even 'cuter' than I was. He got up early in the morning, and went on shore with his gun, not returning until night, and would thus only pay for the time that he was sleeping. I soon followed his example, and found it to be a very agreeable mode of travelling. He was a rather companionable man, and so we became very intimate. We generally walked one or two miles in advance of the boat, and when we felt hungry, would either dine in the tavern of some small village, one of which occurred every few miles; or else, if we shot any squirrels, we baked them within a mass of clay at a fire of our own making in the woods. I certainly, at first, felt some foolish prejudices against eating them, but all such scruples vanished after the first meal. Squirrels, similar to those in England, are most common, and there are also black and gray species, which are much larger. The taste of the baked animal is between that of a chicken and a rabbit. If you wish a piquant sauce, rub it over with sorrel or sour apple juice, and, as my Yankee friend observed, 'if it don't go down well, it's a pity.' If you wish a dessert, you can pluck from the fields, in a few minutes, as many wild strawberries as you can eat. There are also wild gooseberries, blueberries, one kind of which is the Scotch blaeberry, and the other kind grows on high bushes; and a score of other kinds of berries. Hickory nuts, a small species of walnut, filberts, and many other kind of nuts, are common, as are also grapes; but, in the wild state, they are seldom good so far north. If we wanted apples or pears, we helped ourselves to those within our reach, and if the proprietor was by, he frequently told us on which tree we would find the best fruit. However, we only did this on roads lying at some distance off the canal, as those farmers through whose grounds the canal passes cannot afford to be so liberal, on account of the great number of passers-by who would be ready to avail themselves of this privilege. As melons are of more value, when we wanted one we offered to pay for it; but the money was very seldom taken. On one occasion, having introduced ourselves to a farmer in this manner, he not only gave us the run of his orchard, but also invited us to his house, and regaled us with squash (a species of pumpkin) pies and cream. In the course of our entertainment, our host and my companion discovered that they had both come from the same part of New England, and of course there was a great deal to say about mutual acquaintances. At last the old farmer insisted that we should stop with him that night; which we agreed to do on his promising to take us about twenty miles up the canal the following morning, which would enable us to overtake the boat. As this was the first insight I had into the life of an American farmer, I will here briefly describe it, and it is a fair sample of the life of the bulk of the inhabitants on what Mr Smith called 'the white side of Mason and Dixon's line.'

Our host had come here some forty years since, when he was about twenty, and brought with him a newly married wife of seventeen years of age. 'Dad' had given him a couple of hundred of dollars, and by his marriage he had acquired a span of horses and a good wagon; and as a brother younger than himself had come to assist him, he might be considered as commencing life in a rather promising manner. The spot that he chose for his location was in the midst of a wilderness, although now the site of a flourishing village; and at the nearest house, which was about thirty miles off, he left his wife, until he himself should have a home for her. He and his brother started off one Monday morning, and blazed a path to his intended habitation, by cutting a notch in the trees at regular distances, which might serve as guide-posts. They carried with them their rifles slung over their shoulders, their axes in their hands, and at their backs a pack containing a change of clothes and sufficient food to last them until the end of the week, when they would return to spend the Sabbath at *home*. They knocked up a little shanty, or shed, the first day, and the next morning set to work to clear a farm. The elder brother had been intended for the ministry, and his education had prevented him from being much used to chopping, and Tom, the younger one—although he often swung an axe all day, and then danced at a 'break down' till daylight without feeling tired—was not generally considered very spry; but, I guess, if their father could have come suddenly on them, and seen them at work, he would have been surprised. The way those tall beech and maple trees came crashing and thundering down, was a caution. If ever the elder brother, fatigued by his unaccustomed task, felt inclined to suspend his labour, his eye would glance at the four stakes that constituted the boundaries of their future log palace, his mind would revert for a moment to his young bride, perhaps at that moment thinking of him, and immediately his axe would go quivering to its very eye in the wood, and blow would succeed blow, until the big drops of perspiration came rolling down his brow. In a very short time a broad patch of sky might be seen over their heads, and the brothers began already to feel like landed proprietors. And then, when the week was finished, what a mere step the thirty miles seemed to be! No one can tell how that Sunday was enjoyed, unless he has earned his few hours of enjoyment with those dear to him by the hard labour of a week. And

who can paint the happiness of that young pair as they strolled through the fields in those delicious evenings, arm in arm, and chatting so merrily about the future, and building such delightful castles in the air! As for Tom, it remains a mystery to this day how he passed his time. He always went out after dinner, and was not seen again till dark; and, by a strange coincidence, the farmer's youngest daughter was always missing at the same time. Some people hinted that she and Tom were also talking about their prospects, and as they were afterwards married, it does not seem very unlikely.

Well, when the long hot summer passed away, and the short but most beautiful of the seasons in America, the Indian summer, was gone, and the winter, too, was nearly over, the spot that perhaps had never before been trodden except by wild animals, or men as wild, presented a very different appearance from what it had done the previous winter. There were about forty or fifty acres cleared—the stumps, however, still showing their heads out of the snow. A portion of the land was surrounded by a zig-zag fence made by thick rails of wood piled on each other, and kept together in the part where they overlapped by two other rails stuck in the ground in the form of a St Andrew's cross. Near the centre was a neat log-house, formed of thick squared logs, dovetailed together at the corners. In raising this, all the neighbours who lived within a day's ride came to assist, so that, the materials being ready, it was built in a day. In addition to this assistance, which is a general custom in the backwoods, and before the house was made, they were sure to have some visitor every week; some restless spirit who, as a relaxation from the labour of his own farm, would come and work hard for the strangers for two or three days, and would, moreover, bring his own food and his bed, consisting of a bear's skin or a buffalo robe. The house was at first made to form one large room, one end of which was afterwards cut off and divided into two small bed-rooms. The principal room, into which the outer door opened, was used as 'parlour, kitchen, and all,' at the end of which, opposite the bed-rooms, was the huge fireplace, with its chimney made of clay and sticks; and there was more wood burnt in it in a week than would suffice two or three families in this part of the world for a year. There was also a room above, that was reached by a very uncivilised flight of stairs by the side of the fireplace. Its ceiling was the rafters and shingles that formed the roof of the house, and only in the middle high enough to admit of standing. It was used as a store-room, and also as a bed-room in cases of emergency. The inhabitants of cities who could not be without carpeted rooms might perhaps despise such a dwelling as this; but still it was a very comfortable house, warm in the winter; and if the wind should come in between the chinks of the logs, what was easier than to stop the hole up with clay? The young farmer thought it the most comfortable house he had ever seen in his life; and when he looked at his young wife, and an imitation of himself on a small scale with which she had lately presented him, he felt as happy as the President himself.

Gradually, however, as our host became rich, both in money and children, the scene changed. The old log-house, which at one time had been the ultimatum of his wishes, gave way to a handsome-framed building, and was delivered over to the cows; this in its turn was superseded by a showy brick edifice, which still remained at my visit, but which, when necessary, had been from time to time enlarged by the addition of wings. All his children, with the exception of one son, were married, three sons having imitated the father's career a couple of hundred miles farther to the west. One grandson and two granddaughters, none of whom were married, lived with him. The little valley in which he dwelt, that used to be so gloomy and solitary, was now the site of a bustling village, which, from the fact of his having been the first settler, was originally called after his name, Jonesville; but afterwards, when the classical fever began to rage, it was changed into the longest name that could be found in the Greek topographical dictionary. It now possessed three meeting-houses, a loco-foco and a 'coon' tavern, and a temperance house, and was therefore a place of considerable importance, at least in the eyes of its inhabitants. So much for the history of our host.

We employed ourselves during the afternoon in wandering round the farm and looking at the cattle, and feeling very much edified on Mr Jones informing us that the grandfather of Black Bess had beaten the celebrated Blue Peter in a trotting match. A field of Indian corn is a very pretty sight, from the large handsome ears of the grain and the long green leaves. The ground is hoed or ploughed into hillocks, in each of which two or three grains are dropped; and between the hillocks there are generally planted melons, squashes, or other vegetables of the pumpkin tribe, and sometimes potatoes. In America generally, and more especially in the back settlements, where land is cheap, farming is carried on in a very slovenly careless manner; there is very little attention paid to the rotation of crops or manuring. Wheat is often sown on the same land until it absolutely refuses to reproduce; it is then allowed to stand a year or two, and the same system is carried on again. A good 'old country' farmer* could get as much from twenty-five acres as many here only raise from a hundred. Green corn-stalks contain a great quantity of saccharine matter, which probably is the reason that they are so fattening for cattle. Mr Jones took advantage of this fact to make an important addition to his income, by adding to his other vocations that of a sugar-planter and boiler. He raised every year a field of the corn that he found most suited to the purpose, and cut it down when the flower was commencing to blossom, when it was pressed between iron rollers, and the expressed juice boiled down until sugar was obtained, which was of a pretty good quality. Mr Jones had also a maple bush, or a small wood containing sugar maple trees, from which in the early spring he collected the sap by boring a hole in the tree near the ground, and allowing it, by means of a stick, or other conductor, to trickle into small tin or wooden buckets placed under. It was then treated on the same principle as other kinds of sugar are. It forms a very pleasant sweetmeat; a slight bitterness rendering it, like many other things in life, more agreeable and less palling.

We had supper about six, which consisted of fried fish taken from a small lake in the neighbourhood, fried ham, potatoes, apple and other 'saaces,' wheat and corn bread, buckwheat cakes, and tea and coffee. There were several more people present than I had noticed before, all of them, I believe, relations of the family. I was particularly struck with the appearance of the host's eldest granddaughter, a young lady of eighteen, who was dressed in white, and appeared to be in a state of modest confusion. Suspecting, from the jokes with which Mr Jones was very liberally indulging himself, that she was going to be married, I inquired of my companion, in a whisper, if such were the fact? but he told me, with a knowing wink, that it was 'only *sparking*.' I did not know what he meant by 'sparking;' however, I thought it best to conceal my ignorance, and endeavour to find it out for myself. After supper, Mr Jones with his own hands carried a quantity of firewood into a small room entered from the dining-room, and the young lady and her sister speedily followed him, leaving the rest of the company silent, and on the watch, as if expecting some event. After we had remained in this manner for a quarter of an hour, the outer door opened, and a young man stalked in, rather good-looking, and dressed very gaily. He evidently endeavoured to assume an air of nonchalance, but made

* The Americans always call the British islands the 'Old Country;' and I have heard many New Englanders also talk of them as 'home,' or rather 'hum.'

a most miserable failure; for, finding that there were more persons present than he probably expected, and that a score of eyes were turned towards him, he became very red, and stammered out a salutation. He was greeted very cordially, however, and a general conversation commencing on the state of the crops and the markets, he speedily recovered his equanimity. In a short time the youngest of the granddaughters came out of the mysterious chamber and whispered something to him, on which he bade the company good night, and was ushered into the room by the young lady, who, however, did not go in herself. As the mystery was still as deep as ever, I resolved to puzzle myself with it no longer, but at bed-time to confess my ignorance to my companion, and request a solution. During the rest of the evening I entertained them with descriptions of the Thames, the palaces, the Queen, &c. on which subjects their ignorance was so great, as to make me suppose at first that I was the butt of their wit. I found out afterwards, however, that they were neither better nor worse informed than the generality of what, for the want of a better word, I will call the peasantry of the districts through which I travelled. One lady believed that a scaffold always stood on Tower Hill, and that her majesty superintended the executions in *propria persona*. All of them—even Mr Jones, who was a pretty well educated man—had imbibed the most extravagant notions of the wealth and prerogatives of the Queen, and were surprised, and perhaps disappointed, when I told them that she did not possess so much real power as their President; and when I added that the Queen was not so rich as some of her subjects, and did not, except on state occasions, dress splendidly, and was in the habit of riding on horseback in public without being surrounded by a regiment of horse-guards, although their politeness prevented them from saying so, they evidently thought that I was availing myself rather liberally of a traveller's license.

As we both slept in the same room, my Yankee friend explained to me, when we retired for the night, the cause of what had so much excited my curiosity. An American considers that 'time is money,' and is no more inclined to spend any portion of his working hours upon such trifling matters as love-making, than to purchase, with cash (like the suitor in Boccaccio), an interview with his mistress. The night, therefore, is devoted to courting, and it is at those hours, when the rest of the family are asleep, that the aspirants for the holy estate of matrimony become acquainted with each other's minds; as for their persons, which might be better viewed by daylight, they are of less consequence—at least I never heard beauty put forward in the conversations of the young men as the cause of attraction. Good temper, industry, neatness, skill in cookery and butter-making—these are the charms of a transatlantic mistress. In Holland, one lady is half a ton handsomer than another; in America, she is handsomer than her rival in dough nuts and corn dodgers. When, after due deliberation, and having consulted his parents and female relations, the young farmer has determined on the favoured fair one, he dresses himself in his 'go-to-meetin's,' and proceeds to the house some time after supper—or tea, as it would be called in England. He converses on general subjects like any other guest, and without mentioning the object of his visit. At bed-time, which is generally nine o'clock, if the old folks inform him of their intention of retiring, and give him a pretty strong hint that he had better go home, it is considered as a sign that his suit is rejected. If, however, they betake themselves to bed, bidding him and the young lady good night, it is a favourable omen, and the latter pair sit up by the fireside till morning, talking on subjects calculated to bring out each other's tastes and character, and perhaps forming plans for the future. Whenever another interview is desired, the young man gives notice to the parents, so that, as in the case I witnessed, they might be prepared for his reception. Sparking, however, is not considered as a proposal; and if it be discontinued, neither party suffers in the eyes of 'the world;' it is merely considered that there are some points of disagreement which prevent them from becoming suitable partners for life.

NOTES BY A 'CONSTANT READER.'

The words, 'a constant reader,' are associated with newspaper letter-writers, who adopt the designation with a reference to the particular publication into whose pages they desire admission, knowing well that, to most editors, there can be no greater recommendation. But this is a narrow and accidental application of a term which properly belongs to that great range of individuals in whom habit has created a craving for something to read, and which craving is so strong at certain periods of the day, that it induces them to peruse whatever comes in their way, good, bad, or indifferent. As people, when hungry, cease to be epicures, so 'constant readers' care not what food is supplied to them, when that which would instruct and benefit does not happen to be at hand: certain parts of the day are set aside for reading, and read they must. They are to literature what loungers and men about town are to society at large; as the one has no settled occupation, so the other never follows up any special branch of study or course of reading, but skims over every subject which comes in his way.

The habits of the constant reader are pretty uniform. In the morning, his first and greatest want is the newspaper; breakfast is a secondary matter; for without the daily journal, the finest viands would not be relished. Advertisements, debates, leading articles, foreign intelligence, police cases, accidents and offences, are glanced over with eager satisfaction; hence, when he rises from his heterogeneous repast, the constant reader's brain is pretty much in the same condition as the stomach of a gourmand after a fashionable dinner, being filled with a mass of information which, from its variety and discordance, is jumbled in his mind in a way that makes it detrimental rather than healthful; for if he attempt to reflect on what he has read, his thoughts have all the incoherent character of cross-readings. The pleasure of this sort of reading, therefore, only endures as long as the act of perusal lasts; for little can be remembered even of that which is worthy of recollection. Nothing short of a very striking circumstance remains in the memory. The murder must be very atrocious, the speech very fine, or the advertisement very singular, which stands out in sufficient relief from the phantasmagoria of confusion which passes before the mind's eye of the constant reader, to rest even for a day in his memory. For this reason, when you find him conversing with more careful-reading quidnuncs, he is betrayed into the most ludicrous mistakes; such as attributing the speech of one member of parliament to another; stating circumstances which happened in Amsterdam to have taken place in New York; misquoting anecdotes; commencing a good jest with tolerable effect till he comes to the point of it, and then breaking down from sheer forgetfulness, or from confounding it with some other story of which he has forgotten the beginning, but remembers the point.

As the constant reader begins his day, so he finishes it: the space between dinner and bed-time is, more or less, filled up with a book. At this time his favourite reading is magazines and reviews, or works in one volume; for anything which requires a long stretch of attention, is less pleasing than short articles which he can see his way through during one evening. When his taste *is* captivated by a long work, he takes it in easy stages, breaking the continuity of the journey by snatches from periodicals, which he has recourse to between the chapters of the *magnum opus*.

In spite, however, of the heterogeneous nature of the constant reader's literary acquirements, you will find him, in conversation, an amusing person. He has a fund

of small information, which he has generally the tact to bring in at the right places. Knowing the heads of nearly every science, he is an excellent leader or conductor of table-talk into interesting channels, and more solidly-informed persons take up the discussion at the moment he gets out of his depth—which is very soon; yet though he knows nothing completely, he is skin-deep in an enormous number and variety of things, and often serves as an index to direct more healthy students to books and authorities they are at a loss for. In spite of his superficiality, however, he gets, in *very* general society, the character of a man of extensive information; for he is never at a loss, and does not trouble his hearers with severe demands on their reasoning and thinking powers.

Incessantly occupied with the thoughts of others, the constant reader has but little opportunity of thinking for himself. He imagines that new ideas occasionally pass through his brain; but he is greatly mistaken. Like the lady in one of Moore's satires, he only 'thinks he thinks;' for, could he trace the thoughts he calls his own to their origin, he would find them to be the ideas of some forgotten author. Hence, when he ventures into print, his success is indifferent, even though he soar no higher than that newspaper letter which has made the 'constant reader' so widely celebrated. When he ventures a higher flight, and makes a dash at a magazine article, you will generally find it amongst those leaves of the periodical which nobody has had the courage to cut open, especially if they have read the first page. There is, however, one department in which he is certain to excel; in proportion to the completeness of his failures in printed or public literature, so are the greatness of his successes in private or manuscript literature. No man writes a better or more amusing letter; and his commonplace book never fails to afford a treat to whoever is so fortunate as to get a sight of it. This is readily accounted for: if he seize and record any idea with which his reading has furnished him, and group it with relative facts and ideas from the heterogeneous store with which his mind is filled, it will necessarily follow that his notes must be amusing, perhaps instructive. As an old member of the fraternity, this has been my habit, and, undismayed by the repeated failures of my brethren when venturing to meddle with type, I now produce portions of my note-book for the entertainment of a wider range of readers than I have hitherto been able to command.

I. Social conversation.—This subject has recently been forced upon me both by reading and observation. There appears to be an occasional misapprehension of the true objects and advantages of social conversation; one set of persons deeming its end and aim to be solely instruction, and another class simply amusement. The instructive talkers accuse the amusing ones of flippancy and uselessness; the latter set down the instructors as bores. It is obvious, however, that regard should be had both to solid information and to amusement. On the one hand, when several persons are assembled for social conversation, their object is not exclusively the acquirement of knowledge, but frequently to neutralise the effects of previous intellectual or physical application to study or to business. To force, therefore, subjects upon them with which they are too little conversant to be interested, is manifestly not answering the true end for which they are met—namely, relaxation. On the other hand, those who undertake to instruct their companions, should be fully certain they are competent to do so; and even then it is dangerous; for the attempt is calculated to give rise to a suspicion, that it is made less with a view to benefit hearers than to display the speaker's own acquirements, especially when he is the eager volunteer of his information. Again, one frequently hears conversation designated 'scientific' and 'intellectual,' which, in point of fact, is not so. Many a talker pours forth streams of information which merely concern science and intellect, and is so perfectly trite, that every hearer is quite as well aware of it as he is; yet politeness induces him to listen. Even the conversation of highly accomplished and learned men *can* be out of place, simply because it may want originality, and consist of discourses on subjects which have been previously discussed in books, so that it falls upon the ear with the dryness of pedantry. Now, to my humble taste, the exercise of intellectual ingenuity which is necessary even to the making of an indifferent jest, answers the purposes of social converse far better than the recondite but second-hand facts poured forth by the mere scholar. It is seldom the case, however, that persons who dabble in science in promiscuous society, are very deep in its mysteries; for the truly scientific man confines his conversation to those who he knows will sympathise with, and appreciate it. 'If,' writes a fellow constant reader, 'an individual cultivate science merely as a matter of taste, let him confine his studies to the closet or to the lecture-room; but pray, save me from being bored with it after dinner, to the detriment of my digestion; especially when his science proves to be quite as flimsy as my jokes.'

On the other hand, inasmuch as conversation must have some solid basis to be interesting and amusing, subjects of too trifling a character are equally to be avoided. Jesting out of season, punning *at all times*, gossiping remarks on other people's private affairs, and the discussion of such subjects as do not come within the range of the ordinary intelligence of educated persons, are so much time wasted. The best conversationalists are those who instruct without effort, and amuse without buffoonery; who argue without disputation, who make good use of their memory for their facts, and employ imagination to illustrate and to put them into an attractive form; and who change the subject when it is found that only one or two of the company are able to take a part in it. 'Conversation,' says the *Encyclopedie Moderne*, 'is not a regular attack on any particular point, but a ramble at hazard through a spacious garden, in which parties sometimes approach and sometimes avoid each other; in which they meet and pass, but never jostle.'

That the subject of conversation is worthy of grave consideration, is proved by its importance in our social relations. 'Recollect,' says the author of the Art of Conversation, 'how great and essential a part conversation acts in life and society; how much of our happiness, how many of our joys, result from pleasant, lively, and agreeable discourse; consider how often we have seen it alleviate pain, sorrow, and affliction, and soothe the bed of sickness; and then smile, if you can, at this attempt to give its better influence a wider range. Does not cheerful conversation exhilarate and expand the heart, make the blood circulate freely through the veins, brighten and give elasticity to the spirit, and cast over the whole frame that glow of healthy satisfaction physicians deem it the greatest proof of skill to call forth? It thus acts beneficially on the body even, and is one of the best medicines that can be administered.'

II. Out of evil arises good.—In Landor's 'Pentameron and Pentalogia,' is the following pleasing illustration of this axiom:—'It is not from the rose that the bee gathers her honey, but often from the most acrid and bitter leaves and petals.'

III. The secret of warm feet.—Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep those extremities constantly warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a 'slight cold;' and at the risk of being thought trifling, and of telling people what they know already, I beg to remind them of the following simple rules:—Firstly, *Never be tightly shod.* Boots or shoes, when they fit closely, press against the veins of the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do *not* embrace the feet too tightly, the blood gets fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stocking are filled up with a comfortable supply of warm air. Those who have handsome feet will perhaps be slow to adopt

this dictum; but they are urgently recommended to sacrifice a little neatness to a great deal of comfort and safety, by wearing what the makers call 'easy shoes.' The second rule is—*Never sit in damp shoes.* It is often imagined, that unless they be positively wet, it is not necessary to change them when the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy; for, when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule; and his feet will certainly feel cold and damp after a few minutes; although, on taking off the shoe, and examining it, it will appear to be perfectly dry. Did every one follow these rules, there would be no more cold feet.

IV. SHAKING HANDS.—From the feet to the hands is a natural transition, and I pass to a passage which occurs in the Swedish novel of 'Strife and Peace,' by Miss Bremer. 'I receive an especial impression of the sort of person by the manner of taking the hand, and cannot avoid drawing deductions therefrom—more, however, by instinct than by reason, since my reason refuses to be led by outward impressions, which may be merely accidental; but I cannot alter it. A cordial shake of the hand takes my heart; a feeble, or imperfect, or cold one, repels it. There are persons who press the hand so, that it is painful for a good while afterwards; there are also those who come with two fingers —from these defend us!'

The impression conveyed by the pressure of the hand is, I am inclined to think, far more definite than Miss Bremer's 'reason' permits her to acknowledge. It is very seldom that the mode of shaking hands is 'accidental;' on the contrary, it arises as much from the temperament and sentiments of an individual, as any of the other outward and visible signs by which the disposition is betrayed. The coincidence between the manner of the performing of this friendly ceremony, and the idiosyncracy of those who perform it, is generally exact. Let the reader recall his experience of the every-day act, and answer whether he ever remembers a warm-hearted impulsive individual dropping two fingers into his hand, as if he were afraid of contact? or a cold phlegmatic temperament grasping the hand so, that it is 'painful for a good while afterwards?' My own experience goes to prove, that the impressions of character, and of the circumstances which form it, received from shaking hands, are direct and unerring; and that, when the instinct which conveys them to the mind is tested by reason, they will be fully corroborated. All our impressions are of course most vivid in regard to the other sex, and to the fairer portion of the creation I shall first allude.

There is no mistaking the friendly greeting of a young unmarried lady. She presents her hand—not hurriedly, but slowly and timidly—some moments after yours has been outstretched to receive it. You feel no pressure whatever, and the instant after your hand has been closed upon hers, it is withdrawn. Reserve and modesty are the general characteristics of her class, and how expressively apparent are they in her way of shaking hands! But watch her greeting to a friend of her own sex, and see how readily it will be offered, and how cordially made! Here is brought out another general characteristic of the sex, which is the possession of strong sentiments; and where there is no necessity for the reserve which should conceal them, how effectually is that of friendship communicated in such a shake of the hand! If, however, the person form an exception to the rule, and be of a cold unsympathising temperament, the female friend will have a fac-simile greeting to the one you have just received.—The matron has fewer reserves than the spinster, and consequently honours your pressure with a return, especially should you be her visitor, for she wishes by that means to make you welcome. Ladies who are passing through that undated stage of existence designated 'a certain age,' and who have never known the cares of matrimony, yield their hand the instant it is solicited by the offer of yours, and withdraw it—slowly, to be sure—but without leaving behind the faintest impression.

Among men are observable in their mode of salutation differences as marked and equally characteristic. Some individuals are lavish in professions of regard, but without feeling it to the extent they profess; and these greet you with great warmth, generally with both hands shaking yours very violently, and saying all the while how delighted they are to see you. Yet they are always in a hurry; and, in the midst of their protestations, seem, by the rapidity of their motion, to wish to express a great deal of friendship in the shortest possible space of time. The man whose friendship *is* to be depended on, goes through his manual exercise in a very different manner. He presses your hand cordially, but with deliberation; he neither grasps it hard, nor shakes it violently. He is not in a hurry to part with it, yet never detains it when, by opening your fingers, you intimate a desire to finish the ceremony. The cautious man, in shaking hands with you, seems to have well considered what he is about: he is slow in presenting his digits, and returns your pressure with a doubtful shake, withdrawing his hand as if he were glad it was over.—It is manifestly the proud, patronising man from whom Miss Bremer wishes to be defended, for it is he who offers the tips of his fingers.

But of all impressions arising from this mode of salutation, the most vivid is that to be derived from a poor, or rather reduced acquaintance. If there have been want, that is never so soon manifested as in the hands; the skin hangs loosely and languidly upon the fingers, and a tale of prolonged privation is conveyed at once to your heart from the touch of the shrunk and livid hand. Then the pressure you receive is so weak and hesitating—the act of presenting and of withdrawing the hand so listlessly performed—that the weakness and bashfulness of uncomplaining want are forcibly depicted.

The custom of shaking hands is practised by all European nations, but more by the English than by any other nation.

V. A CHOICE OF EVILS.—There is something peculiarly amusing in that *naïve* passage in the nursery tale of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, where the hero and his brothers, after having been lost in the wood, arrive at the ogre's house, into which they are advised not to enter, from the certainty of being devoured by the giant:—'If you do not give us a night's lodging,' says Hop-o'-my-Thumb to the ogre's wife, 'it is quite certain that the wolves in the forest will not fail to devour us; and sooner than that, *we would prefer to be eaten by the gentleman of the house.*'

AFFECTIONS OF ANIMALS.

AFFECTION—that wonderful instinct by which an animated being increases its own happiness by caring for that of another—is partaken of by the lower animals only less conspicuously than by the human family. Amongst them, as with us, existence could not, apparently, be conducted without this generous feeling, and there accordingly we find it, the need being with the Divine Author ever a sufficient cause for the endowment. Nor is there a limited show of the affections in the humbler species; on the contrary, there is hardly one affection of our nature which is not to be plainly traced in some of these our lower fellow-creatures. In one sense, indeed, there is a limitation; some of the affections are not required by the lower animals, in consequence of peculiarities in their economy, and there accordingly these affections are wanting. In some of the very humblest tribes, there is perhaps no kind of affection whatever. It is surprising, however, how far down in the scale we find this beautiful principle operating, and how many of our finest affections are to be observed in a considerable number of species.

Attachments between individuals of the same species, but different sexes—that is to say, attachments in which it can be said that any sentiment exists—are not widely spread throughout the animal world. The pairing arrangement, which forms the natural basis for the matrimonial alliance amongst ourselves, is only practised where the aid of both parents is necessary for the sustentation of the young—the final cause, obviously, of the arrangement. It is particularly conspicuous amongst the birds, the pairs of which usually present in spring a delightful reflection of the fondness, tenderness, and unselfishness which fill the bosoms of a newly-wed pair of our own species. The male exerts himself to obtain food for the female while she is engaged in the duty of sitting upon her eggs; with a gallantry rivalling that of the troubadour, he sits upon a neighbouring bough for hours, pouring forth his lively song to cheer her under the tedium of her situation. In the exclusiveness of his regard, he might form a pattern for the most virtuous of husbands. The mixture, indeed, of kindness and faithfulness shown by the humblest field-bird to his mate, is noways externally distinguishable from those traits of human character which we are accustomed to applaud as moral. In some particular species, this attachment lasts throughout life, and the death of one of the pair is almost sure to prove fatal to the other. There is a species of parrot called the love-bird, in which the passion is of this kind. A pair being confined in a cage, the male is seen to sit fondly beside his mate, feeding her with his bill, and evincing the greatest gentleness and tenderness in all his conduct towards her. Bonnet gives a description of a pair, the female of which falling sick, the other attended her with unremitting care till her death, when he went round and round her in the greatest agitation, trying occasionally to open her bill and give her nourishment. He then gradually languished, and survived her death only a few months.

Mr S. Bowdich gives two interesting anecdotes of this affection faithful till and beyond death. 'When I lived in Paris,' he says, 'there were two remarkably fine ostriches, male and female, kept in the Rotunda of the Jardin du Roi. The skylight over their heads having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it, and in the course of their work let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened, and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest; he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty; but nought availed, and he literally pined to death.

'A gentleman had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes; one of them at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large mirror into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely; the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, at length dying from an accidental injury.'*

The connubial feeling, however, sinks far below the parental in intensity amongst the lower animals. Once a mother, the female has for the time no other feeling than that of devoted affection for her offspring, for whose sake she seems cheerfully to sacrifice her own convenience, and to give up all her wonted habits. Wondrous and beautiful is it to contemplate this parental self-devotion in some poor bird, or other humble creature, reflective as it is of what we never fail to acknowledge as amongst the most pure and holy of all the emotions that animate our own species. The wildest and fiercest tribes are equally remarkable as the gentlest for their affection for their young, provided only that this affection is needed for their protection and nurture. It would even appear as if the felinæ were amongst the most remarkable for the philoprogenitive sentiment: the lioness is proverbially devoted to her cubs, and we rarely witness more intense examples of the feeling than in the common cat. This latter animal, during the early days of her progeny, gives herself entirely up to them, and then only leaves them for the sake of food. If apprehensive of danger to them, she brings them forth and keeps them in some obscure place, where she will remain unknown to the family till she thinks the lives of her young ones may be safe. Not long ago, a young cat, recently become the mother of a set of kittens, all of which had been destroyed but one, was missed from her home. When she had been absent two days, it was concluded that she was lost, or had met with some fatal accident, and her sole surviving kitten was then taken from the nest and drowned. Soon after, the poor mother made her appearance, with one of her feet nearly cut to pieces by a rat-trap, which had closed upon and confined her in a neighbouring granary. Miserable as she was from this accident, she wandered about the house incessantly for a day in search of her lost kitten, manifesting such an anxiety about it, as could neither be mistaken nor beheld without sympathy. Some cats provide for the family they are about to have by storing up mice for them, and when they have lost their kittens, it is not unusual for them to continue collecting provisions in the hope of their returning. An instance is mentioned of one which, for more than a fortnight after the loss of her young ones, would come in with a mouse, and search over the whole house to give it to them, making a complaining noise.

The extremity of this parental feeling has a remarkable effect in making the most timid animals bold for the time in protecting their young, or in seeking for food wherewith to support them. The quiet hen is seen in a new character of courage and determination when surrounded by her brood. Even feebler birds will then fly fiercely at men or other animals which may have given them any alarm on account of their progeny. 'It is a well-known fact,' says Mr Swainson, 'that a pair of ravens which dwelt in a cavity of the rock of Gibraltar, would never suffer a vulture or eagle to approach the nest, but would drive them away with every appearance of fury. The missel thrush, during the breeding season, will fight even the magpie or jay. And the female titmouse will frequently allow herself to be made a prisoner, rather than quit her nest; or, if she herself escape, she will speedily return, menacing the invaders by hissing like a snake, and biting all who approach her: this we have ourselves experienced. The artifices employed by the partridge, the lapwing, the ring plover, the pewit, and numerous other land birds, to blind the vigilance and divert the attention of those who may come near their little ones, are equally curious. The partridges, both male and female, conduct their young out to feed, and carefully assist them in their search for food; but, if disturbed in the midst of this employment, the male, after first giving the alarm, by uttering a peculiar cry of distress, throws himself directly in the way of danger, and endeavours, by feigning lameness or inability to fly, to distract the attention and mislead the efforts of the enemy—thus giving his mate time to conduct her little brood to a place of security. "A partridge," says White, "came out of a ditch, and ran along, shivering with her wings, and crying out as if wounded, and unable to get from us. While the dam feigned this distress, a boy who attended me saw the brood, which was small and unable to fly, run for shelter into an old fox's hole under the bank." The lapwing pushes forward to meet her foes, employing every art to allure them from the abode of

* Loudon's Mag. of Nat. Hist., vol. ii.

her young. She rises from the ground with a loud screaming voice, as if just flushed from hatching, though probably, at the same time, not within a hundred yards from the nest. She afterwards whines and screams round the invaders, and invariably becomes more clamorous as she retires further from the nest. The ring plover will flutter along the ground as if crippled, and, if pursued, will hasten to a short distance, stretch out its feathers, and appear to "tumble heels over head," till it has enticed its enemy to a distance; while, on similar occasions, the pewit resorts to the same expedient of appearing wounded, as soon as it perceives the approach of a stranger. Sheldrakes are equally ingenious: during the period of incubation, which lasts thirty days, the male keeps watch on some adjoining hillock, which he only leaves that he may satisfy the calls of hunger, or occupy the post of the female while she quits it for food. After the young are hatched, the parents lead, or sometimes carry them in their bills, towards the sea; and, if interrupted in their progress, it is said that they employ numberless arts to draw off the attention of the observer.'*

There are few things more disarming than this anxious fondness of a humble animal for her offspring. It is therefore to be considered as strictly in accordance with the more generous feelings of human nature, that the Israelites were enjoined to respect female animals, as the doe and the ewe, while taking their young. It is painful to think that the spirit of this command is often broken by men from cupidity or wantonness. A striking instance is related in Phipps's Voyage to the North Pole. An old she-bear was attracted with her cubs by the smell of a sea-horse, which had been killed several days before, and the flesh of which she carefully divided between her young ones, reserving but a small portion for herself. 'As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast during the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she got to some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round, pawing them and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship and uttered a growl of despair, which the murderers returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.'

Nor does the parental feeling of animals always rest content with merely protecting and cherishing the young. There are some which take pains to give their offspring something of the nature of education. 'Some of the eagles,' says Mr Swainson, 'take out their young before they are fully grown, on purpose to teach them the arts necessary for securing their prey. The female lark conducts hers, to exercise their powers of flight, herself fluttering over their heads, directing their motions, and preserving them from danger. The butcher-bird, or common woodchat shrike, continues her regard for her offspring even after they have attained maturity, while the latter reward her care by assisting her in providing for the support of all, until the following spring.' The monkeys, too, which are surpassed by no animals in the philoprogenitive feeling, are observed to go through something like a process of education with their young. They keep them under proper obedience and restraint, much after the fashion of human mothers. A set of female monkeys has been observed to suckle, caress, and cleanse their young ones, and then sit down to see them play with each other. If, in the course of their sports, any showed a tincture of malice, the dams would spring upon them, and, seizing them with one paw by the tail, correct them severely with the other.

It has been remarked, that the parental feelings of animals are not reciprocated to any considerable extent by their progeny—a fact in nature for which there is this obvious reason, that it is not necessary, in the economy of the animals, that the young should have any strong attachment to their parents. There are, however, some remarkable instances of strong filial love on the part of the lower animals. Mr Turner, who resided long in America, mentions an affecting trait in the character of the bison when a calf. 'Whenever a cow bison falls by the murderous hand of the hunters, and happens to have a calf, the hapless young one, far from attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dam with signs expressive of the strongest natural affection. The body of the dam thus secured, the hunter takes no heed of the calf, of which he knows he is sure, but proceeds to cut up the carcass; then laying it on his horse, he returns home, followed by the poor calf, which never fails to attend the remains of its dam.' Mr Turner says that he has seen a single hunter ride into the town of Cincinnati, followed in this manner by three calves, which seemed each to claim of him the parent of whom he had cruelly bereft it. To the same effect is an anecdote of two spaniels, dam and son, who were hunting by themselves in Mr Drake's woods, near Amersham, in Bucks. The gamekeeper shot the mother; the son, frightened, ran away for an hour or two, and then returned to look for her. Having found her dead body, he laid himself down by her, and was found in that situation the next day by his master, who took him home, together with the body of the mother. Six weeks did this affectionate creature refuse all consolation, and almost all nutriment. He became at length universally convulsed, and died of grief.

That the maternal feeling in animals is entirely independent of the intellect, is amply proved by the numerous instances in which particular mothers have not only taken the progeny of others of their own species under charge, but even the young of entirely different animals. A female cat will foster a young dog. A young panther has been nourished by a bitch. A cat has even been known to rear a young bird; and there is one instance of a still more extraordinary kind of fostership. According to Mr Jesse, in his interesting volume, *Gleanings in Natural History*, 'A cat belonging to Mr Smith, the respectable bailiff and agent of the Earl of Lucan, at Laleham, is in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire. She had been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably incommoded her. I mention this in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance. One evening, as the family were seated round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from the cupboard, which was near the fireplace, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what they saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full-grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to

* On the Habits and Instincts of Animals: Cabinet Cyclopædia.

make use of when she is visited by her kitten. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat; but such was its vigilance, that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat, after being absent, returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most pets, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protectress, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of the foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more extraordinary, is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouser, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for this particular mouse, she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity.' It would appear that the faculty for the love of offspring—the philoprogenitiveness of Gall's system—is excited at the time of parturition, and that the feeling, craving for exercise, is ready to take up with any object capable of gratifying it, if the one primarily contemplated by nature be wanting.

Animals are also possessed of the ordinary social affections. Some are gregarious, which is just another term for the feelings which induce men to form regular societies. Almost all have a liking for company. A cow in a herd appears a happier creature than a cow alone. Enter the paddock of a solitary horse, and it is odds that he comes up and follows you, as if courting your society. The dog attaches himself to man with a devotion which touches every generous nature. The cat, notwithstanding the doubts of many upon the subject, is also capable of the warmest attachment to the human beings amongst whom it lives. Mr Blaine, in his *Canine Pathology*, relates an instance of a dog belonging to a tailor in Tooley Street, Southwark, which haunted the grave of its deceased master in St Olave's churchyard till it died. There are other examples of dogs which have proved quite inconsolable for the death of their owners, and died of grief on that account. Friendships such as those of Damon and Pythias, and Pylades and Orestes, are rivalled in the animal world. An instance is furnished in the story of two Hanoverian horses, which had long served together in the Peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. 'They had assisted,' says Mr Jesse, 'in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement, the survivor was piqueted as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his former associate was killed. A gentleman who witnessed the circumstance, assured me that nothing could be more affecting than the whole demeanour of this poor horse.'

When cut off from friendships with their own kind, animals will form attachments to individuals of different species. Gilbert White tells a curious anecdote of a horse and a solitary hen spending much of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creatures but each other. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing itself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. The celebrated horse, the Godolphin Arabian, and a black cat, were for many years the warmest friends. When the horse died in 1753, the cat sat upon his carcass till he was put under ground; and then crawling slowly and reluctantly away, retired to a hayloft, where she was soon after found dead. Lions confined in menageries have in numerous instances spared little dogs that had been thrown to them, and formed with these creatures a permanent friendship. St Pierre describes such an attachment between a lion at Versailles and a dog, and concludes by saying—'Their friendship is one of the most touching exhibitions which Nature can offer to the speculations of the philosopher.' The dog has admitted the cat to similar intimacies; and a tame fox has been admitted by dogs to course with them. One of the most extraordinary animal friendships was related to Mr Jesse by a trustworthy person, who had resided for nine years in the American States, in charge of some extensive public works. 'One of these works consisted in the erection of a beacon in a swamp in one of the rivers, where he caught a young alligator. This animal he made so perfectly tame, that it followed him about the house like a dog, scrambling up the stairs after him, and showing much affection and docility. Its great favourite, however, was a cat, and the friendship was mutual. When the cat was reposing herself before the fire (this was at New York), the alligator would lay himself down, place his head upon the cat, and in this attitude go to sleep. If the cat was absent, the alligator was restless; but he always appeared happy when the cat was near him.'

What do all these anecdotes, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied, tend to show? That the lower animals possess qualities superior to what in general we are disposed to allow, and might be to us sources of far greater social pleasure than we permit them to be. Man deems his breathing associates in this sphere only fit subjects for the wanton exercise of his self-esteem and destructiveness; and he reaps the proper consequences of such conduct. Did he take a more true and benevolent view of the animal nature, and treat it on the same simple principles of justice and kindness which he is taught to display towards his fellow-creatures, he would find his own interests immensely advanced by it. The docility and social feelings of the animals would be more strongly developed than at present; their services would be more heartily rendered; and man would himself be improved by the reflection of better feelings from these humble creatures.

OLD TOM MILLER.

A SUFFOLK TALE.

In the small market-town of Halesworth, in the county of Suffolk, some thirty years ago, lived one Thomas Miller, who had long kept a bookseller's shop, and held the office of postmaster in the place of his abode. He was a tall thin man of some sixty years of age, with long gray locks, which curled round the back of his head, and showed themselves but sparingly on his forehead. His eyes were dark and lively, but generally covered by enormous spectacles, worn as much to hide their expression, and to give him an advantage over those with whom he had dealings, as to aid his sight; for frequently, when anxious to examine any article more narrowly, the spectacles were thrust back upon his forehead. He wore a long dark-gray coat, reaching to the middle of his legs, gray worsted stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles. Old Tom Miller was what is called 'well to do in the world:' besides having saved a considerable sum in trade and by his economical habits, he had inherited, from an elder brother, funded property to some amount, and a collection of curious old books, china, and other articles, said to be very valuable. That this property should have been left to Thomas Miller, was a surprise to the little world of Halesworth, for he had been for many years estranged from his brother, who had adopted an orphan nephew as his heir; but on his death-bed William Miller, who

resided in the neighbouring town of Bungay, sent for his brother—their differences were forgotten, and young William Bullock, the nephew, confided to his care; but, strange to say, after the death of the sick man, a will was found in which he gave all his property to his brother. The date of this document was, indeed, previous to the adoption of the lad, and at a time when he had quarrelled with his mother, the only sister of the testator, in consequence of her having married a Protestant—the Millers being a Roman Catholic family, strongly attached to the tenets of their religion. On his sister's death, however, William Miller had taken charge of her orphan child, and no doubt was entertained by his acquaintance that he would provide for him in after-life, being unmarried, and remaining so till his death. It proved otherwise, as we have seen. Thomas Miller, having by virtue of the will taken possession, returned to Halesworth with his orphan nephew, who was, from that time, a resident in the family of his new protector. But the situation of William Bullock was materially changed for the worse, and he held a doubtful position in his new abode, being required to do the duties of a servant, though in other respects treated as a member of the family. The establishment of old Miller consisted, at the time, of an aged female domestic, named Susan, and a daughter about a year younger than her cousin, the only child of her father by his wife, who had been dead several years. From her childhood, Betsey Miller had been remarkable for her amiable temper and promise of beauty, which increased as she grew up. A sincere affection naturally sprang up between the cousins, to which the circumstances of their daily life continually gave fresh energy. The influence of Betsey over her father was great, and to that influence William was indebted for every indulgence he obtained. Whenever anything was to be asked from the old man, it was through her he sought to gain it: it was this love alone for his cousin which detained the youth in a state of thraldom and inactivity, which became every day more irksome as he advanced to man's estate. But no influence could induce the old man to part with money to apprentice the youth to any of the tradesmen in the town. It was in vain that many of the most respectable of the inhabitants offered to take him at a small premium, and to instruct him in their several employments; for William was a universal favourite, and many were anxious to obtain the services of such a promising assistant. But though his uncle professed no strong affection for him, and seemed to grudge every shilling expended on the necessary articles of his wardrobe, some powerful influence seemed to act upon old Miller, and to prevent him from allowing his nephew to quit his family and immediate guardianship, and he manifested the greatest irritation at any proposal for having William removed from under his eye, appearing jealous of every one who took the slightest interest in his future prospects.

Some years rolled on in this state of uncomfortable dependence and uncertainty as to the future; and nothing but the increasing and mutual affection of the cousins prevented William from leaving his uncle's house, and seeking to provide for himself by the exertion of his talents, which were considerable, and had not been left uncultivated. By Betsey's means he obtained admission to her father's books, which, though not numerous, were sufficiently so to give him the means of self-instruction—the best, if not the chief source of education. The years which had thus passed saw young Bullock advanced to manhood, and Betsey Miller the belle of the small town in which she lived. Many and tempting were the offers of marriage she received; but the damsel remained unshaken in her affection for her cousin, and her father was not inclined to force her acceptance of any of her numerous suitors. He was well aware of the attachment the young couple had formed; but though he never opposed it, he would not listen to any proposition for their marriage. The same strange influence which seemed to have impelled him to keep his nephew in his family, appeared to weigh with him, and prevent him from prohibiting their mutual engagement; but any attempt to obtain his consent to their union rendered him furious, and even his love for his daughter could not then restrain him from saying the harshest things. 'She wanted,' he would say, 'to get possession of his money, to set him aside from managing his property, to make him dependent on herself and her cousin,' and strictly forbade the subject to be mentioned to him again. His conduct towards his nephew, also, was at times very peculiar; and he seemed, even when asserting a supreme authority over him (which he would not allow for a moment to be questioned), to feel some strange and mysterious fear of the young man; and if called on to defray any needful expense on his account, though he would complain heavily, he never seemed to contemplate the possibility of a refusal; and although the presence of William gave him no pleasure, and, from the moroseness of his manner towards him, would have led to an opinion that he desired to be rid of him, he was evidently resolved not to part with him, and retained him as if performing an imperative but unpleasant duty. Everything in the old man's establishment was regulated with the greatest exactness, and his daily habits were equally unvaried. After his early breakfast, he constantly locked himself up with his books and antiquarian treasures for some hours, and no one intruded on his seclusion. Previous to his dinner at one o'clock he walked in his small garden, which was under the care of William and his cousin, and at such times was much addicted to talk aloud to himself, and seemed lost in thought on some matter which weighed upon his spirits, but of which no one had any idea; for, notwithstanding the strictness and even severity with which he kept all the observances of his religion, from the time of his brother's death he had never been to confession, and he avoided as much as possible meeting with the Roman Catholic clergyman of his district.

At length, one day during their frugal dinner, the old man was evidently in a state of great mental excitement, so much so, that his daughter asked if he was unwell. He said 'no;' but seemed abstracted and unwilling to be questioned on the subject. On the following day after breakfast he was heard making a considerable bustle in his small sitting room, and on his appearance at dinner, was even more abstracted and taciturn than on the previous day. He looked around him with an air of watchful suspicion, at times fixing his attention steadfastly on his nephew, and on his old servant, but made no remark from which any information could be gained as to the cause of his evident discomposure.

The next morning he called William into his room—an event of very rare occurrence—required him to remove various heavy books, and to take down every article from the tops of two old-fashioned book-cases, and from a cabinet of ancient china, an object of the old man's especial idolatry. The search, however, seemed very unsatisfactory; and at length seating himself in his chair, apparently much fatigued, at the same time regarding his nephew sternly through his spectacles, he said, slowly and deliberately—'It is true, then, I am robbed and plundered daily, and that by some one who knows my rooms, and has constant means of access to them.' William regarded his uncle with astonishment, and repeated the words, 'robbed and plundered.'

'Yes, sir,' exclaimed old Miller furiously; 'some one has carried off the most valuable of my china, a box of medals, my silver crucifix, which once belonged to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and I know not how many other articles of value; but I will not suffer this. Be the robber who he may, he shall be punished as severely as may be. He cannot escape detection, for the things are too remarkable not to be easily recognised. To-morrow I shall apply to the magistrates to search into the matter.'

He then sat in stern silence, and when his daughter entered the room, attracted by the elevation of her

father's voice, he did not seem to regard her presence. William related to his cousin the circumstance of her father's loss, which he seemed inclined to consider as a mere imagination, when he was startled by her reply, as she appeared suddenly to remember something in confirmation of the fact. 'It is singular,' she said, 'that, for the last two or three nights, I have fancied I heard some one moving in the house long after we had all been in bed.'

'Indeed!' cried her father, rousing himself from his reverie; 'and from whence did the sound proceed?'

'From the front parlour,' she replied.

'Are you sure that the shutters were closed and the window fastened?'

'I fastened the window myself, and William closed the shutters as usual.'

'Did you hear nothing more?'

'Once or twice I thought I heard the creaking of the stairs, as if some one were coming up; but the noise was so slight, that I fancied I was deceived, and fell asleep again.'

'Was the sound from the garret staircase?' asked the old man, looking steadfastly at his nephew, and evidently showing his suspicion of him.

The blood mounted indignantly to the cheeks of the young man, and his uncle groaned heavily; but his daughter, who had not observed her cousin's change of countenance, or her father's suspicious glances, simply answered, 'The sounds came from the stairs leading to your chamber door, my dear father, but were so slight, that I may have been deceived. But what proofs have you of the robbery?'

'The things I miss can nowhere be found; they have vanished one after the other. Two or three days ago I missed the medals; then the china; and the crucifix, which was in its place yesterday, is, you see, no longer there. But leave me,' he added; 'I feel much disturbed and uneasy, and wish to be alone.'

The young people obeyed, and, with the old domestic who had joined them, retired to discuss the mysterious affair, which baffled all their endeavours to find a clue to its solution. William could not help brooding over the idea of his uncle's suspicion being directed towards him; and though Betsey endeavoured to make light of it, the matter engrossed all their thoughts and conversation.

At dinner, the old man remained perfectly silent, and never once alluded to the subject which was uppermost in all their thoughts. In the evening he retired earlier than usual to his chamber, but still without any mention of his loss; and when William observed that it was necessary that the affair should be investigated, and search made for the missing articles, he sharply bade him hold his tongue, adding, that he did not want to be instructed as to what it was his duty to do. After he had retired, Betsey took up her work and William a book; but the latter felt too much annoyed at being the object of his uncle's groundless suspicion to think on any other subject, and sat for a considerable time in moody silence. His cousin, after trying in vain to engage him in conversation, gave up the attempt, and the evening passed in uninterrupted taciturnity, till the hour of retiring was near at hand, when their attention was attracted by a slight noise which proceeded from the old man's little room, and William was rising to investigate the cause, when his companion laid her hand upon his arm, and motioned to him to wait a minute in silence. The noise was heard again, and the door of the room in which they were sitting slowly opened. A figure appeared in the entry dressed in night attire, with eyes wide open, but in which there was no speculation: it was old Miller himself. In one hand he held a long and narrow china jar, in the other a candle and a small key. The daughter and the nephew remained in mute amazement, whilst the old man glided into the front parlour, and proceeded to a closet concealed in the wall, and in which, when employed as postmaster, he had been wont to place letters and articles of value. He opened the door of this private depository, and, to the infinite surprise of the young people, who had followed him, displayed the missing articles carefully stowed away. William could not repress a loud shout of satisfaction, which suddenly awoke the somnambulist, who, in his alarm, dropped the china jar, which was shivered to atoms on the floor; at the same time a folded paper fell from it, which William mechanically stooped and picked up. The old man, startled from his sleep, was paralysed with terror. It was in vain they pointed out to him his recovered treasures; he trembled violently, and was so agitated, that his daughter requested her cousin to take him in his arms and convey him back to his bed, where she watched anxiously beside him, and would have sent for medical aid, but her father recovered sufficiently to forbid her, and desired to be undisturbed. In the meantime, William withdrew into the room below, in order to be in readiness should his presence be required; and thinking over the circumstances which had so strangely hidden and brought to light the articles supposed to be stolen, he remembered the paper he had picked up, which he carelessly unfolded, thinking it probably of no value. Great, then, was his amazement at seeing his own name in large letters on the sheet. He glanced his eye rapidly over the contents: it was the last will and testament of his uncle, William Miller, in which, with the exception of a few trifling legacies to his brother Thomas and his daughter, all his property was given to William Bullock, his nephew.

William carefully refolded the paper, said nothing of the matter to his cousin, when by her father's desire she retired to her chamber; but next morning had a long private conversation with his uncle, which terminated much to the satisfaction of the young man. In a few weeks the cousins were united, and old Miller was said to have advanced a considerable sum to establish his nephew in an employment in which he found both occupation and emolument.

THE LAST WISH.

[The celebrated Wilson, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried near some sunny spot. This wish is expressed in the following lines. The name of their author is unknown to us.]

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones,
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones;

But let the dewy rose,
The snowdrop and the violet, lend perfume
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And ever at the purple dawn of day
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her hymn of love,
When eve grows dim and gray.

The blackbird and the thrush,
The golden oriole, shall flit around,
And waken, with a mellow gust of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Ames Court, in No. 2, AMEN-CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, April 27, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 18. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE DEAD WEIGHT.

Reader, have you ever observed, when attending the examination of a large class in our public schools, that the boys of the upper benches usually respond with readiness, but that, as the master proceeds past the middle, the running-fire of answers becomes less continuous, till their entire cessation gives evidence of there being a sad want of loading in that quarter? An occasional flash in the pan may be given, but no report follows; and a painful impression is left in the mind, that fully a third or a fourth of the corps are in a state decidedly inefficient. These are the 'dead weight.'

Now, it might occur to some who witness the annual examination, that if the master did, while teaching during the session, pass over the lower benches with the same rapidity, their stupidity might easily be accounted for. But little they know of masters, who suppose that the dead weight is to them a light matter. It is, on the contrary, the special 'crook in the lot'—their rock ahead—the thing, and the only thing, which in this world prevents their complete happiness. How often, in the beginning of the session, has the master, with chivalrous ardour, rushed into this thick mass of stupidity, threatening, cajoling, bullying, thrashing! The exertions of a drover to make his cattle take the water at a ferrying-place, of a Shetlander to compel the landing of a shoal of whales, are but faint shadowings of the exertions of a teacher at this time. With brute unconsciousness they see him sent back into his desk, where, breathless, foaming, he confesses the awful power of dulness; nor does one ray of comfort visit his heart till he turns his eye to the higher benches, where he knows that labour never fails to meet its reward. Still, his conscience prompts him to another attack. Another raid is made into the region of dulness; but the only result is, as before, a prostration of his energies, and a sense of the utter hopelessness of the task which he has undertaken.

But what, literally, is this dead weight? It is the accompaniment, the appendix, the tail of every public class. Its members are externally respectable, imposing; and, meet them separately, they are good-natured, sensible, and obliging. They are sometimes ingenious—ingenious in everything but what forms the business of the class. Their benches are more curiously carved than any others in the school; and when the master himself is led to inspect these results of their labours, he discovers, in sundry caricatures of himself, the germs of imitation and observant genius, and is half tempted to treat them with more respect. They are frequently affectionate and good-hearted; and the black eye of the lowest on the form, for which he receives a stern reprimand, is in some instances to be traced to a quarrel between dux and booby, in consequence of the former speaking contemptuously of the master. They are generally brave, fearless of danger, and animated by feelings akin to patriotism. In the bickerings between different classes they are peculiarly the leaders, and as peculiarly the sufferers. Although they can see no beauty in the character of Æneas and the ancient heroes, they are the devoted admirers of Wallace and Nelson; and, while the higher pupils are directing their eyes to the page of Sallust or Virgil, the eyes of the dead weight are falling not on these ancient authors, who are meritoriously expanded on the board before them, but on some well-thumbed suspicious-looking volume which is held below the board—Waverley, or Don Quixote, or Adventures at Sea—which the master occasionally forks up with an affected expression of horror, and commits to his desk, after a due application of the birch or tawa. Then as to honour; the tortures of the primitive martyrs would be lost on them ere they would 'peach'—they all admit they heard something like a whistle, but could not say who it was; and the piece of bread which stuck in the master's wig as he turned round, came from no quarter that they could perceive.

There are great differences in the characters of classes at school, and in no department are greater differences seen than in the dead weight. I remember a class, the dead weight of which was quite remarkable for cleverness and vivacity. They were the merriest fellows in the whole school, and general favourites even with the master. They had one or two good story-tellers amongst them—one in particular, who was enough to have distracted the attention of a set of infant George Buchanans from their lessons. This young gentleman was also a good singer: his 'Froggie would a-wooing go' was very generally admired. The class sat at a corner of the room, part on one form and part on another, and it was our juvenile Yorick's only principle in his school affairs to be at such a point in his class as to enable him to sit exactly in the angle. To attain this end, he never scrupled to lose a few places; or, if it was necessary for him to go up a few for that purpose, his companions were always willing to accommodate him. The fact is, that sitting in the corner was necessary to his commanding an audience for his entertainments. There, embowered in heads of listeners on both sides, he would tell stories and sing songs for half hours at a time, while the hum of the school served to keep the master in a state of happy ignorance of what was going on. One day, however, something having occurred to attract the attention of all but this joyful party, the general hum subsided of a sudden, when the worthy man was astonished, as he sat at his desk, to hear the words, 'With a roley poley, gammon and spinnage,' swinging off in full chorus from a spot not four yards from the place where he was sitting. The effect of such a sound, so unexpected, so inconsistent with the scene, was most remarkable, and

was not soon forgotten. The Roley Poley men, if I am not mistaken, yet have an annual meeting to keep alive the memory of their school-days.

But though there are specimens of the dead weight decidedly funny, it may be said that the general character of the set is a melancholy one. Times of trouble come which turn all their light-heartedness to lead. When a stranger enters the class-room, the dead weight is apt to have a very convicted appearance. Were their craniums ticketed, and the unfavourable bumps numbered, they could not feel more stuck up to shame. It is therefore not surprising that the absentees of the lower benches are always the most numerous. They are extremely liable to colds and cut fingers; and family doctors are more solicitous about them than their other patients. They go very frequently to the country; and they are constant attendants at public processions and meetings. These accidents sometimes affect a number of the body, more especially at a review before a few visiting officials, or on some day when a threatened descent is to be made upon them by the master. Still, they bring their written excuses from their papas—and, on failure of these, the compliments of their mammas, with the notice that she will write—and at times a doctor's note is tendered with becoming confidence. Numbers, however, are better watched at home, and they must encounter every mortification, till a settled apathy relieve them. Not the most apathetic, however, can contemplate without horror the great annual examination, when an inquiring public is let into the secret of the state of matters, and when sneering aunts and cousins ascertain with their own eyes the degradation of their young relatives. They feel, as they dress better for that day, no pleasure in the new jacket. However handsome the fit, they are merely handsome boobies. Tears of mortification are shed, and notwithstanding the threats of the father, the mother assents to the absence from the examination, and the same day witnesses the exit of the emancipated youths to the country with rod and fishing-hook. Numerous are the failures on that day; and some unfortunate youth who, in his ignorance of human nature, thought that those below him would stand true, and whose position in the class was approaching to respectability, finds himself now 'the observed of all observers.' The dead weight are frequently lads of strong natural feeling, and when they distinguish in the sea of triumphant and animated faces before them the somewhat blank countenance of a father or a mother, or the bewildered expression of a grandfather, who had set them down as prodigies of genius, and who in his fondness seems clinging at that moment to the idea that the lower end of the class is the upper, there is a feeling in their now roused youthful heart amounting to anguish. Is it to be wondered at that so many families leave before the vacation, to bury, in rural shades, the disappointment of their hopes, and to shun the degradations of such a scene? What 'a ghastly glitter' the gilded prize-books have to the now thinned dead weight! And the number of the prizes, too, makes their shame the more marked, as more than the half of the now apparent class are so distinguished. The tone of condolence and encouragement, too, which the presiding examinator mingles in his address, when he alludes to those who have *not* got prizes, appears to them a public notice of their inefficiency; and the lengthened and pitying faces of the auditory during the allusion, an awful expression of hopeless contempt. On returning from the exhibition, the dinner-scene at home is frequently a distressing one. The father may be a magistrate, whose presence is officially due at the annual dinner, or he may be a person of such consequence, that he was invited to attend; still, he could not face it out, and he is compelled to eat the bread of family sorrow. The bread of the youth that day is watered with tears: the father, stern and unforgiving, threatens a boarding-school at a distance, and asks the perplexed youth what is the choice of his profession. As to being his successor, it is out of the question; he has no head for it. After considerable family wrangling, the youth is packed off to a remote and obscure school, where his progress, however slow, will not meet their observation, and cast a reproach on the family.

These pictures of youthful misery and family distress are numerous in our country. There is a long train of inconveniences and disasters connected with them—alienation of children from their parents, rash entrances on professions, aversion to mental improvement, and frequently the contraction of low and seducing friendships. But, it may be said, what can be done to prevent this? In every class there must be the same relations, and why point out evils for which there can be no mitigation or cure?

I am not quite sure that the dead weight is an evil incapable of at least diminution. What is the cause of the dead weight? It is, that a certain portion of the boys associated in classes with a regard to age are of different grades of faculties, one set being apt and brilliant, while the others are comparatively dull. Now, even allowing all other arrangements to remain the same, much of this discrepancy might be avoided by grouping backward boys of one age with smart boys who were their juniors. He must be a sadly stupid fellow who, at twelve, is not fit to march on abreast with others at ten, or say nine. Or classes might be divided, and the dead weight taught by themselves on a somewhat different plan, applicable to the benumbed state of their faculties. Half the time, spent judiciously in this manner, on each moiety of the class, while the other section was allowed to play or to engage in some other and lighter study, would probably be found to come to better results than the present system. Drawing, singing, and gymnastics, would form a capital relief for a dead weight just relieved from a harassing Latin examination.

Another subordinate and partial remedy would be to make a decided effort with the individual members of the dead weight, to awaken their minds to the object and character of the lessons. Sometimes a dead weight goes through a whole school course, as in a dream, totally unable at the last, as at the beginning, to understand what it was all about. Nothing was ever explained in such a manner as to enable their intellects to grasp it: they went through the routine, but there was no healthy intellectual consciousness of the matter and scope of the tasks the whole time. This is decidedly using the dead weight very ill. They are often blamed for what is more truly the fault of the master or his system. Endeavour to rouse the faculties of a dead weight, to get them to understand thoroughly the first lessons, and never allow them once to fall behind with anything in progress of being developed to the class, and they would often turn out very different from the dolts which they are set down for by a rashly-judging public.

But the most effectual remedy would unquestionably be found in paying more regard to the special intellectual powers and tendencies of boys, and selecting for them appropriate branches of education. We are all very variously constituted, some having an aptitude for language-study, others for matters of fact, some for numbers, others for mechanics, and so forth. But education, as usually conducted, concentrates attention almost exclusively upon language and numbers alone, the faculties for which, especially the first, are in very moderate endowment in a large majority of mankind. Thus many fail to advance, because the system is one to them decidedly inappropriate, whereas they might make a fair appearance, or even shine, in some other

walk. When this great principle in education is more attended to, we shall undoubtedly have a far less portion of each class included under the designation of the dead weight.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC.

The United States of North America cannot boast of sending forth a hundredth part of the number of almanacs issued in England, but they at least furnish one equal in point of quality and extent to anything of the kind published in Great Britain. We allude to the 'American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge,' a work issued from the Boston press, which for the present year extends to nearly 350 pages, and is sold at the respectable sum of a dollar. A few statistics gleaned from this fresh mass of information may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Passing over the first part of the almanac, which is devoted to the usual astronomical tables, calculated, we are told, by Mr Benjamin Pierce Perkins, Professor of Astronomy in Harvard university, we come to a large body of particulars respecting the general and individual government of the states, population, finances, education, &c.

John Tyler of Virginia occupies the fourteenth presidential term of four years since the establishment of the government under the constitution; his term will expire on the 3d of March 1845. Mr Tyler's salary, as president, is 25,000 dollars; he appoints and is assisted by a cabinet of six ministers—the secretaries of state, treasury, war, and navy, postmaster-general, and attorney-general, each with a salary of 6000 dollars, except the attorney-general, who has only 4000. There do not appear to be any under-secretaries; the chief clerks, who are perhaps equivalent, receive each salaries of 2000 to 3500 dollars. The number of states in the Union is now 26, each of which deputes representatives to congress according to its ratio of population. The number of representatives at present is 242; of which New York state sends 40, Pennsylvania 28, Virginia 21, Massachusetts 12, and so on down to Arkansas and Michigan, who each send one. The judiciary consists of a supreme and circuit courts. The supreme court, which meets annually in session at Washington, comprises a chief justice, with a salary of 5000 dollars, eight associate justices, each with a salary of 4500 dollars: also an attorney-general, reporter, clerk, and marshal. The states generally are divided into nine judicial circuits, in each of which a circuit court is held twice every year by a justice of the supreme court, assisted by state or district judges.

The intercourse with foreign nations is conducted by ministers plenipotentiary, with a salary of 9000 dollars, besides 9000 dollars for outfit; chargès d'affairs, with a salary of 4500 dollars; secretaries of legation, 2000 dollars; and ministers resident, 6000 dollars. There are likewise employed about 170 consuls. The United States navy at present consists of 10 ships of the line, each with 74 guns, except one, which has 120 guns; 14 frigates of the first class, 2 frigates of the second class, 17 sloops of war, 8 brigs, 9 schooners, 6 steamers, and 3 store-ships. The regular army numbers under 10,000 men, and is in process of reduction to a minimum. The highest military officer is a major-general, with a pay of 200 dollars per month. The militia force, including officers and privates, amounts to 1,711,342 men. The post-office establishment has in its service 13,733 postmasters and their clerks, 2342 contractors and their agents; and transports the mails over an annual aggregate of 34,835,991 miles. Distance and weight govern the charge for transmission; as, for example, a single letter sent any distance under 30 miles is charged 6 cents, or 3d.; and if over 30, and under 80, it is charged 10 cents, or 5d. All the charges for letters seem exorbitant in comparison with our penny rates; but the mode of charging newspapers is more lenient. Newspapers being unstamped, with no duty on advertisements, they can be sold cheaply on the spot where they are produced. When sent by post, they are charged for transmission within any part of the state, or 100 miles beyond it, 1 cent; if over 100 miles, and out of the state, 1½ cents. Periodicals and pamphlets are likewise sent by post. The almanac before us, consisting of ten sheets, is, we perceive, charged 15 cents under 100 miles, and 25 cents over that distance. These charges must fall heavily on distant purchasers. In Great Britain, periodicals of all kinds can be readily procured through a bookseller, without any charge for transmission.

The sale of land is an important branch of revenue. In the year 1841, the quantity sold was 1,164,796 acres, producing the sum of 1,363,090 dollars. The money received is divided among the various states according to certain ratios of population and federal electors. The customs, however, is the principal source of revenue: in 1842 they produced upwards of 18,000,000 dollars. The total receipts of the treasury in 1842 are set down at 34,502,593 dollars; but this sum appears to include at least 10,000,000 dollars of treasury notes, which, we suppose, signify borrowed money; the expenditure, including redemption of treasury notes, and interest on debt, amounts to 35,308,634 dollars. Exclusive of the debt and trust funds, the expenditure in the year ending March 1843 was as follows:—On the civil, miscellaneous, and foreign intercourse, 6,865,451 dollars; on military establishment, including pension and Indian affairs, 8,248,917 dollars; on naval establishment, 7,963,677 dollars—total (omitting fractions), 23,078,047 dollars. This statement brings out the remarkable fact, that sixteen out of the twenty-three millions, or more than two-thirds of the whole expenditure, were for warlike purposes. The public debt of the Union on the 1st of December 1842 amounted to 10,093,426 dollars—less than half a year's free revenue.

The rapid growth of the principal cities gives one a striking idea of the progress of affairs in the states. The population of New York in 1790 was 33,131; in 1840 it was 312,710. That of Philadelphia in 1790 was 42,520; in 1840 it was 258,037. In 1800 New Orleans was scarcely in existence; in 1840 its population was 102,193. Newark did not exist in 1810; in 1840 its population was 17,290. Lowel did not exist in 1820; in 1840 its population was 20,796.

The number of states in the Union, as we have said, is at present twenty-six, along with three territories and one district. The total free population of the states in 1790 was 3,929,827; in 1840 it was 17,063,353. The total slave population in 1790 was 697,897; in 1840 it was 2,487,355; the ratio of free to slaves, therefore, is rather more than 7 to 1. The number of slaves in each state in 1840 was as follows:—Maine 0, New Hampshire 1, Vermont 0, Massachusetts 0, Rhode Island 5, Connecticut 17, New York 4, New Jersey 674, Pennsylvania 64, Delaware 2605, Maryland 89,737, Virginia 448,987, North Carolina 245,817, South Carolina 327,038, Georgia 280,944, Alabama 253,532, Mississippi 195,211, Louisiana 168,452, Arkansas 19,935, Tennessee 183,059, Kentucky 182,258, Ohio 3, Michigan 0, Indiana 3, Illinois 331, Missouri 58,240, district of Columbia 4694, Florida territory 25,717, Wisconsin territory 11, Iowa territory 16.

From tables illustrative of educational, medical, and religious statistics, we learn that there are 105 colleges for the higher branches of education in the states, the greater number attended by from 60 to 150 pupils, but some have as many as 300. The largest college library is that of Harvard university, which contains 53,000 volumes. The greater number of the colleges are under the influence of special religious denominations. Independently of these colleges, there are 38 theological seminaries. There are 28 medical schools and 8 law schools. The Protestant Episcopal church consists of 21 bishops, with their respective dioceses, 1135 ministering clergy, and 55,427 members or communicants. The Roman Catholic church consists of 20 bishops, one of whom is an archbishop; 579 ministering clergy; number

of members not stated. The Methodist Episcopal church consists of 15 conferences, 4244 travelling preachers, 7621 local preachers, white members or communicants 936,736, coloured 128,410—total 1,068,525. The Baptist body comprehends 8383 churches, 5398 ministers, and 611,527 communicants. The Free-Will Baptist connexion embraces 1057 churches, 714 ordained preachers, and 50,688 members. To the Presbyterians (old school) there belong 2092 churches, 1434 ministers; number of members not stated. The Congregationalists in 1841 had 971 churches, and 774 ministers; members not stated. The Lutheran church has 1371 churches, 424 ministers, and 146,300 members. The Universalists have 918 churches, and 476 ministers; members not stated. The tables do not include the smaller sects.

A considerable portion of the almanac is occupied with lists of officials and other matters connected with the individual states, each of which possesses its own executive, legislative, judiciary, school system, and debt. The annual salary of the state governors is various; in Maine the governor receives 1500 dollars, in New Hampshire 1000, in Massachusetts 2500, in New York 4000, and so on. The free population in 1840, and debt in 1842 or 1843 of each state, may be noted as follows:—Maine, population, 501,793; debt, 1,725,362 dollars. New Hampshire, 284,574; no financial statement. Vermont, 291,948; no financial statement. Massachusetts, 737,699; debt, 6,264,740 dollars. Rhode Island, 108,830; debt, 64,255 dollars. Connecticut, 309,978; debt none, and apparently money in hand. New York, 2,428,921; debt (January 1843), 31,583,138 dollars. New Jersey, 373,306; debt, none stated, but we observe a temporary loan of 39,000 dollars was made in 1842. Pennsylvania, 1,724,033; debt (January 1843), 37,937,788 dollars. Delaware, 78,085; debt (December 1842), 15,211,393 dollars. Virginia, 1,239,797; debt, 7,409,166 dollars. North Carolina, 753,419; no financial statement. South Carolina, 594,398; no financial statement. Georgia, 691,392; no financial statement. Alabama, 590,756; debt, 9,834,555 dollars. Mississippi, 375,651; no financial statement. Louisiana, 352,411; no financial statement. Tennessee, 829,210; debt, 3,015,916 dollars. Kentucky, 779,828; debt, 3,902,783. Ohio, 1,519,467; debt none, and overplus revenue. Michigan, 212,267. Indiana, 685,866. Illinois, 476,183. Missouri, 383,702. Columbia district, 43,712. Florida territory, 54,477. Wisconsin territory, 30,945. Iowa territory, 43,112. No financial statements for these.

The notices of school funds in the respective states are among the most pleasing features of the work before us. The greater number of the states appear to have general boards for directing and superintending elementary schools, which are supported by public taxes and the proceeds of land set apart for the purpose, also by fees. We observe that in 1842 the school fund of New Jersey amounted to 344,495 dollars, and that the number of district schools was 1500. In Pennsylvania, as far as reports had been obtained in 1842, there were 6116 schools, having 5176 male teachers and 231 female teachers: 554 schools are said still to be required. On turning to Ohio, we see that in 1842 it distributed 233,350 dollars on the common schools. In Michigan the school fund consists of every sixteenth section (640 acres) of land in each surveyed township. The total amount of school lands in this state is 1,000,000 acres; number of school districts, 2312; children reported in the districts, 64,871; attending district schools, 56,173; attending private schools, 3196. It appears from this that almost every child is at school, a fact not more gratifying than singular, considering that the attendance is voluntary.

We should have been glad if, in addition to the numerous facts embraced in the almanac, some distinct information had been presented respecting the amount of monies borrowed from foreign countries by the different states, the cause for contracting such debts, and the reasons for repudiating payment. In the silence of our authority on these points, we turn to another production of the transatlantic press, the North American Review for the first month of the present year, where, in an article on the subject, we glean the following intelligence.

Pennsylvania, as we have seen, had in 1843 a debt of 37,937,788 dollars, of which 30,533,629 were borrowed to form canals and railways, 4,410,135 to pay interest on previous debt, and the rest generally for other public purposes. The stagnation of trade and general embarrassment rendered it impossible for the state, with its ordinary resources, to preserve credit; certificates were issued by the treasury to the creditors, bearing interest at 6 per cent.; but these certificates, with the interest which has accrued on them, are yet unpaid. The annual charge for interest is, in round numbers, 2,000,000 dollars. 'Suppose the public works were to yield no revenue at all, and the whole of this charge were to fall on the people in a direct tax, it is only one per cent. on their annual products: a tax of one dollar a-head would nearly pay it.' The reviewer informs us that Pennsylvania has not wished to act fraudulently; it has made unsuccessful attempts to raise funds; yet why its legislature has not imposed taxes to meet the deficiency, is not explained: the unwillingness of the people to submit to so small a capitation impost as a dollar per annum, and the fears of public men to lose popularity by making proposals disagreeable to the electors, must be the real cause of the bankruptcy. 'Maryland is another delinquent state, which has failed, during the last two years, to make payment of the interest on her public debt,' which was contracted to carry on great public improvements, by purchases of stock in canal and railroad companies, and loans to such companies. The money required for interest is 6,000,000 dollars annually. Of this sum 450,000 dollars would require to be raised by direct taxation. The legislature has ordained a tax for the purpose, but it cannot be raised; the collection of the cash seems an impossibility. The want of will to pay is the cause of this dishonourable state of affairs. The people of Maryland say, that, by the constitution, taxes can only be imposed 'for the support of government;' and that, as the construction of railroads and canals is not one of the legitimate objects of government, they will not pay any tax of that nature. This is a bad excuse. 'The first object of government undoubtedly is, to secure its citizens from violence and wrong. But this by no means exhausts its powers or fulfils its duties. It may do much towards the increase of knowledge, the advancement of education, both religious and secular, the progress of the sciences, the promotion of a free intercourse between communities and nations, and the increase and diffusion of wealth and comfort; and what it can do towards these objects, securely and wisely, it is bound to do. This duty has been felt by all governments, and to some extent has been performed by all. Great public works, designed for the common benefit, and executed by the combined power of the whole people, have always been looked upon as monuments of civilisation, and of the wisdom and virtue of the administration which planned them. It is now for the first time denied that they are within its legitimate powers.'

The debt of Mississippi appears to have been incurred by putting bonds into circulation for the purpose of giving capital to the Mississippi Union Bank, an institution which lost all its money. The redemption of the bonds has been repudiated, on the grounds that they were sold informally, and below their value. Michigan has also denied its obligation to pay a part of its outstanding debts, which are in the form of bonds, parted with, as it is said, informally or illegally, by the United States Bank of Pennsylvania to certain banking-houses in Europe. Louisiana, by likewise loaning its credit to several banking corporations, has contracted a debt it is unwilling to liquidate. Indiana and Illinois contracted debts for public improvements, and are at pre-

sent unable to pay all demands on them. The reviewer sums up the cases of insolvency as follows:—'States which are so deeply involved in debt, that it is out of their power at present to perform their engagements; states whose resources and means of payment are ample, and who have never questioned the binding force of their contracts; and states able to pay, but refusing, on the ground that they are not able to pay.' Want of inclination to act honestly, however, is what Europeans recognise as the guiding principle of this wide-spread insolvency. 'What,' says the reviewer, 'would future times say to a series of acts of confiscation by which the great republics of the New World, in the middle of the nineteenth century, should appropriate millions of property to their own use? The inquiry would be made—was it enemy's property seized in time of war; or was it taken in the midst of a revolution, as a signal and severe punishment for great crimes against the state? If so, though opposed to the lenient and more humane spirit of the present age, and in itself of very doubtful propriety, the laws of nations do not positively forbid it, and the examples of nations in less favoured times might afford some excuse for it. But what must be the reply? It must be, that these acts were done in a time of profound peace; that they fell alike upon citizens and upon strangers; upon the child who was too young to be otherwise than innocent, and women and aged men who were too feeble to be feared; that they were directed against no crime; that they were justified by no principle; that they were naked acts of arbitrary power, prompted by no motive except a base love of money. We cannot bring ourselves to fear that the American people, or any considerable part of them, will ever stand fairly before the world in judgment for this great crime. * * Let every honest man, then, take care to do what in him lies to protect himself from this great wrong, and never rest until the faith of his country has been redeemed, and its honour secured from reproach.'

THE BASQUES.

PART FIRST.

At the hour of sunset, late in the summer of 18—, a small party left the suburbs of St Jean Pied de Port, and took their way to the Spanish frontier. It consisted of a tall and handsome cavalier, of twenty-eight or thirty years of age, whose features were marked with care and anxiety, and whose dress and accoutrements showed marks of long service. He led by the hand a fine boy, of five or six years of age, and hanging on his arm was a young and handsome female, whose dark shining locks, large and brilliant eyes, with a figure of peculiar grace and elegance, showed the native of Andalusia. A tall and swarthy figure, half brigand and half smuggler, led the way; a long carabine swung at his back, and his leathern girdle was garnished with pistols of formidable appearance. On the banks of the Bidassoa, a lad was waiting them with four mules, two of which were destined for the travellers, the other two for their attendant, the slight baggage they carried with them, and a few contraband articles belonging to their escort.

The drums from the citadel sounded the ventrée as the fugitives mounted in silence, and took their way up one of the gorges of the mountains, down which a threatening blast came groaning in their faces and made them halt for a few minutes, whilst the gentleman enveloped his female companion in a large military cloak, and wrapped the one which he himself wore more tightly round the boy he held on the saddle before him, and remounting, continued his way—the only conversation being such as their attendants could carry on between themselves during the intervals of the blasts of wind, which were now mingled with driving rain.

'How did you manage,' asked the lad, 'to convey your horses to the Carlists last Tuesday?'

'In the same way we have done before,' was the reply. 'We were thirty in all, each mounted on his beast. On the mountains the advanced post asked what we did there? We were taking our horses to pasture, we said, and in effect did halt to feed them, but mounted again as soon as it was dark; and the soldiers and douaniers, not wishing to encounter so large a party, either did not, or pretended not to see us. But your father was not so lucky last night, I think?'

'O, as to that,' said Domingo, 'we had a sharp skirmish with the douaniers, but did not lose the value of a pistole; our men threw down some packages of pretended goods.'

'And did the bait take?'

'Ay, ay; and whilst the fellows scampered after them, we reached the bottom of the valley with our powder and cloth, and they were soon safely stowed away.'

After about two hours' march, the party reached the Col d'Ispegay, where they found the ruins of a strong fort, thrown up by the French during their retreat in 1814. Some large branches of trees and remains of timber had been piled up, to serve as a shelter for the douaniers and soldiers, who had a small station on the spot. Esteban, the guide, uttered a low cry, resembling the shriek of an owl, and immediately a Basque mountaineer showed himself from the thicket. The two conversed together a short time in whispers, after which Esteban informed his companions that his brother, whom he had sent forward to discover how matters stood on the Spanish side, had brought word that he had heard a sharp firing between the Christinos and the Carlists, and that the former were bivouacked on their route; and they must therefore wait till they had retired, which they must necessarily do at daybreak, because the village of Erratson, just below, was Carlist. The party then dismounted as quickly as possible, and Domingo was ordered to take the mules back to St Jean Pied de Port, lest they should betray the presence of the fugitives to the guard upon the station. Esteban, the guide, then conducted Don Romnald and his family under a hanging rock, surrounded by a close thicket, where they were effectually concealed and sheltered. The cloaks and light baggage were arranged so as to form a resting-place for the lady and her son, whilst the men kept watch over them. The rain had ceased, and the moon gleamed forth on the mountains, throwing the projecting rocks into bold relief, and adding depth to the shadows. At no great distance glimmered the fire which was kept up by the douaniers in their bivouack, and at intervals were heard the tread of the patrol who were guarding the pass through which they hoped to make their way.

The reflections of the chief of the party were anything but cheering. Don Romnald D'Arcos was the head of an ancient Basque family, and had distinguished himself as a Carlist leader, but his party had sustained several defeats; and some months before, he had been obliged to escape into France with his only child and Donna Francisca his wife, the daughter and heiress of a family of rank in Andalusia, who had left her friends and connexions to follow the fortunes of her husband, who, wearied with exile, and having barely sufficient to support the companions of his flight, had seized the first reviving prospect of better fortune which the affairs of his party offered, to endeavour to regain his native land; at all events, anything seemed better than the hopeless state of inactivity in which he had dragged on the last weary months of his existence. Anxiously did he watch the long night, and deeply did he consider what might be the event of the coming day, which at length began to break in the eastern sky. With the dawn came the sound of musketry from the other side of the hill. This was a fortunate event for the fugitives, as it drew the attention of the guard solely to the quarter from whence it came, and enabled their guide and his brother to convey them and their slight baggage along a pathway nearly inaccessible, save to the mountaineers and their goats. But Romnald was a Basque, and accustomed to guerilla warfare, and, with the aid

of his attendants, safely conducted his wife and child through the pass, unseen for a while by the douaniers. The sound of bells now struck their ears from the town of Erratson, which lay below, and was the place of their destination. The sound was not that of the angelus, but the tocsin, which rung forth to call the inhabitants to arms. The Christinos were not, however, in force sufficient to resist the attack from the town, and, as the guide had foreseen, descended hastily in the direction of Aldudes, leaving the route open to the travellers; but the daylight betrayed them to the guard, who, taking them for a party of contrabandists, called loudly to them to halt. Esteban then led them hastily on one side, directing his brother to take an opposite direction, and show himself occasionally amongst the rocks, to mislead their pursuers. This he did so effectually, that in a short time Romnald and his family were beyond the reach of pursuit, and descending rapidly to Erratson. They halted for a few moments to rest themselves, and the Carlist chief uncovering his head, desired little Melchoir to do the same.

'Melchoir,' he said, 'there lies Biscay, the country where you were born, where I was born, and our forefathers for many generations. It is there they died, and there I shall die also. You must love that country as you love your mother and myself.'

The boy listened with serious attention. 'I know,' he said, 'that I am a Basque; mamma has told me so.'

'In that country of Biscay,' continued his father, 'they now make war, and men kill each other; but children have no cause to fear.'

The eyes of Melchoir sparkled as he answered, 'I must neither cry nor be afraid, but remain quiet by your side, papa, without thinking of the guns and swords. It is so the Basque boys do; mamma has taught me this also.'

'The war we make is a holy war; they wish to take from us our liberty, and our ancient laws and customs. One day you will understand all this.'

'Those wicked people,' replied the child, 'are called Christinos, and we call ourselves Carlists.'

Both father and mother repeatedly kissed their child, who was thus early taught to hold to all the Basque veneration for their *fueros*, or ancient laws, and thus was the seed sown which was to germinate in new civil conflicts in years to come.

'Remember my experience, Melchoir,' his father added; 'whatever danger awaits you in your native land, there meet it. To die in and for your country and home, brings with it pleasure and satisfaction; but to linger a fugitive in a foreign land, takes every charm from life. Your mother will one day repeat to you all that I have said.'

'And why not repeat your instructions to him yourself?' asked the lady.

'Francisca,' said Don Romnald mournfully, 'you know whither we are going?'

This presentiment of evil blanched the cheeks of the wife and mother, and the party proceeded again in silence till they entered the town of Erratson, where the bells were once again pealing forth, no longer signals of alarm or vengeance, but announcing tidings of joy to the multitude which filled the square before the church, who joined their triumphant cries to the sound, and shouts of 'Viva el Rey Don Carlos' rang through the streets. Don Romnald was soon recognised, and the populace joyfully greeted his arrival, which at the moment seemed an especial blessing from Heaven. Don Carlos having succeeded in making his way through France, and entered the Basque provinces, leaders to direct the vigour and strength of his partisans seemed all that was needed to give final success to his cause. It was a day of fête and rejoicing in Erratson; numberless guitars were sounding in the streets, and around them groups of young men performing the national dances, greatly to their own satisfaction and the amusement of the spectators. The gay costume of the land shone forth in all its richness; the velvet jacket, covered with countless gilded buttons, the scarlet vest and velvet pantaloons, with caps of white or blue; for the red cap, as a mark of the partisans of Isabella, found no favour in a population devoted to Don Carlos. Groups of females, too, were mingled with the crowd, displaying their gay bodices of cloth or velvet, and long braided tresses hanging down to their knees. All was mirth and festivity: the war raging around them was forgotten, though the enemy were perhaps only on the other side of the hills, and might be within sight of the town in an hour. No matter; if he came, so much the better. And soon it seemed probable that such would be the case; for after mid-day a horseman rode rapidly into the plaza; the silver tassel hanging from his white cap showed him to be a Carlist officer, and the townsmen crowded eagerly around him.

'Men of Biscay,' he cried, 'Mina is advancing on the town with his battalions.'

The dancers ceased their sport, the guitars were hushed in an instant, the wine shops poured forth their revellers, and in an inconceivably short time the multitude presented themselves in military array; not in uniform, or with the arms of regular troops, it is true, but as a band of native soldiers, whose weapons were at hand and ready for service, though various in their form, and differing in their kind. There were the carabines of the smuggler, old Moorish lances and hunting-spears, with hereditary swords which had been wielded by many successive generations of Basque patriots in defence of their laws and customs, and who now assumed them without tumult or confusion, as men accustomed to such emergencies, and ever ready to obey the voice that called them forth to combat for the privileges of their native Biscay. The sound of national songs filled the air, and wives and mothers blessed their husbands and their sons, and hurried to the church to pray for their success.

Don Romnald was provided with a horse and a white cap with the ensigns of an officer of rank, and desired to take the command of the patriots of Erratson. Donna Francisca, in imitation of the females around her, endeavoured to receive his adieu without a tear, and merely asked, in a faltering voice, when and where they should meet again.

'Probably to-morrow at Lecarroz, whither one of my old friends will conduct you,' was the reply.

'To-morrow, then; not later; for a first absence, it is enough.'

When the troop had disappeared, and the deserted streets told the absence of their defenders, the fire which had kindled in her eye, and the colour which had flushed her cheeks, faded away, and catching Melchoir by the hand, she said, in no very articulate tones, 'Come, my boy, to the church—to the church, to pray for him.'

The next day Donna Francisca and her son were established in the largest and whitest house in the pretty village of Lecarroz, with Senhor Triarte, the old alcade of the town. Don Romnald had not yet returned, being still engaged in skirmishing with the troops of Mina a league and a-half from Lecarroz. For some hours Francisca had been seated by a window, with her eyes fixed upon the distant hills, from whence were heard at intervals the discharges of musketry, with now and then the roar of cannon. Silent and anxious, each volley produced a shudder through her frame; behind her, and leaning on her chair, stood a young girl, a daughter of the family, whose eyes were steadily turned to the same point, and who seemed equally wrapt in contemplation of the scene in the distance. Her figure was remarkably thin and slender, her cheek pale and wasted, and her lovely dark eyes surrounded with a deep blue circle, which told of watchfulness and sorrow.

After some time, Francisca broke the silence by saying, 'Will there never be an end of this anxiety and fear? The combat seems unabated.'

'No,' replied the girl sadly and slowly; 'neither party have yet yielded ground.'

'Have you any one engaged in the conflict particularly dear to you, Carmela?'

Carmela shook her head, and replied, 'The Carlists are our friends and our protectors, the defenders of our country and its laws.' And, as if to evade further inquiry, she said, 'Would you like, senhora, to go to the end of the village towards the entrance of the defile? We may perhaps find some one to give us information from the scene of action.'

Donna Francisca gladly accepted the proposal, and proceeding up the village, they turned up the gorge of a ravine in the direction from whence the sounds of the combat proceeded: the firing of musketry and the roar of cannon came more distinctly to their ears, increased by the echoes of the valley.

'Oh these cannon!' cried Francisca with a shudder.

'The Carlists have no artillery, and must capture it from the enemy at all hazards,' replied her companion.

They then seated themselves on a projecting rock; and after a short time Francisca's excited feelings began to vent themselves in tears. At first they flowed gently and in silence, but as she yielded to their influence, she began to sob more violently, and at length gave way to the most violent and unrestrained sorrow. After some time her companion caught the contagion of her grief, and it was long before the storm of their lamentation abated. When it had in some degree exhausted itself, Francisca said, 'It is not patriotism alone, my child, that thus excites you; your grief too nearly resembles my own.'

'No, senhora, no,' sobbed Carmela, giving full way to her feelings. 'You may avow your tears and anxiety before all Biscay; I sorrow for one I dare not now acknowledge—for one I have renounced for ever. You know how this horrible struggle has arisen; but there is scarcely one Basque amongst a thousand who has abandoned the cause of his country and the defence of our friends, to join the Spaniards and Christinos; yet there have been traitors amongst us, deserters to the Chapelgorris; and he who was my betrothed is with them, fighting amongst those renegades. When the news of his treason first reached us, my grandfather said to me, "Carmela, your engagement with Salvador Elyssalde is broken for ever: we can hold no connexion with the deserter of our laws and customs, with one who takes the bribes of arms, and is armed by England against his king and his country—a destroyer of our holy convents, and a persecutor of our holy martyrs. I must have for my grandson a faithful son of Biscay." You are right, my father, I replied; your thoughts and sentiments are mine; but oh, senhora, the first engagement between the Carlists and Christinos nearly broke my heart. When I saw the young men of Lecarroz march out as heroes to a holy war, the tears which fell upon my cheeks seemed scalding them with shame; but when they returned victorious, I felt my love for Salvador was not extinct; pity and alarm awoke within me—perhaps he was left wounded or dead upon the field—perhaps he was a prisoner and under sentence of death; and it is the same at every fresh engagement—the same struggle, the same agony. I know that to-day he is engaged there—there fighting under Mina, and at this instant perchance a victim or a fratricide.'

Suddenly a young man sprang on the rock beside them. He wore the Basque costume, but with the red cap of the regiment of Chapelgorris: his figure was blackened with the smoke and powder, his dress torn and stained with blood, and his long hair covered with dust; but, in spite of all this, a remarkably handsome youth.

'Carmela,' he said, extending his hand towards the maiden of Lecarroz; but Carmela repulsed him with vehemence, and cried, 'Away, away; there is blood upon you. Is it that of my uncle, of my cousins, or the holy monks of St Spiridion? at all events, it is the blood of a Basque. Go, traitor; go to your English friends; their pay is good. Go to your bloody leader, Mina; he loves such a sight.'

'Oh, Carmela!'

'Stand off, Christino!'

'Yet, Carmela, you pray for me.'

'I pray for you as a sinner; I pray for your conversion.'

The musketry now sounded nearer.

'Fly, fly, and save yourself,' said Carmela.

'Where is Don Romnald?' cried Francisca.

'Returning to Lecarroz,' replied Salvador; and then added, 'I came hither, Carmela, at all hazards, to warn you to escape with your family and friends from Lecarroz. Mina, full of resentment for the assistance you have afforded to the Carlist troops, has denounced vengeance against your village: and now, Carmela, adieu!'

'Oh! Salvador,' replied the girl, turning to him as she was taking her way to the village; 'oh! Salvador, avoid the Carlists.'

The females found the village in alarm: the trumpet had recalled the men who were employed in guarding the cattle, and they came down into the place like an avalanche. 'The Carlists of Erratson are repulsed,' was the cry; and the men, seizing their arms, hurried in the direction of the fight, to aid and support their friends, leaving only old men, women, and children in Lecarroz. Nine o'clock at length sounded from the church tower, and the voices and heavy tread of men were heard approaching: the sounds of battle had ceased. Donna Francisca had been for some time kneeling in silent prayer, when Carmela said, 'The Carlists are returning in good order; had any mischance befallen their leader, it would not be so.' The voices could now be distinguished through the gloom; various names were shouted forth, and glad replies were returned. 'Our friends are safe again,' exclaimed Carmela, as the plaza filled with the returning troops. Donna Francisca called loudly on her husband. 'He has fought like a hero, and is safe and unhurt,' replied several voices. Still he did not appear, till at length the last convoy of the wounded arrived under his escort. 'See, here he comes, safe and unwounded, by the blessing of the Virgin!' cried Carmela. Donna Francisca threw herself on her husband's neck in grateful prayer for his restoration.

Lecarroz soon recovered its tranquillity. Mina had fallen back upon St Etevan, and Don Romnald had gone to Ellisondo to confer with Zumalacarreguy, and from thence had followed him to Guernica, leaving his wife and child still under the protection of the alcade. Carmela had become as an affectionate sister to their guest, and had remained with her one day, when the rest of the family had gone on a visit to some relatives about two leagues from the village. Francisca was comparatively happy; she had just received a letter from her husband, who was safe and well, and was communicating to Carmela the contents of the epistle, when an unusual sound caught their ears and made them start instantly to their feet. A roll of drums sounded from the extremity of the village, then came the heavy tread of approaching troops, next loud voices issuing orders, —a wild cry of distress—mingled imprecations of rage and despair; all passed with the rapidity of a sudden hurricane, till the whole village resounded with shouts of clamour and alarm. Donna Francisca flew to the window; the name of Mina was repeated with wild screams from the women, and in deeper tones of rage from the men. Crowds rushed to the extremities of the village, but were driven back into the interior by the troops which surrounded it; barricades were placed against the doors, the window-shutters closed; whilst some vowed to bury themselves beneath the ruins, and others rushed in wild confusion from house to house, or hurried to the church. In the meanwhile the Christinos continued to advance, shouting 'Death to the Carlists. Francisca caught her child in her arms, whilst Carmela, hurrying to a recess in the chamber, drew forth a couple of long knives, and handed one of them to her companion, who received it, almost unconscious of what she was about, and thinking only of her child. The sound

of doors bursting under the blows of the assailants, and fresh shouts and cries from the houses thus violently entered, now reached them. The soldiers were already before the dwelling of the alcade, driving on a crowd of females, children, and old men with the points of their swords and bayonets, like beasts to the slaughter. The door of the house in which were the two females was only fastened by a slight bolt, and yielded to the first attack; the footsteps of the invaders sounded on the stairs, and the soldiers of Mina burst into the chamber. The women rushed to the window, and were about to throw themselves out, Francisca still holding young Melchoir in her arms, when they were seized by the men, and forced back into the room with shouts of brutal exultation. Carmela grasped the handle of the knife with a fixed look of despair, and Francisca fell upon her knees intreating the soldiers to save her boy, when a Basque officer of the Chapelgorris burst into the room, and, throwing himself before the females, brandished a pistol in each hand, exclaiming, 'Back, back; leave these prisoners to me!' The men slowly and unwillingly obeyed their officer, who, turning to Carmela, said in breathless agitation, 'Haste, haste—where are your friends?'

'Thank Heaven, two leagues hence.'

'Come, then, fly instantly, or we shall be too late.'

'Save my friend and her child also.'

'Ay, ay,' cried Salvador; 'follow me.'

As they hurried from the house, they heard the plunderers bursting every door, and demolishing every article which they thought might contain anything of value, whilst others were throwing lighted fuses upon the roof, to grill, as they said, the Carlists who had secreted themselves from their search.

To escape through the village was now impossible, for the streets were filled with soldiers; and in the public place the captive inhabitants were drawn up in lines, from which every fifth individual was marked for immediate execution, and shot without mercy, and without a moment's reprieve. Numbers were already weltering in their blood; whilst the survivors, scarcely more to be envied, stood to witness the destruction of their parents, children, lovers, and friends, hopeless and helpless either to save or to avenge them. Such scenes were of daily occurrence in devoted Spain, and probably may continue for years to come.

Salvador, half dragging his terrified companions, reached the back of the houses; now concealing them from the shots fired against the fugitives in various directions; now leaping the enclosures, and rushing down the steep sides of the rocks, till they gained at length the side of the ravine opposite to Lecarroz, and were in comparative safety. A young girl had succeeded in following their footsteps, and was met by an elderly female rapidly running down the hill they were ascending.

'Benedetta,' she said, 'why are you alone? where is Dolores?'

'There—there below,' replied the terrified girl, pointing to the town.

'Why is she not with you?' Benedetta stood silent and horror-struck; her mother pushed wildly forward, crying loudly on Dolores; her daughter grasped her clothes convulsively, and whispered forth—'Dead, mother, dead; murdered there!' still pointing to the town.

'Save yourself,' said her mother, sitting down in tranquil despair. 'Leave me here, and save yourself.'

Other fugitives soon arrived, and were met by men hurrying from the mountains. 'My poor old father,' exclaimed one, when he heard the extent of the disaster. 'My wife, my children,' cried another, 'where are they?' 'Mine,' exclaimed a third with joy, 'are cutting wood in the forest;' then, as if reproaching himself for this selfish feeling, stood mute, regarding his friends with deep sorrow and compassion. But the sound of musketry again came from Lecarroz. In a village or small town all are friends or relatives, and the melancholy group knew that every ball was striking some one endeared to them by the ties of blood or friendship: every discharge carried with it death to some well-beloved one of their kindred or companions, whilst they were impotent to aid or to protect them.

Near the spot where the party had halted was a small enclosure belonging to the alcade, in which was a thick copse of willows growing round a mountain-spring, and affording a temporary shelter: thither Carmela led her friend and her son, and was followed by Salvador; Francisca repeatedly embracing the rescued boy, and uttering broken prayers and thanksgiving to God and the saints; then, seizing the hand of Salvador, she added, 'My husband must thank you for saving and protecting his wife and child. May Heaven watch over and defend you.' And turning to Carmela, continued, 'It is for you, my child, to recompense him also: give him your hand.' Carmela, pale as a corpse, allowed her hand to fall into that of the young man, saying, in a sombre tone, 'You were within a little, Salvador, of finding me dead by my own hand, or a victim to your friends the Christinos.'

'Had I not been one of them, I could not have saved you,' replied Salvador sadly.

'My heart is but too grateful,' she said; 'but your country, Salvador: Biscay may still count you amidst her destroyers and her enemies.'

'Carmela, are we not all by turns destroyers and destroyed?'

At this moment the wind wafted from Lecarroz a mingled sound of cries and lamentations, of threats and imprecations, together with the crash of falling buildings. 'Hearken, hearken,' cried the excited girl; 'my home, my friends, my country, where are they now?'

Salvador endeavoured to calm her.

'Do not these cries rend your heart also?' she continued. 'Do you not hear amongst them the voices of your mother and your brethren? It was in Basque, Salvador, that she first gave you her blessing; in Basque you received the first lessons from your father; and when you are with me, is it not in Basque that we converse? Have you been so long absent as to have forgotten all this? Have the lessons of the stranger effaced even remembrance of your native Biscay?'

'For a time, Carmela, this struggle must continue; but let us pray that peace and happiness may be the final result.'

'And when you have decimated the population, think you the remainder will submit? When you have slain the fathers, will the children never come to be men? No, no,' she cried with fresh vehemence, 'if you should exterminate us all, our free and independent land will launch forth her torrents and her rocks to bury you amongst the ruins.'

'Be calm, dearest Carmela.'

'Renegade!'

'And have not you your martial laws?' said Salvador. 'If I fell into the hands of your friends, should I not be judged to death?'

'Do you think that would afford me consolation, Salvador?'

He turned as if about to depart. 'What!' she cried, 'are you going to rejoin these brigands drunk with our blood?'

The flames and smoke of the burning village were rising to the clouds. Carmela seized the hands of Salvador, and drew him to the edge of the spring. 'I have not visited this spot,' she said, 'since we were here together on the evening when my grandfather had fixed the day of our marriage. Little did I then think that the next time we should be upon this spot together, that it would be during the massacre of my friends, and that I should here watch the destruction of my home, that we should witness these horrors together, and that I alone should weep for them;' then kneeling down, she added, 'Oh! Salvador, do not, do not return to them.'

Salvador raised her in his arms, and said, 'But my oath, Carmela; my oath to Queen Isabella; it is through her I trust to see the regeneration of Spain. In pity, spare me.'

'You will receive honour from all the Basques, and the requital of your love.'

'To betray the cause I have sworn to defend, and my young brothers who have followed me to this contest? Were it not for my love to you, Carmela, I could execrate the bigoted prejudices of countrymen, and think our emancipation cheaply gained by their decimation.'

With these words he dashed over the enclosure, and Carmela frantically cried after him, 'Return, then, accomplice of those demons; and the same curse will fall upon you all!'

Salvador heard, and once more turning round, said in a tone of deep sorrow, 'Oh! Carmela, let not Heaven hear you thus invoking destruction upon my head;' and slowly descended again towards Lecarroz; whilst the maiden threw herself upon the ground in an agony of grief and despair. And these, thought Francisca, are the scenes of civil war, and in such my husband has embarked: the result is in the hands of God alone. And she knelt beside her friend in prayer; but the approach of night made it necessary to seek an asylum, and persuading Carmela to rise, besought her to consider where they could find the nearest refuge. At the distance of half a league was a retired farm amongst the hills, belonging to a nephew of the priest of Lecarroz, a relative of the alcade; thither they directed their course, and on their arrival found a few of the inhabitants of the ruined village who had escaped the fate of their compatriots, and were received with all the hospitality the place could afford.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TO PREVENT VESSELS FROM SINKING.

THAT vessels receiving injuries at sea, short of utterly destroying them, should invariably sink to the bottom, carrying with them numbers of their unfortunate crew and passengers, is, we think, by no means creditable to the genius of an age in which such prodigious advances have been made in the useful arts. We propose to show how, with little trouble and expense, every ship which goes to sea could be rendered proof in most cases against submersion. The first thing to be observed is, that the specific gravity of a vessel, no matter what be its size, is usually less than that of an equal bulk of water. The addition of iron machinery, of course, greatly increases the specific gravity of steam vessels, and causes them to sink more readily than sailing craft; nevertheless, even in the case of steamers receiving severe contusions, it is observed that they do not sink all at once. Generally speaking, in the worst species of accidents, sailing vessels require from half an hour to an hour, and steam vessels from fifteen to twenty minutes, to disappear below the water. In nearly all instances there is manifested, as it were, a reluctance to sink. Trembling in the balance between existence and extinction, any little addition which could at the moment be imparted to the buoyant properties of the mass would turn the scale in its favour. We believe it has been repeatedly proposed to occupy all the spare cavities of vessels with air-tight metal tubes, by which sinking in almost any circumstances would be impossible; but on account of the expense, and the necessary structural alteration required in any such plan, it has never been practically adopted. Supposing, then, that a permanent means of extra-buoyancy is unadvisable, the following simple expedient may be resorted to in relation to all vessels already or to be built.

In each of the cabins, and other parts usually containing vacant space, let there be hung up conveniently on the wall, in the manner of a rolled-up hammock, or concealed behind a loose screen, an air-tight bag, communicating by air-tight tubes to force-pumps on deck. The instant the vessel strikes, and is supposed to have received an irreparable injury, let the tyings of the rolled-up bag be cast loose, and the force-pumps set in motion. The bags inflating with air like a balloon, would speedily fill the cabins, or other vacant spaces in which they were allowed to expand, and would sustain the vessel on the surface of the ocean, although logged to the level of the deck with water. As a variation on the plan, the air-tight bags might be attached to the sides or other exterior parts of the ship; but as the liability to injury would be greater in these situations than in the cabins, it appears to us that the bags would have their fittest receptacle in the interior of the vessel. There cannot, we think, be the slightest doubt that, by the expedient we suggest, the sinking of vessels of every description would be rendered a physical impossibility. Nor could the expense of the apparatus—a few pounds at most—any more than the trouble of its application, be considered an obstacle to its adoption.

LOSS IS LOSS.

In connexion with the above subject, it may be well here to advert to a very prevalent error of the popular mind with regard to insurance. When any great fire takes place, such as those which have lately happened in Liverpool and Manchester, the paragraphist usually concludes his account of it with the consoling words, 'We are happy to learn that the property was insured to the amount of L.30,000, which will nearly cover the whole loss!' The reader, previously much distressed by the details of the event, now cheers up, and goes on to the next paragraph with a re-assured mind, thinking to himself, 'Well, after all, there's no loss; that's a blessing!' So, also, when it is stated that the average loss of British shipping per annum reaches about two and a half millions, and is attended by the average loss of fifteen hundred lives, the public mourns for the poor men who have perished in the cause of mercantile enterprise, but takes complacent views of the pecuniary part of the calamity, for 'all that comes upon the underwriters, you know.' Because the owners of the property are not the losers, because the loss comes upon a company of insurers, it is supposed by the bulk of the public to be no loss at all. Now the fact is, that the houses burnt, and the ships sunk or dashed to pieces, with all the goods concerned in both instances, are as much *lost* in the one case as the other. The loss is not concentrated, as it would have been in early times, upon one or a few persons, but it is fully and unequivocally a loss nevertheless—that is, a destruction of the products of human industry, and a diminution of the possessions of the community; the only difference is, in its being diffused over a large surface. How truly loss is loss to insurers, could, we believe, be most pathetically shown in the state of several companies for sea-risks at the present time, suffering, as they are, from the unusual amount of maritime disaster which has marked the last three years. It is easy, with a little reflection, to see how the loss of capital to the shareholders in such concerns will tell upon the public interest, as all diminutions of the capital of a country are so much taken from the means of employing labour and producing further wealth. And it is equally easy to see how even the owners of shipping, however fully they may insure, have an interest in minimising loss at sea, as the smaller the average of such loss, the smaller must be the premiums required for insuring sea property. The losses, therefore, of marine and fire insurance companies, are losses in which the public is reasonably called to sympathise, and which it is their interest to see reduced to the smallest possible amount.

EFFECTUAL MEANS OF CHECKING RUNAWAY HORSES.

When a Canadian family-party, travelling in winter over ice-covered rivers and swamps, is so unlucky as to cross a place where the horse sinks, they save him from drowning, and themselves from the danger of sharing the same fate, by pulling a rope so arranged that it instantly chokes him. The water being thus prevented from entering his gullet, or windpipe, he floats on the surface, and it only requires a long and firm pull to bring him to solid ground, when, the rope being relaxed,

he quickly recovers his wind, and is ready once more to start on his journey. This plan of saving a horse's life by suffocating him is spoken of by the Canadians as an equally effectual and safe means of attaining the desired end, and it is in universal practice. A similar means of stopping runaway, and subduing infuriated horses, whether in riding or driving, has been lately adopted by Mr Miller, an ingenious saddler of Lothian Street, Edinburgh, not in consequence of any knowledge of the Canadian plan, but as an original idea. It consists of a rein composed partly of thread-covered cat-gut and partly of common leather, one end of which is attached to the bridle at the top of the horse's head, while the other rests at the pummel of the saddle, or on the splash-board or coach-box, as the case may be. Running upon the cat-gut part by means of loops, is a short *cross piece of cat-gut*, which rests against the windpipe of the animal, ready to be pulled up against that organ, by taking a hold of the nearer end of the rein. A quick and firm pull, to stop the breathing of the animal, is all that is necessary to bring him to an instantaneous pause. He may be in a state of panic, and running off with the bit between his teeth in spite of every ordinary means of checking him; but no sooner does he feel the stricture on his breathing, than he is conscious of being outwitted and nonplussed, and becomes instantly as quiet as a lamb; at the same time he keeps quite firm on his legs —the check not being by any means calculated to bring him down. On the contrary, from the position in which it places the horse, his shoulders being brought up, and being pressed back upon his haunches, the check is, indeed, eminently calculated to keep him up. A horse in a gig, fitted up with the safety-rein, was lately paraded before ourselves in one of the streets of Edinburgh, and the animal was several times, in the height of his career (once when coming rapidly down hill), brought to a sudden stand. We understand that the safety-rein is rapidly coming into use; and, friends as we are to everything that tends to diminish evil, and promote the convenience and agreeableness of human life, we cannot but wish to see it in universal application. We feel assured that henceforth, by means of this rein, accidents from the running away, or other violent conduct of horses, may be altogether prevented.

ZIG-ZAG TRAVELS.

Such is the designation given to travels undertaken by the pupils of boarding-schools in the south of France and Switzerland. Many of these youths, being too far from their relations to spend their vacations at home, fill them up with pedestrian tours through the most celebrated scenes and cities of southern Europe. Parties of schoolboys, numbering from half a dozen to twenty, equip themselves with blouses and well-filled knapsacks, and start off at the beginning of the holidays in quest of the picturesque, and of such adventures as their truly independent mode of travelling is likely to bring in their way. They are not, however, allowed to depart wholly without control; for the master of the school, or a trusty teacher, accompanies them to keep up the requisite discipline, and to act as pay and quarter-master to the little troop. Though there lurks in the plan the danger of implanting too early in life a taste for wandering, which is likely to engender unsettled habits, yet it has its advantages. Besides affording young people an opportunity, which may not recur in after-life, of seeing some of the most famous historical localities, it allows of indirect, and therefore the more impressive, instruction in some matters of fact and observation, which it is impossible to obtain in the class-room. Under the tutorage of a judicious and intelligent master, the pupil may learn more of nature in one of these tours than he might hope to acquire by months of school study.

From a well-written record of such wanderings much amusement is to be expected; and those who turn to a work, recently published in Paris, entitled 'Zig-Zag Travels, or Excursions of a Boarding-School during the Holidays,'* will not be disappointed. Its author is the master of an establishment at Geneva, who appears to make a rule of organising and performing a zig-zag excursion every summer. His present work gives accounts of six of these tours, which were performed in the vacations of 1837 and the five following years. The country traversed during these tours comprises—to quote the preface—'parts of Switzerland, the Tyrol, the rugged passes of the High Alps, and also the smiling districts which on the other side of the grand chain indolently reflect the rays of an Italian sun.' In the last excursion the tourists reached the sea at Venice.

The first expedition consisted of fifteen young gentlemen (two of whom were from England, and two from North America), led by M. Topffer, and attended by David, a servant. Madame Topffer also made part of the caravan. This lady, most likely the only traveller after this fashion, trudged on foot, like the rest, partaking of the good or ill chances of the way with an excellent grace. Her presence was of great use in contriving and executing little comforts for the young travellers, which none but an experienced female can supply. Some management was necessary to make the undertaking pass off pleasantly; and M. Topffer explains his plan in a preface to one of the tours. The little travellers were associated in pairs, according to their various tastes and habits, and these pairs again into chamber-fellows, according to the exigencies of the nightly halts. 'There were the quiet pairs, who wished to retire to rest tranquilly and respectably; the lively pairs, who assembled in their temporary sleeping-rooms, to make them ring with laughter perhaps till midnight; the bad-walking pairs, who were placed together to administer comfort to each other; the vagabond pairs, who never attached themselves to any set, but ranged from one clique to another; then there were the careful pairs, who possessed clothes'-brushes and shoe-horns; lastly, the hardy pairs, who cared neither for wind nor weather.'

Such was the organisation of the party which set out on the 21st August 1837 from Geneva, intending to wend their way to Milan. As a specimen of their mode of march, we translate some of their adventures on the road. They approach the ancient city of Aosta, leaving 'on the right Prê-Saint-Didier, a pretty town seated at the foot of the gorge of the little Saint Bernard, and on the left La Salle, where the Royal Carbiniers looked over our passports [this hamlet being on the frontier line which divides Switzerland from the kingdom of Milan]. As we descend, the valley becomes fruitful, more and more wooded to Arvier, where we halted to obtain refreshment. The people of Courmayeur [where they passed the previous night] recommended us to see the White Cross; but after having vainly sought over the whole hamlet, we ended by discovering a cross which is black. "Pray, where is the White Cross?" we inquired of a fat old hostess who stood on her threshold, and whose complexion was sun-burnt up to the very roots of her hair. "Here, my good boys," she replied. "Here? Why, your cross is black." "Well," she rejoined, "what would you have? It is the same with me. *I* was white once—we have grown dark together." Upon this she laughed heartily, and set about supplying us with some weak but deliciously-sour wine, and some rolls and cheese, which we relished amazingly. We should have got on all the better for our lunch but for Bryan [one of the young Americans, and a keen seeker of birds'-nests], who, at that moment, saw on a posting-bill that birds'-nesting was strictly forbidden by royal authority. Exasperated at this, he began to discuss the subject of national rights, denying to all the kings of the earth the arrogant privilege of forbidding the robbing of nests. "In America," he began—but M. Topffer cut him short by exclaiming "En route."'

In about three hours after leaving Arvier, the party

* Voyages en Zig-zag, ou Excursions d'un Pensionnat en Vacances, &c. Par M. Topffer. Paris: 1844. The work is illustrated with cleverly engraved and admirably printed woodcuts.

enters Aosta, and having dined at an inn, sally forth to see the remains of antiquity with which the place abounds. It contains a Roman bridge, the ruins of an amphitheatre, and the celebrated triumphal arch erected by Augustus to perpetuate his victory over the Salasses (ancient inhabitants of the Swiss Alps). The young gentlemen are also recommended to make a survey of the colleges of Aosta; but they decline, on the plea of having enough of school at Geneva, and prefer seeing the Leper's tower, rendered famous by Count Xavier de la Meistres' beautiful tale of 'The Leper of Aosta.'

In the next day's route (to Verrèze), the young pedestrians give a specimen of their powers of mystification. They meet a countryman who was much struck with their costume, and regarded them with the minute curiosity of the Otaheitians examining Captain Cook. 'And is everybody,' inquired the peasant, 'dressed thus in the place you come from?' 'Everybody,' was the answer. 'It is a very long way off, I suppose?' 'On the borders of Africa.' 'You don't say so!' The picture which illustrates this little jest heightens it materially. The expression of the boor, with his eyes staring wide open with wonder, is most happily hit off. On they march; but, as evening draws near, symptoms of fatigue are apparent. 'To begin with our chief himself; though trudging sturdily on, he declares he cannot walk a step further. Then we lose sight of our companion Bryan, who has most probably returned to the state of savage life for which he has so great a liking. From time to time we see him established under a tree, or climbing a rock, or struggling like a lion with the insects of the air. He seldom returns to us but he has got hold of a serpent by its tail, or butterflies stuck all over his hat. We arrive in good time at Verrèze, a large village crowned with ruins. It is Sunday evening; the natives are playing at bowls; and, fatigued as we are, we sit down amphitheatre-wise on the steps of the inn, along with the village elders, who criticise the play. Our host is a man about forty, who was guide to Mr Brockedon, author of the Passes of the Alps, over all the surrounding country.—Here, as in many other places, there is a great scarcity of milk; to obtain which you must visit the large towns, and avoid the valleys. In the month of July the cows depart for the high lands, though of course the inns remain in their places below. In spite of every effort, there could not be found in Verrèze enough of milk to give us a cup a-piece, though our ordinary allowance was from four to seven. As we were departing in the morning, Bryan and Zanta, tormented by the stings of conscience, approached the landlord, and said in a repentant tone, "Monsieur, at the back of your house you have a little garden. In that little garden there are some excellent grapes—these grapes—— The fact is, we have been gathering them. How much is there to pay?" The host set up a loud laugh, and said, "Stop a minute while I'll fetch a ladder, and you can go and regale yourselves." Fine instance of virtue rewarded!—though not much virtue either. The young penitents finish by having a good feast of grapes.'

At Ivrée, the aspect of the population of every Italian town is happily hit off. 'That which strikes us most—and more especially the Genevese of our party—in all Italian towns, is the prodigious number of persons who get their living by promenading the streets and squares, or whose chief labour seems to consist of lying at ease on their counters. At certain hours, nearly every day, there is a general doing of nothing, which is by no means gay or animated. If in some places one hears people really at work, they take care to let one know it, for they make as much noise as we do when there is a house on fire, or when somebody is being saved from drowning.' Arrived at Milan, the attention of the party is not long in being attracted to the duomo, or cathedral, one of the most gorgeous specimens of architecture in Europe. It is built entirely of white stone; and although begun in March 1386, is not yet quite finished. One hundred spires, and three thousand statues, have caused it to be likened to a forest of marble. The principal spire is so lofty, that it is seen from every part of the city, and serves as a directing point to strangers. At a very great height a gallery runs round it, from which may be obtained a view of the plain of Lombardy, and of a semicircular chain of Alps which bounds it. This gallery is reached by 520 steps—'a regular journey,' say the tourists, 'but a curious and interesting one. The ascent of many celebrated mountains does not afford so vast and magnificent a panorama as may be seen from the top of the cathedral. Many of our companions, perched on the straight steps of the spire, felt their heads turn and their hearts fail.' They all, however, ascended and descended in safety. The *Breyra*, or museum of painting and sculpture, was next visited, and several other of the notabilities of the city; and on the thirteenth day the travellers turn homewards, passing in their way Como, Lugano, Magodino, entering the Simplon. At the bridge of Crevola, there is a shop where the commissariat is replenished by 'six loaves, and a sausage three feet long—a boa-sausage—an extraordinary sausage. Supported by that sausage, flanked by half a dozen loaves, the caravan traverses the bridge, to encounter the yawning gorges of the Simplon. Passing through Isella, where our passports were scrutinised and indorsed for the last time, we enter the region of roads cut in ledges of rock (*galèries*), and rugged precipices of foaming cataracts and horrible solitudes. It was in the heart of one of these that we found a verdant and tranquil corner, watered by a limpid spring. Here we pitched our tents. Adolphe was selected to distribute slices of the boa-sausage. What a delicious repast! What a combination of charming scenery and good living! What a huge gratification of enormous appetites by means of the Titanic sausage, so appropriately devoured amidst nature's colossal scenes! The three quarters of an hour we thus passed we shall never forget. With what pleasure shall we narrate the delight of this halt to our children in time to come; that is, if we happen to have any children to tell it to. By way of dessert, we continued our route.' The village of Simplon, Valais, Tourtemagne, Sierre, Sion, and Martigny passed, and the young wanderers reach the shores of the Lake of Geneva at Villeneuve, and crossing it, they once more enter their school-room, after an absence of twenty-three days.

We have traced the route of this first tour, to show how much might be seen in a few days with good management. The economy of these sort of journeys is another advantage. 'As regards the total expense,' says M. Topffer, 'that amounted to 2300 francs; this, divided by 20, the number of travellers, gives for each 115 francs, or 5 francs 50 centimes (about 4s. 6d.) per head per day. This account includes every possible expense; from coaches, boats, guides, down to washing, exchange of currency, and fees for passports.' We conclude with a few random extracts from these amusing schoolboy journals. The following are traits of the English abroad, which do not appear to be very much overstated, though by no means complimentary to our national manners as travellers.

On descending the Grimsel, the scholars encountered several tourists who had accidentally met at one point. Among them was an English traveller; one of the 'No, No' species, tall as a crane, and mute as a fish. Those of his own rank he took care to salute, but did nothing more than make way for the rest. At the table d'hôte, he seemed not to be aware that there was anybody before or beside him, for he took no notice of the company, except to be so much astonished at their familiarity with each other, that, in describing the place, he called it the 'country where everybody talks to everybody else.' Another of our countrymen crossed them in Chamouni, 'a tall cross-looking Englishman, in a shooting jacket, who strode along in perfect silence, and without taking any notice of the surrounding country. Two men followed him, panting with exertion to keep up with him, each carrying a valise and a couple of guns, with which he in

tended to kill as many chamois as he could. This, everybody must know, is easy enough, especially with the assistance of four fowling-pieces and a couple of men laden with knapsacks containing changes of linen and shaving materials! It should be remarked, that the number of chamois which a traveller says he has killed is not much to be depended on; neither is there ever a proportion kept up between the number of chamois which he slays with the number of guns he carries.'

The following hint may be useful to curious English ladies. The young travellers are in a steamboat on the Lake of Geneva, and 'some English ladies, adopting a custom peculiar to their nation, instead of entering openly into conversation, smuggle one of our companions into a corner, and ask him all manner of questions about ourselves, and everything belonging to us. They imagine that this sort of conduct exhibits a decorous reserve; but it produces rather a stupid effect, particularly when frequently repeated.'

It is rather surprising that all the tossings and tumblings of an Alpine tour does not thaw the exclusiveness of our compatriots sufficiently to make them conform to the usages of foreign society. Foreigners mistake this national peculiarity for pride and arrogance, and well they might; but the truth is, its cause is that sort of ill-breeding which arises from a limited mixture with and knowledge of the world. Persons who have travelled much, unless their Englishism be very obstinate indeed, are more communicative, and therefore more polite.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON, so well known to the British public as the author of numerous useful works on gardening, agriculture, and architecture, was the son of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. He was born on the 8th of April 1783, at Cambuslang, in Lanarkshire, where resided his maternal aunt—the mother of the Rev. Dr Claudius Buchanan, afterwards celebrated for his philanthropic labours in India. Dr Buchanan was several years older than Mr Loudon, but there was, says the authority from which we glean part of the materials of the following memoir,* a singular coincidence in many points of their history. The two sisters were left widows at an early age, with large families, which were respectively brought up by the eldest son; and both mothers had the happiness of seeing these sons become celebrated.

Mr Loudon was educated in Edinburgh, and early showed a decided taste for drawing, which he retained through life, though circumstances prevented him from bestowing much time on its cultivation. His facility in drawing plans, and making sketches of scenery, induced his father to bring him up as a landscape gardener; and, to give him a knowledge of plants, he was placed for some months with Mr Dickson, a nurseryman in Leith Walk. While boarding at Mr Dickson's, he used to alarm the family by sitting up two nights a week to study; and this practice he continued for many years, drinking strong green tea to keep himself awake. He afterwards studied agriculture under Dr Coventry, Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, making notes of all the lectures he heard, and illustrating them with pen and ink sketches. Notwithstanding these studious habits, he was by no means averse to bodily exertion; and when at home during the vacations, he used to work with his father's labourers in the fields with such vigour, that it was a common saying among them that they were all shamed by the young master. Everything he undertook was indeed done with enthusiasm, and with a determination to conquer difficulties; a trait which he retained to the last hour of his life. During his stay in Edinburgh he learned French; and from a wish to turn everything to account, he sent a translation, which he made as an exercise from that language, of a life of Abelard, to a periodical then publishing, called Shrarton's Encyclopædia. This was his first appearance in print, and it took place before he was eighteen years of age. Two years afterwards he left Scotland for England, where he intended to practise as a landscape gardener. This was in 1803; and as a specimen of the difference between travelling in those days and at present, it may be mentioned that he was three weeks at sea, and at last landed at Lowestoffe, in Suffolk, the vessel being compelled to put in there by stress of weather. It was on a Good Friday, and one of the first impressions he received of England, was the horror he found he excited in the landlady of a little country inn by asking her to cook him a beef-steak on a day which she thought ought to be devoted to a fish diet. In a journal which he kept through all his early years, are some striking observations written at this period; and, among others, he writes, 'I am now twenty years of age, and perhaps a third part of my life has passed away, and yet what have I done to benefit my fellow-men?'—an extraordinary remark for a person so young, and which is rendered the more interesting by the fact, that the third of his life had then actually passed away, since he died in his sixty-first year.

As Mr Loudon brought numerous letters of introduction to the English nobility and country gentlemen, he was soon extensively employed as a landscape gardener. At this period he amused himself by learning German; and we find him selling a pamphlet, which he translated by way of exercise from that language, to Mr Cadell for £15. During his professional visits, he had many opportunities of noticing the state of farming in England, and finding it very inferior to that of Scotland, he determined to exemplify some of the Scotch improvements. He accordingly, in 1809, took a large farm in Oxfordshire, where, in the course of a few years, he realised about £15,000. In 1813, the continent being thrown open to the English, he determined to gratify a wish he had long entertained of travelling abroad; and giving up his farm, he proceeded to Sweden, after which he visited in succession St Petersburg, Moscow, Poland, and the Austrian dominions. His adventures during this tour were numerous, chiefly from the countries he passed through having been so lately the seat of war; and he kept a journal during the whole time, illustrated with spirited sketches of various places he saw, most of which sketches were afterwards engraved on wood for the historical part of his Encyclopædia of Gardening. On one occasion, while making a drawing of a picturesque old fort in Russia, he was taken up as a spy; and on his examination before a magistrate, was very much amused at hearing his note-book, full of unconnected memoranda, translated into Russ. Another time, between St Petersburg and Moscow, the horses in his carriage being unable to drag it through a snow-drift, the postilions very coolly unharnessed them, and trotted off, telling him that they would bring fresh horses in the morning, and that he would be in no danger from the wolves if he would keep the windows of the carriage close and the leathern curtains down. This circumstance made a deep impression on his mind; and when meeting with difficulties in travelling in after-life, he was accustomed to say they were nothing compared to what he had suffered during the night he passed in the steppes of Russia. He remained three years abroad, and on his return to England again practised as a landscape gardener.

The numerous gardens Mr Loudon saw during his first visit to the continent, appear to have suggested to him the idea of his Encyclopædia of Gardening, the historical part of which contains sketches of the gardens of all nations. In 1819 he again went abroad,

* The 'Gardeners' Magazine'—the first British periodical devoted exclusively to horticultural subjects—established by Mr Loudon in 1826, and conducted by him till his death, when the work was given up.

to visit the principal gardens of France and Italy, with a view to describe them in that work; and in 1828 he paid a third visit to the continent, travelling through a great part of France and Germany. In September 1830 he married Miss Webbe of Birmingham, who had displayed literary powers of no small promise in a novel entitled 'The Mummy:' two years afterwards his daughter Agnes, his only child, was born. From the time of his marriage he constantly travelled every summer, always accompanied by his wife, and latterly also by his daughter.

Mr Loudon's literary career, so early begun, continued, with very little interruption, for a space of forty years; and so voluminous were its results, that we can only attempt a mere list of his better-known publications. His earlier works were more strictly professional than those which marked his subsequent course: of eight volumes published between 1803 and 1818, four are devoted to the subject of Hothouses—the remaining four being on the laying out of Public Squares, on Plantations, on Country Residences, and on the Formation of Gardens. In 1822 appeared the first edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' a work remarkable for the immense mass of useful matter which it contained, and for the then unusual circumstance of a number of woodcuts being mingled with the text. This book had an extraordinary sale, and fully established the fame of the author. Soon after was published an anonymous work, written either partly or entirely by Mr Loudon, called the 'Greenhouse Companion;' and shortly afterwards, 'Observations on Laying out Farms,' with his name. In 1824 a second edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening' was published, with very great alterations and improvements; and the following year appeared the first edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture,' a work evincing an immense amount of research, and forming one of the readiest sources for reference to the practical farmer. In 1826 the Gardeners' Magazine was commenced, being the first periodical ever devoted exclusively to horticultural subjects. The 'Magazine of Natural History,' also the first of its kind, was begun in 1828. Mr Loudon was now occupied in the preparation of the 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' which was published early in 1829, and was speedily followed by the 'Hortus Britannicus.' In 1830 a second and nearly re-written edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture' was published, and this was followed by an entirely re-written edition of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening' in 1831. The 'Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture'—the first he published on his own account—followed in 1832. This last publication was one of the most successful, because it was one of the most useful, he ever wrote, and it is likely long to continue a standard book on the subjects of which it treats.

Mr Loudon now began to prepare his great and ruinous work, the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' the anxieties attendant on which were, undoubtedly, the primary cause of that decay of constitution which terminated in his death. This work was not, however, completed till 1838, and in the meantime he began the 'Architectural Magazine,' the first periodical devoted exclusively to architecture. The labour he underwent at this time was almost incredible. He had four periodicals—namely, the Gardeners', Natural History, and Architectural Magazines, and the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' which was published in monthly numbers—going on at once; and to produce these at the proper times, he literally toiled night and day. Immediately on the conclusion of the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' he began the 'Suburban Gardener,' which was also published in 1838, as was the 'Hortus Lignosus Londinensis;' and in 1839 appeared his edition of Repton's 'Landscape-Gardening.' In 1840 he accepted the editorship of the 'Gardeners' Gazette,' which he retained till November 1841; and in 1842 he published his 'Encyclopædia of Trees and Shrubs,' being an abridgment of the Arboretum. In the same year he completed his 'Suburban Horticulturist;' and finally, in 1843, he published his work on 'Cemeteries,' the last separate work he ever wrote. In this list many minor productions of Mr Loudon's pen have necessarily been omitted; but it may be mentioned, that he contributed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and Brande's 'Dictionary of Science;' and that he published numerous supplements, from time to time, to his various works.

A life so exclusively devoted to the literature of one profession necessarily presents few incidents to excite the interest or curiosity of the public; but it is not on that account the less valuable as an example and warning. No man, perhaps, ever produced such a mass of useful publications as Mr Loudon; and certainly no one ever did so under such adverse and depressing circumstances. 'Many years ago,' says our authority, 'when he came first to England, he had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which disabled him for two years, and ended in an anchylosed knee and a contracted left arm. In the year 1820, whilst compiling the "Encyclopædia of Gardening," he had another severe attack of rheumatism; and the following year, being recommended to go to Brighton to get shampooed in Mahomed's baths, his right arm was there broken near the shoulder, and it never properly united. Notwithstanding this, he continued to write with his right hand till 1825, when the arm was broken a second time, and he was then obliged to have it amputated; but not before a general breaking up of the frame had commenced, and the thumb and two fingers of the left hand had been rendered useless. He afterwards suffered frequently from ill health, till his constitution was finally undermined by the anxiety attending on that most costly and laborious of all his works, the "Arboretum Britannicum," which has unfortunately not yet paid itself.' This is indeed a melancholy summary of toil and suffering; and it is painful to reflect that so much labour and research, so much patience and industry, should have brought to its author no better reward than disease and poverty.

To his literary labours Mr Loudon, as already stated, added those of a landscape gardener, in which capacity he was at one time extensively consulted. His most important work in this profession was, according to his own opinion, the laying out of the Arboretum, so nobly presented by Joseph Strutt, Esq. to the town of Derby; but many other districts of England will long bear testimony, by the beauty and amenity of their scenery, to his skill and good taste in this department.

Mr Loudon's 'Arboretum,' we have already mentioned, plunged him in debt, of which L.2400 remained, at the time of his death, to be liquidated not only by its own sale, but by the sale of twelve of his other works, which were mortgaged to cover its expenses. To free himself and family from pecuniary obligations, which five years ago amounted to £10,000, Mr Loudon laboured literally to the last day of his life, assisted by his able and gifted partner, who had, in the meantime, applied her mind to botany and other branches of knowledge cultivated by her husband, so that she was enabled to be of great service to him in his labours, besides producing many independent works, generally of a popular and pleasing character. Even a few days before his death, when public sympathy was beginning to be excited towards him, he addressed a project to individuals of note in rank, literature, and science, soliciting their recommendation and purchase of his works—his independent nature desiring to lean to its own merit rather than to be aided by a mere pecuniary subscription. The hand of death, however, interfered with this scheme just as it was beginning to operate in his behalf:* he died of disease of the lungs, at Bayswater, on the 14th December 1843, retaining to the last that

* It gives us pleasure to observe that a scheme has been set on foot for the liquidation of Mr Loudon's debts by the sale of his works, and that it is succeeding to the satisfaction of its originators, the sum collected being at the time we write (March 20) not much under fourteen hundred pounds.

clearness and energy of mind by which his laborious life had been throughout distinguished.

Never, perhaps, did any individual possess more energy and determination than Mr Loudon; whatever he undertook he pursued with enthusiasm, and carried to an end, notwithstanding all the difficulties and depressing circumstances to which we have alluded. He could not be said to possess the higher gifts of genius: he was more a methodical compiler of the thoughts of others, than an original inquirer and discoverer; but in point of industry and perseverance he was unequalled. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the art of drawing forth the knowledge of others; and as soon as he had formed the plan of one of his works, he seemed endowed with an instinctive feeling which guided him at once to the persons who could give him the best information on the subjects he had in view—information which they were often not aware they possessed. Around him, in his study, masses of knowledge, thus gleaned from practical men, were arranged in labelled compartments, ever ready when needed; and by the alchemy of his mind, and the incessant labours of his pen, he gave these thoughts to the public in an inviting and useful form. 'Those who knew Mr Loudon in private life,' says an intimate friend, 'will long entertain a deep regret for his loss, and will always cherish a remembrance of his truly excellent character and disposition. His vast and comprehensive talents were indeed "clothed with humility," and were freely offered wherever they could be of use. He was most affectionate in all the relations of private life, generous in hospitality, candid in expressing his opinions, and an untiring and zealous advocate of every moral and social improvement, setting forth at all times an example of honourable industry, and of public and private worth.'

HUMOROUS PEOPLE.

Those persons who are always innocently good-humoured are very useful in this world, by diffusing a generous cheerfulness among all who approach them. Habitual vivacity has the recommendation of not only its own pleasurable feelings, but it has a sanitary benefit; for it keeps the blood in proper circulation, quickens the understanding, and even helps digestion. Indeed it conduces to long life: while, on the other hand, the habit of yielding to and fostering sadness of heart, embitters and shortens the days of the young. It is well said by Solomon, that 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.' In later times, Bolingbroke gave it as his experience that, 'in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious'—an observation that recalls to memory the lines of the poet—

> 'Sportsmen find woodcocks by their eyes,
> As fools are known by looking wise.'

If this be so, it is surely best to be cheerful, and, in the words of Byron,

> 'To laugh at all things, for we wish to know,
> What, after all, are all things but a show?'

Sheridan Knowles, in his play of *William Tell*, has happily described the blessings of a cheerful temper:—

> 'Who would not have an eye
> To see the sun, where others see a cloud;
> A frame so vernal, as, in spite of snow,
> To think it genial summer all year round?
> I do not know the fool would not be such
> A man!'

Humorists would be much more in favour, could they only be taught what are and what are not the proper times and subjects for the exercise of their jocularity. Above all things, they ought to refrain from playing off their jests upon the reputations and manners of their friends. The little incidents of the passing hour, and the lively fancies of the imagination, ought solely to supply the fun of the friendly circle. Natural imperfections and blemishes ought never to be selected as marks for ridicule to shoot its shafts at. It is well to 'laugh at all things' that may be properly laughed at; but it is still more commendable to resist all temptations to raise a laugh by personal allusions which hurt the feelings of some one individual in the company. When this virtuous forbearance is strictly observed, a humorist's society becomes an enjoyment to all, for each feels sure that there is no danger of the flying shaft penetrating the sanctuary of friendly secrecy, or going beyond the bounds of good breeding. By sporting with another's weaknesses, infirmities, and personal singularities, we may certainly divert the company for a moment, and gratify our own selfish vanity, which is ambitious to show superiority; but, as Chesterfield justly observes, this is a pretty sure way to make enemies for ever, for 'even those who laugh will, upon reflection, fear and despise us: it is ill-natured, and a good heart desires rather to conceal than expose other people's weaknesses or misfortunes. If we have wit, we should use it to please, and not to hurt: we may shine, like the sun in the temperate zone, without scorching.' Conversation may impart pleasantry and cheerfulness, without having even the slightest recourse to personality, an indulgence in which is an infallible sign of an uneducated and unamiable disposition. Barrow, in his *Sermon against Foolish Jesting*, remarks, that 'The weaknesses of men, of what kind soever (natural or moral, in quality or in act), considering whence they spring, and how much we are all subject to them, do need excuse, and in fairness call for compassion, not for mirth, to be drawn from them; they, in respect to common humanity, should rather be studiously connived at and concealed, or mildly excused, than wilfully laid open and wantonly descanted on; they are rather to be secretly deplored than openly derided.'

The truly pleasant and well-behaved humorist will scorn to convert his wit into a sparring weapon or an offensive missile; but will ever be mindful of the observation of St James, 'If any man offend not in word, he is a perfect man.' Ill-natured wits might take an improving lesson from an anecdote or two which we may here relate:—In the midst of a gay party at Versailles, Louis XIV. commenced a facetious story, but concluded it abruptly and insipidly. Presently, one of the company having left the room, the king said, 'I am sure you must have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. After I had commenced, I recollected that it reflected rather severely on the immediate ancestor of the prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress the feelings of a worthy man.' The celebrated mimic, Griffen, was asked to imitate the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of Dr Woodward, the geologist and physician, in the character of Dr Fossil, in a farce then preparing under the title of *Three Hours after Marriage*. The mimic dressed himself up as a countryman, and went to the doctor to ask his advice about a long series of diseases with which he pretended his poor wife was afflicted. All this he did to justify and prolong the interview, that he might have sufficient time to study the doctor's manner. This accomplished, he offered him the fee of a guinea, which the doctor declined, saying, 'Keep your money, poor man! keep your money! you have need of all your cash and all your patience too, with such a load of diseases at home.' The actor, on his return to the farce-writer, related this conversation, and concluded by declaring that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents by making a public laughing-stock of Dr Woodward, who, receiving him as a poor man, had shown tender humanity and compassionate sympathy at the narrative of his assumed calamities.

As the more a person manifests uneasiness at the direct attacks of a heartless humorist the better sport he proves to him, it is wisest to receive his sallies with apparent indifference, however acutely one may feel his cruel jokes. When Poliager was publicly ridiculed,

he hung himself from vexation; but Socrates, when satirised on the stage, showed his usual wisdom by laughing at the players. Whether his laugh was genuine or forced, must remain a question; for though

> Excess of wit may oftentimes beguile,
> Jests are not always pardoned—by a smile.
> Men may disguise their malice at the heart,
> And seem at ease, though pained with inward smart.
> Mistaken, we think all such wounds of course
> Reflection cures. Alas! it makes them worse.
> Like scratches, they will double anguish seize,
> Rankle in time, and fester by degrees.
> Harsh to the heart, and grating to the ear,
> Who can reproof without reluctance hear?
> Why against priests the general heat so strong,
> But that they show us all we do is wrong?
> Wit well applied does weightier wisdom right,
> And gives us knowledge while it gives delight.
> Thus on the stage we with applause behold
> What would have pained us from the pulpit told.

ROBIN REDBREAST NOT A GENTLEMAN.

In the summer of 1835 we lived at Millburn Cottage, in the immediate neighbourhood of Millburn Tower (five miles from Edinburgh, on the Corstorphine road), and had constant access to the grounds. This residence was originally a tower, built by the late Sir Robert Liston—long British ambassador at Constantinople—on the site of his father's farm, and embracing the original farm-house as an adjunct to the tower, and finally to the very classical and beautiful buildings afterwards added.

The little farm-house lies behind the larger buildings; and a pretty esplanade leads from the whole to a small sheet of water (the first of a series of fish-ponds), beautifully shaded by wood, and the resort of various species of water-fowl. The whole grounds are charmingly wooded. Under a large tree in this quiet and secluded spot an invalid lady used to delight to sit and read or work in her Bath chair, the servants leaving her occasionally for hours. But she soon ceased to be without company; a bluff little fellow of a Robin first used to come and hop about her, chirping a little occasionally from the neighbouring hedge; by and by he would hop on the pole of the chair, and finally he would perch on the arm or back of the chair, and even on the lady's shoulder. She, of course, was delighted with such confidence, and often carried crumbs of cake, &c. for him, but which he seemed not much to value, having abundance of other food; but he was very regular in his attendance upon her. We all used to go to see him, and it made no difference to Robin: he went through his usual movements. At last we mentioned the circumstance to the gardener, who seemed to know Robin well, and, to our astonishment, designated him 'an impudent little scoundrel!' and not without cause, as the following anecdote will show:—

Robin had, it seems, been at one time a favourite with Lady Liston, and she had at this time been dead seven years. He lived constantly in the gardens, and habitually built his nest in the conservatory. His custom had for a long time been, and now was, to attend any strangers who visited the gardens, flying after them from pole to pole, and when they entered the conservatories, entering also, and hopping from twig to twig as they proceeded; and finally accompanying them to their carriages, or, if they had none, to opposite the residence where carriages were usually left. It was also his custom constantly to breakfast with Lady Liston, entering the window boldly if it were open, or demanding entrance if it were not; coming upon the table, hopping upon her shoulder, and generally making himself perfectly at home.

In the course of his buildings in the greenhouse, he at one time took a fancy to have an esplanade to his residence; that is, he laboured for a fortnight to raise up a large leaf to where he intended to build his nest, and after failures innumerable, at last succeeded; and then might he be seen strutting upon this leaf in front of his nest, and raising up his voice in what he meant for singing. Altogether, he was a remarkable bird, and was talked of and made of accordingly.

But perfection is not in nature, not even in a Robin Redbreast. Robin's character as a husband and a gentleman remained unimpeached for years; and it was never doubted that in these respects he might compare with any that ever wore a red waistcoat. Of course, however, he annually became a bachelor, his wife and family leaving him, as is usual among Robins, at their appointed time. One year, however, it was observed that the lady did not leave; and after a time, it was discovered that she would not leave, though receiving pretty emphatic hints that her lord wished her to be off. People, as usual, took different sides, some applauding the lady's constancy, and others doubting if the prerogatives of husbands should be infringed, whatever they might be. The lady came off second-best in this case, as in too many others. We are sorry to be obliged to tell the story, but the truth of history requires it. Robin, seeing words useless, resorted to blows; and, to the horror of his admirers, gave the unfortunate partner of his palm-leaf one too many. He killed her!

Of course he could no longer be a favourite with a lady. He was denied the entrée to the breakfast-room, and even flouted away if he ventured to offer his attentions on a walk. One of the judges of justiciary having called soon after, it was even proposed to bring him to trial, and have him executed; but the judge gave it as his opinion that an indictment could not be sustained. 'Man only,' said this learned person, 'has the distinction of a *perpetuum vinculum*'—which may be interpreted, a lasting chain; '*secundum leges feræ naturæ*,' continued the judge—which, again we must interpret, means, according to the laws of the redbreasts—'I am of opinion that he would be acquitted; *et apud leges et in foro conscientiæ*'—again meaning, both in law and in conscience; or that the verdict would be, as more graphically given by a Yorkshire jury in somewhat similar circumstances, 'sarved her right!' In short, it was a *noli prosequi*. But however the law might lie, Robin's character was blasted. He was never again received into favour by his mistress while she lived; and though he followed the usual course of redbreasts, he was a marked man. Even the gardener did not forgive him.

Such are a few real traits in the history of this rather singular bird. His poetical character is beautiful, and it is widely known. It is believed to be derived from the single story of the 'Babes in the Wood'—a proof how powerful is the voice of the bard. In his real character, the Robin seems to be a familiar, some might say a bold bird: but except the anecdote now given, we have never heard of his cruelty; and how far this is to be deemed cruelty, or whether it is cruelty at all, and not the instinct implanted for the most necessary purposes, it is impossible to say. After a time, every creature deserts its young, and its mate also. Perhaps this is the only instance of a mate's being known to have desired to adhere, and this aberration may have been occasioned by the climate of the locality. At all events, these facts are believed to be perfectly true in all particulars, and so they form a contribution, however trivial, to the history of animals.

ONE OF THE IDOLATRIES OF ENGLAND.

The only place in England we know of where the great and the small frankly consort, is the betting ring at Epsom and Newmarket, where his grace will take the horse-dealer's odds, and *vice versa*—that *is* the place of almost national interest and equality; but what other is there? At Exeter Hall (another and opposite national institution) my lord takes the chair, and is allowed the lead. Go to Guildhall on a feast day, my lords have a high table for themselves, with gold and plate, where the commoners have crockery, and no doubt with a prodigious deal more green fat in the turtle-soup than falls to the share of the poor sufferers at the plebeian table. The theatre *was* a place where our rich and poor met in common; but the great have deserted that amusement, and are thinking of sitting down to dinner, or are preparing for the opera when three acts of the comedy are over. The honest citizen who takes his simple walk on a Sunday in the park, comes near his betters, it is true, but they are passing him in their carriages or on horseback; nay, it must have struck any plain person who may chance to have travelled abroad in steamboat or railroad, how the great Englishman, or the would-be great (and the faults of a great master, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, are always to be seen in the exaggerations of his imitators), will sit alone, perched in his solitary carriage on the fore-deck, rather than come among the vulgar crowd who are enjoying themselves in the more commodious part of the vessel. If we have a fault to find with the fashionable aristocracy of this free country, it is not that they shut themselves up, and do as they like, but that they ruin honest folks, who will insist upon imitating

them: and this is not their fault; it is ours. A philosopher has but to walk into the Bedford and Russel-square district, and wonder over this sad characteristic of his countrymen: it is written up in the large bills in the windows which show that the best houses in London are to let. There is a noble mansion in Russel-square, for instance, of which the proprietors propose to make a club, but the inhabitants of Bloomsbury who want a club must have it at the west end of the town, as far as possible from their own unfashionable quarter: those who *do* inhabit it want to move away from it; and you hear attorneys' wives and honest stockbrokers' ladies talk of quitting the vulgar district, and moving towards 'the court end,' as if they were to get any good by living near her Majesty the Queen at Pimlico! Indeed, a man who, after living much abroad, returns to his own country, will find there is no meanness in Europe like that of the freeborn Briton. A woman in middle life is afraid of her lady's-maid, if the latter has lived in a lord's family previously. In the days of the existence of the C——— club, young men used to hesitate and make apologies before they avowed they belonged to it; and the reason was, not that the members were not as good as themselves, but because they were not better. The club was ruined because there were not lords enough in it. The young barristers, the young artists, the young merchants from the city, would not, to be sure, speak to their lordships if they were present, but they pined in their absence—they sought for places where their august patrons might occasionally be seen and worshipped in silence; and the corner of Waterloo Place is now dark, and the friendly steam of dinners no longer greets the passers-by there at six o'clock. Thus, as it seems to us, the great people in England have killed our society. It is not their fault; but it is our meanness.—*Foreign Quarterly Review, January* 1844.

QUICKSILVER FROM CHINA.

This metal—so extensively employed in medicine, in the amalgamation of the noble metals, in water-gilding, the making of vermilion, the silvering of looking-glasses, the filling of barometer and thermometer tubes, &c.—has hitherto been imported chiefly from Spain, Germany, and Peru. Now, however, there is a prospect of its being obtained from China, some of the provinces of which have been long known to yield it in considerable abundance. One of the main novelties in the Chinese import consists in the mode of package, the metal being simply poured into a piece of bamboo, about a foot long and three inches thick, having each end firmly closed with rosin. This rude form of package is found quite as serviceable as the iron bottle in which mercury is usually brought, while it is lighter, and in every way more convenient for shipment. Specimens were recently shown in the London market; and from the remunerating prices which they brought, it is expected that renewed shipments of the article to Europe will take place on an extensive scale.

MOTIVE POWER OF NIAGARA.

Measurements, says a writer in Silliman's Journal, have been made of the volume of the Niagara river, from which it appears that the motive power of the cataract exceeds, by nearly fortyfold, all the mechanical force of water and steam-power rendered available in Britain for the purpose of imparting motion to the machinery which suffices to perform the manufacturing labours for a large portion of the inhabitants of the world, including also the power applied for transporting these products by steamboats and steamcars, and their steamships of war, to the remotest seas. Indeed it appears probable that the law of gravity, as established by the Creator, puts forth, in this single waterfall, more intense and effective energy than is necessary to move all the artificial machinery of the habitable globe.

CARBONIC ACID IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

Observations have recently been performed by Bonsingault and Lewy, in order to ascertain, as accurately as possible, the different proportions of carbonic acid contained in the air of a large town, and in that of the country. For this purpose an apparatus was established at Andilly, about ten miles from Paris, and another in one of the most populous parts of the city. From the 29th September to the 20th October 1843, three series of experiments were performed at the same time, in both places, on 119 gallons of atmospheric air, so as to obtain from each experiment about six grains of carbonic acid. After the most careful manipulation, and a reversal of the apparatus, so that no difference might arise from that cause, it was found that the carbonic acid contained in the air of Paris was to that in the air of Andilly as 100 to 92; in other words, the atmosphere of the country contains less carbonic acid than that of the city. A certain amount of carbonic acid (about 1 part in 1000) is always found in common air, be it ever so pure; but a quantity so great as that indicated by the preceding experiments, indubitably establishes the superior healthiness of the open country. It may be questioned, however, if experiment could detect any appreciable difference between the air of a well kept and regularly laid out city, and that of the country.

OUTWARD CLEANLINESS.

With reference to the conclusion of an article in No. 11, entitled *An Evening with the Working-Classes*, a friend points out the following passage of quaint eloquence in the works of Sauerteig:—'What worship, for example, is there not in mere washing! perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool or running brook, and there wash and be clean; thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pureness—that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of imperfection—how it radiates on thee, with cunning symbolic influences, to thy very soul! Thou hast an increase of tendency towards all good things whatsoever. The oldest Eastern sages with joy and holy gratitude had felt it to be so, and that it was the Maker's gift and will. It remains a religious duty in the East. Nor could Herr Professor Strauss, when I put the question, deny that for us, at present, it is still such here in the West. To that dingy operative emerging from his soot-mill, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards? That he clean the skin of him. Can he pray by any ascertained method? One knows not to a certainty; but, with a sufficiency of soap and water, he can wash. Even the dull English feel something of this: they have a saying, "Cleanliness is near of kin to godliness;" yet never, in any country, saw I men worse washed, and, in a climate drenched with the softest cloud-water, such a scarcity of baths.'

SONNET—EVENING.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I LOVE to watch the bright stars, one by one,
As rushing through the veil of early night,
By tiny rents, they struggle into light,
Breathless, and trembling, now their race is done.
Watch! ye will see each mount its golden throne!
Pierce, with a steadfast gaze, the ether gray,
And ye will see outspring each sparkling ray;
Shining as when the world was young they shone!
And Earth looks up with an unwrinkled brow!
And shall she thus a Hebe-mother stand
For countless ages still? I only know
How much I love to watch the quaint named band
With dim imaginings, for *they* will look
Upon the mysteries of her Future's sealed book!

NOTICE.

In a short article in No. 12, entitled *A Dishonesty in a High Walk*—designed to stigmatise the practice of some Life-Assurance Offices in giving bribes to solicitors who bring them business—we gave a list of all known to us which abstain from this corruptive system, and promised to publish the names of any others which observe an equally honourable course; thus doing all in our power to make the public aware of the companies and societies which are, in this respect, most worthy of confidence. In conformity with this promise, we now add to the honourable list the name of the TEMPERANCE PROVIDENT INSTITUTION, of 30 Moorgate Street, London.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, May 4, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 19. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1844. Price 1½d.

SMALL FAULTS MAR GREAT VIRTUES.

'My dear children,' said Mrs Herbert, opening the door of the room in which the young folks were sitting, 'I am sorry to interfere with your occupations and amusements, but your aunt cannot bear so much noise this evening. Jane, my dear, you must leave your practising for to-day; and Charles and Charlotte, do try to moderate your voices and laughter, or else go into the nursery, where you will not molest anybody.'

'How provoking,' said Charlotte, as her mother closed the door; 'as sure as ever we are happily settled and enjoying ourselves, we are interrupted with—your aunt can't do with this, and your aunt can't bear that: 'tis my opinion that my aunt cannot bear anything that makes other people happy.'

'No, indeed, I don't think she can,' said Jane; 'she is so particular and so odd-tempered. I don't know how mamma bears with her; but then,' added she, a smile, something between pity and contempt, curling her pretty mouth, 'it is not so much to be wondered at, for she is an old maid, you know.'

'Well, then, all I can say is, that old maids are a great bore,' added Charles: 'but come, Charlotte, let us go to the nursery; we can make as much noise as we like there, that's one comfort.' And away they went to finish their game of backgammon, where their merry voices and hearty laughter could disturb no fastidious ears, leaving Jane to solve the problem, whether, supposing such a very unlikely thing happened as that *she* should be an old maid, she ever could be so irritable and hard to please as aunt Susan; whose history, showing how it was that, though handsome, clever, and estimable, she had failed to gain the love of those about her, we shall proceed to relate.

Miss, or, as she was called by courtesy, Mrs Susan Faringham, was the eldest daughter and co-heiress of a wealthy manufacturer in the flourishing town of H——. When young, she had possessed equal claims to beauty with her pretty niece Jane, and far superior advantages of fortune. Educated at a time when women were denied those literary advantages they now possess, she had nevertheless formed a taste for reading; and her mind, naturally vigorous and acute rather than brilliant or versatile, led her to pursue a course of study more calculated to strengthen the judgment than to excite the imagination, and to increase the force of a character already more energetic than is common with her sex. Whilst very young, she had imbibed religious opinions of a peculiar and somewhat ascetic nature; and the death of her mother, before she had completed her seventeenth year, tended considerably to strengthen them. From that period she had been invested with much authority as mistress in her father's house, a situation which tended rather to foster a manner naturally too self-confident and dogmatical. Her sister, two years her junior, was, at the time of her mother's death, sent to a fashionable establishment for the education of young ladies.

Ellen Faringham was not only pleasing in person, but her naturally mild and conciliating manners acquired a high degree of polish from association with young people of rank and fortune; and her taste for the elegancies and embellishments of life was fostered and cultivated, so that when at eighteen she became a settled inmate at home, she was generally allowed to be more attractive than her highly-gifted sister. Susan's character commanded respect, but Ellen's manners won love. A few months after Ellen's leaving school, the sisters were deprived of their remaining parent, who died suddenly, leaving them joint-heiresses of a fortune amounting to sixty thousand pounds.

On the death of their father, the sisters were received into the family of a maternal aunt who resided in the same town, and who was not displeased with the office of chaperon to her lovely and well-dowered nieces. It will be readily supposed that there was no lack of aspirants to the fair hands of the sisters; and it was not long before it became known that the handsome and fascinating Reginald Herbert, who had won such golden opinions during his six weeks' visit in H——, had made good his cause in the heart of the pretty Ellen. 'It was,' so everybody said, 'quite unexceptionable; such an equal match.' Mr Herbert's father, a highly respectable London merchant, had at his death left his son in possession of an extensive and very lucrative business. Reginald Herbert himself was clever, handsome, and accomplished. True, it was whispered that he had not been quite so steady and domestic as could be desired. But then what young men were? He might not make the worse husband on that account. There was no doubt but that after marriage he would be all that the most fastidious could desire — the influence of a wife, it was observed, was so great. Scores of instances could be remembered in which it had produced the most wonderful results; the hundreds in which it had utterly failed were conveniently forgotten. Susan alone looked grave, and remonstrated on the shortness of the acquaintance, and the little that Ellen could possibly know of the real temper, habits, and principles of the man to whom she was about to intrust her happiness for life. But it is hopeless reasoning with a girl of eighteen under the influence of a first attachment. So, after the usual period had been allowed for the hopes and fears, the transports and despairs, the quarrels and reconciliations, which are said to constitute the delights of that most delightful epoch—courtship—Ellen was married, and accompanied her husband to London.

Susan, however, did not seem disposed so soon to relinquish her freedom and independence. Numerous

were the suitors who bowed before the power of her charms; some of them, too, in every respect quite eligible. As her aunt remarked to her sympathising acquaintances, 'It was truly provoking, and to her quite incomprehensible, to see a girl throw away so many excellent offers. She did believe Susan, with all her talents, beauty, and fortune, would die an old maid.' This prophecy was repeated before her niece at least once a-day; but it failed of the desired effect. In truth, Susan suspected that the power of her gold was at least equal to the power of her charms; and her ardent and enthusiastic spirit revolted from the idea of bestowing the hoarded treasures of her heart upon one who could allow the fortune with which that heart would be accompanied the least weight in the balance. She felt within herself the power of disinterested and enduring affection, but then it must be for one who could appreciate the gift, and repay it with a love as pure and exalted as her own. Her peculiar religious opinions, too, operated unfavourably for her lovers, and year after year passed on, until, to her aunt's no small chagrin, Susan reached the alarming age of five-and-twenty, still bearing the style and title of Miss Faringham. About this time considerable excitement was produced in the select circles of H—— and its neighbourhood, by the return home, after an absence of several years (which time he had spent in travelling), of the eldest son of Sir Thomas Bernard, a baronet of good family and fortune, and the great man of the neighbourhood.

Edward Bernard was not, strictly speaking, what is called handsome, but he possessed that which perhaps is generally found more attractive in a man than mere regularity of feature—an intelligent expressive countenance, joined to a fine manly figure, and manners the courtesy and urbanity of which conciliated all with whom he came in contact. Of course he was warmly welcomed by all who had the honour of numbering themselves amongst his friends or acquaintances; and H—— was for some time kept in a state of unusual gaiety and dissipation by the fêtes and parties given in honour of his return. On his first meeting with Susan, he appeared much struck with her beauty and evident superiority. Further acquaintance confirmed and deepened the impression, and gave him some hope that it was mutual. His conversational talents were considerable, and he possessed, in a great degree, the art of drawing out the information, and developing the powers, of those with whom he conversed. Susan felt in his company that she both gave and received pleasure and information. His manner, also, was peculiarly agreeable to her, being singularly free from that strain of exaggerated compliment in which her admirers generally appeared to think it necessary to address a woman. His moral character stood deservedly high; and though on religious subjects his sentiments were at first undecided, he appeared open to conviction, and it was not long before Susan had the pleasure of perceiving that her own opinions were gaining ground in his mind.

The result may be easily imagined. Susan began with esteem for the character, and admiration of the talents of her admirer, and ended with love for himself; and, before the end of another year, she was engaged to Edward Bernard, and the time fixed upon for the marriage to take place. Great was the rejoicing of her aunt, and her love for her niece knew no bounds, 'it was such an excellent match.' And Susan herself, how changed did everything appear to her! Life seemed no longer a weary pilgrimage—a time appointed for the performance of certain duties, and the endurance of certain trials—but a glorious period; given, it is true, to prepare for a higher and happier state of existence, but in which, if there was some sorrow to be borne, there was much happiness to be enjoyed. It was bliss, Susan thought, more than she had dared to hope would ever be her lot, to be beloved as she believed herself to be.

There are some characters upon whom happiness has a more softening influence than adversity. Susan's was one of these. Her heart seemed to open and expand beneath its genial rays. She had more consideration for the weaknesses, more patience for the follies of her fellow-creatures than formerly; and her manner, while it lost none of its dignity, acquired the subdued and womanly grace in which it had been deficient. She had, however, one source of uneasiness—her sister. Susan had visited Ellen several times since her marriage, but the style in which she and her husband lived, and the company they kept, being not only entirely at variance with her tastes and feelings, but with her sense of right, her visits had been neither so long nor so frequent as might have been expected. For some time Ellen's letters had been far from satisfactory. There was a forced gaiety, a want of her usual frankness and candour about them, which made her sister fear all was not well, and a foreboding of some great calamity would sometimes cross her mind, but it was quickly lost in her own brighter anticipations; when one morning a letter was put into her hand bearing the London post-mark, sealed with black, and directed in a hand entirely unknown to her. Susan's heart sickened, and her trembling fingers could scarcely break the seal. Her worst fears were more than realised. The letter announced the sudden death of Mr Herbert, under circumstances of a peculiarly distressing nature. In a fit of temporary insanity, the unhappy man had terminated his existence, led, it was believed, to commit this awful act by the deranged state of his affairs. For some time Susan sat mute and motionless, gazing in silent horror on the fearful announcement. At length, as all the possible consequences of this terrible calamity rushed upon her mind, she let the letter fall, and covering her face with her hands, sank upon her knees, and fervently prayed for patience and resignation under this severe trial. Strengthened by this devotional exercise, she resolved immediately to hasten to her bereaved and suffering sister; and hastily writing a note to her lover informing him of her intention, and enclosing the letter she had received, she resolutely commenced the preparations for her melancholy journey. Edward received Susan's note just as he was preparing to visit her, and, hastily mounting his horse, was soon in her presence, offering the assistance and consolation she so greatly needed. His proposal to accompany her to town Susan declined, observing that her sister would require all her time and attention, but promising to write an exact statement of Mrs Herbert's affairs; adding, that if, as she feared, they were irretrievable, *their* future position in regard to each other would be matter for calm deliberation, which their separation might render more easy. Edward had often regarded Susan as an enthusiast, but her enthusiasm had only rendered her more charming so long as it regarded himself and their mutual prospects; but as few know their own hearts, so *he* had yet to learn that his was bound up in selfishness, of which his attachment to Susan was but a new and unsuspected form.

Notwithstanding his efforts to appear undisturbed by her allusion, his uneasiness was evident to his betrothed, and caused her a deeper pang than any she had yet endured. It was with a heavy heart she set out on her mission of mercy; but there is a reward for those who act up to their convictions of right, in the self-approval of their own hearts, which no outward circumstances, however afflicting, can take away. It will not be necessary to dwell upon Miss Faringham's visit to the house of mourning; it is sufficient to say that Mrs Herbert's large fortune was entirely dissipated, leaving herself and three young children destitute of any resource but the generous aid of Susan, who lost no time in communicating with her lover, and explaining to him her determination not to marry until she had secured to the widow and orphans an income sufficient to support them in their own station in life. To this letter Edward returned no direct reply, contenting himself with urging her return, and secretly trusting to his influence to prevent the execution of a scheme which he regarded as wild and extravagant in the extreme. This evasion did

not escape the observation of Susan, and her fears too well divining the reason, caused the bitterest disappointment—disappointment great in proportion as her confidence had been strong in the sincerity and disinterestedness of his attachment. But this was a time not for the indulgence of feeling, but for action. Her afflicted sister, with her destitute children, claimed all her sympathy and attention. It was decided that, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, and Mrs Herbert's health would admit of the journey, they should return to H——. In the meantime much had to be done, and Susan's strength of mind and straightforward decision and energy of character appeared to the greatest advantage; and the habits of business which she had acquired during the few years she had been uncontrolled mistress of a handsome fortune, proved now of the utmost service. With unwearied perseverance she examined into her sister's affairs, met the creditors of her late brother-in-law, and by an equal distribution of what remained of his once princely fortune, satisfied, as far as possible, all claimants. This done, Susan lost no time in setting out on her return home, hoping that, at a distance from the scene of her short-lived happiness and bitter misfortunes, her sister would the sooner regain strength to bear her trials with resignation. Poor Ellen, after the first violent paroxysm of grief had subsided, fell into a state of profound melancholy, from which her sister had found it impossible to rouse her. Her mind, never strong, appeared sunk into absolute imbecility, and she was alike incapable of thought or action.

If Susan's journey to town had been a sorrowful one, her return home was no less so. It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in May that they reached H——. As the carriage passed the old church, the bells rang out a merry wedding peal, and whilst Ellen wept and sobbed in unavailing anguish, Susan could only tenderly embrace her, unable to utter the words of consolation which rose to her lips, as she remembered that this was the day which was to have witnessed her union with him she so tenderly loved, and thought of the manner in which, in a few short weeks, her own bright and unclouded prospects had been suddenly dimmed and overcast. She was roused from her painful reflections by the stopping of the carriage at her aunt's house, the door of which immediately opened, and Edward stood ready to welcome her with all his accustomed cordiality, and more than his accustomed tenderness of manner. When Susan retired to rest that night, it was with a lighter heart than she had known since the receipt of that terrible letter, and she looked forward to the interview she had appointed with her lover the next morning with hope, nay, even confidence, accusing herself of having been suspicious and unjust, in having for a moment entertained the thought that *he* could be actuated by ungenerous and mercenary motives. Her heart, relieved from the weight which had so heavily oppressed it, overflowed with love and thankfulness. Edward's meditations were equally satisfactory to himself. He felt sure that absence had by no means diminished his mistress's affection, and he was sanguine in his hopes that he should be able to accomplish his purpose of reasoning her out of what he termed her romance. In this hope he met Susan the next morning; but it was somewhat damped when, instead of returning any direct answer to his recital of what he had suffered during her absence, and his delight at her return, she said, 'My dear Edward, I requested to see you this morning, in order that we might as soon as possible come to a plain understanding. I must confess that I was surprised, nay grieved, that you evaded replying to that part of one of my letters relating to my sister's affairs. You must have been aware how anxious I was that something decisive should be done, and could scarcely be ignorant of what consequence *your* opinion, *your* approbation, would be to me?'

'You could not think, my dearest Susan,' he replied, 'that I did not truly sympathise with your distress, or that I should be unwilling to co-operate with you in any reasonable plan that seemed likely to conduce to your sister's happiness; but considering it a subject we could better discuss together than by letter, I thought it best to avoid any mention of it until I saw you again.'

'Well, then,' said Susan, 'though I cannot entirely agree with you as to the expediency of the postponing the settlement of this question, the best way to remedy the omission will be to come to a decision *now*; and as my marriage settlements fortunately have not received my signature, it is still in my power to make the necessary alterations.'

'And what,' returned her lover, 'are the alterations you propose? I must know this before I can give an opinion.'

It was with a flushed cheek and beaming eye (for fears of Edward's want of generosity again crossed her mind) that Susan replied—'I should wish one half of my fortune to be irrevocably settled on my sister and her children. Brought up in the midst of comfort and luxury, she must not now, when bowed down by sorrow and burdened with cares, know what it is to feel dependence even upon a sister.' Whatever might be Edward's feelings on this announcement, his countenance expressed only admiration, as, taking Susan's hand, and tenderly kissing it, he replied, 'I entirely agree with you, my dearest Susan, that we must endeavour to prevent as far as possible any feeling of dependence or obligation on your sister's part. With most persons this would be difficult; but whatever you undertake will be well done; and I know no one who can so delicately confer a favour as my generous and noble-minded Susan.'

'Then, dear Edward,' exclaimed she, 'we are of one mind, and I shall have your assistance in carrying out my plans. My poor sister; how happy will she be in possessing such a friend!'

Edward's eye fell before Susan's earnest tender gaze, so full of truth and love; but he said, 'In motive, in intention, we are, I hope—I believe—as you say, of one mind, though we may not exactly agree as to the manner in which those intentions should be carried out. I am equally anxious with you that your dear sister should be comfortably and suitably provided for; but I do not think it necessary that half your fortune should be the sacrifice. Indeed, my love, your generous nature carries you too far; and forgive me, if I say that I cannot think you display your usual prudence.'

'Prudence! this is not a question of prudence,' returned Susan indignantly; 'nor yet of generosity only. It is a duty, a privilege, that I "of my abundance should minister to the necessities" of my sister and her orphan children.'

'I should be the last person, Susan, to require or wish any sacrifice of duty; that, I think, you ought to know; but in your laudable wish to befriend your sister, you overlook, in my opinion, what is due to yourself, and, allow me to add, *to me*. You feel much, and naturally, for your sister's children; but Susan, dearest, have you never thought that there may be children who will have a nearer and dearer claim upon you? You know that the estates to which I succeed must in turn descend to my eldest son; or, in failure of direct descendants, to the heir-at-law. Think you, Susan, it is right to place the half of your fortune so entirely out of your power, to the detriment of those (should we be blessed with children) who will have a right to look to their parents for a provision in accordance with the position they will have occupied from their birth?'

'Ah, Edward,' said Susan sadly, 'could we expect a blessing on those children, should we, to enrich them, fail in our duty to others? and forgive me if I remind you, that though your estates are entailed, yet the income is so large, that there ought to be no danger of any child of yours wanting a suitable provision; and as your arguments have failed to convince me of the impropriety or imprudence of my resolution, I must, unless you have any plan to propose that we may mutually

think better, express my determination of adhering to that resolution.'

'If you had made up your mind what course to pursue, I wonder you should give yourself the very unnecessary trouble of asking any advice or opinion in the matter,' replied Edward in a tone of extreme vexation. 'For my part, I see no necessity for making any settlement at all We shall always esteem it a privilege to do whatever lies in our power to promote Mrs Herbert's comfort and happiness. I am willing to undertake the responsibility of providing the boy with a suitable education and settlement in life—the girls, of course, I should not interfere with, leaving them to your own and their mother's management; but whatever was needed to advance their future interests, should not be wanting on my part when that time arrived. As for your proposition, thinking it both imprudent and unjust, I can give it neither my sanction nor approval.'

'In fact,' said Susan, all the pride and determination of her character flashing from her eyes, and speaking in her erect bearing, and the curled lips scarcely concealing contempt—'In fact, my sister and her children are to be the poor, humble, and grateful pensioners on the bounty of their rich relation. No; never whilst I am still free, whilst I have it still in my power to remain Susan Faringham.'

'You are unjust, Susan, very unjust,' said Edward, rising, 'and not in a state of mind properly to weigh the import of your own words. When you come calmly to reflect upon what has passed, you will, I am sure, feel that you have judged me wrongfully; and, painful as it is to endure the injustice of one so fondly loved, yet I must endeavour to do so with what philosophy I can, until your sense of right prompts you to acknowledge the wrong you have done me.' Without waiting a reply from Susan, Edward, with an air of injured innocence, left the room and the house, glad, however, that the interview was over without his having made any, as he thought, unnecessary concessions, and comforting himself with the belief that Susan would never sacrifice her own happiness to her sisterly affection. But Edward was mistaken in his estimate of Susan's character. Her love was not a blind and self-deceiving passion; it was founded upon esteem for the character of her lover; and the predominating feeling of her mind after this interview was one of keen and bitter disappointment. The professions of attachment which had formerly soothed and delighted her, were now, by her severe and scrutinising judgment, 'weighed in the balance, and found wanting.'

In some minds there is no medium between perfect confidence and painful suspicion; and during the few weeks which intervened between Susan's rupture with Edward and her final decision to reject him, his conduct only served to strengthen her conviction, that inordinate love of self was the motive which ruled all his actions.

Great was the astonishment of the gossips of H—— on hearing that the proposed alliance was at an end, and the heir of Sir Thomas Bernard a rejected lover. And Edward, how did he bear his sentence? Candour obliges us to say, with a stoicism that did more credit to his philosophy than his feelings. Proud and self-important, he felt little tenderness for the woman who had humbled him not only in his own esteem but in the esteem of the neighbourhood. He consoled himself by reflecting that a more pliant and yielding disposition would be better suited to him as a companion for life, and he set out for the continent, steadfastly purposing to indemnify himself for his failure by a speedy and advantageous marriage.

And Susan—we wish we could inform our readers that she also found a balm for disappointed love in plans for the future. But her affection had been too tender and true, and the wound she had received was too deep, to admit of a perfect cure. It is true she carried out her plans for her sister's benefit with unabated energy. Purchasing a house in the pleasant suburbs of H——, she made every arrangement she thought likely to conduce to Mrs Herbert's comfort, stipulating only that the family should reside under one roof, hoping to find, in the society and grateful attachment of her nieces and nephew, a cordial for her wounded feelings. But unhappily it was long before this hope was realised. The shock which her principles had been found strong enough to resist, had increased the natural asperities of her temper; and Susan's experience fully proved that the virtues which command esteem do not necessarily excite affection. Capable of making the greatest sacrifices, she failed in the little arts of indulgent forbearance which are the charm of domestic life; and she had the mortification of perceiving that her presence was felt as a restraint, especially by the children of the family. As they grew older, however, they felt more sensibly the obligations they owed to this generous relative. Charles Herbert, especially her favourite, and the son of her adoption, became increasingly dear to his maiden aunt. Whilst he was a child, she had exhibited considerably more patience and forbearance towards him than was usual with her; and though, when crossed and thwarted, he might occasionally pronounce old maids in general, and aunt Susan in particular, a great bore, still he loved her sincerely.

Her influence over him increased as he grew up to man's estate, and could better appreciate her many estimable qualities. In the warm, tender, and respectful affection of this beloved nephew, Susan Faringham at last found a solace for the disappointments of her early life; and the latest news in H—— is, that Charles Herbert is the affianced husband of Sir Edward Bernard's eldest daughter, with the cordial approbation of both families.

PROFESSOR NICHOL'S CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Professor Nichol has acquired reputation by two former works, in which some of the grander truths of astronomy were presented in language at once popularly intelligible and highly eloquent. One of these, devoted to a history of the progress of the human mind in making out the true theory of the Solar System, is here presented in a new form, the original subject being condensed into a narrow space, and the remainder of the volume filled up with matter altogether new, consisting of 'contemplations' on comets, the individual characteristics of the planets, and the constitution of the sun and moon. Much of the new matter is an exposition, in Dr Nichol's lucid and brilliant style, of some of the most interesting of the recent discoveries of the continental astronomers, and it is therefore new to a large portion of the scientific world, as well as to the mass of ordinary readers. For example, we have here the whole of the results of the curious and elaborate observations of Maedler of Dorpat and Baer of Berlin, upon what may now be, without a figure, called the geography of the moon, the surface of which planet, our readers will be amused as well as gratified to know, is now *mapped* with considerably more accuracy than that of our own globe.

Of Messrs Maedler and Baer's three-feet map of the moon—a singular triumph of human ingenuity, as yet almost unknown to our country—Dr Nichol here gives a reduced copy of about six inches diameter, besides a number of plates representing on a much larger scale special parts of the surface. The general character of the surface of this luminary is highly irregular, marked by tremendous mountains and pits, the altitude and depth of which can be accurately measured when they are presented on the edge of the lighted portion. A plate of the district called the Apennines shows lofty mountains casting shadows upon a subjacent plain, and several circular pits, the sides of which are partially lighted. Another gives a district as full of pits as a honeycomb is of holes, and each of these likewise having a lighted and a dark side, owing to the obliquity with

which the sun's light strikes them. This is said to be an illustration of the *crateriform* structure of the moon. There is, however, about a third part of the entire surface presented to us, which is comparatively regular, the regular part being plains, and not seas, as former astronomers considered them. There is no appearance of water, and hardly any of an atmosphere, upon this planet.

'Taking the lunar mountain formations,' says Dr Nichol, 'in the order of their simplicity, we discern, at the outset, a great number of perfectly isolated peaks, or sugar-loaf mountains, *unconnected with any group or range whatsoever*. In our own globe, such peaks are not uncommon; as in Cantal, for instance, or Teneriffe; but those generally belong to some large sphere of disturbance, and the nature of the forces and operation that produced them can, however dimly, still with some degree of certainty, be conceived. These singular formations in the moon, however, very often present no analogy in this respect with the corresponding phenomena of our planet. They rise suddenly from the midst of unbroken flats, and at a great distance from general disturbances. They seem to have shot through the plain in obedience to some sharp internal force, as one would push a needle through a sheet of paper; and the plain has not been much more disturbed.' Mountain ranges or chains are also present in the moon, though not a chief feature in its surface. 'Their general position is a sort of circular but broken skirt of the greater flats or plains.' Some reach a great elevation: the Apennines are from eighteen to twenty thousand feet high; that is, something between our Alps and Andes. As in the earth's mountain ranges—the Himalaya, for instance—'the ridge is uniformly extremely steep on one side, descending to the plain through abrupt precipices, or a succession of abrupt terraces, while they slope away, as ours do also, through an extensive and gently declining highland.' The abrupt face uniformly looks in towards the plain—a peculiarity which Professor Nichol supposes to be paralleled on earth by the arrangement of some of our mountain chains, but, we humbly conceive, with a less cogency of argument than usually attends his speculations.

'But,' says he, 'I must hasten on. I have now reached the most wonderful portion of the moon's mountain districts—a portion with which we have here nothing beyond the faintest similitudes. At least three-fifths of the surface of that luminary are studded with caverns penetrating its body, and generally engirt at the top by a great wall of rock, which is serrated, and often crowned by lofty peaks. These caverns, or, as they have been termed, *craters*, vary in diameter, from fifty or sixty miles to the smallest space visible—probably 500 feet—and the numbers increase as the diameter diminishes; so that the multitude of the smaller ones becomes so great, that we cannot reckon it. The ridge that environs the crater is always steep within, and *sloping* on its external side; but it does not descend to the cavern's base in one precipice. Within it frequently lie concentric ridges, assuming the form of terraces, and making the descent to the low ground appear more gradual. The bottom of the crater is very often convex, and low ridges of mountains sometimes run through it: we also find in it isolated conical peaks and smaller craters, whose heights however seldom reach the base of the exterior wall. These curious objects are, in some parts of the moon, so crowded, that they seem to have pressed on each other, and disturbed and even broken down each other's environments; so that, through their mutual interference, the most odd-shaped caverns have arisen. It often happens, too, that smaller craters are found on the wall; and in many instances one can discern that the wall has been severely shaken by the force, whatever it was, that gave rise to the secondary object.'

The crater Tycho, of which a sketch is given from a drawing by Major Davis, is the most remarkable of these wondrous formations. Dr Nichol makes an ideal journey to it. 'Wandering,' he says, 'through a district perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion—where there is no plain larger than a common field, that, too, rent by fissures and strown with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices—we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge, stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, O Traveller! averting your eyes from the burning sun; and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape! It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder. We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world for ever and ever! Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus—no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base of the chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he ascended, but one unbroken precipice, 13,000 feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity; and at some ten miles' distance from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by 2000 feet than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea! would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour, fascinated as by ten thousand rattlesnakes? But onwards—and to the bottom of this mysterious place. No foot of man can take us there; so that we must borrow a wing from the condor, or, better still, Mr Hansen's aërial machine. Off, then; down, down, and arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one 4000 feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall without breach—only with a few pinnacles on its top—towering 17,000 feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty-seven miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky: no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it: only benign Night with its stars, and the mild face of the Earth! But we tarry no longer; so again, Mr Hansen! and rest for a moment on the top of that highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho! What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters; and the whole visible surface is studded with them; all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep. Nay, Mr Hansen assures us that some exist of at least equal depth, whose diameter is not more than 3000 feet! What conception can we form of chasms so tremendous! Can there be life in them; or are they, by some primal curse, shut out, like the Dead Sea, from all other realms of the Eternal? Life!—is its profusion so necessary? I have been amid solitudes in this land, where no bird is seen, nor heard the cry of any winged creature—scarcely even an insect's hum; where only the casual hiss of the snake, and the hurried and uneasy creeping of the beetle, announce that life exists! Look yet farther. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favourites they are of the sun; for he illumes them more than all else beside, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho! In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has farther ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large

for some of their comrades already in repose. Soon no sound was heard but the regular breathing of the sleepers, the measured tread of the sentinels, and now and then a movement amongst the horses. Don Romnald, through the openings of the lodge, watched with no little anxiety for the signs of the coming day, and saw with heartfelt joy the darkness become less intense. A bright bar of light showed itself in the east, a blackbird was heard to whistle, and at length the order was given to depart. 'Courage,' whispered the Carlist to his companions; 'they are going to march.'

'Ah,' cried the man who had guided the troop, 'the lodge of Senhor Yturbide, the Carlist, has afforded us quarters in spite of him.'

'And this to thank Senhor Yturbide for his hospitality,' said one of the soldiers, kicking the remains of the fire amongst the hay. In an instant the flames were moving rapidly in all directions over the stack; but being damp in some places, it sent forth thick suffocating columns of smoke.

'We are lost!' exclaimed the terrified women.

'Not if they depart instantly,' replied Romnald. But the Christinos lingered a few moments to see their work of destruction complete, and some of them shook up the hay with their sabres.

'My child will be suffocated!' cried Francisca, springing up with the boy in her arms. The flames were creeping rapidly around them, and had reached their feet, when Melchoir uttered a suffocating groan; and the whole party, bursting through the smoke, rushed into the centre of the Christinos, who surrounded them immediately. 'Who are you? and what do ye here?' was the general exclamation. 'We are Basques,' said Romnald, 'who sought the shelter of the lodge against the storm; the women were alarmed at your approach, and concealed themselves. The Carlist leader had no sign of his rank about him, and the officer in command did not seem disposed to trouble himself with an unarmed and inoffensive party, and gave the order to proceed; when the guide, with a look of malignant joy, exclaimed, 'What is the reward offered for the capture of Don Romnald, the Carlist leader?'

'One hundred reals,' replied the officer in surprise.

'Then pay them down,' cried the Arragonais with a shout of triumph; 'for I here give up Romnald, the commander of the troop of Erratson, his wife, Donna Francisca de Ribeyra, and their son, young Melchoir—friends of Zumalacarreguy, and traitors to Queen Isabella and the constitution of Spain.' The parties pointed out were instantly seized; but Carmela, who was supposed to be only a female attendant, was left unnoticed, and said hastily in the ear of Francisca, 'Trust to Salvador.' She had no time for more, for the luckless prisoners were hurried away without delay; and the poor girl was left gazing after them with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, till, recovering her scattered thoughts, she hastened away in the direction of her home to give immediate alarm to the Carlists, and to seek means of communicating with Salvador as quickly as possible.

The house of Triarte, the brother of the alcade of Lecarroz, was the rendezvous of all the chief Biscayens in the country, and of the Carlist partisans in the neighbouring town of Fontarabia. As soon as Carmela had told her sad tale, a council was held, and various plans proposed for the recovery of Don Romnald and his family—by stratagem, by main force, or by exchange. Such was the esteem in which he was held by his party, that no exertions were thought too great to deliver him: amongst other plans, it was proposed to seize the town of Fontarabia by surprise—having many secret friends and allies within the walls—and, securing the Christino chiefs in command, to exchange them one and all for their captive partisan. Immediate steps were taken, and it was decided that within twenty-four hours the attempt should be made.

In the meanwhile, Carmela despatched a messenger to seek Salvador; but his detachment had left their station, and marched in the direction of Fontarabia; which information decided her to follow in the rear of those who were to attempt the surprise of the town, and trust to events to give her the means of communicating with the Chapelgorris officer.

The plan of the Carlists was successful; they rushed to the attack with a valour which was irresistible; and few more brilliant deeds were done during the war than the recapture of Fontarabia from the English and their Christino allies. Triarte and his family, who had been banished from the place by the Christinos when they occupied the fortress, followed in the rear of the victors, and crowded with the population of the town, and the inhabitants of the plains and of the mountains, to offer up a *Te Deum* in the principal church. Carmela was anxiously seeking means of discovering the fate of Salvador, when a drum, beaten before a party of soldiers who were coming down the street, arrested their progress. 'Death to the Christinos! death to the traitors!' shouted the mob. 'Prisoners going to execution,' said the uncle of Carmela, who turned aside her head, and uttered a prayer for them as they passed; when a well-known voice fell on her ear. 'Carmela,' it said, 'the curse has fallen on me.' 'Salvador, Salvador!' she shrieked wildly, and was darting forward, when her uncle caught her by the arm and held her back.

'Salvador Elyssalde, the traitor, well deserves his fate,' he said.

'My child,' added her grandfather, 'you cannot save him.'

'But you can,' she eagerly replied, 'and Don Romnald, too, by an exchange.'

'Elyssalde against Don Romnald?' said Triarte in a tone of contempt.

'His party estimate him as highly as we do Romnald. Grandfather—uncle—as you regard my life, the safety of my soul, let me pass.'

The alcade and his brother were inflexible.

'At least,' cried the girl, still struggling, 'let me see him die—let me aid him with my prayer in his last hour.'

'Carmela, you are mad; you will dishonour us all in the sight of our friends,' said Triarte, who relaxed his hold as the cortege had passed.

In an instant the maiden sprang forward, and flew with a speed which seemed miraculous towards the ramparts. The roll of the drums gave energy to her exertions. A volley of musketry followed. The prisoners, she thought, were numerous, and continued her flight. A second volley followed; and then a third. Her limbs shook under her. Another and another came; and when she reached the ramparts, exhausted by exertion and mental agony, gazing on the fallen victims, she recognised in the fourth line of those who had suffered the lieutenant of the Chapelgorris, motionless and covered with blood from a wound in the breast. She threw herself violently on the body, placed her hand upon his heart, and her lips upon his mouth. There was neither breath nor pulsation left. She tore open the breast of his uniform, and searched for some relic, or at least a cross, which might show that he had died in the faith of his forefathers. No sign was there. 'My God!' she exclaimed, 'be merciful to him! He is now before thee. His faults were those of others; not his own. Before thee there is neither Carlist nor Christino. Let his death plead for him, and accept my future prayers and penitence in his behalf.' Then dipping her rosary in the blood, which still flowed from his wound, she rose from her knees, and fled from Fontarabia, resolving to dedicate her future life to penitence and prayer as an atonement for the doubtful faith of Salvador, and as a pilgrim to visit every shrine in Spain to seek repose for his soul.

In the meanwhile, within the walls of the prison of Vittoria, the Carlist chief, Don Romnald, awaited a similar fate at the hands of his countrymen, thus deeply dyed in mutual slaughter. Donna Francisca was seated beside her husband on the straw of their dungeon, with which Melchoir was playing by her, when he suddenly desisted from his employment, and looking earnestly in

the pale face of his mother, 'Mamma,' he asked, 'when shall we leave this horrid place, and why is papa so dull?'

'Pray to God for your father, my dear child. He will punish his enemies in the next world; you must revenge him in this.'

'Yes,' replied the boy, 'when I am big enough, I will revenge him.' And all the fierceness of the Basque character showed itself in the hope of vengeance which brightened in his eyes, and was thus early implanted in his heart. From the lessons he received daily, no other result could arise; and thus were sown the seeds of future conflict, to desolate the unhappy land of Biscay through many years to come.

The sound of a distant drum caught the ear of Francisca, who clung to every hope which offered of safety to her husband. 'Merino!' she cried.

Romnald shook his head, and answered mournfully, 'More probably the signal that the council of war is breaking up.'

'Salvador, perchance, may have arrived.'

'Cease these vain hopes, my beloved,' said Romnald; 'it is not Merino, it is not Salvador, but the messenger of death which comes. To you, Francisca, I look to sustain your courage in this hour of trial.'

'Romnald, I can die with you, or for you; but the blow which falls on you will crush me with its weight.'

Romnald pointed to his son, and said, 'Hear my last will and wishes, dear Francisca. To your care I bequeath this our child; you must live to be to him both father and mother; you must train him up to be a faithful loyal Basque and Carlist, worthy his race, true to his king and his country in its rights and privileges, obedient to the faith of his forefathers. You must promise me to live and fulfil these duties, my beloved.'

Donna Francisca, pale as statuary marble, and as motionless, could not give utterance to a reply—when the bolts of their dungeon were withdrawn, and Romnald arose with awakened energy to meet the person who entered. 'Be firm, Francisca,' he said, 'in the presence of our enemies.' A Christino officer approached with a paper in his hand, and read aloud the sentence of the tribunal, to the purport, that 'Don Romnald, guilty of bearing arms against the most gracious Queen Isabella II., should forthwith be shot as a traitor to his country.' Romnald raised his head fiercely as the sentence was read, smiled disdainfully at the name of traitor, and said—'Traitor for being faithful to my country, my king, and my conscience!' and bowing to the officer, raised his cap, and added—'May Heaven preserve Don Carlos and the liberties of Biscay!'

The officer withdrew, and Francisca, who had been standing leaning against the wall in a death-like stupor, fell senseless into the extended arms of her husband. The bars were again withdrawn, and the superior of the convent of St Francis entered the cell. 'May peace be upon this family, and may consolation and support be afforded them from on high!' And approaching Don Romnald, he added—'I come to offer the succours of my ministry, and the services of a friar to the faithful servant of Don Carlos and the good old cause of Spain!' Romnald took his extended hand, and placing his wife tenderly on the straw, retired with the monk to the other extremity of the cell, and knelt before him. The long conversation which followed not only consisted of a full confession of all his remembered sins and offences, but in directions for the future care of his wife and son; and when the penitent rose from his knees, an unruffled tranquillity was manifest in his countenance and manners. Approaching his wife, who had revived to a full knowledge of the bitterness of her lot, 'Francisca, my beloved,' he said, 'in this hour, when every word has the holiness of truth, be assured that my love for you has been all that man could feel; but if I have at any time shown either harshness or severity; if there remain aught against me in your heart, forgive me, my Francisca.'

Francisca rose from her seat, and throwing herself at his feet, exclaimed—'Ask pardon of me, Romnald! You have been the pride, the glory, the happiness of my life,' and she strove to prostrate herself before him, but he caught her in his arms, and fervently besought every blessing on her head. He then gazed for some time in silent affection upon Melchoir, and at last said—'Melchoir, I am going there on high to God; love and respect your mother, be obedient to her in all things, and pray that we may meet again;' and catching him to his breast, he covered the boy with kisses. 'This,' he said to the monk, 'is death, and these adieus are its bitterness.' The roll of the drums sounded near at hand—the door of the dungeon was thrown open. 'I am ready!' exclaimed Romnald—with one more embrace to his fainting wife—and hurried from the cell.

NOTES OF 'A CONSTANT READER.'

VI. Exaggeration.—'If there be one mannerism that is universal among mankind,' remarks an observant writer, 'it is that of colouring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of the truth—we must exaggerate, we must overdraw, we must have a little too much red in the brush.'*

This fault is, I am inclined to believe, peculiarly characteristic of modern manners. Formerly, truth and falsehood were separated by a broad and straight boundary-line, so plain and visible, that there was no excuse for mistaking it; the positive and negative of every statement were expressed in certain clear and definite words. If a man had to tell the truth, he told it bluntly, decisively, and without embellishment; if he desired to lie, he lied heartily, and without mincing. He did not, as contemporary liars do, trick out his falsehoods in the vestments of verity; he made no efforts to 'lie like truth.' His crime, like that of the old-fashioned highwayman, had an open daring in it: there was none of that specious refinement which belongs to modern swindling and to the new school of fibbing.

If, on the contrary, we narrowly watch the words and actions of many of our companions, we shall find that the boundary-line has become so uneven, that it is difficult to distinguish when it encroaches on the domains of truth, or when it strays into those of falsehood—and so fine, that it is often imperceptible. The sober tints of fact are so blended with the gaudy colours of fiction, that it is frequently impossible to discover where the one ends and the other begins. This dazzling but false effect is produced by that deceitful prism, exaggeration, which it is the constant practice of modern talkers to place before our eyes when they would have us look at truth.

The main-spring of this habit is a desire to create dramatic effects in conversation. Simple narratives have lost their charms, from a proneness to introduce into every sort of description—whether of persons, things, feelings, or circumstances—a certain degree of effect. A plain straightforward matter-of-fact is thought, in modern conversation, unworthy of being described without an adventitious flourish or a 'spicy' superlative. The application of some degree of art is deemed indispensable, as if people were expected, instead of conversing colloquially, to talk literature. The consequence of all this is, that the adjectives of our language are gradually losing their positive and comparative degrees, from the constant use and misapplication of superlatives. The sober expressiveness of 'bad' and 'good,' is aggravated to 'vile,' 'disgusting,' or 'exquisite.' 'Vast,' 'splendid,' 'magnificent,' 'superb,' 'awful,' 'frightful,' 'tremendous,' are introduced in connexion with the most ordinary matters. If a young lady wet her feet by being caught in the rain, she is nearly certain to describe it at home as a 'most tremendous shower.' Her papa will scold his servant for leaving a door open, by complaining that the 'tremendous' draught will in all probability 'cut him in

* Domestic Addresses, by Ephraim Holding.

two.' Grandmamma is troubled with a 'tremendous' cough, for which she is obliged to take 'tremendously' powerful medicines. Thus, the petty evils of life are described by an adjective which formerly belonged to a heavy fire of artillery or an earthquake. We seldom hear now of a good picture, though 'splendid works of art' are common enough. Fine days give place to 'splendid weather;' and it is not unusual for a guest to compliment his hostess by declaring she 'makes tea splendidly.' Thus, when anything really splendid is to be described, the attempt is difficult; for the proper adjectives have been so used up in their wrong places by small critics and finicking gossips, that they are not understood in their right ones. A pine-apple ice, and a young lady's singing, are both said to be 'delicious.' Ben Nevis, and a rich man's wealth, are equally 'immense.' Pretty landscapes go by the name of 'magnificent scenery;' and I have heard a buxom widow likened to Cleopatra, and called a 'magnificent woman.'

So completely imitative a being is man, and so easily does he fall into bad habits, that this fault has become almost universal; insomuch, that if one narrowly watches the conversation of nine out of ten even well educated persons, they may be detected in exaggerating by the misuse of some of the adjectives we have named. There are, however, particular individuals, and by no means a small class of them, who carry exaggeration a great way beyond the mere use and abuse of words. They habitually exaggerate facts. If what they are continually saying be true, they live a life of extremes; it is their lot to enjoy all the delights, and be plagued with all the miseries, of mortality in their extremest excesses. My friend Mrs Jackson, for example, never complains of being simply unwell; but when she has a pain, 'the agony is excruciating,' her headaches are 'frightful.' On the contrary, she seldom professes to be pleased; she is 'delighted,' 'enchanted.' So, when speaking of her acquaintance, her descriptions would lead you to infer that they are the most extraordinary beings upon earth. Miss Adams, by her account, is as beautiful as an angel, and Mr Roberts writes better verses than Byron. One is blessed with an immense property, the other possesses all the cardinal virtues. Then, of her servants, she reports that they are either wonderfully obedient and dexterous, or horribly stubborn and clumsy. In short, although Mrs Jackson would not utter a wilful, deliberate falsehood on any account, yet the habit of exaggeration makes her every third word something like a fib. The line which separates truth from fiction, and which always lies between two extremes, is nearly rubbed out in her mind. The reader doubtless knows many a Mrs Jackson.

Such sacrifices of truth, be they ever so slight, are the first steps towards habitual falsehood, for which reason every inclination to exaggerate should be jealously checked. Exaggeration is a sure mark of vulgarity; for, amongst the higher classes, every tendency to strain after effect, either by overstating circumstances, or by an inconvenient display of private feeling, is habitually guarded against. As the well-bred man is recognised by the simplicity of his dress, so he is known by plainness and the direct signification of his words.

VII. A HINT TO ASPIRANTS.—All those who possess talent, and do not apply themselves assiduously to its cultivation, will readily acknowledge the truth of the following remark, put forward in Sharpe's Letters:—'Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.'

VIII. BANK NOTES INVENTED BY THE CHINESE.—The learned orientalist, Klaproth, in his 'Memoirs Relative to Asia,' gives a curious and interesting account of the origin of paper-money, which he traces to the Chinese.* It must be premised, that the Chinese annals are more complete than those of any other nation, because the keeping of them has always been a state affair, and not left to the industry of private individuals; and from these authentic records Klaproth translates the following facts:—The earliest trace of a currency having a nominal instead of a real value, occurs during the reign of the emperor *Ou-ti*, in the year 119 before the Christian era. It appears that the treasury of that sovereign got into so low a condition, that the expenses of the state exceeded its revenues. He was fortunate, however, in the services of a financial minister, whose genius planned and executed a system of nominal currency. This consisted of pieces of deer-skin, about a foot square, ornamented with paintings and highly-wrought borders. These represented the value of 40,000 deniers (about L.12 sterling), but were only current amongst the grandees and at court. Out of them a revenue was collected in a manner characteristic of the people:—from time immemorial, every person who is admitted into the presence of the 'Sun of Heaven' covers his face with a screen, or small tablet, for he is supposed to be quite unable to bear the blazing light of the emperor's countenance; and, at the time we refer to, whoever was honoured with invitations to his repasts and entertainments, was obliged to cover his screen with one of these *phi-pi*, or 'value in skins,' which he was condescendingly allowed to leave behind him. This plan, once set on foot, appears to have been often followed in after-years. We find between, and for some time subsequently to, the years 605–617, disorder prevalent in China to such an extent, that the country was nearly without a coinage, and all sorts of things were used as money; such as round pieces of iron, clothes cut up, and even pieces of pasteboard; but it is not till nearly three centuries after, that the history of regular paper-money commences. Hian-tsoung, of the Thang dynasty, whose reign commenced A.D. 807, was the founder of banks of deposit and issue; for he obliged rich families and merchants who arrived in the capital to deposit their valuables and goods in the public treasuries, for which paper receipts or acknowledgments were given, and made current under the name of *fey-thsian*, or 'voluntary money.' Thai-tson, who reigned in 960, adopted the same plan.

Between the years 997 and 1022, we find that a paper-money system was established in China, such as is at present followed in Europe—that is to say, the issue of credit papers as currency, without being guaranteed by any substantial pledge or mortgage whatever. These primitive bank-notes were called *tchi-tsi*, or 'coupons.' From that time to the present, bank-notes have been in use in China under various names—those current at present being called *pao-tchhao*, or 'precious paper-money.' Thus the Chinese have had a banking system, with all its attendant advantages and evils, in full operation at a far earlier period than any other nation: and bankrupts, forgers, and monetary crises, have been rife in China for ages. We learn from Gutzlaff* that, a few years ago, some new financial arrangements were made, with a view to putting the paper currency on a better footing, but they were much impeded by a low state of public and private credit. Banks, both of deposit and issue, exist in every large Chinese town, conducted by companies or private individuals, who issue *pian-thsian*, or cheques—the 'precious paper-money' being only circulated by the government. Bills of exchange are not very often used, on account of a prevalent bad faith in commercial transactions.

De Guignes, in his work on China, gives an engraving of a Chinese bank-note. It is a square paper, having on one side an inscription which states the amount it is issued for (1000 deniers, or 'cash'), and that it is a note of the emperor Zong-King, of the Ming dynasty. On the other side, the Chinese equivalent of the following sentence is printed:—'At the petition of the treasury board, it is ordained that the paper-money thus marked

* 'Sur l'Origine du Papier-Monnie.'—Memoires Relatifs à l'Asie, par M. J. Klaproth, vol. ii. p. 375.

* China Opened, vol. ii.

with the seal of the imperial dynasty of the Mings, shall have currency, and be used in all respects as if it were copper-money. Whoever disobeys, will be beheaded!'

The researches, then, of M. Klaproth prove that, besides the discovery of the properties of the magnet, the invention of writing-materials, printing, and gunpowder, we owe to the Chinese the basis of our present systems of bank-notes and banking.

JESSE'S SCENES AND TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

Mr Jesse, whose duty as surveyor of her majesty's parks, and residence at Windsor, bring him into connexion with some of our finest natural scenes, has made use of his opportunities to acquire a taste for the beauties of the vegetable creation, and pay a minute attention to the habits and characters of animals. Without, apparently, the advantages of extensive knowledge or deep reflection, but with those of careful observation, kindly feelings, and a modest and pleasing style, he has produced one of the most agreeable books of the kind in our language—the *Gleanings of Natural History*; to which is now added a second and similar volume.* On this occasion we have more about many of the subjects formerly treated, as the trees in Windsor Park (including an elaborate history of Herne's oak), river-side scenery, the songs of birds, the reasoning faculties and affections of animals, &c.; besides which there are a few simple stories of rural life.

He informs us that the queens of England, for a series of ages, have each chosen an oak or beech in Windsor Park, to which her name has been given, 'which, with the date of the month and year of the selection, is engraved on a brass plate, and screwed securely on the tree. Thus, in one of the most beautiful and retired parts of the forest, Queen Anne's oak may be seen; the oak of the amiable wife of George II., Queen Caroline; the oak of Queen Charlotte; the oak of the excellent Queen Adelaide; as well as that of her present majesty: they all have seats around them. The green drives of many miles, along which these trees may be approached, are not only kept in the most perfect order, but at every step we go either some opening view of the castle or the surrounding country presents itself to our notice, or else some picturesque or noble tree attracts attention. Here and there are charming glades, down which a gentle stream of water makes its way, and which is crossed by a rustic bridge. It is at nearly the end of this drive in one direction, and in the neighbourhood of the trees I have referred to, that one of the prettiest cottages imaginable opens upon our view. Nothing can be more smiling and cheerful, or kept in better order, than this abode of the woodman of the district. His rustic seats, his flowers, and neat kitchen-garden interspersed with fruit trees, all give the idea of rural peace and beauty. The oaks and beeches spread out their arms over the well-kept lawn in front of the cottage, while the wood-pigeon and woodpecker are heard in the adjoining thicket.

'The picturesque and noble oak selected by her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, stands near the woodman's cottage I have been describing, and flourishes on the prettiest lawn imaginable. The perfection of sylvan scenery will be found near this spot, and will amply repay a visit to it.

'Perhaps most persons will feel that the interest of scenery is enhanced by its having been viewed, and the locality visited, by those who were eminent for their rank or distinguished for their talent. This was the case with the situation I have been describing. It was one of the favourite haunts of Pope, and where he probably wrote his early poem of Windsor Forest. It is evident that he was a great admirer of forest scenery and beautiful trees. He tells us—

> Here waving groves a chequered scene display,
> And part admit and part exclude the day;
> There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
> Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.

He speaks of "thy trees, fair Windsor," and of the happiness of him

> Who to these shades retires,
> Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires.

And concludes with the following charming description of his own feelings in these forestal haunts:—

> My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
> Paints the green forest and the flowery plains,*
> Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
> And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing;
> Even I more sweetly pass my careless days,
> Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise;
> Enough for me, that to the listening swains
> First in these shades I sung the sylvan strains.

'It is impossible to pass along the drives in this part of the forest without being struck with the many specimens of fine old oaks and beeches growing into each other, so as almost to appear as one tree, thus reminding me of the following lines:—

> See the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
> And with the beech a mutual shade combines.

Sometimes a little group of thorns or hollies may be seen growing round their trunks, or a patch of fern or fox-glove adds to the scenery. Indeed, my walks and drives in the recesses of woods are always agreeable. All is quiet repose, or nothing but pleasing sounds are heard, and these afford a gratification of no ordinary kind. During the heat of summer there is a delightful shade; and I never think of those charming lines of Virgil—

> O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra—

without fancying that they must have been uttered by many a thoughtful moralist "as he lay along under an oak" beholding "the sobbing deer," and enjoying the shade, while the "brawling brook" glided onward at his feet.'

It affords us unmitigated pleasure to peruse what Mr Jesse writes regarding animals; it is all so replete with that benevolent appreciation of their amiable and useful qualities which we should wish to see diffused more largely amongst mankind. We feel tempted to take from one of his chapters a few new illustrations of a subject lately treated in the Journal—the affections of animals towards man. 'Every sportsman,' he says, 'knows that the common wood-pigeon (the ring-dove) is one of the shyest birds we have, and so wild, that it is very difficult indeed to get within shot of one. This wild bird, however, has been known to lay aside its usual habits. In the spring of 1839, some village boys brought two young wood-pigeons taken from the nest to the parsonage-house of a clergyman in Gloucestershire, from whom I received the following anecdote:—"They were bought from the boys merely to save their lives, and sent to an old woman near the parsonage to be bred up. She took great care of them, feeding them with peas, of which they are very fond. One of them died, but the other grew up, and was a fine bird. Its wings had not been cut; and as soon as it could fly, it was set at liberty. Such, however, was the effect of the kindness it had received, that it would never quite leave the place. It would fly to great distances, and even associate with others of its own kind; but it never failed to come to the house twice a-day to be fed. The peas were placed for it in the kitchen window. If the window was shut, it would tap with its beak till it was opened, then

* Scenes and Tales of Country Life; with Recollections of Natural History. By Edward Jesse, Esq. With woodcuts. London: Murray. 1844.

* Before the enclosure of the forest, the adjoining plains were covered with the beautiful purple flowers of the heath. Patches of it may still be seen.

come in, eat its meal, and then fly off again. If by any accident it could not then gain admittance, it would wait somewhere near till the cook came out, when it would pitch on her shoulder, and go with her into the kitchen. What made this more extraordinary was, that the cook had not bred the bird up, and the old woman's cottage was at a little distance; but as she had no peas left, it came to the parsonage to be fed. This went on for some time; but the poor bird having lost its fear of man, was therefore exposed to constant danger from those who did not know it. It experienced the fate of most pets. A stranger saw it quietly sitting on a tree, and shot it, to the great regret of all its former friends."

'One cold frosty spring morning, a lamb, apparently dead, was brought into the kitchen of a gentleman in Nottinghamshire by his farming man. On being placed near the fire, it revived, and eventually lived, and became so great a pet in the family, as to form quite a part of it. It had the run of the house, took its walks with any of the members of the family; and if a visit was paid, it would remain very quietly at the door till it was over. It was gentle and amiable at all times, with one exception, being of so jealous a disposition, that it could never tolerate any mark of favour shown to a four-footed creature. When the lamb was grown up, circumstances obliged us to change our residence. In removing to another house, the pet was left behind, under the care of a woman who had charge of the house. On missing its old friends, it went everywhere in search of them, and stood before those doors leading to rooms in which it had been in the habit of finding us. It bleated most piteously; and at last went up stairs, and laid itself down at my bed-room door, as it had been accustomed to do before I was up in the morning. When the door was opened, and it saw the empty room, it renewed its lamentations, and this it continued to do all the day. It ate nothing, and did nothing but moan and cry. Sometimes it would run about, as if a sudden thought had struck it, and a new hope had sprung up; and when it found it was a vain hope, and that it could not find us, it refused all food. Its bleatings were fainter and fainter—it looked ill—its eyes were dim—and soon afterwards it died. The next morning they brought us the body of our poor lamb.

'Affection,' Mr Jesse continues, 'will preponderate against the strongest impulses of nature in animals. Thus a tame doe has been known to swim a river, in order to follow a person who has treated it with kindness. And there are numerous instances, besides the one already related, of animals having refused food, and dying, when the hand which had fed and caressed them was no longer to be met with.

'An Arabian horse had been sent the year before last (1841) to her majesty, and was safely left at the royal stables by a man who had the charge of it. On delivering up the horse, he set off for Liverpool, in order to return to his own country. From the moment, however, of his departure, the horse refused to eat, and showed every symptom of misery. The cause of this was soon suspected, and the man was sent for from Liverpool. On arriving at the Mews, the poor animal showed the utmost joy and affection, and soon began to feed as usual. The care and kindness of the man was thus repaid by the noble animal with gratitude and love.

'Dogs soon become aware of any misfortune in the family to which they belong, and show their sympathy in a variety of ways. Sometimes they lose their usual eagerness for food; at others they seem listless and unhappy, and their nature appears to have undergone some alteration. A female in Lincolnshire died, who had two favourite dogs. They were of the mastiff breed, occasionally very savage, and much dreaded in consequence by every one. On the death of their mistress, the wife of the clergyman of the parish went to see if she could be of any service to the other members of the family. After ringing the bell, and finding that no one answered it, she went, in great alarm for fear of the dogs, to the back-door, which she found open. Entering the kitchen, and seeing the two dogs, she was about to retire, but the animals merely raised their heads, and laid them down again, without even uttering a growl: she therefore proceeded. When the deceased was carried to the churchyard, one of the dogs followed the corpse, and neither threats nor intreaties could drive it away.

'A poor woman in the north of England was in the habit of going about from one village to another selling different little things for a livelihood, and was generally accompanied by a small dog. When at home, the dog usually slept with the woman's child in a cradle, and was much attached to it. The child fell ill and died; and although the mother lived at Hawkshead, the infant was buried at Staveley. From distress of mind at the time, the poor woman took little notice of the dog, but soon after the funeral it was missed, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. When her wanderings were resumed, the mother happened to pass through Staveley, and with a mother's feelings went to take a mournful look at her child's grave. On going to it, she found to her great astonishment her lost dog. It was lying in a deep hole which it had scratched for itself over the child's grave, probably hoping to get a little nearer to the object of its affection. It was in an emaciated state from hunger, but neither hunger, cold, nor privation had expelled its love, or diminished the force of its attachment.

'Nor are cats without strong feelings of affection. An old lady had a favourite cat which was much petted by her. One day a young friend was staying with her, and while sitting at the window of the drawing-room, she began playfully to pat the old lady. The cat seeing what was going on, and probably supposing that her mistress was being ill-treated, crouched down with glaring eyes and swelling tail, and was evidently preparing to fly at the young lady, when fortunately her mistress saw the cat, just in time to prevent the assault, and it was with some difficulty driven from the room.'

Mr Gould's superb books on the birds of Australia—too expensive for general circulation—supply Mr Jesse with some interesting particulars respecting the mode of hatching pursued by some of those animals—a process, as far as we are aware, entirely peculiar. To effect this object, the Wattled Talegalla, a gallinaceous bird, 'assimilates in some degree to the practice of the ostrich, yet upon a totally different principle. The Talegalla collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter, as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by the process of decomposition for the hatching them.* Mr Gould says, that the heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previously to the period of laying; that it varies in size from two to four cart-loads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. The construction of the mound is not the work of one pair of birds, but is effected by the united labours of several. The same site appears, from the great size and the entire decomposition of the lower part, to be resorted to for several years in succession—the birds adding a fresh supply of materials on each occasion, previously to laying their eggs.

The mode in which the materials composing these mounds are accumulated is singular, and proves the utility of the large and strong feet and claws of the Talegalla. The bird never uses the bill in collecting materials for the nest, but always grasps a quantity in its foot, throwing it backwards to one common centre, and thus clearing the surface of the ground for a considerable distance, so completely, that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left. The heap being accumulated, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited, not side by side, as is ordinarily

* It is now supposed, according to Mr Backhouse, that both the male and female birds watch the heaps during the period of the eggs being hatched; and that the latter diminishes or adds to the heated vegetable matter, according to the instinct given to her by her Creator.

the case, but at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm's depth perfectly upright, with the large end upwards. They are covered over as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched. Mr Gould was informed, both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap.'

A HINT TO THE WORKING-CLASSES.

It seems to be well worthy of consideration amongst the working-classes and their well-wishers, if they might not be supplied with the necessaries they require under arrangements more favourable to them than any which at present exist. There are here and there, we believe, shops for the sale of such necessaries under the care of committees of working men, and designed to save the retailer's profit; but they are nowhere upon a considerable scale, and rarely, we apprehend, conducted upon such principles as to give them a chance of being extensively useful. Laying aside an exception so unimportant, it may be said that the system by which the working-classes are supplied with necessaries, forms a striking contrast, in point of economy, with the plans everywhere followed with regard to their own labour. Machinery, combination, arrangement, make the work of men's hands far more productive than it was in an early state of society; but, next door to the nicely-managed workshop or factory, is the little retail shop—unchanged since the days of Elizabeth or James—where a stout, sensible, and perhaps tolerably well educated man, his wife, and probably some of his children, are devoting themselves to duties, fivefold of which would perhaps not be burdensome to them; making up, of course, for this limitation of business by a high rate of profit. It is obvious, on the simplest reflection, that far more persons are everywhere employed in the distribution or retail of articles required by the working-classes than there is any need for. This is a misapplication of human labour, which it is desirable to see corrected on general grounds, but particularly so as the expense of the superfluity falls mainly upon a department of the community who are the least able to bear such a burden. The evil takes the form of high prices for all the common necessaries of life. There are various calculations of the degree in which these exceed what are positively necessary; but none makes it less than 30 per cent., a large part of the excess being not even to the profit of the dealers, but a result of the limited and disadvantageous way in which they, again, obtain their supplies of goods from the wholesale merchants. A hazardous system of credit is, indeed, at the bottom of the evil in all its parts. The first merchants charge high because of the risk incurred in dealing with persons of small capital; the retailer, again, charges high because his customers choose to have always a little debt against them in his books. A misexpenditure of means upon so vast a scale must clearly be a cause of poverty to an enormous extent, and perhaps this is not the least of those injurious agencies at present pressing upon the masses.

Might we not hope to see a remedy applied in this case? The arrangements made for the support of the private soldiers in our army, suggest the possibility of our working-people being supplied with necessaries on a far cheaper plan than any known heretofore. Each soldier has thirteenpence a-day in the form of pay, and costs the state eighteenpence a-week besides for clothing and lodging, being nine shillings and a penny a-week in all. For this moderate sum he obtains comforts considerably beyond what any other man with the same income could procure for himself. According to official regulations, he is allowed every day, when in barracks or stationary quarters, three quarters of a pound of meat, and one pound of bread, for which sixpence is deducted from his pay. The articles being contracted for at wholesale prices, is what permits of so much being given for sixpence: the quality must ever, from the care taken in the case, be good. It is by the same means that a week's clothing and lodging are provided at so low a sum as one-and-sixpence. The remaining sevenpence a-day is left to be employed by the soldier according to his own discretion, and is spent on cocoa, tea, and other articles, in the same way as the income of a labouring man is disposed of—that is to say, without any of the advantages here contemplated; which, of course, makes the wonder the greater that nine shillings and a penny should go so far. Now, there is no good cause that we are aware of, why articles of the best quality at wholesale prices should not be within the reach of the great body of operatives as well as of private soldiers.

The Truck System, which prevailed so extensively a few years ago, to the oppression of the working-classes, supplies the outline of a plan for effecting this object. That system was primarily designed for the benefit of masters; let there be another akin to it in all respects but one, namely, its being purely for the benefit of the men. Let the masters of factories and other great establishments set up depôts for the sale of the principal articles of domestic use; the capital to be supplied by them at a fair interest, or borrowed from others on similar terms; the management to be open to the investigation of a committee of working-men, to insure that there should be perfect confidence in it; the articles to be all bought on the most advantageous terms, and sold according to a scale of prices liable to fluctuate with markets, but always as low as these would permit, so as only to leave the concern free of loss. The profits, where any were unavoidably realised, might be employed in promoting objects of general utility, such as schools, hospitals, or baths. Assuredly, wherever such a plan could be realised upon a sufficiently large scale, it would make the incomes of working-men go from a fourth to a third farther than at present—advantages so overpowering, that few of the people, one would suppose, could from any cause fail to embrace and hold by them.

One effect of the general adoption of some such plan, would be to reduce the number of small shops, and force a considerable number of persons to seek other means of livelihood. There might be hardship here, but it would only be temporary, and the result would amply compensate for it. We are bound to remember that the present system is also one of hardship—hardship for the great bulk of the people—so that such a change would only be supplanting one evil by another much smaller. At present, the vast multitude of small fractionally-employed shopkeepers can only be considered as a drain upon the industrial resources of the country. If the same business which five of them perform could be easily effected by one, it is just the same as if the community were to agree to support four persons in total idleness. It is, therefore, but right that they should be reduced in number, and that the four persons who, theoretically, are idle, should be converted to employments of actual utility.

So much for the supply of articles of consumption. It is not less obvious that the house-accommodation, or lodging of working-men, might be provided for on equally economical principles. Their houses at present may, in a word, be described as bad and dear—how much of the former, let the sanitary reports declare. Buildings infinitely more comfortable, and exempt from influences noxious to health, might be erected by properly combined efforts, and placed at the service of the working-classes at rents considerably below what are now paid. Lodging and boarding establishments for single men could in like manner be prepared, so as to enable these persons to live in a style at once more comfortable and economical than at present. It is fully proved, that for so little as threepence a-day, a person of straitened means can be lodged and boarded in a humble, but not uncomfortable style, when numbers are concerned: of course, for a sum not much larger, considerable comfort

can be obtained under similar circumstances. And in connexion with sets of separate dwellings, as well as with large boarding establishments, it is possible to have, by virtue of combination, very considerable advantages, such as those of a reading-room, baths, &c. for an extremely moderate charge. Here the working-classes have another book from which to take a leaf, namely, the Clubs. It is well known what advantages these establishments present for the middle and upper classes, enabling an individual of limited income to enjoy many of the luxuries which would otherwise be exclusive to men of fortune. There is nothing to prevent the humbler classes from realising advantages similar in kind, though not in degree, if they only would act with the same degree of union amongst themselves.

JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

ROCHESTER TO BUFFALO—A 'BREAK-DOWN.'

At breakfast next morning, I observed for the first time, what afterwards I found to be a general custom all over the country, that the 'hired helpers,' including in the present case the young woman who was introduced to us by Mr Jones as 'the lady who helps Mrs Jones,' all sat down to table with the guests and family. Mr Jones was a rich man, and had a handsomely-furnished house, and would therefore in England be considered a gentleman; but I doubt whether in the whole states he could have found any efficient person to work for him, except a foreigner, unless treated as an equal. But the personal appearance and conversation of the agricultural labourers of New England or New York must not be supposed to be similar to those of the awkward ill-dressed English ploughman. They are all young unmarried men, the sons of farmers perhaps of the same standing as their employers, and, except when working in the field, are well-dressed. They are, as a body, well-educated, as they attend the district-school every winter, from the time they are six or seven years old until about the age of eighteen, where they are taught the ordinary branches of an English education, and to which many add, by self-instruction, some of the higher accomplishments. One of Mr Jones's ploughmen had a brother who was a clergyman, and another, having saved up his wages for that purpose, was going to college in the commencement of winter. I myself, when in Massachusetts, was acquainted with a young man who, although nothing more than a common labourer, was well-versed in all the standard British and American poets, and was himself a poet of no mean abilities, at least in his own and my opinion. This difference between similar classes in the two nations is owing not only to the superior education of the Americans, but also to the higher rate of their wages. A man generally gets from fourteen to twenty dollars a-month, with board, lodging, and, in most cases, washing, for six months in the year, or about a hundred and twenty dollars per annum, if engaged for that time. But for the information of those who think of making their fortune in America, I must say, that generally, especially if at a distance from a large town, nearly the whole of the wages are paid in stock or produce, which, although easily turned to account by a native, is not of much use to a stranger. However, more of this hereafter. On a foreigner, the improved moral and physical rank of this class of the people produces an almost immediate effect. I had an opportunity of seeing some of my former shipmates after several months' residence in the country, and I observed in all of them a beneficial change both in manner and appearance; the agricultural labourers more especially, and others who had been accustomed to working out of doors, had lost a great deal of that heavy cart-horse appearance peculiar to their class. Of course it is unnecessary to say that, in this land of freedom, there is no such thing as a master, unless it be among slaves; no, it is the boast of a free and enlightened American, that the moment a master sets his foot on the territory of the United States, he dwindles down to a mere 'boss,' or employer.

After breakfast we set out in Mr Jones's gig to overtake the boat. This vehicle consisted of a small seat, perched upon two very high wheels, and supported by springs which, from their great size and elasticity, produced a motion backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, sideways and all other ways, that, in spite of the novelty, was far from pleasant, especially after a hearty meal. We rattled along for about two hours, the horse all the while trotting at a rate that would have made his, or rather his master's fortune in England. Fast-trotting horses are very common in America, and the breed which seems to excel is a rather small rough-coated animal. We reached the boat rather sooner than we expected, on account of her having been detained for some time in taking in the plunder of a gentleman who was going west, and we here parted with our kind host. During the rest of the day it rained, and we were obliged to take shelter in the cabin, where, from the gloomy appearance without, and the heat within, caused by the number of inhabitants and the large fire that was used for cooking, we felt decidedly uncomfortable. The captain had his wife on board to cook for those who boarded with him. She was very fond of flowers and birds, and placed her whole stock in the windows of her cabin; so that when the green venetian blinds were thrown back, that portion of the boat presented the appearance of a cottage floating in the water. She was a very pretty gentle-mannered woman; and I was surprised to observe her affection and seeming respect for her husband, who was a little mean fellow, always cursing and swearing; but these accomplishments were so much in vogue, that I have no doubt she considered them merely as ornamental figures of speech. Perhaps the same reason may account for the fact, that when her husband, in the presence of several of the passengers, gave an account of how he had 'walked round'—alias cheated—another gentleman in the matter of a cord of wood, she, in common with all the Americans present, was loud in evincing her delight and approbation. However, from that moment I lost all the interest and pity I might have had for her. The people connected with this canal have the reputation of being the greatest vagabonds in the state, and that is saying much. No farmer will engage any of the fraternity; and he who would give one of them credit, if only to the extent of a dollar, would be considered particularly 'soft.' Those who engage in the service commence at the age of eleven or twelve to ride and drive the horses, and learn the vices of their elder companions with a celerity and perfection highly flattering to their tutors. It is truly horrible to hear these young imps, even in their most trivial conversation, stringing together every holy name they can think of with the most fearful curses. One of my shipmates, who was himself much addicted to swearing, after listening for some time with a fixed stare to a boy of fourteen who was relating an anecdote (not of the most delicate nature), which he garnished very liberally with oaths, turned round to me and said, after drawing a long breath, 'Well, that dings all!'

At the distance of about every three miles there is a lock and a small village, supported by supplying the passengers and boats with necessaries; and occasionally the canal runs through a large town. In the middle part of the state, most of the towns and villages have classical names, such as Rome, Thebes, Troy, &c. The staple merchandise of Palmyra is *ale*. At length we arrived at our destination; and right glad were they who had been all this while cooped up in the boat, though for my part I found the canal the most agreeable way of travelling I had ever known. Rochester is a large handsome town, of recent date. Its local advantages, in a commercial point of view, being very great, it started at once into life and eminence when the Erie canal was opened. The counties that lie immediately

round it contain the best land in New York; and the farmers, as a body, are considered the most skilful in the United States. A man, therefore, who has worked in the valley of the Gennessee, can anywhere obtain employment and good wages. Rochester is situated on the river Gennessee, which, from its numerous falls, is a great source of wealth as a water-power. The principal fall is in the middle of the town, and is between ninety and a hundred feet in height; and if it were not for the great quantity of flour mills around it, which destroy its associations as a picturesque object, it would be reckoned a very magnificent sight. The millers here are mostly flour merchants, who buy their wheat from farmers, and, when ground, send it to New York for exportation, and to the eastern states, where it has a very good reputation. The town is seven or eight miles from Lake Ontario; and although in some respects most inconveniently situated, its other advantages make it a port of some consequence on the lakes, and its commerce will no doubt be much increased when the Welland canal is opened. The wharves are about three miles from the town, and are reached by a road running along the high bank of the river, and passing several falls, which, although smaller than the principal one, are yet more interesting, from the surrounding scenery being more in keeping. The merchandise is drawn up and down the bank on a tramway, at an angle of forty-five degrees, by machinery attached to the custom-house. The town has generally a very good appearance; and the churches, although mostly made of wood, are handsome. My shipmates took passage for Toronto in a steamboat the same day they arrived, for which they paid two dollars; but I, wishing to see more of the country before proceeding to Canada, took down some of their addresses, in order that I might learn what was the destiny of the party, and accepted a proposal of my Yankee friend to accompany him to Buffalo, whither he was going after transacting some business in the neighbourhood of Rochester. In the meantime, he informed me that there was to be a 'break-down' at a small village two or three miles off, which he thought of attending, and I readily assented to his proposal that I should accompany him. A break-down signifies a ball, and is so called from the accidents that frequently occur when the floor is not made of sufficiently strong materials. What we would call a private party, is never given by a farmer in this part of the country, except on the occasion of a marriage; but having made his intention public some time previously, he issues tickets for a break-down, for each of which—admitting a lady and gentleman—he charges a dollar, and in return lays down a plentiful supply of whisky, and provides a good supper and music. In some cases, as in the present instance, several young men join together and hire a room, generally in a tavern with cooks and waiters, and provide the necessary refreshments. If anything is made by the speculation, it is generally applied to some public or charitable purpose. However, break-downs are now going out of fashion, and in some districts respectable people will not attend them. We arrived at the tavern a short time after six, but there were as yet only two or three couples present, who were very stiff and formal, and painfully conscious of having their 'go-to-meetin's' on. They thawed down a little as the room filled; but still I never before saw eighty people dancing together with so small an amount of gaiety. The young men, about once in a quarter of an hour, would hazard a conjecture as to the weather of the coming winter, or a remark on the sermon of last Sunday, which would be answered by the young ladies in the fewest possible words; and then both parties would remain for some time in deep thought, puzzling themselves what to say next. The dances at first were principally quadrilles, and were gone through in the manner that is so fashionable with us, as if we had a melancholy consciousness that it was our fate to dance, and endeavoured to get over it as easily as possible. At the announcement of supper, however, they began to brighten up; and when we all went down stairs, and saw the long table groaning under the load of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and pastry, we became as merry and sociable as anybody could wish. At the back of the chairman was a stout table, on which were placed three barrels, containing cider, beer, and whisky, and a great number of jugs in which to hand these beverages round; and one of the tavern-keeper's sons was kept hard at work all the time filling them. It was remarkable to see what power these jugs had in loosening tongues and creating appetites. Young gentlemen who were rashly asked to sing, and after much hesitation and pressing complied, could not be stopped for the rest of the evening; and young ladies, who could not eat anything but 'the least mite from the bosom of a fowl' (for it is considered improper to say breast), very soon began to put the good things out of sight with surprising celerity. But one gets tired even of eating supper, and so we adjourned once more to the ball-room, leaving three gentlemen behind, who had been so much affected by the sight of the happiness around them, that they found themselves unequal to the task of leaving the room. The fiddler, who had before officiated, was paid and sent away, and an old coloured man in the employment of the tavern keeper being called in, and the negro tune of 'De Ole Cat' unanimously called for, mounted on a cupboard, and began to handle his bow with extraordinary gravity and dignity. He had a jug of whisky beside him, which was kept constantly filled; and for the next six hours he fiddled away, increasing in speed after each visit to the jug, but becoming more and more grave and dignified. In all the dances the step was the same, namely, the old-fashioned shuffle, but distinguished by the heel being each time brought in violent contact with the floor, and by three decisive stamps at the end of the step. In matters of taste the two ends of society, as well as the two worlds, old and new, occasionally meet, and here is an instance; for the Polka, which is becoming so fashionable in Europe, is nothing more than a modification of the stamping dance of the American peasants. The latter, perhaps, may be traced to the uncultivated genius of the Indian; but I leave such inquiries to the philosophers. Our break-down dance was enlivened by something also taken from the aborigines—their yells; and till three o'clock in the morning the noise was deafening. At that hour a descent was made upon the remains of the supper; but this was a forced compliance with the cravings of nature, and the business, therefore, was got over in the most expeditious manner possible, many of the party rushing back to the ball-room with the half-devoured edibles in their hands, where they remained yelling, shuffling, stamping, and knawing till six o'clock. To me, however, the last few hours were very indistinct—the scene was a fancy piece, and the actors shadows. Having a dislike to spirits, I had no aid from artificial stimulus, and my natural energies were worn to rags. Still, I had a distinct notion on my mind that it was my duty to dance; and I did my duty, although feeling all the while very miserable. Of the drive home I have not the slightest recollection, except a very faint notion that it was enlivened at one place by our whole party being turned over in the ditch, owing to the driver having fallen asleep.

Two days after the break-down, my friend and I set out for Lockport, after first calling at a village on the Ridge road. This road, as its name implies, is carried along a ridge that runs from Lewiston to Rochester, and is considered the best in the United States. It is a pretty good road, and it is quite a relief to travel on it, after the wretched lanes, miscalled roads, which in most parts of the country are the only communications from place to place. Lockport lies on the Erie canal, which, by means of locks, here ascends to the height of seventy feet over a rock. There were a great many Irishmen here employed in the excavations, and between this place and Buffalo I met with several miserable little shanties, built of clapboards, along the canal, and inhabited by such labourers as had brought their families

along with them. I looked into some of them, but they had the same appearance of dirtiness and improvidence which characterises their dwellings in the old country. How difficult are early habits to eradicate! In Liverpool I left the Irish labourers still worse off, as regards comfort, than I had seen them in Ireland, the difference of their wages (absolute wealth to them!) being spent in a debauchery which lowers still further their standard of the decencies of life. But it is proper to add, that it is only the lowest class of labourers, the excavators, who are unreclaimed in America. The agricultural labourers, who do not herd, like them, in communities, but are mixed with the mass of the people, are speedily elevated to the standard of America, which is unquestionably higher in that class of society than at home.

Buffalo is a large and flourishing town, situated at the bottom of Lake Erie; and from its excellent situation, is every year increasing in size and commerce, with a rapidity unknown in European countries. Like Albany, it forms one end of the Erie canal and the western railroad, and it is also the port through which the merchandise of the western states passes before it can reach the exporting cities, New York and Boston. It employs a great quantity of tonnage, principally in steamboats and schooners, in the trade on the lakes, bringing to this main stream the minerals of Illinois and Wisconsin, the grain of Ohio and Indiana, and even the sugar, cotton, and tobacco of the south, by way of the Mississippi. It also possesses within itself a great resource in its iron foundries and manufactories. Parting here with my Yankee friend, I set out on foot for the falls of Niagara, distant between twenty-five and thirty English miles, but as my solitary walk lay along the borders of the Indian reservation of Tonniwantie, I was tempted to stray into that region, for the purpose of visiting the Senecas, one of the Six Nations, or tribes, in their now circumscribed haunts.

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS INFANT SON.

A proof how compatible are the domestic affections and gentlest charities of life (as well as the most touching simplicity of character) with the utmost zeal for, and most courageous assertion of, great public principles, the following letter from Luther to his little son John, then four years old, was penned by the same hand which, at that very time, was shaking to its foundations the Vatican, and defying the power of the empire:—

'Grace and peace in Christ to my dearly beloved little son. I am glad to know that you are learning well, and that you say your prayers. So do, my little son, and persevere; and when I come home I will bring with me a present from the annual fair. I know of a pleasant and beautiful garden, into which many children go, where they have golden little coats, and gather pretty apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; where they sing, leap, and are merry; where they have also beautiful little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. When I asked the man that owned the garden, "Whose are these children?" he said, "They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are pious."

Then I said, "Dear sir, I also have a son; he is called Johnny Luther (Hansichen Luther); may he not come into the garden, that he may eat such beautiful apples and pears, and may ride such a little horse, and play with these children?" Then the man said, "If he loves to learn and to pray, and is pious, he shall come also into the garden; Philip, too, and little James; and if they all come together, then may they have likewise whistles, kettle-drums, lutes, and harps; they may dance also, and shoot with cross-bows." Then he showed me a beautiful green grass-plot in the garden prepared for dancing, where hung nothing but golden fifes, drums, and elegant silver cross-bows. But it was now early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, "Ah, dear sir, I will go instantly away, and write about all this to my little son John, that he may pray earnestly, and learn well, and be pious, so that he also may come into this garden. But he has an aunt Magdalene; may he bring her with him?" Then said the man, "So shall it be—go and write to him with confidence." Therefore, dear little John, learn to pray with delight, and tell Philip and James that they must learn to pray; so shall you come with one another into the garden.

With this I commend you to Almighty God; and give my love to aunt Magdalene; give her a kiss for me. Your affectionate father, MARTIN LUTHER.'

In the year 1530.

CONTINUED DAYLIGHT WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Nothing made so deep an impression upon our senses as the change from alternate day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued daylight to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the Arctic circle. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations above alluded to; but the reluctance we felt to quit the deck when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and to retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprived us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep our night-watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish. What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome, and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost, with a clock-work regularity; and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required. At first sight, it will no doubt appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country; but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and to satisfy a thinking mind that we cannot overrate the blessing we derive from the wholesome alternation of labour and rest, which is in a manner forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible, by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time; the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that all-wise and merciful provision with which nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.—*Beechey's Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole.*

THE NIZAM'S FEMALE SOLDIERS.

The princes and nobility of the East are noted for keeping large seraglios, and his highness, [the Nizam], to keep pace with them, has a considerable one attached to his household, for the protection of which a corps of their own sex was raised many years ago, armed and accoutred like other regiments of the line, but not in such a superior style. Their commissioned and non-commissioned officers are also women, and are much more expert in the performance of their respective duties than one would imagine. It has been said by some, who have been so fortunate as to have got a glimpse of this gallant corps whilst at exercise, that they have gone through their field movements in a manner highly amusing; and if one were to judge from their appearance on duty around the seraglio and other places, it certainly must be a sight, above all others at Hyderabad, worth seeing. The sentries may at all times be observed very alert on their posts, excepting in the case of those who may have an infant to take care of, when, perhaps, one hand may be employed in holding a musket, whilst the other is engaged in nursing. Women in this condition must find it a very difficult matter to conduct their duties to the satisfaction of their superiors. The husbands of these Amazons have nothing whatever to say to the regiment, and follow their own occupations, either under government, or upon their own responsibility. —*Captain Wilson's Private Journal.*

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2 AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, May 11, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 20. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1844. Price 1½d.

THREE DAYS IN TIPPERARY.

I lose no time, my dear James, in letting you know the result of the business on which you employed me. I know how anxious you are to hear whether I have been the object of any outrage in consequence of my somewhat unpopular mission. I am glad to say that I am now safely at home, though not without adventure, as you will see by what I am about to relate.

My poor wife was very uneasy when she heard that business obliged me to go to Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary. I did not much like the thoughts of a visit to that disturbed part of Ireland myself, but business could not be neglected; so I made all the necessary preparations for my journey. My wife—my poor Fanny—could scarcely sleep for some nights previous to it; and when she did, she was harassed by terrific dreams. A few nights before I left her, I too was disturbed in my sleep with a horrible dream, out of which I wakened with a shock, my heart beating violently, and my nerves quite agitated. My wife, who had had her uncomfortable visions too, was roused from them by hearing a loud groan from me. These were not favourable omens, though I tried to laugh at them; but I saw they made a deep impression on my wife. The morning came for my departure; I despatched an early breakfast, and then equipped myself for travelling. As I embraced Fanny, she whispered, 'Take care of yourself, and do not venture out after night-fall while you are away.'

My fellow-travellers amused me with strange stories of their hair-breadth escapes during the late elections in the county to which we were going, of desperate agrarian outrages and fierce attacks upon different individuals residing there; in short, their discourse was not calculated to do away with the ideas I had formed of the lawless state of society in that quarter. Having thus supped full of horrors, I found myself at the door of the inn at Nenagh, where I parted from my companions. I gave my carpet-bag and valise to the waiter, who stood at the coach door, and then stepped out to follow him. A crowd of squalid beggars, vehement in their complaints, and clamorous in their demands, were drawn up to impede my progress. However, dropping halfpence here and there, an active scramble ensued, of which I availed myself, and pursued my way. Just as I was entering the door, I felt my skirts pulled, and I turned round expecting to see one of the beggars returning to the charge. The blaze of the gas-light fell upon the face and figure of a man who was evidently not of them. He was equipped in a light-coloured frock-coat, closely buttoned up, except in one point, into which his hand was suddenly thrust, as if to guard some treasure or to grasp some weapon. His hat was slouched over his face, but still did not altogether conceal his features, which were anything but prepossessing, and the expression they bore was still more unpleasant. A look of wild ferocity, mingled with a cunning inquisitiveness, struck me even in this cursory view. I shook my skirt, to be sure that he was not still clinging to it, and soon found myself in a snug little apartment, where a waiter, bustling with alacrity, and overflowing with benevolence, busied himself to make me comfortable. 'What would I have?' Anything the world contained seemed to be within my choice. Whatever fare I demanded, should be produced. I might have wavered between a bird's-nest from China and a buffalo's-hump from Africa, till I had weighed in my mind the respective merits of each, but, in compliment to the green fields of Erin, I asked for something of home manufacture, which soon appeared in the shape of a bottle of port, indebted, I am sure, for its fine colour and flavour to the blackberry hedges in the neighbourhood. A venerable fowl, which I concluded must have been grandfather or great-grandfather to the chickens mentioned in the bill of fare, put my teeth and my powers of digestion on hard duty. I made a pathetic appeal to John's humane feelings on the subject. He assured me I should be better taken care of the next day. He said a few words certainly in commendation of the viands which had been laid before me, but admitted that they had been far surpassed by the endless variety of dainties which had been swept away by some hungry but most fortunate travellers, whose lucky stars had guided them to the house of entertainment before I arrived. He made fair promises for the time to come, and then showed me to an exceedingly comfortable bed-room, where I enjoyed a profound sleep till nine o'clock the next morning.

When I rose, I found that my trusty waiter had been as good as his word in the excellent breakfast which he had provided for me. That meal being speedily despatched, I set out to execute some of my business. I had scarcely walked twenty paces from the inn, when I felt a hand passed hastily but gently over my back. I was somewhat startled, and turned round, when I again beheld the man who had held me by the skirts as I entered the inn. His hand was now, as on the preceding evening, suddenly thrust into his bosom. The advantage of broad daylight gave me an opportunity of examining his face and features more closely, and certainly the clearer scrutiny did not leave a more favourable impression. Straight black hair lay upon his low narrow forehead; he had a most terrific squint, and a mouth pursed up so artificially, as to impress one immediately with the idea of duplicity. I quickened my pace, and in a few minutes looked back to see if he were gone; but *there* he was, close at my heels. He coloured slightly on seeing that I observed him, and squinted another way with all his might and main. I walked on.

I still heard his stealthy step behind me, and thought I felt the motion of his hand again near my back. I stopped, in hopes that he would pass me; but he stopped too. I then walked on in double-quick time; he instantly quickened his speed, so as to keep close to me. I hurried on till I came to Mr Loftus's house. As some of my business was with him, I went up the steps and knocked at the door. The man stopped, and drew from his pocket a small manuscript book, and leant his back against the rails, pretending to be absorbed in its contents. As Mr Loftus and I had to go over some complicated accounts, I was delayed with him for nearly two hours. When I came out, the first object I saw was this hateful man, exactly in the same posture in which I had left him, and his book still open before him. The moment he saw me he fastened it in its clasps, and gave a chuckle and a smile, if I may call the detestable exulting motion of his lips by such a name. He continued to follow me wherever I went. I had to go about two miles out of the town, still my tormentor was behind me. I went to Sir William Maitland's gate, my tormentor was still at my heels. I entered the avenue, and closed the gate after me, and still saw this incomprehensible being standing watching me. I hurried up to the house, and as my interview with Sir William was a long one, I hoped to find him gone on my return. Sir William's polite offer of his carriage to leave me in the town I accepted. I am not ashamed to confess that I did so, principally that I might escape from the man who was evidently dogging me wherever I went. I mentioned the circumstance to Sir William, and he advised me to be very much on my guard; for, were it known that my business was in any way connected with the arrangements about land, there would in all probability be a hostile feeling against me, and he thought it not unlikely that, if not actually known, this might be suspected, and would account for the watch which it was plain was kept over me. As I passed through the gate in Sir William's chariot, I saw the ill-favoured wretch gaping at me. He gave a kind of half-smothered groan, and then had the audacity to pull off his hat in token of salutation. I cast what I intended should be a withering look on him, and took no notice of his pretended civility. He bounded over a hedge which separated the road from the fields, and I lost sight of him. I breathed more freely; and as I had desired the coachman to drive fast, I soon arrived at the inn. I looked out of the carriage-window, and the first object I saw was my tormentor. He was leaning against the rails, as if he had never moved all day. I felt provoked and irritated, and hastily brushed by him into the house. At six o'clock I again went out, as I had promised to dine with Mr Loftus, and there I found him still leaning on the rails in waiting for me. It was certainly unpleasant, very unpleasant, to have him close to me in the broad daylight; but it seemed absolutely dangerous to be thus pursued by him in the dark. So, shaking my hand at him, I said, 'If you dare to follow me any longer, I will surely make you repent of it.' I then went forward as fast as I could walk to Mr Loftus's. I heard the fellow mutter, 'I must take my measures;' words full of disastrous mystery. I felt my blood run cold, and my heart sink within me, as I thought how nearly impossible it was to escape the blow of the assassin, if once a victim was marked out. I heard a step after me the whole time I was walking through the streets—now quickened, and now slackened according to my own pace; it was not light enough to see the person plainly, but I knew too well who it was. On my return at night, I heard the same tread close upon my steps, and every moment expected to be within the murderer's grasp. There was something in the whole appearance of this being that filled me with disgust and apprehension. I thought I had seen him before, and yet it was strange that I could not remember distinctly where or when, his singular ugliness being likely to impress it on the memory. At last a vague and uneasy impression came upon my mind that I had seen him, or what strongly resembled him, in the frightful dream which I had had previously to my journey; and in my nervousness, or weakness, if you will have it, I felt like a doomed man.

After I went to bed, I lay awake for a considerable time thinking of my perilous situation, and wishing to be again safely with my dear Fanny. I had left a lamp burning in my room for greater security, and had seen that there was a bell at the head of my bed, so that I did not fear any midnight attack. I at last fell asleep, and do not exactly know how long I was in that state, when I half wakened with a feeling of great uneasiness. I thought a heavy hand was laid upon my breast, and that I felt the cold breath of some person leaning over me. I roused myself, and with a start raised myself in the bed, when I beheld to my horror and dismay the being that I most dreaded. I uttered a loud exclamation, and rang the bell violently; but I was in total darkness, the light having been suddenly extinguished. In a few moments two or three waiters, some half dozen of chambermaids, and my host, were by my bedside. I told my story in great agitation. I perceived it made no impression—no one had been met in the passages—nothing in the room looked disturbed—the lamp appeared to have gone out of itself—the house had been shut up long before. The landlord tried to persuade me that I had been dreaming, or that I was subject to the nightmare. I stoutly denied both charges; but at last I became pretty sure that my audience had come to the charitable conclusion that I must have gone to bed tipsy, and mistaken my own wild ravings for realities. Instead of meeting any sympathy the next morning for the shock I had received, I perceived the maids vainly endeavouring to suppress their tittering; the waiters looking confused, as if they thought I would be ashamed to look them in the face; the landlord appearing in all the solemnity and displeasure of dignified silence. At length his feelings found audible vent, when he invoked all the saints in heaven to bear witness to the correct character of his house, on which he declared gentle or simple had never cast a slur before. He vehemently protested that I would be the ruination of himself and his helpless little family if I spread bad reports of it. When I suggested the expediency of taking up my quarters elsewhere, he said I wanted to destroy an honest hard-working man entirely. After the work that had been made the night before, what would be said if I left the house, but that it was infested by ghosts and robbers?—it that had always been the resort of the first quality. Sure it wasn't in the nature of a gentleman to send him and his poor little children to beggary. I was conquered, and had to remain, being actually confounded and ashamed to persist in a story which I had no means of substantiating. That it had been no dream or nightmare, I knew too well. I had felt the breath and heavy hand of the person; I had almost touched his face as I jumped up in my bed. You, who know my temperate habits so well, will believe me that I committed no excess at the hospitable table of Mr Loftus; and there was no reason to suppose that my senses were in such a state as to deceive me.

I determined to devote the rest of this day to my accounts and letters, to be sent off to the metropolis early the next morning. I did not stir out till my letters were ready for the post-office, when I went to put them in myself. I had scarcely gone more than fifty paces from the inn, when I heard some person running in breathless haste up the lane which I was just passing. He was instantly at my side. I felt a sickness come over me as I again beheld the detestable wretch, and felt him almost touch me, as he slid close behind me. He kept in my track as near as he could without jostling against me. He looked on as I dropped my letters into the receiver; he almost trod upon my heels as I returned to the inn. He, however, made a sudden dart down the lane from which he had issued; I turned my eyes there. It was fitted for the haunt of such a one as he who now passed along: its straggling houses were dismal,

squalid, and dilapidated; and it appeared to me to be the very receptacle for robbers and assassins.

The evening was closing in, and I went over to the window of the room in which I was to dine, to see how the weather promised. I again saw my hateful tormentor, by the fading light, stationed under my window. I sat down to my solitary meal heavy and dispirited. When the waiter had removed the cloth, I drew the easy-chair to the fire, whose blaze was the only light in the room. I threw myself back on the soft cushions, and tried to doze. The waiter entered, and told me there was a man below who wished to speak to me. I concluded it was a confidential person from Mr Loftus, who had asked me to take charge of a valuable parcel to Dublin. I desired him to send him in, and bid him shut the door, for I thought it best that no one should see the packet. The stranger entered, and advanced towards me timidly and stealthily. He was close—the full glare of the fire fell upon his countenance—it was the fatal tormentor! I uttered a groan of horror, and prepared to put myself in a posture of defence. I expected to see a pistol or a dagger drawn forth to despatch me at once.

'Avaunt!' I exclaimed. 'Tell me who and what you are, and why you thus persecute me?'

'I am,' replied he in a subdued and hesitating tone, 'a master tailor. I have followed you, sir, for these three days, in hopes of being able to take the pattern of the zephyr you wear out walking; but I could not do as I might wish; if I could, I would not have been so bold as to intrude upon you. I never seen so nice a cut; and if you'd allow me, sir, to look at it in my hand, and measure it, you would put some pounds in the way of an industrious tradesman.'

The mystery was solved at once; my fears were dissipated; and I could not but laugh heartily, as I am sure you will do, at the termination of my adventure. The fellow's trade was certainly cutting and slashing, but I was quite satisfied, as it was not to be exercised upon my person. I must not omit telling you that a friend of his, in the person of one of the waiters, had admitted him to my bed-room the night before, and he was just going to investigate the zephyr, which hung on the back of a chair by my bedside, when I awoke in such alarm.

COMMERCIAL POLICY.

The work of Mr David Buchanan—editor, we believe, of one of our Edinburgh newspapers—on the taxation and commercial policy of Britain,* may be considered an acceptable, as it is without doubt a creditable, contribution to that department of our literature of which Adam Smith and Mr M'Culloch are the acknowledged heads. Writing more for practical purposes than these great masters, Mr Buchanan deals more in details; but wherever principles are enunciated, they are clear, sound, and irresistible, and as respects finance and banking, so simple and truthful, that the veriest tyro in economical science cannot fail to comprehend them. Much of the volume, by its bearing on political topics, lies beyond the scope or purpose of our pages, and must therefore be passed over in silence; but that portion which refers exclusively to mere trading policy, happily stands on another basis, and appears so worthy of being made generally known, that we venture on presenting a few of the more expressive passages.

Mr Buchanan, like his illustrious prototype, Dr Adam Smith, is a zealous advocate for leaving commerce entirely alone, assured that legislative interference, where it may seem to many to be expedient, can prove only either nugatory or hurtful. It is by a perfectly free exchange of commodities between nations that inequalities can alone be corrected; 'that the bounties of Providence are distributed in a fair proportion among all nations; and that in one spot is concentrated, by means of trade, the diversified produce of the earth. It is trade which brings to northern countries all the varied luxuries of more favoured climates; which spreads the festive board with wine, the most precious cordial and restorative which the earth produces; with tea or coffee, the favourite luxuries of every class, brought from the remotest parts of the earth; with spiceries of all kinds; and with numerous other articles of luxury or use. It is by means of trade that the national stock of northern countries is enriched with all the rare and delicate productions which are matured under a tropical sky; with the vegetable oils in all their variety; with balsams, perfumes; many rare herbs, precious in the healing art; with fragrant essences, which recruit the shattered nerves; and with all that is ornamental either in dress or furniture.

'Trade,' our author continues, 'being in this manner a free exchange among nations, or among individuals, of their respective produce, it is clear that all devices for its encouragement which impede this free exchange, whether they be bounties bribing foreigners to buy, or protecting duties hindering them to sell, must be prejudicial to its true interests. The only encouragement which trade requires is a free market for its produce, in which the best articles will always command a ready sale. This is the true incentive to industry and skill; and it is to thwart this natural arrangement, and to discourage the sale of such articles, that bounties are given, or protecting duties imposed. It is to countervail the superiority of the skilful workman, or the natural advantages of climate, that his goods, or the produce of particular countries which is cheaper and better than any other, are loaded with duties, that their sale may be impeded by an artificial rise of price, and that the consumer may be compelled to buy the produce of domestic industry, though dearer and inferior in quality; and bounties are founded on precisely the same principle. Their object is, in like manner, to force the sale of inferior articles, and with this view to make up out of the public purse to the seller that remunerating price which he could not obtain from their sale in a free market. This, then, is the nature of bounties and of protecting duties. It is not against violence and injustice that protection is sought, but against ingenuity and skill. Protecting duties, as well as bounties, are imposed for the benefit of the ignorant and incapable; and it is because they are ignorant and incapable that they require either bounties to encourage them, or duties to protect them. Where the workman at home, or the climate, furnishes a better article than can be got from abroad, no protection is required. It is only where the home are inferior to the foreign articles, and therefore do not sell, that it becomes necessary, by means of protecting duties, or by bounties, to force a sale; by which we tax the many for the benefit of the few, depress ingenious industry, and actually hold out a bounty on indolence and rapacity. To buy cheapest, and to sell dearest, is the inalienable privilege—the Magna Charta of commerce, which repudiates all interference between the buyer and the seller. Such manufactures as cannot stand their ground without protection, should be left to their fate; and, if they should decay, the capital and industry which they employed will flow naturally into other and more profitable channels.'

From these principles in the abstract, he proceeds to notice a few of the oddities in England's commercial policy. 'The commercial code of Great Britain presents a continued violation of those clear, and now undisputed maxims. Her ancient policy, like that of the other European states, was founded on monopoly. Her import duties were framed on this narrow notion, that it is profitable to sell and not to buy, though wholly inapplicable to the concerns of a great nation, and entirely at variance with the principles of trade, which is promoted by competition, and by the freest exchange between nations as between individuals. The produce of labour, as well as the produce of land, was accordingly protected against foreign competition either by prohi-

* Inquiry into the Taxation and Commercial Policy of Great Britain. By David Buchanan. 1 vol. 8vo. Tait: Edinburgh. 1844.

bitions or by heavy duties. The minute restraints that were imposed on the free exercise of industry by the legislators of those days are absurd, vexatious, and impracticable. No satirist, indulging his genius for caricature, could have imagined anything more ridiculous than many of these officious interferences, not only with the freedom of trade, but with the concerns of private life. Numerous and complicated statutes regulated all the staple manufactures of the country; such as linen, woollen, and silk; the exact lengths and breadths of the cloths; the mode of sorting the yarn and of weaving it; the weaver to give security for weaving according to law. The bleaching of linen was placed under the charge of the magistrate, who might summon the servants employed to give information if any breach of the law occurred in carrying on the business; and the restrictions by which the silk trade was regulated were numerous, absurd, and truly mischievous. The manufacture of stockings was regulated in the minutest points of shape and size; also the making of hats. Not merely the importation, but the wearing of any article which could interfere with the sale either of silk or woollen goods, was forbidden by numerous laws. There are no less than four severe and solemn acts proscribing, for the benefit of the silk manufacture, under heavy penalties, the weaving or the making "of any button or button-holes of cloth, serge, drugget, or other cloth;" and as this act had been evaded by the unforeseen practice of making and binding button-holes with cloth, serge, &c. a subsequent act extends the penalty to the wearer of those dangerous buttons. The wearing of any printed, stained, or dyed calico was prohibited under a penalty of L.5, to be given to the informer; cambrics and French lawns under a like penalty of L.5, to the informer; to which penalty any milliner making up the prohibited articles was liable. Examples without number might be multiplied of the same mistaken interference by law in matters that can only be regulated by the discretion of individuals.

'The trade of the colonies has always been strictly monopolised for the benefit of the mother country, and their domestic industry was held in the same thraldom. The length to which this commercial tyranny was carried, is hardly credible in the present day. The exercise of mechanical industry was rigidly proscribed in all her dependencies by Great Britain; acts, innocent, and even praiseworthy, as conducing to the general prosperity, were treated as crimes, and branded with disgrace, in the suicidal code of monopoly. The same spirit which at home classed the exporters of wool with felons, ruled the commercial concerns of the colony. The settlers were hardly allowed to fashion their own produce for use after the rudest methods. They were encouraged to till the ground, but prohibited from manufacturing its produce, on which British industry was to be employed at home. The exercise of mechanical skill was prohibited by fines and penalties—the rewards, under this perverted system, of ingenious industry. Manufactures seldom flourish in a new colony, being retarded by the want of capital and the high price of labour. Yet, when they first began to make their appearance among the active and enterprising colonists of North America, the rich merchants of Britain took the alarm, and, with a malignant jealousy, they used all their influence to blight those early fruits of successful industry: they demanded and obtained from the legislature penal laws for the purpose of crushing the rising trade of their own colonies; and acts were passed proscribing such manufactures, under heavy penalties, as in any degree interfered with the industry of the mother country. The making of hats was prohibited; every forge or furnace for smelting iron was declared to be a "common nuisance;" to be abated on complaint to the governor, who, on refusing to act, incurred a penalty of L.500. Many other examples might be given of the same narrow spirit. The remnants of this barbarous injustice yet linger in the modern code of Britain, which still prohibits, by heavy duties, the West India planter from refining his own sugar, which is accordingly brought to this country in British ships for behoof of the refiners at home.'

On the subject of the modern colonial trade, Mr Buchanan shows, in a subsequent chapter, to what a serious extent the trade of Britain has been hampered, and prosperity restrained, by the possession of colonies. 'It is now generally acknowledged,' says he, 'that colonies are no real advantage to the mother country. The monopoly of the trade is a positive injury to both parties, to the dependent as well as the parent state; and the sovereignty, however it may flatter the national vanity, brings with it no solid benefit. The undue importance attached by Great Britain to her American colonies, was fully proved by the event. The wisest statesmen were impressed with the notion, that the loss of this great empire, the brightest ornament, as it was styled, of the British crown, would be a serious blow to the national prosperity. How entirely has the subsequent prosperity of the country belied those vain fears. The loss of America has in no degree affected the commercial greatness of Britain; it has rather redounded to her advantage.' In support of these assertions, our writer shows that the trading monopoly for which colonies are usually maintained are either nugatory or injurious. 'Where it confines the merchant to the markets which abound in all he requires, in which he can buy cheapest and sell dearest, it will then only be nugatory. It will really impose no restraint. The law will only prescribe the channel into which trade would of itself naturally flow.' On the other hand, the monopoly will be injurious where it compels either party—colony or mother country—to buy from the dearest instead of cheapest, and otherwise most preferable markets. At present, the monstrous monopoly of the British sugar trade insured to the West Indies, takes between five and six millions of pounds sterling from the pockets of the people of Great Britain—no doubt partly to compensate these colonies for restrictions with which they, in their turn, have unnecessarily been burdened; but the loss is not the less great by being thus rendered complex.

On this subject Mr Buchanan sums up by observing, that in the most practical, as well as abstract point of view, 'prohibitions and restrictions are injurious to the trade of all countries; but in the case of Britain they are peculiarly impolitic: because, from her superiority over other nations in art and industry, her manufactures need no protection. They are cheaper and better than those that are brought from abroad; and hence obtain a preference in the market without the aid of protecting duties. Of all nations, Great Britain had the least reason to follow this perverted policy. Her manufactures have flourished in consequence of her vast capital and superior skill; and seeing that they have always made their way in other countries, and that the foreign manufacturer is undersold in his own market, how unnecessary is it to protect them by discriminating duties against foreign competition at home. That other countries should protect their inferior artisans, in their unequal rivalry with British skill, is a natural though mistaken policy. But all that Britain ought to desire, is a fair field and no favour; and, in place of imposing restrictions on trade, her interest is rather to impress on other nations the opposite policy, both by precept and example.

We must refer to the book itself for much that is instructive on banking, currency, and commercial speculation, confining ourselves to the following passages on the cause of monetary convulsions. 'The cause is obviously the undue extension of credit; and the effect will always follow, wherever, from the superabundance of capital, credit is carried to excess. These calamities originate in misplaced confidence—in this, as in all other cases, the great cause of commercial ruin; and which may take place, as in point of fact it has often taken place, when the currency consisted entirely, or nearly so, of the precious metals. In every industrious

community capital naturally increases. It is the accumulated produce of land and labour, the surplus which remains over the annual consumption. It has been accumulating in this country, and throughout Europe, for centuries. The labour of the industrious classes has annually produced a greater quantity of goods of every description than has been consumed; and by this constant addition, the national stock has increased to its present vast amount. Peace conduces to the increase of capital, as war to its dissipation. Capital being the produce of industry, the greater the proportion of those who produce to those who consume, the more rapidly will it increase; as, on the other hand, it will be more quickly wasted, according to the proportion which the consumers bear to the producers. War, accordingly, which converts a large portion of productive labourers into soldiers and sailors, who consume without reproducing, impairs the national capital, and renders it scarce; while peace, on the other hand, disbanding this crowd of unproductive labourers, and setting them to work, the effect of their industry is soon visible in the increase of the national stock, and in the reduced rate of interest, which is invariably high during war, as it is always sure to fall with the return and continuance of peace. It is, accordingly, in a season of prosperity and peace that capital accumulates more rapidly, and that overflowing in the remotest extremities of the kingdom; and in all the channels of trade, it is daily found more difficult to lay it out with any chance of profit. With this increasing difficulty of investment, the capitalist not only lowers the rate of interest, but makes fewer scruples about the security. Commercial confidence thus necessarily keeps pace with the progress of wealth. Money is more easily obtained, and more readily invested; and it is this facility of credit which gives a dangerous impulse to mercantile enterprise; which sets afloat daring schemes and doubtful undertakings; and brings forward, in every branch of trade, a host of projectors, who, with borrowed funds, plunge into bold and reckless speculations, overlooking, in their eagerness for the prize, all the fatal hazards that beset the unwary adventurer in the lottery of trade. In this ferment of speculation, all schemes of domestic improvement, the construction of bridges, roads, canals, railroads, which absorb the superabundant capital of the country, as well as foreign loans, with numerous other rash projects, find ample support from the overflowing funds, and the ardent projecting spirit of the times. Commerce, in the meantime, presents the show of outward prosperity; everywhere is heard the din and bustle of business and speculation; industry flourishes in all its branches; and all things appear to go on smoothly. But deep and extensive ruin lies hid under this deceitful calm. The vast superstructure of commercial dealing, which shows so fair outwardly, does not rest on any solid foundation of real capital; it is chiefly reared up on speculation. The proper business of commerce is to convey, by the speediest process, the rude produce of the soil, through all its various and necessary stages, from the cultivator to the consumer. This is the quiet and orderly channel in which trade regularly flows. The produce of the land is sold to the wholesale merchant, by him to the manufacturer, by him to the merchant who keeps a large store of goods, by him to the retail dealer, who finally sells to the consumer. This is the regular beaten track of trade, from which, in proportion as it deviates, it becomes insecure. But in a season of high confidence and active speculation, large quantities of goods are intercepted in their way to the consumer; are bought at high prices, and stored up, in the vain hope that prices will still be higher. The speculators thus not only increase their stock, but raise the price; and the consequence of this extra demand for goods is, that a large stock is accumulated, not for immediate use, but on speculation, and at a high price, beyond the wants of the consumer. This artificial rise in the amount and value of the national stock, which occasions ultimately a vast loss when prices fall to their former level, or below it, is the consequence of extravagant speculations; and it gives rise to a complicated mass of transactions resting on credit, and kept afloat by a floating mass of fictitious bills, drawn and re-drawn in a continual circle. So long as a high state of confidence remains, so long as the speculators are supplied with ample funds on easy terms, and on long-dated bills, the system may be supported, the external show of prosperity may be maintained; the mercantile community may still slumber on in a false security, and ruined traders may continue still farther to spin out the long thread of their ruinous speculations, but sooner or later the day of reckoning will come; the flimsy fabric will at last totter to its fall; and when this occurs, when the mine at last explodes, then will be seen, from the wide-wasting ruin which takes place, to what an extent commerce has been previously undermined. Numerous and fatal bankruptcies, shaking the commercial world to its centre, will at once dispel the dream of blind confidence in which the most wary have been lulled; and suspicion, starting as from a trance, will cause every man to doubt his neighbour; the banks will contract their credit; and panic, scarcity of money, distrust spreading far and wide, will level with the ground every establishment that does not rest on a basis of real wealth. In the general wreck, capital will be lost to a vast amount; and in many cases even the wealthiest merchants will share in the common ruin. Such, then, is the nature of those calamities; those storms which burst forth in a season of apparent prosperity, and in a moment blight the fairest hopes of commerce; and the immediate cause is the sudden and extensive shifting of property from one hand to another, occasioned either by misplaced confidence, or by the alternate rise and depreciation of the national stock to a vast amount. Now, this may overtake any country where credit prevails, and where it is carried to excess, or where doubtful speculations are undertaken. An over-issue of paper is no way essential to the fatal result—it is not a necessary element in the scene of ruin. Money may be lent where it may be lost to any amount, without the intervention of paper; and where this takes place, commercial distress will necessarily follow, whether the currency consist of paper or the precious metals.'

THE THREE KINGDOMS.*

The Viscount D'Arlincourt, a French nobleman of the old school, visited Great Britain and Ireland last year, and having recorded his adventures as they occurred, has now published them. The opinions and ideas formed by an intelligent foreigner from a tour in our own country and a mixture with its people, are always useful, as placing our national peculiarities in such lights as make them evident to ourselves. In the present instance, however, less instruction than amusement will be gleaned; the viscount being of far too sentimental a temperament to describe objects and persons as they exist in stern reality, for so poetical is his nature, that he throws a veil of romance over the most commonplace things. He possesses, moreover, a vein of pleasantry, which, though extremely entertaining, creates a suspicion that here and there a little truth is sacrificed to effect—the effect produced by a well-turned sentence or a brilliant remark.

The traveller started from Ostend in the summer of 1843. On entering the river Thames, he remarks—'It is impossible not to be struck with admiration when we approach a great town by a broad river. During eight leagues, one passes between an alley of ships†—a

* Les Trois Royaumes, par le Viscount D'Arlincourt. Paris: 1844.

† More than twenty miles of ships! This is an exaggeration. The 'alley' of vessels ends short of Greenwich, which is only five miles from London bridge.

maritime forest, the greater part of the masts rising higher and straighter than the most gigantic trees. In every part there is a restlessness, an agitation, a commerce, an activity, a hollaballoo (*tohu-bohu*), it is impossible to describe. The magnificent hospital of Greenwich (pronounced Grinitche)* is the first public monument which presents itself. Thence, to the place of debarkation, our steamer could only be navigated with the utmost caution between the myriads of vessels, boats, wherries, and skiffs, which traverse the river in every direction. I tried to count the boats which accompanied or crossed our vessel, but I soon found the task impossible; the number exceeded my skill in numeration. Unfortunately, the fog produced from coal-smoke, which spread itself above my head in a kind of reddish veil, tempered my admiration. All this commercial activity in the clouds—without sun, and under a firmament which hid the sky—created in me a sombre wonder, a splendid gloom. My enthusiasm took cold. Yet, in casting one's eyes around, what vast fields for reflection present themselves? Thousands of vessels, connecting the commerce of the whole world, carrying colossal fortunes, and which had arrived from the four quarters of the globe. I recollected my entrance the year before into St Petersburg by the Neva, and compared the two scenes; but how little did they resemble each other! The approach to St Petersburg, by way of Cronstadt, is chiefly remarkable for the grandeur of the stream, and the quantity of the palaces, temples, colonnades, and cupolas on its banks. The entrance to London by water, on the contrary, does not present any other noticeable edifice, or remarkable monument, than Greenwich hospital. The houses which border the Thames are smoked, dirty, ill-built, and nearly all inhabited by the working-classes. Nothing is consecrated to the fine arts: all is sacrificed to trade and industry: it is not a question of poetry, but of commerce: the queen of the sea appears to be unwilling to condescend to adorn herself. She knows that if the fancy were to seize her, she has genius and wealth enough to *monumentalise* the whole of her banks; and this conviction seems to suffice. But if, on the one hand, viewed for the sake of gigantic buildings and picturesque scenes, the approach to St Petersburg by the Neva possesses far higher claims to admiration, yet how immense its inferiority in a commercial and industrial aspect! In this respect there is no other place that can be compared to London.' The sight of the various docks warms up the excitable viscount to a state of intense enthusiasm.† 'How is it possible to regard these docks coldly! where the real, pushed to the *ne plus ultra* of the grand, ends by reaching the poetic. Here, where nothing but the highest objects meet the eye, one cannot suppress the high-wrought expressions which rise to the lips. Enthusiasm and imagination are not solely excited by the countries where palms flourish, and where they wore nothing but wreaths and chaplets. The furnace of the Cyclops has its poetry as well as the garden of Armida; and amongst the grandeurs of this world, commerce has its glories!'

Soon after the traveller's arrival in London, he had the honour of being invited to a state ball at Buckingham palace, the splendours of which seem to have nearly turned his brain; for he speaks of it in such superlatives, that it is often not easy to catch his meaning. He gives, however, more sober accounts of his visits to some of the English aristocracy; these were few, for he was anxious to start for Ireland.

While in Dublin, the Viscount d'Arlincourt dined at Palmerston House, the residence of Lord Donoughmore, formerly Colonel Hutchinson, who, at the restoration of the Bourbons, assisted, in company with Sir Robert Wilson, in the celebrated escape of General Lavalette; concerning which, the guest heard the particulars from his lordship's own lips. It will be remembered that Lavalette, cast into prison and condemned to be guillotined, escaped by exchanging clothes with his wife, who came to visit him for that purpose. He remained concealed in Paris twelve days, but at the end of that time went to the lodgings of Colonel Hutchinson, who, with Sir Robert Wilson, had agreed to aid his flight into England, and had previously provided relays of horses to the frontiers of France. Some parts of the following narrative are, so far as we know, quite new:—'All was ready; the flight was to have commenced at daybreak. Lavalette did not lie down, but Hutchinson reposed near him on a settee. Suddenly, about midnight, several violent blows of a hammer were heard from the outer door; the general rose, and cried, "All is lost; they have come to arrest me!" Then, recovering his firmness, he drew forth his pistols, cocked them, and exclaimed with the greatest coolness, "Colonel, I will not die on the scaffold!" It was, however, nothing but a false alarm. The noise had been made by a drunken man, and no harm came of it. At dawn he put on the costume of an English general officer; but unhappily, he had a long beard, which the English never wear. Moreover, he was unable to shave himself; and as it would have been imprudent to have sent for a barber, Hutchinson undertook the office, and took off his beard. An uncovered cabriolet waited at the door; Lavalette mounted with Captain Wilson: while the colonel, dressed as an aid-de-camp, galloped in front to the barrier of Clichy. There he boldly cried to the guard, "An English general officer! present arms!" The soldiers instantly formed in line, and military honours were paid to a fugitive on whose head a price was set.

'At the gates of a town further on, Hutchinson encountered an officer of gens-d'armes and his escort, who were in search of Lavalette. He gave his friend up for lost; but went straight to the gendarme, and called to him. "Comrade," he said, "I precede an English general, who will be here to change horses presently; but I am exhausted with hunger and fatigue; would you show me where I can get breakfast?"

"Most willingly," replied the officer; and he conducted Hutchinson to a neighbouring restaurant.

"I should," said the colonel, "take it as a favour if you would breakfast with me without ceremony. There are but two great nations in the world—France and England; they have long been enemies, but henceforward they will be friends. Let us shake hands—the peace is concluded;" and he cordially held out his hand. The French officer, charmed with his courteous manners, accepted it, and sat down at the table.

"Between ourselves," remarked Hutchinson, "your emperor is a great man." The colonel had felt his way, and knew the effect these words would produce.

"Ay, that he is!" cried the gendarme in a transport. "How glorious! yet how unfortunate!"

"To the health of Napoleon," exclaimed the Englishman, presenting his glass. The French officer rose—tears stood in his eyes while he drank. During this time Lavalette changed horses, and passed on without

* 'We know,' adds the traveller in a note, 'that English words are not pronounced as they are written. "Thus," said a wag, "in London, when they set down Solomon, they pronounce it Nebuchadnezzar."' This jest comes with an ill grace from a Frenchman. In no language are words pronounced so unlike their orthography as in his own.

† These immense basins, with their towering warehouses, are among the most striking objects a foreigner notices. See another Frenchman's account of them in No. 568 of our former series.

danger. Hutchinson and his new friend embraced and separated.

'The weather was dark and rainy, so that the telegraphs of the day were illegible; and the fugitive and his liberators arrived at Compiègne. Against the inn where they changed horses they saw a placard which contained a description of the fugitive. "My lord, behold that advertisement," cried the pretended aid-de-camp to the false officer, "you perceive they have not caught that vagrant Lavalette; where the deuce has he hidden himself, the rascal?"

'A little while after, Lavalette got clear off.

'Hutchinson returned to Paris, and as he entered the Rue St Helder, he bought of a street ballad-monger an account of "the execution of Lavalette's effigy." The rest is well known: he was arrested, imprisoned, tried before the court of assize, and confronted with the officer of gens-d'armes whom he had so successfully deceived. He was defended by Dupin; but the result was an imprisonment of eight months and 20,000 francs of expense; still, these days of peril and agitation are counted by Lord Donoughmore amongst his most pleasing reminiscences.'

An excursion to the Seven Churches gave the author some idea of the pitiable condition of the Irish peasantry, which must have a striking effect upon a foreigner, and one by no means flattering to this empire. 'We set out on a beautiful day for this celebrated spot (the Seven Churches). The distance was great—seven or eight leagues amongst the mountains; part of which was traversed on horseback, and part by carriage. We at first passed through the Valley of the Rocks, a sterile and arid place. I noticed with pain the poor Irish who came in our way; they presented a lamentable spectacle. Never did I behold such a profusion of rags; yet they exhibited few marks either of suffering or privation. I could hardly account for the freshness and appearance of health which they displayed; for these unfortunate people, ill-clothed and ill-lodged, live upon little else than potatoes, and can get but few of them unless when the season is favourable. I entered a hut, and felt nothing but disgust; indigence and filth reigned there in the highest degree. Not a single household utensil was to be seen, nor indeed articles which are necessary to the most miserable existence; but what struck me most was an image, close to a Madona carved in wood, and—I could hardly believe what I saw—a portrait of Napoleon! The visit hindered my approach to the Seven Churches; but we at length arrived through a most wretched and solitary region.' This antique and romantic spot has been so often described, that we need not repeat the viscount's details; we pass therefore to an amusing scene with the guide at the Grotto of St Kevin. 'This guide, as we visited each of the ruins, recounted its history anterior to St Kevin. At first, the melancholy feelings which oppressed me caused the man's blunders and historical pleasantries to be irksome; but catching the national spirit of the Irish, I soon joined in the hilarity which he provoked. Diving far back into the history of the holy valley of the Seven Churches, he discoursed of times past, when the world was in a very different condition to what it is at present. I give a specimen of his annals; it is he who speaks, I only repeat. "Your honour will in the first place understand that Finmacoul was in those times the king of the country. This was long before the Danes from the shores of the Mediterranean invaded Ireland. Finmacoul, an immense giant, was as wise as Socrates; he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah about the time of the siege of Jerusalem." As I could see history was the guide's hobby, I pretended to listen with the most serious attention. Having read a great deal, and thus filled his head with great names and events, he confounded them all with the utmost sincerity. He saw that I was a stranger, and, convinced of his talents as a narrator, he was but too happy to display before me the extent of his learning. "It was Finmacoul," he continued, "who constructed the Giant's Causeway, which your honour will doubtless go and see in the north of Ireland. There was a noble work! He also built himself a church here, like St Kevin; which, after all, was better than paving the sea with columns: for Finmacoul was in the long-run an excellent Catholic, and proved it; for as there were in his time no priests in Ireland, he went to hear the holy mass performed at Ephesus." "The holy mass," I repeated; "at what epoch, if you please?" "About 500 years before the Christian era."

"Wonderful! Go on!"

"One day the giant, while returning from vespers, found himself in the company of two young strangers, brothers of good family, and who spoke much in praise of Ireland. They were called Romulus and Remus." Here a burst of laughter somewhat scandalised the historian; but he persevered, and after claiming a certain poet, called Ossian, as a relation of Finmacoul, and making Odin and Thor hob-and-nob with him in whisky on the mountains of the Seven Churches, the erudite guide winds up with a legend. "Here," he said, while pointing to a mutilated cross, "a cannon-ball has broken the stone. Does not your honour also perceive a couple of horse-shoes perfectly imprinted in the granite? Well, in former times, a villager having been suspected of stealing a mule, St Kevin said to the accused, pass the animal over that stone; if it leave no mark, you are innocent. The peasant obeyed, but the mule made marks with his shoes as distinctly as if he had trodden upon wax. This proved the rider culpable, and he was executed."'

The viscount took the beaten track through the north of Ireland to Scotland. After visiting the most celebrated scenes of the Western Highlands, D'Arlincourt reached, in Glenstrath-farrar, a cave in which Charles Edward was, according to common report, concealed during his escape after the battle of Culloden. The peculiarly dramatic and essentially French manner in which the whole scene is described, are highly amusing. After climbing over rugged rocks, and overcoming other obstacles, the traveller arrived at 'a gloomy excavation, a sort of gulf, without light to see, or a ladder to descend by. "It is here," said my Highland guide. "But how to descend?" I demanded. "On my shoulders," he replied; "there are crevices in the rocks, and I know where to place my feet, though I cannot see. Come! the prince descended this way." "Poor Charles Edward!" I cried. Macrea (the guide), pleased with my exclamation, seized me, and carried me as he would a feather. The Samson of the mountains had broken the rocks of granite to make a passage, so much was he delighted to conduct a friend of the Stuarts to the cave of Prince Charles. We arrived there at last. A ray of light glistened against one of the walls of the subterranean habitation, and I perceived a sort of basin cut in the bottom of the rock, which contained water. "This water never dries up," said the guide. "Whence does it flow?" I asked. "No one knows," he replied; "Heaven sent it for the prince. The little reservoir has always remained full since the time the prince refreshed his lips; it comes from a consecrated source." I said no more. Of this water had Charles Edward drank. I did the same.

'I remained for some minutes in this sombre cavern, and sought the spot where the descendant of kings had slept: I seated myself on it: and by the feeble light which descended towards me, I began to write. The guide regarded me with surprise, anxious to find out what I traced in the little book which lay open on my knees. "I am writing about the prince," I said; "and what I write will be read in France."

"And you will praise him?" exclaimed young Macrea; "and do you love him as we do?" His eyes were suffused with tears. I could have embraced him. This hereditary loyalty, this worship of monarchy, this love, always devoted, for the prince who had defended his fathers (!), seemed to me touching and noble! I stretched my hand towards him cordially. "You are a fine fel-

low!" I exclaimed. "I would that every Frenchman resembled you; though, Macrea, my country is not without faithful spirits." We left the cave. I was already as much attached to Macrea as to an old friend; his sentiments had made us brothers. He felt, also, without expressing it, that a sympathy existed between us; for, approaching Mrs F—— (the lady whom the viscount was visiting), he took her apart, and said in a low voice—"I have a famous mountain terrier, and wish to present it to this gentleman. It is not much, though it is all I possess in the world. Ask him to accept of it." It was now my turn to feel the tears in my eyes. "Thank you, Macrea!" I replied—"Thank you. I shall never forget this offer, nor this moment. Would that I could accept of your dog!—a symbol of fidelity given by a Scotch Highlander; this I should cherish as a precious gift. But, far from my home, I should lose it on my way, and what a misfortune that would be! Macrea, I will write your name in my book, near to that of Charles Edward!"

"Oh, give me also yours!" interrupted the Highlander. I subscribed, and gave it to him.'

We are sorry to make a remark derogatory to so much fine enthusiasm, but it certainly is a matter highly doubtful if Charles Edward ever occupied this cave; an accurate account of his wanderings states the neighbouring vale of Strathglass as the most northerly point which he reached on that occasion, and this place is to the south of Glenstrath-farrar.

At this part of the viscount's northern tour he hears of the brothers Stuart, two gentlemen of 'intelligence, talent, and the most elegant appearance and manners,' who reside in a romantic island in the river Beauly, and are understood to be grandchildren of Prince Charles. He visits their house, but finds them absent, and only makes their acquaintance afterwards in Edinburgh. We more than half fear that the lively Frenchman makes a trespass here upon the delicacy of the private life of two men who, although their external demeanour is calculated to attract an unusual degree of attention, are known to be as modest and amiable as they are ingenious and accomplished. But as the deed is done, it may not be greatly amiss if we observe, in the present place, that the viscount's story represents these gentlemen as possessing documents capable of establishing their legitimate descent from the hero of 1745—their father, who is still alive, being the son of that prince by his wife, the Princess de Stolberg. 'A Scottish doctor, named Cameron, being,' says our author, 'at Florence, was asked by a stranger of high distinction to come to see a noble lady who was considered in danger of her life. He was sworn to secrecy as to what he should see, and with bandaged eyes was conducted to the lady who required his care. Arrived at the place, he saw a lady extended on a couch, who had just given birth to a son. A nurse had been called, and also a priest. A portrait of Charles Edward, set in precious stones, lay upon the table, and at the end of the room stood the prince himself. The doctor wrote and signed a statement of this fact, which is amongst the documents possessed by the brothers Stuart. There exists a contemporary painting (I am not able to say where it may be found) which represents Charles Edward consigning his son to an Admiral Hay, to be brought up in privacy at a distance. The admiral is in his vessel; a lady is on the beach upon her knees; she receives the infant from the prince, and the vessel waits for them. But why should Charles and his consort conceal the birth of their son? Why confide him to Admiral Hay? The answer is, that the prince was assured that attempts would be made upon the life of a new heir of the Stuarts, and thought it best that his son should be reared without any knowledge of his pretensions to a throne. His wife, who became infamous by her connexion with Alfieri the poet, was bribed to silence.' The viscount proceeds to say that the two gentlemen have been enjoined by their father to keep their birth a secret during his life. Meanwhile they are content to spend a life of retirement in the island of Aigas, with this motto upon their house, 'Dieu l'a donné, Dieu l'a ôté: que saint nom de Dieu soit beni.'

The Viscount D'Arlincourt makes his adieus to the Highlands in a couplet, which may be freely rendered thus:—

> With a heart full of grief and melancholia,
> I leave the mountains old of Caledonia*—

and turned his steps towards Edinburgh. He visited all the notable places in the Scottish capital; and, after a short stay, continues his route southwards. Abbotsford could not, of course, be passed unseen, and the traveller gives the following account of his visit to that celebrated house, which is curious in many respects:—'The vestibule of Abbotsford is a hall of arms, surrounded with scutcheons, trophies, and banners: the beams of the ceiling are admirably sculptured. On the painted glass of an inner hall are the arms of Sir Walter Scott, surrounded by all those of the noble families to which he is allied, especially those of the Duke of Buccleuch. One of the flags in the hall is a tricolor, and displays these words in large characters—"L'Empereur Napoleon au 105th régiment de ligne." "This flag was taken at Waterloo," said Mrs —— (the housekeeper), who serves as a guide to the Abbotsford pilgrims. "This flag is not a French one," I answered without hesitation. Mrs —— frowned. "I can furnish an incontestable proof that the supposed trophy given to Sir Walter Scott as historical, never figured in the ranks of the imperial army. The English artist who manufactured it has himself imprinted his own fraud on it. The words *cent cinquième* in figures, ought to have been written thus—105ème; the small letters *ème* being indispensable; but in place of them, *th* has been put. The word cinquième is written in English 'fifth,' and the two last letters of fif*th* were substituted for the three last of cinqui*ème*. There could not be a more stupid mistake; and it must have escaped Sir Walter Scott's attention, or he would not have allowed it to remain." I leaned down towards the flag, the better to examine it. "Nothing must be touched here," said Mrs —— tartly. "I am incapable of taking that liberty," I coolly said. We passed into Sir Walter's breakfast-room. I was writing a few words in my pocket-book with a pencil, looking at the Gothic gallery with pointed arches which led to it, and which reminded me of the chapels of Melrose abbey—"It is not allowed to draw!" again cried Mrs —— in a peremptory tone. I showed my little book to the she-Cerberus, and explained that there were no traces of drawing on its pages. A charming portrait of Prince Charles Edward had attracted my attention, and I had taken a note of it. When we got to the great dining-room of Abbotsford, where were the portraits of Cromwell, Charles XII., and Thomson the poet, I had taken out my pencil once more. "It is not allowed to write here," said the crabbed conductress. At this I lost patience, and answered, "You ought not to be allowed to speak: you profane this sanctuary:" and when, a few minutes afterwards, she held forth her hand at the door to claim her reward, I was tempted to exclaim in my turn, "It is not allowed to pay here." Sir Walter Scott's little arsenal appeared to me extremely poetical. It contains a number of precious arms. His portrait is in the drawing-room. He is seated with two little dogs near him. There is also the portrait of his wife; she was a French lady, named Charpentier.'

The viscount left Scotland by way of Gretna Green, and posting to London, took up his quarters very appropriately at the Travellers' Club. He returned to the continent without any other accident than being run aground in the steamer at the mouth of the Scheldt. The vessel and all hands were, however, got off safely.

Determined, it may be supposed, to render his work one exclusively of amusement, at least half of its pages

---

* Le cœur plein de regrets et de mélancholie,
Je quittai les vieux monts de la Caledonie.

are occupied with tales and legends, which the author has dressed up with all those additions of poetry and dramatic effect, of which he is evidently so great an admirer.

OUR PHILOSOPHER'S DREAM.

RAIN—rain—rain! North, south, east, west, not a rent in the cloudy curtain that shut out the sunshine; not a strip of blue sky to let in even a ray of hope for a change. The third day, too, of this wet and chilly weather, and we, a party of Londoners, invited to enjoy the country! By courtesy it was called summer, because the month was August; but pleasanter, say I, is it to meet the clear bracing frost of January, and even its pelting snow, than your chilly summer's day, especially if there be a division in the household about the propriety of kindling a fire in the general sitting-room. Look, too, out of doors; how the trees are shivering and dripping in their rich foliage beneath the melting sky; how the flowers are bent down by the heavy rain, and the young buds, instead of opening in beauty and fragrance, trail, soiled and rotting, on the earth! Whither have the birds fled so silently? Not one is to be seen or heard. Flap, flap—that is the laburnum branch against the drawing-room window—for the wind is high, driving the rain as if in sheets of water. That heavy branch ought to have been cut or trained; yet it made a pleasant shade in the sultry weather last week!

We were a party of nearly a dozen, and no doubt each person considered him or herself as a reasonably good-tempered and agreeable individual; and certainly there could be no difference of opinion about the many admirable qualities, including agreeability and good temper, of our kind host and hostess, and yet the continued wet weather, to say the least of it, *tried* everybody. In the first place, the house was one taken by our host for a short period before commencing a tour, while repairs went on in his own commodious residence; and surely 'a furnished house' is a generic term, expressive of great discomfort. No library was found among the furniture or necessary articles provided; not a book was there in the house, except a few stray volumes which had crept into the ladies' packages, or secreted themselves in the gentlemen's carpet-bags; and these, with the omnivorous appetite produced by the weather, were, I believe, mentally devoured before the end of the first pouring day. Not a musical instrument in the rooms, save a shrill five-octave piano, which, from its tottering legs to its partial speechlessness, betrayed all the infirmities of age; an accordion, which somebody had brought, but nobody could play (otherwise than asthmatically); and a flute, on which a young gentleman *thought* he could discourse eloquent music, and with which he had provided himself, possibly with the hope of charming some of the neighbouring dryades and naiades during a projected boating and pic-nic excursion. But as we had 'too much of water' around us, to admit of our floating gaily upon it, our flute-player was obliged to content himself with mere mortal listeners, for whose solace he rung the changes on 'Isle of Beauty,' 'A Bumper of Burgundy,' and 'Rousseau's Dream,' kindly volunteering, in the desperation of our ennui, 'a few bars' from pieces which 'he could not perfectly recollect without the notes.' Honour be to his good nature, if not to his flute-playing!—the first professor could only have done his best for our amusement.

In the desperation of our circumstances, some of us took to letter-writing; but our epistles were such lugubrious affairs, breathing little else than discontent, that they were worthier the flames than the care of the general post-master. Not having exhausted our complaints by writing them, we began talking of our grievances, and grew, as people always do in such discourse, wonderfully confidential. It would seem that we had all suffered more or less from 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' or from 'the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes;' verily, we must have been an unfortunate or an ill-used set. All but Uncle Robert—our hostess's and everybody's Uncle Robert, otherwise called Our Philosopher—who, though not a great talker, was still less of a grumbler; and did often enliven us with a pleasant anecdote or shrewd remark, very much to the purpose of whatever our discourse might be. Yet he who was no grumbler was the oldest of our party, and one whose life had, truth to tell, been deeply shadowed. He had lost a princely fortune by the wrong-headedness of a speculating partner; death had deprived him of a beloved wife; and worldly prudence had driven from his side three noble-hearted sons, the only survivors of a large family. 'Perhaps,' asks some one, 'this Uncle Robert had lukewarm feelings, and did not really suffer from these severe trials?' Nay, if you had marked his quivering lip and glistening eye when news came from the pestilential shores of Africa, or a gazette from the burning East, or a letter from the unsettled and unpoised New World, you would not have doubted the warmth of his parental love, nor the acuteness of his feelings.

He was sitting, book in hand; but though his eyes were bent down, their adjunct, a pair of spectacles, was thrown up, resting upon his broad forehead instead of upon that feature which, in the old fable, was so consequential about claiming the right to the same.

'What are you reading, Uncle Robert?' said our hostess with a smile.

'I am not reading, my dear niece,' he replied; 'I have been dreaming all the morning.'

'Dreaming! Why, you have not been asleep surely, and we chattering all the time?' she continued, taking the book from his hand in a playful manner.

'Indeed I have not. But do you suppose it is only the young who are allowed to have *waking dreams?* We old people fashion them, no doubt, in a very different manner. There is nothing Arcadian or Utopian about them, I grant; they are made up of the recollection of facts rather than of the pencillings of fancy, and yet perhaps they are almost as airy as the beautiful "baseless fabrics" the young so delight to build. Shall I tell my morning's dream for the edification of you discontented mortals?'

'Oh do, pray do,' was echoed through the circle; and we drew round to form an attentive audience.

'I shall not stay to inquire,' began Our Philosopher, 'if there be a young gentleman of our party who thinks himself a remarkably unfortunate and ill-used person, because his relations have thought proper to find for him a government situation, with a regularly increasing salary sufficient to supply every reasonable want, instead of advancing for his use a certain amount of capital, from the nucleus of which he is morally certain he should have become a second Rothschild.'

Here our flute-player looked up with a flushed cheek, for the cap fitted *him*, indeed more tightly than was pleasant; but he had the good feeling to know that youth cannot be offended by the kindly rebuke of age, and he caught Uncle Robert's eye with a good-humoured smile, as our monitor continued.

'Nor is this all. He entertains an extraordinary delusion that he has an especial talent for money-making, whereas he has only elegant tastes which would direct the money-spending. He has a decided contempt for money itself, apart from its noble purposes of benevolence, and encouragement to industry of head and hand; and for this I am one to honour him. But I shrewdly suspect your thorough money-maker is too often made of different stuff, and feels some idolatry towards the yellow god itself. Remember I say too often, not always; for some of our merchant princes spend their revenues in a truly noble manner. The delusion of our discontented one is, moreover, very curious. He scorns the patient labour and unremitting toil, and all the very arts which yet he thinks *he* should so successfully practise; and there are about half-a-dozen individuals in the metropolis whom he only knows by name, who are yet

the objects of his supreme envy. Now, in my waking dream, I thought that the mind of one of these persons and his own were revealed to each other, and held a sort of spiritual communion—a spiritual communion, although a bodily meeting, as if they were under a bond to exchange the deepest secrets of their hearts. This meeting, by the way, was in a dark, dingy, dusty counting-house, instead of at the superb villa at which the discontented one had pictured the wealthy merchant enjoying every appurtenance to refined intellectual enjoyment and bodily comfort. The visitor seated himself on a hard, tall, uneasy leathern stool, while the merchant spoke to him from his accustomed niche, where he sat before a high desk, which was separated from the rest of the apartment by a light railing. He leaned his elbow on a closed cheque-book, and looked at the youth with a grave, nay, a sad expression of countenance.

"You are thinking," said the Spirit of the merchant, "that the height of human bliss would be to have the power of converting these leaves of paper, by a few strokes of the pen, to the value of thousands of pounds; you are dreaming of doubling and tripling them by successful speculations."

"And also," said the Spirit of the youth involuntarily, "of spending some of the money on a visit to Italy—a pilgrimage to the Eternal City. Oh," he continued with a sigh, "in my unhappy condition, I cannot hope, for years to come, to spare either money or time for this realisation of my youth's fondest wish."

"I know all the thoughts of your mind," pursued the Spirit of the merchant; "and though I am dead to all such aspirations, I remember them well enough to *envy you* your fresh unbroken spirits, your calm unfevered life, and regular hours of relaxation."

"But you have wealth," returned the youth; "why not retire from the turmoil which I now perceive has rendered your hair gray before its time, has wrinkled your brow prematurely, and withered up the spiritual aspirations which, twenty years ago, resembled my own?"

"Examine my heart more narrowly," said the merchant's Spirit in rather an angry tone, "and you will cease to talk so like a fool. Don't you perceive I am one of the so-called rich, whose wealth is credit? If I cease for a day to plan and bargain, the machinery stops, and all is lost. I can scrawl here five figures in a row, and the draft will be honoured. What then? I can only, as it were, pass the money from one pocket to another—embark it in some other speculation. For my family's use, or my own private pleasure, it is often excessively inconvenient to write one and two ciphers after it."

"I perceive, however," continued the youth, "that you have a wife and family—the objects with me of a romantic ambition; indeed I think you married when little older than I am now."

"Take off another layer of appearances," answered the merchant's Spirit, "and you will discover that I married an extravagant woman, solely for the small fortune she possessed, with which I began the world. In our frequent quarrels, she always tauntingly reminds me that everything is hers; and really my splendid mansion is so associated in my mind with discomfort and contention, that I feel far more at home on 'Change,' or in this dingy counting-house, than anywhere else. I bear with your folly," continued the merchant, "because you remind me of a dear son, for whom I am struggling and striving to carve out a happier fate than my own has been."

"But," said the Spirit of the youth, "it is not because *you* have secret cares that the wealth of every merchant is but credit, and that every one of them has an unloving wife."

"Certainly not; and though I feel a degree of envy for such as you, with youth, health, and, in human probability, a calm life before them, with sufficient leisure and freedom from heavy care, with the privilege of choosing a partner for life, I have often caught myself envying my seemingly more fortunate companions in business. Yet who knows, if our spirits could hold this intimate communion with theirs, we might discover they, too, had sorrows."

There was a pause. "Ah," said the merchant at last, "I see you are growing more contented with your lot; and as this makes me envy you more, I had rather not examine your mind any further; especially as it is very necessary I should seem unruffled, alike to hide satisfaction at my gains, and chagrin at my losses." And thus,' said Uncle Robert, speaking in his own person, 'the first scene of my waking dream melted away—gradually discovering—shall I tell it you?—a second.'

'Oh yes,' was echoed by all, though perhaps we each trembled with the thought of being the next exemplar.

'In the second scene of my waking dream,' continued Uncle Robert, looking, as he spoke, at the youngest of our party, 'I beheld a bright-eyed girl of about, I suppose, seventeen, without a real trouble or sorrow in the world—unless, indeed, the loss of her mother, when she was an infant, may still be called so—who fancied herself cruelly used, because her stepmother still exercised parental authority over her; apportioning the occupation of her time, directing her reading, and even the choice of her companions. She fancies she could have submitted to even a harsher government from her own mother, but feels sure *she* would not have exercised her power half so tyrannically. Her regret for her parent, and affection for this ideal of a mother, we all can understand and admire; but just now the especial objects of her envy are a family of giddy girls, who, like herself, are motherless, but who, unlike her, have escaped from control, salutary or not. It is true that she does not think, if she had equal liberty, she should abuse it by idling her time in the manner she confesses they do; but she longs for the liberty, nevertheless, if only to prove her wisdom. Now, in my dream, the Spirit of this young girl was wafted away from the well-ordered home, which she sometimes calls a prison; away from the neat chamber, well stocked with books, which she calls her own; away from her birds and flowers—to a poverty-stricken dwelling in the heart of a great city. The poverty was of that sort which is the most painful to witness, not the humble, almost contented, poverty which strives to limit wants and wishes to the means, but the poverty which is proud, and is ashamed of itself.

A haggard woman, really about five-and-twenty, but looking middle-aged, was there; and two sickly children, one in her arms, one clinging to her dress. Thus spoke the Spirit of the woman to the young girl—for, in my dream, they were able to read each other's hearts.

"You envy those whose days are passing away, to my mind, like an early scene, from the drama of my own life. I, too, was motherless from an infant, but my father gave me no stepdame; he consoled himself in a very different fashion—was seldom in his house—made no *home* of it. I was left to servants and hireling teachers, all chosen carelessly. I was my own mistress, indeed, and steered my course to—a whirlpool. Ignorance, Vanity, and Self-will, were my pilots, without a warning-voice to tell me of a beacon. My father was reputed rich, and I had many suitors; but I, who had never been controlled, and so had never learned to control myself, would not be guided in my choice, would not give up my will. I was just your age when I eloped with one, worthy perhaps of me, but quite unworthy any nobler specimen of womanhood. I never believed my father would withhold his pardon and a provision; but when we discovered my mistake, my wretchedness began. My expected fortune had been the lure; I was soon treated with contempt, and, by degrees, with all the harshness and cruelty that a brutal nature is capable of inflicting on the helpless. My husband's bad character excludes me from worthier associates than his companions; my father's doors are shut against me; gnawing poverty and mutual hatred rule our wretched household. I am still young, but I have only hope in the grave. Read

my heart more closely, it is more fit for you to read now than it was in my girlhood." I thought,' continued Uncle Robert, 'that there was a long pause, and that the two looked into each other's faces. At last the woman spoke again.

"I can read," said she, "*your* past clearly—and can look into your probable future. I can see how, in your childish illnesses, the stepmother watched by your bedside, and pillowed your feverish head upon her bosom; how, in those days, you loved her very dearly, and, knowing no difference, called her 'mother.' I can see, too, how she loved you almost as much, and tended you quite as carefully, as in later days she has loved and tended her own child. I can see, too, how the self-willed, self-governing cousins, whom you so much envy, first corrupted your mind against her; and never did she more truly prove that she was good, and wise, and kind, than by striving to keep you apart. I can see in the future that she will guide your half sister just as she has striven to guide you. I see, too, in those coming days, that you will have a happy home of your own, in the governing of which you will often seek her advice; for by that time you will understand her excellence, and thank her for her care; a care which almost precludes the possibility of your choosing an unworthy husband, since high character is the only passport to your acquaintance. Oh," sighed the Spirit, "how I envy your lot! How delicious does your flower-strewn path appear! How sweet the security of your present bondage to my wrung repentant heart!"'

The monitor paused, and the fair girl to whom he had rather particularly addressed himself, rose with tearful eyes, and passing her arm round Uncle Robert's neck—he *was her* uncle—pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and whispered, ere she left the room, 'I go to ask her forgiveness of all my petulance; I will write to her—again I will call her mother. She will forgive as she has forgiven, and she shall feel that I am changed—am humbled—am grateful. And you, Uncle Robert, you shall think better of me. Nay, I must go,' and she hastened away to hide her emotion.

The tears of the pretty little maiden had thrown a gloom upon the party, and even Our Philosopher himself seemed somewhat affected.

'I know,' said a gentleman of the party, twisting some closely-written paper into all imaginable shapes, and offering himself in a good-humoured manner for the amusement (and instruction?) of the company—'I know there must have been a third scene to your dream, for I was the grumbler-in-chief this morning. Do tell me, dear Uncle Robert, most sage philosopher, to what Spirit you introduced mine?'

'To the Spirit of the author,' returned our monitor, smiling again, 'whose fame you, one of the *dilettanti* of literature, and a man of fortune, do, beyond all things, covet. The ode you have written to him really deserves better treatment than it is receiving at your hands; for though it speaks only of the laurel wreath, without one allusion to the poison which may be distilled therefrom, it is a very respectable production, and would be a graceful accompaniment to the pecuniary present you are wishing to offer him. You know he is poor, but, like many of the rich, have a very vague idea of his sort of poverty—a poverty very different from that of the woman which I described, for his fame really shines the brighter that he is still poor; that he has resisted every temptation to sell his splendid talents for party purposes. Yet, surrounded by the beloved ones who look up to him for bread—bread to be earned by the sweat of the brain—think how hard it must have been always to have said "no." On the one hand ease and abundance, on the other toil and privation. It is only lately this fame you so covet has been acknowledged; think of the long struggling years of obscurity through which he waded; the enmity of those he would not serve; the "hope deferred" and sickness of heart. Could your proud spirit so alternately have bent and battled? would you have come, as he has done, to the glorious belief, that "the Wages of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven, or else Nowhere?" Verily, he may be envied, but would you live over his life, and so pay the price of his happiness?'

'Such fame! What can the world bestow that is comparable to it?' returned the author of the ode.

'Think of your own fame,' interrupted a lively lady, and counting as she spoke upon her fingers; 'first, you wrote a prize essay at Oxford, then you contributed poetry to one annual and to three county newspapers; and since then you must have enriched at least a thousand albums with your effusions.'

'To be rebuked at last for my ambition,' said our author, taking the irony in good part; 'well, one thing, at least, I will strive to be, the appreciator—the encourager of genius. Will this please you, my dear philosopher?'

'Your hand upon the promise. And take an old man's word for it, you will be the thing more useful than the man of genius himself; for one appreciator can encourage and foster many of those who only want a helping hand.'

And so ended Our Philosopher's Dream. And behold, while it was telling, the weather had cleared, the rain was over, or, as I once heard a little girl say, 'it was used up.' Whether it was the result of the dream or the sunshine, I cannot tell, but certainly all our discontent was over. A walk in the grounds we must have, thick shoes provided. How sweet the carnations smelt after the rain! Even we were in good humour with the snails, who crawled—no, galloped, as they always do on such occasions—across our path, though we knew them to be on the high road to assert their prior claim to the peaches and nectarines. Did not *this* alone prove the general contentedness of heart and toleration of spirit induced by Uncle Robert's dream and—the sunshine?

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A BRILLIANT CAREER INTERRUPTED.

A CASE like the following is by no means uncommon. A barrister enters upon his professional career with all the advantages of talent and industry. While yet in the prime of life, he attains the first rank in his profession, and even begins to receive some of those political honours which are reserved for lawyers of the highest character. All at once, in the midst of the highest professional triumphs, he is compelled by bad health to retire for a time from exertion. Soon after, the public hears with regret that he is threatened by paralytic tendencies, and is not expected to resume practice. To what are we to attribute this sudden fall in a course so brilliant? Solely, no doubt, to the excessive application into which a successful lawyer is tempted while he has strength to give to it. Fifteen thousand a-year is before him, if he will work for it night and day, denying himself all recreation and enjoyment of life. Having the strength of resolution and capacity of self-denial which are requisite in the case, he does not scruple to make this awful purchase, altogether ignorant that there is anything but his will to be consulted in the matter; for, while admired for his abilities, and called 'learned,' his education has never given him the slightest hint, but rather endeavoured to conceal from him, that he has a body and brain subject to natural laws, which he cannot systematically outrage without incurring penalties, some of which consist of a short imprisonment (transient illness), others of mutilation and disablement (phthisis, paralysis, &c.), while the last and worst, though often the most merciful, may well be called capital. A few years, therefore, see him advanced to wealth and honours, but at the same time deprived of all power of enjoying either—the exhausted spendthrift of his physical energies, the condemned malefactor of nature, a mere wreck left to beacon others away from the same danger, but unfortunately not even serviceable in that miserable capacity, few or none possessing the knowledge which might enable them to trace the

effect to its true causes. In how strange a light does this present our very foremost men, erudite in thousands of things of little use, but left in the dark with regard to a few physiological facts on which the most important of secular interests, that of health, depends! It used to be said that, before forty, a man must be either a fool or a physician; that is, must, if wise at all, have been forced to acquire some knowledge of medicine; but, unluckily, the fact is, that many men the reverse of fools never become aware that they have a constitutional system liable to be diseased, till they are struck down hopelessly by the consequences of their imprudence. The adage should be improved: it is not a knowledge of medicine which is wanted, but of *hygiène*, or the conditions necessary for preserving health—a science involving nothing beyond a few slight rules for personal government. But when shall we see even this little knowledge universally communicated—when shall we see it reach even those called the educated classes? Alas! many victims will fall before then.

SHORTENING OF THE HOURS OF LABOUR IN RETAIL TRADES.

The efforts of the large class of shopmen to obtain an abridgment of the hours of attendance seem likely to be attended with success. The utility of early shop-shutting seems to be universally acknowledged, the masters being generally as well inclined to it as the men. Everybody sees that long-protracted attendance is unfavourable to the health of shopmen, and preclusive of all mental improvement; also that a mere condensation of the same amount of business into a shorter time, is neither an injury nor an inconvenience to any one. There is a good, then, to be done by a general system of early shop-shutting, and no harm: this being considered as admitted, the great question occurs—by what means is early shop-shutting to be effected? It clearly and solely, in our opinion, depends upon the public. The public must cease to resort to shops after an early hour of the evening, otherwise there can be no early shop-shutting. And this is simply because there is a minority of dissentients and greedy men, who will keep open later if there be a flow of custom, and who will thus compel others to keep open too, so that any resolution of the majority to close early would soon be broken through. Obviously, the only means of inducing the minority to conform to the practice of the majority, is to convince them that it is not for their interest to keep open beyond a certain early hour. And this the public can do by simply refraining from the purchase of articles at shops after that certain hour, and by discountenancing in every other way those who attempt to protract business beyond it. We call, then, upon the public to act in this manner. Humanity towards a class of their fellow-creatures demands that they should abstain from resorting to shops after the certain hour alluded to: they are required to look upon this as a moral duty, which it really is, since such important interests depend upon it. Let every master and mistress, every servant, every person from the highest to the lowest rank, receive this as a branch of the grand law of love to our neighbour—TRADE NOT AT LATE HOURS. We repeat that it altogether depends on the community at large whether shops are to be shut early or late: on the public, then, be the praise or blame of the success or failure of this reformation.

'REVENEZ A VOS MOUTONS.'

WHEN any person, in telling a story, or taking part in an argument, wanders away from the subject, he is often recalled to it by the phrase, 'revenez à vos moutons'—return to your sheep; or, as a variation, 'revenons à nos moutons'—let us return to our sheep. This is common not only in France, but also in our own country. As few persons can be aware of the origin of the phrases, we venture to make known that they took their rise from one of the most humorous and popular specimens of the comic drama of our lively neighbours across the Channel.

The expression occurs in a farce named 'Maitre Pierre Patelin,' which appeared in print as early as 1474, and is then spoken of as an old piece. The name of the writer, notwithstanding various sage conjectures on the subject, remains still one of the undiscovered mysteries of literature. Supposing it to have been produced shortly after the commencement of the fifteenth century, it continued for three hundred years to be a general favourite on the French stage; and, to render it still more acceptable, it was modernised and improved by Brueys, a popular comic dramatist of his time (1640–1723), and named by him 'L'Avocat Patelin.' In this new form the piece was brought out on the 4th of June 1706; and uniting much of the finesse of Molière with the comic power of Rabelais, it has remained a favourite even to the present day. In the original farce, the saying 'revenons à nos moutons' occurs at least once, but in the piece as modernised by Brueys, that form of the phrase is dropped, and 'revenez à vos moutons' is only employed. The following sketch of the story will show the droll origin of these expressions.

Patelin, an advocate, living with his family in a village near Paris, wishes to provide a good match for his daughter; but unfortunately his circumstances are so poor, and his dress so shabby, that his appearance deters all those who might otherwise become suitors. His wife is constantly reproaching him, and, driven to desperation, he determines at all hazards to provide himself with a new coat. One of his neighbours is Monsieur Guillaume, an avaricious woollen-draper, to whom Patelin has never yet spoken. He is particularly struck with a piece of cloth which is temptingly displayed in the draper's window, and hits on an ingenious expedient for obtaining a suit from it, without the disagreeable, and to him the impossible, formality of paying. He goes to his neighbour, and commences the attack by declaring his name, which he is quite sure the shopkeeper must know perfectly well. M. Guillaume declares tartly that he does not know him. 'I'll soon make him know me,' says the wily lawyer to himself. 'I have found,' he continues aloud, 'among the memoranda left by my late father, a debt which has not been paid.' Guillaume interrupts him hastily with, 'It is no affair of mine, sir; I do not owe a penny.' Patelin replies soothingly, 'No, sir; quite the contrary. My late father was the debtor; it is he who died in *your* debt—some thirty crowns or so. As I am a man of honour, sir, I have come to pay you.' This sharpens the draper's memory like magic. 'You have come to pay me, sir?' he exclaims. 'Well, now you mention it, I *have* a glimmering recollection of your name. O yes, I have known your family for a long time. You used to live in a neighbouring village. In fact your father and I were on the most intimate terms. I beg you a thousand pardons, my dear sir. Allow me to hand you a chair. Pray take a seat. Sit down, sir, I beg.' The subject of the debt is naturally continued. Patelin will pay it to-morrow; and looking about him, he affects to be struck for the first time with the remarkably fine colour and texture of the cloth which had attracted his attention. The draper, thrown off his guard by the prospect of receiving payment of a debt he never heard of, and susceptible of flattery through his cloth, is easily induced to cut off a suit, which is to be settled for along with the debt on the following day. The business being thus amicably arranged, Patelin puts the cloth under his robe, and takes a graceful leave, by inviting the draper to dinner. The day after, Guillaume punctually keeps his appointment, expecting a good dinner, and a sum of money to which he has no right. Arrived at Patelin's house, the advocate feigns madness, raves at his visitor, and will not answer a single question concerning the debt, the cloth, or the invitation to dinner. The draper becomes furious, and leaves the house, threatening vengeance and the full terrors of the law.

He has, however, another law-plea already on hand against his shepherd, Agnelet; for M. Guillaume is the proprietor of a quantity of sheep, the wool of which he makes into cloth. His accusation against the shepherd is, that he has been in the habit of murdering the sheep, under pretence that they are ill, and then selling them to a butcher; nor is the accuser deterred from proceeding, when he suspects Valere, his son, of conniving at and sharing the booty with the treacherous shepherd. Agnelet applies to Patelin to conduct his defence against Guillaume; and the lawyer puts him up to the scheme of playing the idiot, and whenever questioned, to say nothing but 'Bée!' He is also to enter a cross-action for supposed damages received in the head from his master's repeated thrashings.

All the parties speedily meet before the judge, and M. Guillaume determines to plead his own cause, much to Patelin's horror; for he perceives in the prosecutor his own victim, who will doubtless divulge the cheat of which he has been guilty. Not wishing to be recognised, he complains of the toothache, and holds his handkerchief to his face. Meanwhile Guillaume catches a glimpse of him, and mixing up the advocate's fraud with the case really before the bench, makes a most amusing confusion of statements—the six ells of cloth, the promised thirty crowns, and the twenty-six sheep, being jumbled together in a manner as bewildering to himself as unintelligible to the court. He opens his case by accusing Agnelet of killing and making away with twenty-six sheep; Patelin, as advocate for the defendant, affirms that the sheep died of the rot. Guillaume denies it; and adds, 'Why, he carried away yesterday from my shop six ells of cloth; and this morning, instead of paying me thirty crowns——'

The Judge. But what have six yards of cloth and thirty crowns to do with the case? This, as I understand it, is a question of stolen sheep.

Guillaume. Very true, sir; that is, as you say, another affair, which I shall come to presently. You must know, then, that I concealed myself in the sheep-house, and (aside, glancing at Patelin)—yes, it *is* he; I am sure of it—and, your worship, I saw this fellow approach; he sat himself down, and took a fine fat sheep, and—and—managed with his flummery and fine words to cheat me out of six ells——

The Judge. What! six ells of sheep?

Guillaume. No, no; six ells of cloth. *Him* I mean!

The Judge. Be good enough to drop the cloth and this gentleman for the present, and return to your sheep (*revenez à vos moutons!*)

Guillaume. Very well, sir. Well, then, *that* fellow having taken his knife out of his pocket—at least I mean my cloth. No, no, I was right at first; his knife—he—he—he—tucked the cloth under his robe, and carried it home; and this morning, in place of paying me thirty crowns, he declared he had neither cloth nor money!

Patelin laughs heartily, and the judge exclaims, 'But the sheep, I repeat—return to your sheep. I fear you are hardly in your senses. Collect yourself, I beg, and —return to your sheep.'

Patelin. Your worship is quite right. He does *not* know what he is talking about.

Guillaume. Indeed but I do. He has, as I before stated, stolen twenty-six sheep; and this morning, instead of paying me for six ells of cloth, best superfine iron-gray—he—he——

The Judge. Stop, Monsieur Guillaume, not all the courts in the kingdom could, from your statement, be made to comprehend your affair. You accuse the shepherd of having stolen twenty-six sheep, and you interlard your plea with some extraordinary allusions to six yards of cloth, thirty crowns, and other matters perfectly irrelevant. [Guillaume attempts to speak about Patelin.] What! again? Come, sir, return to your sheep, or I must release the shepherd. But I had perhaps better interrogate him myself. Approach! What is your name?

Agnelet. Bée!

Guillaume. It is false! His name is Agnelet.

The Judge. Agnelet or Bée, it matters little. Tell me, is it true that your master left to your charge twenty-six sheep?

Agnelet. Bée!

The Judge. He is perhaps alarmed, poor fellow. Listen, and do not be afraid to answer. Did Monsieur Guillaume find you one night killing a sheep?

Agnelet. Bée!

The Judge. What an extraordinary mode of answering!

Patelin. The fact is, the prosecutor has so frequently beaten the poor fellow about the skull, that his intellects are disordered.

The Judge. You have acted very improperly, Monsieur Guillaume.

Guillaume. What! done wrong? When one has stolen my cloth and the other killed my sheep? Where are my thirty crowns?

The judge despairs of his ever returning to the sheep, and orders the case to be dismissed, leaving the unfortunate draper no redress either for the loss of his sheep or his cloth. The poor man quits the court in a transport of indignation, declaring, not without some degree of truth, that it is 'un jugement inique.'

There is a sort of under-plot, the conclusion of which is, that Guillaume's son marries Patelin's daughter, which may be supposed to cancel the fraud on the ill-used draper. Towards the conclusion of the piece, there is a droll scene between the shepherd and Patelin, who, when demanding his fee, can get only a repetition of the sound 'Bée!'—a retort which our readers will allow the advocate had properly earned by his roguery.

Such is the origin of the expression which heads this notice. The play became so popular, that the phrase *revenez à vos moutons* has been, ever since its appearance, in constant use when occasion serves for its introduction. When well performed, or well read, as we lately had the pleasure of hearing it, by M. Guillerez, in the course of some excellent lectures lately delivered by him on French literature in Edinburgh, it is felt to be one of the most successful pieces of drollery, and never fails to produce the greatest merriment in an audience.

'L'Avocat Patelin' has been transferred to the British stage under the title of the Village Lawyer.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PROFESSOR WALLACE.

[The following memoir is abridged from a paper which appears in the quarterly fasciculus of the Royal Astronomical Society, published February 9, 1844. So interesting a picture of natural talent and modest worth pressing its way to distinction through social difficulties, has rarely come under our attention.]

William Wallace, LL.D., late professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, was descended from a family in humble circumstances, which had been settled for some generations at the village of Kilconquhar, in Fifeshire. His grandfather inherited a small property, the greater part of which he lost through injudicious management. His father established himself at Dysart, a sea-coast burgh in Fife, as a manufacturer of leather and shoes for exportation, and for some years carried on a considerable trade, which, however, was ruined by the breaking out of the American war. The subject of this memoir was born at Dysart on the 23d of September 1768, and was the eldest of a numerous family.

In adverting to the circumstances of his early life, he used to relate that the first rudiments of his education were received from an aged widow in the town, who kept a school for children, and retailed small wares. About the age of seven, he was removed to a school of a better class, in which the principal branch of instruction was arithmetic. In this science, however, he had

already been grounded by his father, and had made considerable proficiency in it before he was advanced to that department in the routine of his school progress. His attendance at school—for instruction it can scarcely be called—was discontinued when he had reached the age of ten or eleven years; and, according to his own statement, all he owed to the schoolmaster was the power of reading, and of forming, in a very indifferent way, characters by writing. His knowledge of arithmetic he owed to his father, and to his own strong liking for the subject.

In 1784, when in his sixteenth year, he was sent to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a bookbinder, and after a year or two of probation, he entered upon a regular apprenticeship to this craft. But his passion for the acquisition of knowledge had been thoroughly roused by the perusal of some books which had fallen in his way, and during the period of his apprenticeship, he devoted every spare moment to reading. These moments were, however, few. His master happened to be a person who had no sympathy with literary tastes, and no other concern about his apprentices than how to extract from them the greatest amount of labour. But his father, a man of considerable intelligence, and strict religious principles, having removed with his family to Edinburgh, he had the comfort of residing, during this period, in the house of his parents, and the advantage of their society, encouragement, and moral superintendence, to which he professed himself to have been greatly indebted. His occupation, also, was in some respects favourable to the gratification of his tastes. Books of science were constantly passing through his hands, and his curiosity could not be restrained from occasionally casting a glance at their contents. He had also acquired a few mathematical books of his own; and such were his ardour and enthusiasm in their study, that it was his constant practice to take his meals with one of them in his hand, and to carry one in his pocket, to read on his way to and from the workshop. By this assiduous application, before he reached the age of twenty he had read and made himself master of Cunn's Euclid, Ronayne's Algebra, Wright's Trigonometry, Wilson's Navigation, Emerson's Fluxions, Robertson's Translation of La Hire's Conic Sections, and Keill's Astronomy. Of these books he cherished the remembrance, as the means by which he had been enabled to grope his way into the region of the mathematics.

Hitherto, Mr Wallace's efforts to acquire knowledge had been made under the most disadvantageous circumstances—without sympathy from any one but his father, and without a companion or friend to appreciate his exertions or applaud his success. But he was now approaching the turning-point of his fortunes. He happened to become acquainted with an elderly person, a carpenter by occupation, who was employed by the celebrated Dr John Robison, the professor of natural philosophy, as an assistant in his class experiments. This man, though a great reader of books, was no mathematician; but he had sat too near the feet of Gamaliel not to have imbibed a respect for the science, and for the pursuits of his young friend. With an excusable vanity, he was in the habit of boasting of his intimacy with the professor, to whom he proposed to introduce Mr Wallace. The latter, however, with great good sense, declined the kindly-meant offer until the term of his apprenticeship had expired, when, though still with some diffidence and hesitation, he was prevailed upon to take advantage of it. Armed with a letter from his humble patron, he waited upon the professor, who received him with great kindness, examined him with respect to his proficiency in geometry and the conic sections, and inquired into the circumstances of his life, and the means by which he had made so much progress in the mathematics. In the course of the conversation, Dr Robison considerately took occasion to warn him that the study of mathematics was not likely to lead to anything advantageous in the world: the reply was, that he was aware of the fact; but being, as it seemed, doomed to a life of labour, he hoped to sweeten the cup by the pleasure to be derived from the possession of knowledge. The interview ended with an invitation from the professor to attend the course of lectures on natural philosophy then about to begin. Sensible as he was of the advantages which he could not fail to derive from such instruction, it required no small sacrifice on his part to accept the offer; for, being then employed as a journeyman, the time thus occupied could only be commanded by the abstraction of an equal portion from his hours of rest or sleep. Every difficulty, however, gave way before a determined will. The class was diligently attended; and he has been heard to say, that if he were asked which had been the happiest period of his existence, he would refer to that at which he attended the lectures on natural philosophy, when, for the first time in his life, he had the means of receiving sound instruction, and found himself in the company of young men devoted to the pursuit of knowledge.

Dr Robison's next act of kindness was to introduce him to his colleague, Mr Playfair, the professor of mathematics. Mr Playfair was no less struck with the extent of his acquirements, and likewise offered him admission to the mathematical class. But attendance on two classes in one day being, in his circumstances, entirely out of the question, he was under the necessity of declining the offer, much, it may readily be believed, to his regret. Mr Playfair, however, from this first interview, took a warm interest in his welfare, advised him with respect to the course of reading he should follow, supplied him with books from his own library, and continued his steadfast friend through life.

These details may appear trivial, or unnecessarily minute, but it can never be wholly uninteresting to trace the steps by which distinction in science or literature has been obtained, when opposed by obstacles which might seem, and in ordinary cases prove to be, insurmountable. To the individual we are commemorating they were all-important: some may receive encouragement from his example; and science itself is placed in an advantageous light when we see men so eminent as Professors Robison and Playfair taking trouble with, and giving help and encouragement to, a friendless young man, who had no claim on their good offices, and no other recommendation to them than his successful struggles in acquiring the elements of those sciences which they themselves cultivated with such distinguished success. On the other hand, the merit must have been of no ordinary kind which, to persons of their experience, appeared so remarkable.

About the time he was attending Dr Robison's lectures, he was induced, by the prospect of having the command of a greater portion of time than had yet been at his disposal, to exchange his occupation for that of warehouseman in a printing-office. While in this occupation Dr Robison paid him a visit, and proposed to him to give private lessons in geometry to one of his pupils. This proposal opened up a new prospect to him, and admitted the first gleam of hope of his being able to emancipate himself from the drudgery of manual labour. He now also began to acquire a knowledge of Latin, and in this, as in the study of mathematics, his manner of turning time and opportunity to account, may afford encouragement to those who are in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A part of his duty in the printing-office was to collect the successive sheets of a work from a series of heaps arranged round a circuit of tables. While engaged in this monotonous occupation, he fixed up upon the wall a Latin vocabulary, from which he committed to memory a certain number of words every time he passed it in making his round. In his study of Latin, however, he received assistance from a student, to whom, in return, he gave instruction in mathematics.

After he had been engaged a few months in the printing-office, he entered into the employment of one of the principal booksellers of Edinburgh in the capacity of shopman. This change was advantageous in several

He has, however, another law-plea already on hand against his shepherd, Agnelet; for M. Guillaume is the proprietor of a quantity of sheep, the wool of which he makes into cloth. His accusation against the shepherd is, that he has been in the habit of murdering the sheep, under pretence that they are ill, and then selling them to a butcher; nor is the accuser deterred from proceeding, when he suspects Valere, his son, of conniving at and sharing the booty with the treacherous shepherd. Agnelet applies to Patelin to conduct his defence against Guillaume; and the lawyer puts him up to the scheme of playing the idiot, and whenever questioned, to say nothing but 'Bée!' He is also to enter a cross-action for supposed damages received in the head from his master's repeated thrashings.

All the parties speedily meet before the judge, and M. Guillaume determines to plead his own cause, much to Patelin's horror; for he perceives in the prosecutor his own victim, who will doubtless divulge the cheat of which he has been guilty. Not wishing to be recognised, he complains of the toothache, and holds his handkerchief to his face. Meanwhile Guillaume catches a glimpse of him, and mixing up the advocate's fraud with the case really before the bench, makes a most amusing confusion of statements—the six ells of cloth, the promised thirty crowns, and the twenty-six sheep, being jumbled together in a manner as bewildering to himself as unintelligible to the court. He opens his case by accusing Agnelet of killing and making away with twenty-six sheep; Patelin, as advocate for the defendant, affirms that the sheep died of the rot. Guillaume denies it; and adds, 'Why, he carried away yesterday from my shop six ells of cloth; and this morning, instead of paying me thirty crowns——'

The Judge. But what have six yards of cloth and thirty crowns to do with the case? This, as I understand it, is a question of stolen sheep.

Guillaume. Very true, sir; that is, as you say, another affair, which I shall come to presently. You must know, then, that I concealed myself in the sheep-house, and (aside, glancing at Patelin)—yes, it *is* he; I am sure of it—and, your worship, I saw this fellow approach; he sat himself down, and took a fine fat sheep, and—and—managed with his flummery and fine words to cheat me out of six ells——

The Judge. What! six ells of sheep?

Guillaume. No, no; six ells of cloth. *Him* I mean!

The Judge. Be good enough to drop the cloth and this gentleman for the present, and return to your sheep (*revenez à vos moutons!*)

Guillaume. Very well, sir. Well, then, *that* fellow having taken his knife out of his pocket—at least I mean my cloth. No, no, I was right at first; his knife—he—he—he—tucked the cloth under his robe, and carried it home; and this morning, in place of paying me thirty crowns, he declared he had neither cloth nor money!

Patelin laughs heartily, and the judge exclaims, 'But the sheep, I repeat—return to your sheep. I fear you are hardly in your senses. Collect yourself, I beg, and—return to your sheep.'

Patelin. Your worship is quite right. He does *not* know what he is talking about.

Guillaume. Indeed but I do. He has, as I before stated, stolen twenty-six sheep; and this morning, instead of paying me for six ells of cloth, best superfine iron-gray—he—he——

The Judge. Stop, Monsieur Guillaume, not all the courts in the kingdom could, from your statement, be made to comprehend your affair. You accuse the shepherd of having stolen twenty-six sheep, and you interlard your plea with some extraordinary allusions to six yards of cloth, thirty crowns, and other matters perfectly irrelevant. [Guillaume attempts to speak about Patelin.] What! again? Come, sir, return to your sheep, or I must release the shepherd. But I had perhaps better interrogate him myself. Approach! What is your name?

Agnelet. Bée!

Guillaume. It is false! His name is Agnelet.

The Judge. Agnelet or Bée, it matters little. Tell me, is it true that your master left to your charge twenty-six sheep?

Agnelet. Bée!

The Judge. He is perhaps alarmed, poor fellow. Listen, and do not be afraid to answer. Did Monsieur Guillaume find you one night killing a sheep?

Agnelet. Bée!

The Judge. What an extraordinary mode of answering!

Patelin. The fact is, the prosecutor has so frequently beaten the poor fellow about the skull, that his intellects are disordered.

The Judge. You have acted very improperly, Monsieur Guillaume.

Guillaume. What! done wrong? When one has stolen my cloth and the other killed my sheep? Where are my thirty crowns?

The judge despairs of his ever returning to the sheep, and orders the case to be dismissed, leaving the unfortunate draper no redress either for the loss of his sheep or his cloth. The poor man quits the court in a transport of indignation, declaring, not without some degree of truth, that it is 'un jugement inique.'

There is a sort of under-plot, the conclusion of which is, that Guillaume's son marries Patelin's daughter, which may be supposed to cancel the fraud on the ill-used draper. Towards the conclusion of the piece, there is a droll scene between the shepherd and Patelin, who, when demanding his fee, can get only a repetition of the sound 'Bée!'—a retort which our readers will allow the advocate had properly earned by his roguery.

Such is the origin of the expression which heads this notice. The play became so popular, that the phrase *revenez à vos moutons* has been, ever since its appearance, in constant use when occasion serves for its introduction. When well performed, or well read, as we lately had the pleasure of hearing it, by M. Guillerez, in the course of some excellent lectures lately delivered by him on French literature in Edinburgh, it is felt to be one of the most successful pieces of drollery, and never fails to produce the greatest merriment in an audience.

'L'Avocat Patelin' has been transferred to the British stage under the title of the Village Lawyer.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PROFESSOR WALLACE.

[The following memoir is abridged from a paper which appears in the quarterly fasciculus of the Royal Astronomical Society, published February 9, 1844. So interesting a picture of natural talent and modest worth pressing its way to distinction through social difficulties, has rarely come under our attention.]

William Wallace, LL.D., late professor of mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, was descended from a family in humble circumstances, which had been settled for some generations at the village of Kilconquhar, in Fifeshire. His grandfather inherited a small property, the greater part of which he lost through injudicious management. His father established himself at Dysart, a sea-coast burgh in Fife, as a manufacturer of leather and shoes for exportation, and for some years carried on a considerable trade, which, however, was ruined by the breaking out of the American war. The subject of this memoir was born at Dysart on the 23d of September 1768, and was the eldest of a numerous family.

In adverting to the circumstances of his early life, he used to relate that the first rudiments of his education were received from an aged widow in the town, who kept a school for children, and retailed small wares. About the age of seven, he was removed to a school of a better class, in which the principal branch of instruction was arithmetic. In this science, however, he had

already been grounded by his father, and had made considerable proficiency in it before he was advanced to that department in the routine of his school progress. His attendance at school—for instruction it can scarcely be called—was discontinued when he had reached the age of ten or eleven years; and, according to his own statement, all he owed to the schoolmaster was the power of reading, and of forming, in a very indifferent way, characters by writing. His knowledge of arithmetic he owed to his father, and to his own strong liking for the subject.

In 1784, when in his sixteenth year, he was sent to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a bookbinder, and after a year or two of probation, he entered upon a regular apprenticeship to this craft. But his passion for the acquisition of knowledge had been thoroughly roused by the perusal of some books which had fallen in his way, and during the period of his apprenticeship, he devoted every spare moment to reading. These moments were, however, few. His master happened to be a person who had no sympathy with literary tastes, and no other concern about his apprentices than how to extract from them the greatest amount of labour. But his father, a man of considerable intelligence, and strict religious principles, having removed with his family to Edinburgh, he had the comfort of residing, during this period, in the house of his parents, and the advantage of their society, encouragement, and moral superintendence, to which he professed himself to have been greatly indebted. His occupation, also, was in some respects favourable to the gratification of his tastes. Books of science were constantly passing through his hands, and his curiosity could not be restrained from occasionally casting a glance at their contents. He had also acquired a few mathematical books of his own; and such were his ardour and enthusiasm in their study, that it was his constant practice to take his meals with one of them in his hand, and to carry one in his pocket, to read on his way to and from the workshop. By this assiduous application, before he reached the age of twenty he had read and made himself master of Cunn's Euclid, Ronayne's Algebra, Wright's Trigonometry, Wilson's Navigation, Emerson's Fluxions, Robertson's Translation of La Hire's Conic Sections, and Keill's Astronomy. Of these books he cherished the remembrance, as the means by which he had been enabled to grope his way into the region of the mathematics.

Hitherto, Mr Wallace's efforts to acquire knowledge had been made under the most disadvantageous circumstances—without sympathy from any one but his father, and without a companion or friend to appreciate his exertions or applaud his success. But he was now approaching the turning-point of his fortunes. He happened to become acquainted with an elderly person, a carpenter by occupation, who was employed by the celebrated Dr John Robison, the professor of natural philosophy, as an assistant in his class experiments. This man, though a great reader of books, was no mathematician; but he had sat too near the feet of Gamaliel not to have imbibed a respect for the science, and for the pursuits of his young friend. With an excusable vanity, he was in the habit of boasting of his intimacy with the professor, to whom he proposed to introduce Mr Wallace. The latter, however, with great good sense, declined the kindly-meant offer until the term of his apprenticeship had expired, when, though still with some diffidence and hesitation, he was prevailed upon to take advantage of it. Armed with a letter from his humble patron, he waited upon the professor, who received him with great kindness, examined him with respect to his proficiency in geometry and the conic sections, and inquired into the circumstances of his life, and the means by which he had made so much progress in the mathematics. In the course of the conversation, Dr Robison considerately took occasion to warn him that the study of mathematics was not likely to lead to anything advantageous in the world: the reply was, that he was aware of the fact; but being, as it seemed, doomed to a life of labour, he hoped to sweeten the cup by the pleasure to be derived from the possession of knowledge. The interview ended with an invitation from the professor to attend the course of lectures on natural philosophy then about to begin. Sensible as he was of the advantages which he could not fail to derive from such instruction, it required no small sacrifice on his part to accept the offer; for, being then employed as a journeyman, the time thus occupied could only be commanded by the abstraction of an equal portion from his hours of rest or sleep. Every difficulty, however, gave way before a determined will. The class was diligently attended; and he has been heard to say, that if he were asked which had been the happiest period of his existence, he would refer to that at which he attended the lectures on natural philosophy, when, for the first time in his life, he had the means of receiving sound instruction, and found himself in the company of young men devoted to the pursuit of knowledge.

Dr Robison's next act of kindness was to introduce him to his colleague, Mr Playfair, the professor of mathematics. Mr Playfair was no less struck with the extent of his acquirements, and likewise offered him admission to the mathematical class. But attendance on two classes in one day being, in his circumstances, entirely out of the question, he was under the necessity of declining the offer, much, it may readily be believed, to his regret. Mr Playfair, however, from this first interview, took a warm interest in his welfare, advised him with respect to the course of reading he should follow, supplied him with books from his own library, and continued his steadfast friend through life.

These details may appear trivial, or unnecessarily minute, but it can never be wholly uninteresting to trace the steps by which distinction in science or literature has been obtained, when opposed by obstacles which might seem, and in ordinary cases prove to be, insurmountable. To the individual we are commemorating they were all-important: some may receive encouragement from his example; and science itself is placed in an advantageous light when we see men so eminent as Professors Robison and Playfair taking trouble with, and giving help and encouragement to, a friendless young man, who had no claim on their good offices, and no other recommendation to them than his successful struggles in acquiring the elements of those sciences which they themselves cultivated with such distinguished success. On the other hand, the merit must have been of no ordinary kind which, to persons of their experience, appeared so remarkable.

About the time he was attending Dr Robison's lectures, he was induced, by the prospect of having the command of a greater portion of time than had yet been at his disposal, to exchange his occupation for that of warehouseman in a printing-office. While in this occupation Dr Robison paid him a visit, and proposed to him to give private lessons in geometry to one of his pupils. This proposal opened up a new prospect to him, and admitted the first gleam of hope of his being able to emancipate himself from the drudgery of manual labour. He now also began to acquire a knowledge of Latin, and in this, as in the study of mathematics, his manner of turning time and opportunity to account, may afford encouragement to those who are in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A part of his duty in the printing-office was to collect the successive sheets of a work from a series of heaps arranged round a circuit of tables. While engaged in this monotonous occupation, he fixed up upon the wall a Latin vocabulary, from which he committed to memory a certain number of words every time he passed it in making his round. In his study of Latin, however, he received assistance from a student, to whom, in return, he gave instruction in mathematics.

After he had been engaged a few months in the printing-office, he entered into the employment of one of the principal booksellers of Edinburgh in the capacity of shopman. This change was advantageous in several

respects. His circumstances were now considerably improved, and he found leisure not only to pursue his favourite studies, but to increase his stock of knowledge by general reading, and even to give private lessons in mathematics in the evenings. While in this situation, he contrived to get a few lessons in French, and commenced his acquaintance with the works of the continental mathematicians.

In 1793, while in his twenty-fifth year, he took the resolution to give up his employment, and support himself by teaching mathematics privately. This plan probably succeeded to the full extent of his moderate expectations. He now attended a course of lectures by Professor Playfair, and although, as the course was intended for an audience far behind him in mathematical acquirements, he had little to learn, the example of Playfair's manner—dignified, eloquent, and impressive, in a degree rarely equalled—was of great use to him in after-life. At the same time he also attended a course of chemistry, and by assiduous diligence endeavoured to repair, to the utmost of his power, the deficiences of his early education.

In 1794, Mr Wallace, on the recommendation of Professor Playfair, was appointed to the office of assistant teacher of mathematics in the academy at Perth. In respect of emolument, the appointment was of no great value; but it gave him a settlement in life, with reasonable leisure to prosecute his mathematical studies, of which he did not fail to take advantage. [He now began to write original mathematical papers for the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and to employ himself as a compiler of articles for the Encyclopædia Britannica. In 1802, when he was only thirty-four years of age, the Edinburgh Review placed some of his productions side by side with those of Euler and Lagrange.] Mr Wallace had been for several years a contributor to some of the periodical publications in England in which mathematical questions were proposed, as Leybourn's Repository, the Gentleman's Mathematical Companion, and others of the same class. To this circumstance he attributed an incident which had an important influence on his future life. In 1803 he received a letter, under a feigned name, in which he was informed that an instructor in mathematics was wanted for the Royal Military College, then established at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire, and recommended, if he thought of being a candidate for the office, to make an immediate application. Inquiry being made in the proper quarter, the information was found to be correct; but he ascertained also that it would be necessary to make his application in person. In matters affecting his own interests the disposition of his mind was not sanguine; and, as in the present case he had no influence to employ, and no other recommendation to carry with him than his skill in mathematics, his chances of success appeared so small, that he would have been deterred by the length and inconveniences of the journey from thinking more of the subject, had he not been encouraged by his friend Professor Playfair. On his arrival at the Military College, he found there were several competitors; but the persons who had to decide on the respective qualifications of the candidates gave their decision in his favour, and he was accordingly appointed to the office.

Mr Wallace held this appointment upwards of sixteen years, during which period the whole of his leisure time was unremittingly devoted to scientific study and literary labour, the fruits of which appear chiefly in his numerous contributions to the two great Encyclopædias then publishing in Edinburgh. This species of writing, which is not particularly well adapted to form the basis of a permanent reputation, was in a manner forced upon him by the circumstances of his position. On his appointment to the Perth academy he had married; and after he joined the Military College, his family began to increase rapidly. The inconveniences he had suffered from the defects of his own early education rendered him only more solicitous that his children should not labour under any disadvantages in this respect, and, as they grew up, he placed them at schools in Edinburgh. His official income being insufficient for this expense, he was led to engage in the works now referred to rather with a view to add to his means, and to enable him to discharge a sacred duty, than for the sake of any distinction he was likely to get by them. No individual, perhaps, was ever less influenced by considerations of a worldly nature, or more ready to bestow time and labour upon objects from which he could neither receive nor expect any remuneration whatever.

[Meanwhile his original mathematical papers were still continued, and he took upon himself the whole trouble, as he deserves the whole merit, of getting an astronomical observatory added to the establishment at Great Marlow.] In 1819 a vacancy occurred in the mathematical chair of the university of Edinburgh through the death of Professor Playfair, and the appointment of Mr Leslie to succeed him in that of natural philosophy, and Mr Wallace resolved on presenting himself as a candidate. The patronage belongs to the magistrates of the city, who, having in general no pretensions to be capable of estimating degrees of merit in abstract science, necessarily form their opinions from the testimony of others, or notions of general fitness, and are liable to be acted upon by influences of various kinds. In the present case a very keen contest took place, for another competitor (a man of general talent and great respectability, though unknown as a mathematician) was strenuously supported by a strong political party. The struggle terminated, however, in Mr Wallace's election by a large majority of the voters. This was the crowning object of his ambition. Ever since his appointment to the Perth academy, he had fixed his regards on a professorship in a Scottish university as the goal of all his exertions; but his elevation to the chair of the Gregorys, of Maclaurin, Matthew Stewart, and Playfair, probably did not enter at that period into his most sanguine anticipations.

Mr Wallace had reached the age of fifty-one when he was appointed to the mathematical professorship in Edinburgh; but he still retained, both mentally and bodily, all the energy and activity of his younger years. He held the office till 1838, when he resigned on account of ill health, having been unable to perform his duties in person during the three previous sessions. Upon his resignation, the honorary title of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the university, and at the same time he received a pension from government, which he enjoyed during the few remaining years of his life, in consideration, as the warrant stated, of his attainments in science and literature, and his valuable services, up to a very advanced period of life, first in the Military College, and afterwards at the university of Edinburgh.

For some years after his establishment in Edinburgh, a considerable portion of his time was occupied in the preparation of his lectures, on which he bestowed great pains. When the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica was commenced, he undertook the revision of all the mathematical papers he had contributed, as well as some of those which had been written by Dr Robison; and several of the more important treatises, particularly algebra, conic sections, and fluxions, were remodelled, and almost entirely re-written. [From this time till the close of his life he was diligent, moreover, in adding to the stores of mathematical knowledge. Having also a turn for mechanical inventions, he produced an instrument called the *Eidograph*, answering the same purposes as the common pantograph, to which, however, it is greatly superior, both in the extent of its applications and the accuracy of its performance; for while the similarity of the copy to the original, in all its parts, is preserved with geometrical accuracy, the copy may be reduced or enlarged in almost any proportion; or, by a particular modification of the instrument, it may even be reversed, and transferred immediately to metal or stone. Mr Wallace was also mainly instrumental in the erection of the obser-

vatory at Edinburgh. After a eulogium upon his writings, the memoir thus draws to a close.] Professor Wallace was not more distinguished by his mental endowments than for his moral virtues and private worth. In every relation of life his conduct was exemplary. In his family and domestic circle he was greatly beloved. In his general intercourse with the world he was upright, sincere, and independent. In society, his habitual cheerfulness and good humour, amiable manners, benevolent disposition, and a never-failing fund of anecdote, rendered him a delightful companion and a universal favourite. Generous and liberal in all his sentiments, he entertained no envy of the discoveries of his contemporaries; no jealousy of the reputation of younger men; but was ready at all times to applaud and encourage merit wherever, and in whatever shape, it made its appearance. For such of his pupils as manifested any remarkable capacity or application, he entertained an esteem almost amounting to affection; and he was always ready to use his influence, which was considerable, in order to forward their views in life, or render them any service. In every measure affecting the public good, or the scientific renown of his country, he took a warm interest. He was the means of procuring a monument to be erected in Edinburgh to Napier, the celebrated inventor of logarithms; and the last occupation of his life was to investigate the administration of some of the public charities of the city.

Mr Wallace was one of the original non-resident Fellows of this society. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; a Corresponding Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers; an Honorary Member of the Cambridge Philosophical Society; and a few weeks before his death he was elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy. After an illness which had for several years prevented him from mixing in society, he died at his residence in Edinburgh on the 28th of April 1843, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, respected by all, and sincerely regretted by a wide circle of personal friends.

CURIOUS INDIAN TRADITION.

Some two hundred miles in the interior of the republic of Texas, where the flat interminable prairies have ceased, the rolling country has commenced, and the evergreen summits of the verdant and flowery hills are in sight, was built not long since, on the very skirt of the territory of the fiercest and most turbulent Indian tribes, a small town to which the name of Austin was given. For its healthy locality it was selected as the seat of government of the republic, and it gave every prospect of becoming one of the most populous and active, as it is the most lovely city in this exceedingly picturesque and beautiful country. Situated in a gently sloping valley on the banks of the wild Colerado, just below the cataracts, and surrounded on all sides by groves of trees, green hillocks, and sparkling fountains, it lies in quiet seclusion, almost hid from the sight of the passing stranger. In fact, the only object to be seen at a distance is the president's house, a white neat building on the top of a little hill. Not far from the town, gushing from the broad fissure in the rocky base of a hill, and falling into a deep natural basin, almost like a well, is a pure and delicious fountain, known as Barton's Spring. Perhaps no water was ever more truly cool and refreshing. Surrounded on all sides by rocks or lofty trees, interminable groves of which branch off on three sides, it does not feel the effect of the sun's rays but during a very short period of the afternoon, when, through a large opening between certain lofty and stately cedars, the beams of the great luminary fall upon the spring, and gild its sparkling and virgin waters with every tint of the rainbow. This lasts during about three quarters of an hour, when the sun sinking still lower, its rays are utterly concealed from the fall. This has given rise to a most curious and characteristic superstition on the part of the many tribes of Indians who at different times have camped near the spring. In ages gone by, say they, during a severe and terrible storm, of which they profess merely to hand down the tradition, a more than usually gorgeous rainbow was driven along with such force against the base of the hill from whence the spring gushes, as to shiver the rocks, and give place unto the water which instantly welled forth. They farther add, that the rainbow received equal damage with the more durable material, and being shattered to pieces, the fragments were mingled with the fountains, and caused the prismatic colours which, though brought out by the sun, are ever resident in the translucent body of the fountain; and the tints of the rainbow were blent with the wave. Both town and fountain are now abandoned to the aborigines, the war with Mexico having so weakened the resources of the government as to render them incapable of defending their infant capital from the assaults of the Indian marauder.

ANGLO-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

Their ships sail better, and are worked by fewer men; their settlers pay more for their land than our colonists, and yet undersell them in their own markets. Wherever administrative talent is called into play, whether in the management of a hotel, or a ship, or a prison, or a factory, there is no competing with them; and, after a little intercourse with them, I was not surprised that it should be so, for the more I travelled through the country, the more was I struck with the remarkable average intelligence which prevails. I never met a stupid American; I never met one man from whose conversation much information might not be gained, or who did not appear familiar with life and business, and qualified to make his way in them. There is one singular proof of the general energy and capacity for business which early habits of self-dependence have produced; almost every American understands politics, takes a lively interest in them (though many abstain, under discouragement or disgust, from taking a practical part), and is familiar not only with the affairs of his own township or county, but with those of the state and of the union; almost every man reads about a dozen newspapers every day, and will talk to you for hours if you will listen to him, about the tariff, and the bank, and the Ashburton treaty. Now, anywhere else the result of all this would be the neglect of private business; not so here; an American seems to have time not only for his own affairs, but for those of the commonwealth, and to find it easy to reconcile the apparently inconsistent pursuits of a bustling politician and a steady man of business. Such a union is rarely to be met with in England—never on the continent. —*Godley's Letters from America.*

THE MULBERRY-TREE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

The Mulberry-tree, the Mulberry-tree!
No child of the wood so wise as she;
For the spring may come, and the spring may go,
And her hastier mates in beauty glow,
Yet still she waits her fitting time,
Till summer hath reached its sunny prime.
Prudent, patient Mulberry-tree!
What child of the wood so wise as she?

But when chill spring hath passed away,
She quickly buddeth without delay,
Soon decketh herself in her summer charms,
And flingeth her dress o'er her naked arms;
And her ample leaf unfolds at last,
And her purple fruit doth ripen fast.
Active, ardent Mulberry-tree!
No child of the wood so wise as she.

Fain would I make such wisdom mine,
Prudence and vigour thus combine;
Not blindly rash when dangers lour,
Nor slow in duty's sunny hour;
Still wait with patience, plan with care,
Yet prompt to act, and bold to dare.
Thus I'd be like the Mulberry-tree;
Happy, thrice happy, if wise as she.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, May 18, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 21. New Series. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1844. Price 1½d.

WHAT IS POETRY?

This question has been often asked, but never very satisfactorily answered, partly owing to the ordinary difficulties of definition, and partly to the variances of men's minds with regard to the matter in question. As repeated failures form no good reason for another declining to make still a new attempt, we shall try what we can do to satisfy our readers upon the subject.

Poetry, we would say, is, without any regard to verse or prose forms, that department of literature which refers to whatever is beyond common perception and reason, and whatever is above the ordinary in our experiences, our ideas and their associations, and also in our sentiments. A very little explanation will show how the mental faculties are concerned in both prose and poetry.

There are faculties in the mind, of great utility, and most needful for important ends in life, the purpose of which is to form correct ideas merely of what exists, and of things as they exist, and to reason correctly with regard to these. Such faculties have their literature, but there is nothing elevated or fine about it: it is simply prose. As is well known, there are minds chiefly given to the exercise of these faculties, to the neglect of everything else; which delight exclusively in matters of fact, and in regarding things barely as they are; which judge rigidly of all things as they do actually bear upon each other, and plod for ever amongst material interests. These are prosaic minds—great minds they may be in their own line; but still, the thoughts produced by them are essentially prosaic. Many scientific and philosophic men are of this character almost solely; and it is the lot of a vast portion of ordinary men to spend life in such a constant round of commonplace duties, that their minds never get any higher. Such minds, as they excogitate nothing of an ideal character, so neither are they capable of enjoying it when it is presented by others. Newton sees no value in Shakspeare, because he proves nothing; and the town council of Greenock condemns the art of poetry, because it produces none of the ordinary profits attending other arts.

But there is much in this world beyond common perception and reason; and for all that is so, there are appropriate faculties in our intellectual and sentimental nature. All things, besides having each its own exact cognizable character, are related to each other by analogies and resemblances in endless and often mystic complexity. There may be a very simple kind of resemblance, as between a red cheek and the rose, a full pair of lips and the cherry, a white neck and the lily, and so forth. It is poetical to point out such resemblances, but simply because of there being a recognised beauty in the objects to which those spoken of are likened. Hence arise the terms rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and thousands of others, time out of mind constituting the phrase magazine of the poet. The resemblance may be more compound, and also more vague, or remote from common perceptions. For example, the stars, as spread over the sky, are somewhat like the flowers spread over the ground. One might therefore speak of the stars as the flowers of the sky, and of the flowers as the stars of the earth. This would be poetry. Or abstract ideas may be concerned. For instance, the remembrance of a first love may long survive in the mind, giving a melancholy grace to a nature which, from other circumstances, was rude and unsocial. This might be likened to a single pensive-branched tree adorning a sort of wilderness. That would be poetical. It might be spoken of as adorning the desert of the heart; which would be still more so. To this department of poetry belong allegories and apologues. Allegorical characters and objects constituted almost the sole stock of the English poets of a particular period. We have them in infinite profusion in Spenser. The Pilgrim's Progress is a combination of finely sustained allegories. As an example—sin is described as a *burden*, which continues to oppress Christian's shoulders till he reaches the foot of the cross. A fit of low spirits in his subsequent career is personated as *Giant Despair* seizing him and confining him in a dungeon. Moral fables are founded upon these resemblances between the actual and the abstract. For instance, the familiar idea of a benefactor, injured by one whom he has cherished into the power of inflicting the injury, is perfectly represented in the alleged fact of a countryman taking up a snake almost lifeless with cold, and reviving it in his bosom, until it rewards his kindness by a bite. These resemblances and analogies of things constitute a large department of poetry, though some authors deal much less in them than others. On this point, as on many others in literature, fashion exercises much control. Regular similes, beginning 'as when,' once abounded in verse; now they are never seen. It is held to be best to weave in the two parts of the comparison more thoroughly with each other. Amongst living English poets, Moore is the most remarkable for comparison.

Many things are too multiform or vast to be fully grasped by the perceptive and reasoning powers; and what some minds can comprehend, or have had opportunities of acquiring a thorough knowledge of, are but feebly seen and reasoned about by others. Whatever things in any mind go beyond the range of the perceptive and reasoning powers, fall into the domain of a sentimental faculty—wonder—which is usually very much delighted to receive them. Some minds, it is true, are so fond of exact knowledge, that, where they are ignorant or unable to see causes, they steadily repress the

operation of wonder; but this is the rare case of only a few philosophical minds. To the great mass, the exercise of wonder is but too agreeable, tending to prevent them from making proper efforts to attain precise knowledge. In many cases, however, the exercise of wonder is unavoidable, in consequence of the absolute incapacity of the mind to grasp ideas. For example, though a single soldier is a readily formed idea, we cannot readily form the idea of an army of a million, like that of Xerxes or Napoleon. Such an army becomes accordingly a theme of wonder, and a legitimate subject of poetry. So, also, we all understand what a mile is; but no one can form an idea of the distance of Sirius, twenty millions of millions of miles. The whole idea of the sublime, about which books have been written, is here explained: it lies merely in the excess of things beyond the ready apprehension of the perceptive and reasoning powers; all this excess falling under the charge of wonder. Another familiar example is in Time: present, it is matter for the perceptive faculties; past, it escapes them, and becomes a proper theme for wonder. Hence we always feel that there is a poetry in the olden time, the days of other years; and from a sympathy in our ideas, we think of everything as being then fairer, purer, wiser, better, though rigid reason assures us of the reverse. So, also, whatever we cannot readily trace to causes, becomes wonderful in our eyes, and false causes are often assigned by the imagination. Hence the numberless superstitions and mythologies of mankind from first to last, all of them having a poetical character, or at least being capable of being viewed in a poetical light. Examples were here needless; but we may remark that, as the minds of individuals, of nations, and of mankind at large, advance, there is a constant flow of things out of the domain of wonder into that of the perceptive faculties. Matter of wonder is perpetually turning into matter of knowledge. The domain of poetry, it may be thought, is thus getting always more and more limited; but it is not so in reality, and this is because every step we take in knowledge only introduces us to a wider extent and higher range of the unknown, on which our wonder has occasion for only increased exercise. As an illustration—the northern lights are regarded by the ignorant peasantry of Sweden and some adjacent countries as a grand hunting match of certain ideal beings—they are spoken of as the Wild Huntsmen: this is poetical: but when we abandon this idea, and, looking to science for information, learn that these brilliant coruscations are produced by electric agency, we do not cease to find in them matter of poetry. On the contrary, in reflecting on them as natural phenomena, and connecting them with a wondrous agent which wears the names of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, only as so many various vizards, we have much more grand conceptions of these appearances, and are, as it were, raised from a first to a second heaven of the poetical. So, also, the circles of brighter and fresher greensward, enclosed by a line bare of herbage, which are in ignorance esteemed as ball-rooms of the fairies, and called fairy-circles, form, in that state of our minds, a poetical idea: in time, we learn that these objects are simply the result of the mode of propagation of a species of agaric or fungus, and have perhaps a providential end in the renewing of the grasses on old pastures. Is this necessarily a prosaic idea? No. If we connect the second cause with the First, we shall find that knowledge on this subject only substitutes a grand for a simple poem in our minds. The elimination of all truth is attended by similar effects. The superstition dies, only that there may be raised from its ashes a more glorious birth of ideas, beautiful as they are true. It is only in the transition that we have reason to fear for a loss of the poetical. When we have ascended to the mountain-tops of truth, and looked round us, we feel that in our extended view we have found a poetry infinitely exceeding in interest that which we have put beneath our feet.

Our definition of poetry includes also whatever is beyond the ordinary in our experiences, our ideas and their associations, and also in our sentiments. The daily routine of life, its various duties, its various comforts, are not in general poetical. No man feels his trade to be poetical, not even the shepherd or the ploughman. The Circassian does not feel his warlike life in the resistance to Russia poetical. These things only acquire a poetical character when regarded objectively, and at a distance, when there is some aid to their effect in certain prepossessions of our minds, or when the literary artist makes such a judicious selection of them, and presents them with such associations as to impose upon us. Thus it is that humble life, usually unpleasing from its mean circumstances, captivates us in the Cotter's Saturday Night. Apart from artistic selection and association, experiences in life only are poetical when they are of an extraordinary kind. Thus, the poorest labourer's death is poetical. Thus, the return of a sailor boy to his cottage home, after a long voyage, is poetical. So, also, is the language used by the humblest persons, when they speak under the pressure of strong or passionate feeling: take as an example the evil forebodings of Meg Merrilees to the Laird of Ellangowan when forced to leave his estate. There are romantic situations and special exigencies in life which the literary artist feels to be poetical, and of which he accordingly makes use. For examples, we have only to refer to history, biography, and the records of domestic anecdote; or to the pages of the fictionist, in which such things are given either real or simulated. It is hardly necessary to observe, that merely to be extraordinary, is not to be poetical. Many extraordinary ideas and sentiments are ludicrous and mean. To be poetical, it is necessary that they should partake of another character, which we are now to advert to as an element of poetry.

This is the principle of beauty—that undefinable but always unmistakable peculiarity which all minds of a certain degree of cultivation have a pleasure in contemplating. There is an inherent beauty in many of the objects of nature, also in the manner in which things exist, and are associated, for which a faculty of the mind is adapted, and this same quality we readily recognise in ideas and sentiments, and also in their associations. To physical and moral beauty the mind of the true poet is keenly alive. The flower-besprent earth, the lustrous glories of the heavens by day and night, the loveliness of youthful and innocent woman, the splendours of noble artificial scenes, the pomps of war, of regal triumphs, and of imaginative religions—all these things attract and arrest him; nor is he less delighted to survey the beauty of gentleness, courtesy, justice, truth, sanctity, and all other fine abstractions. These become to him, of course, materials for his art, and accordingly of such things has poetry been composed since its very dawn amongst civilised men.

Such may be said to be an outline—perhaps a very faint, but still in the main a faithful one—of the constituents of poetry. What, again, are its uses? Believing that everything in nature has legitimate uses, we must believe poetry to have such too, since it clearly has a place in nature. Can we be far wrong in assigning to poetry the purpose of, in the first place, entertaining, and, in the second, refining and elevating us, by the representations which it gives of all that is ultra-commonplace, and lofty, and beautiful, in the physical and moral world? Most men are forced to spend their time chiefly amongst the actual and the homely, for the duties of life and society cannot be otherwise performed. But a life of the Real alone, satisfies no one. We have an imaginative nature also, which craves its appropriate food and associations. See, under the influence of this power, how the youngest children that can walk and speak, even when left entirely alone, unite to make up a representative or dramatic life, and never are two minutes at a time *themselves!* To the same cause may be ascribed the pleasure we take in the half untrue parades of the social world, in this respect well called a

masquerade. There must, indeed, be illusion in life, or it would apparently be unendurable. Now, poetical literature is one of the means of gratifying this part of our nature, and a very convenient means too, since the mere reading of a book gives us all we want, and saves us the necessity of taking our illusions in a substantial form, by making them part of our own lives. And it becomes very obvious, from its accordance with the educative principle, that, if the poetry presented daily as the imaginative food of any human being, be a concentration of the beautiful in imagery and sentiment, it will enliven, excite, and strengthen those parts of his nature, and proportionately advance him in the scale of intellectual and moral being. All reverence, then, to the lyre, provided it be attuned only to songs which are lovely and pure, and be not made, instead of the occasional amusement, the engrossing business of life!

There are great differences in the tastes of different individuals and different ages with regard to poetry. Some men are heard denying that to be at all poetical in which others see much poetry. For example, much of the verse of Pope is now denied by many to be poetry, although in his own time it was universally received as such, and by many has ever been so. The cause of this discrepancy of opinion is mere partiality of judgment. It is now the tendency of most cultivated minds, with regard to poetry, to look chiefly to the ideas and sentiments, and little to the language in which these are expressed. Seeing that Pope mainly adverts to the artificial world, these persons conceive that he does not write poetry, overlooking that, in the fine selection of phraseology, and its musical arrangement, as well as in the references to what is elegant in life, and moral and aspiring in conduct, and even in the polished sarcasms launched at whatever is the reverse, we have, in the writings of the Twickenham bard, truly poetic elements, though not of the kind now most in vogue. On the other hand, fashion in Pope's time made men look to these latter features alone, and liberal natures can still admit their beauty, even while the absence of more poetical qualities is deplored. So, also, many rashly express a doubt whether the metrical works of Scott are poetry, missing in them the high strain of sentiment which they are disposed to regard exclusively in that light, and failing to see that in the incidents and descriptions of this wondrous fictionist, and even in his antiquarianism, there is a poetry of the richest kind. The present age is thought to be less given to poetry in general than many which have preceded it, and certainly of the large quantity of this kind of literature produced, there is very little which attracts much attention. It is thought to be an anti-spiritual age—an age engrossed by material interests and social improvements. The voice of the muse is lost in the clank of the steam-engine, and the worship of Apollo sinks beneath that of Plutus. But perhaps there is great fallacy in these conclusions, and it might be as easily shown that the vast mechanical, scientific, and social improvements for which the age is remarkable, constitute in themselves an employment for many of the poetical class of minds, as well as a theme of quasi-poetical contemplation for the great body of the public; thus precluding the necessity for the exertions of merely literary poets.

We are sensible that this definition of poetry must be far from satisfying the class of minds accustomed to analyse thought; but we are at the same time certain that a more profound inquiry into the subject would fail altogether of effect in the present place. If what has been said shall be found to convey to the bulk of ordinary readers some definite idea of the main constituents of poetry, we shall have accomplished our chief object. Perhaps a more limited utility may be served in showing to the numberless persons who aspire to the honours of the poet, what qualities and powers are required from them before they can have the least chance of attaining their end. All may rhyme and scribble; but to how few out of the bulk of mankind can it be given to compose thoughts, the first requisites of which are that they be new, striking, and beautiful, and for the expression of which it is further necessary that there be gifts and acquirements in language infinitely above those required for common purposes. Let the young verse-writer consider all this, and pause before he spends on a vain pursuit time which, devoted to the genuine means of mental cultivation and enlightenment, might render him perhaps a more than usually respectable member of society.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

AN EVENING PARTY AT M. NECKER'S IN 1790.

The destruction of the Bastille, attended as it was by political consequences, marked the era of a great change in the society of Paris, to which I had been a short while before introduced. Notwithstanding the occurrence of disorders amongst the populace, there was a general feeling of satisfaction with the change. The Parisians, gay, fickle, and voluptuous at that time, as they have ever since been, had begun to mingle together without regard to castes and classes, and it had become customary to meet, at all great parties, the men eminent for talent and public services, as well as those whose distinction lay in mere rank. It was universally acknowledged by such of the nobility themselves as had remained after the first emigration, that this was a great improvement.

The parties given at the house of M. Necker, where his daughter, Madame de Staël, presided, were of the highest brilliancy, being attended by a great number of persons of distinction, both foreign and French, as well as by the principal men of science and literature of the time, and all those who had come into notice in consequence of the recent political movements. The particular party of which I am now to speak, was given to celebrate the anniversary of the return of the great minister to Paris—an event still looked back to as auspicious to France. On this occasion there were assembled the whole *élite* of the day, fresh from assisting at the Federation on the Champs de Mars. Conducted thither by my tutor, Condorcet, I had no sooner entered the suite of splendid drawing-rooms, than I found myself in the midst of all who were then busied in forming the national history. Count Mirabeau, Monseigneur Perigord (Talleyrand), Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, Alexander Lameth, Adrian Duport, and several others, were conversing animatedly together. The venerable astronomer Lalande, Barthelemy, author of the Travels of Anacharsis, the illustrious mathematician Lagrange, Marmontel, so well known by his tales, with M. Monge, and the Marquis of Fontvieille (the infamous St Just), were grouped around Madame de Staël and the Marchioness La-Tour-du-Pin. The Comte Lanjuinais, and MM. Malesherbes, Camille Jourdan, Barnave, and Target, were in warm conversation with the Duc La Rochefoucault Liancourt. My countryman, the celebrated Alfieri, was reciting some of his poetry to a group of ladies, with the air and gestures of a maniac. At an extremity of the room, towards the garden, was a group apparently in conversation on serious topics, and composed of M. Necker himself, Montmorin, with some other ministers, and the Marquis Lafayette, with some of his staff-officers of the national guard.

The handsome Viscount Montmorency—the favourite of our hostess—the Marquis La-Tour-du-Pin, the Marshall Beauvau, with MM. Dupuis, Volney, the dramatist Defaucherets, and the painter David, were admiring an original painting of Raphael, which hung opposite the entrance of the front drawing-room, and David was the spokesman of the party.

However, Madame de Staël, dressed as a Greek heroine, and seated on a magnificent ottoman almost in the centre of the room, formed decidedly the principal point of attraction, both as being our hostess, and the acknowledged lioness-in-chief of the Fauxbourg St Germain.

With my venerated conductor I joined the party of Necker and Lafayette; but very few minutes had elapsed when the usher announced Madame la Vicomtesse Beauharnais, who, being then separated from her husband, was accompanied by Messieurs Kellerman and Jourdan, and by her beautiful little son Eugene, then about eight years of age. Soon after, the highly-scented and highly-affected Madame de Genlis, with the Duc de Chartres (now king of the French), also Madame Campan, and other ladies and gentlemen of the court and of the Palais Royal, were introduced; and about ten o'clock the party formed not only a fine *coup d'œil*, but a truly extraordinary assembly of remarkable men and women. The different groups now began to mingle together, to converse loudly and facetiously. Wit and raillery were often made use of by the fair, and hilarity and good humour pervaded the whole society, while a profusion of all sorts of refreshments and delicacies were circulating amongst the guests without interruption. But one thing was rather painfully remarkable, that, with the exception of the American and Swiss diplomatists, none of the foreign ambassadors honoured the party with their presence.

About eleven o'clock, the hum and confusion of the assembly were succeeded by order; the talkative guests resumed their respective seats, and a musical entertainment was commenced by Madame de Staël taking her place at the piano, while Madame de Beauharnais seated herself at the harp, in order to play with our hostess a charming duet of Jommelli. While they were performing their parts with the skill and taste for which they were noted, two rather indifferent-looking guests arrived, who, to avoid disturbing the music, took their seats beside the entrance-door.

The performance being ended, and both ladies having deservedly received the thanks and compliments of all, a rather shabbily-dressed old gentleman, followed by a very plainly-habited little, thin, and pale young man, approached the throne of the queen of the party, while all the company, and especially myself, had their eyes fixed upon them. The old man was then unknown to me, but well known to all the assembly; but the little, thin, and pale young man had never been seen before in any society, and, with the exception of Monge and Lagrange, nobody knew him. The old gentleman, who was the celebrated Abbé Raynal, then the leader of the historico-philosophical school of France, presented to Madame de Staël, as a young protegé of his, *M. Napoleon Bonaparte*. All the lions and lionesses shrugged their shoulders, made a kind of grimace of astonishment at hearing such a plebeian name, and, unmindful of the little, thin, and pale young gentleman, each resumed his conversation and amusement.

Raynal and Bonaparte remained beside Madame de Staël, and I soon observed that Mesdames Beauharnais, La-Tour-du-Pin, Campan, and the other ladies, not excepting the affected Madame de Genlis, formed a group around them. Condorcet, Alfieri, and myself, joined this party. The abbé spoke of his protegé as a very promising, highly talented, very industrious, and well-read young man, and particularly mentioned his extraordinary attainments in mathematics, military science, and historical knowledge. He then informed Madame de Staël that Bonaparte had left the service in consequence of having been ill-treated by his colonel, but that he wished now to re-obtain a commission, because for the future merit and skill, and not intrigue and favouritism, would be necessary for gaining rank and honour in France.

Josephine Beauharnais, who had been attentively hearing all, and who at the same time had been minutely examining the countenance of Bonaparte, with that grace and unaffected kindness that were so natural to her, said, 'M. L'Abbé, I should feel great pleasure, indeed, if M. Bonaparte will allow me to introduce and recommend him to the minister of war, who is one of my most intimate friends.' The thin and pale little gentleman very politely accepted the offer; and animated probably by the prospect of a speedy appointment, soon began to show in his conversation that at the top of his little body Providence had placed a head that contained a great and extraordinary mind. In a short time the great lions, moved by curiosity, flocked around to hear what was going on. Mirabeau was one of the curious; and Madame de Staël, as soon as she saw him approaching, said, with a smile, 'M. le Comte, come here; we have got a *little great man;* I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are naturally fond of men of genius.' The ceremony having been performed, the pale little gentleman shook hands with the great Count de Mirabeau, who, I must say, did not appear as stooping to him, but conducted himself with all due politeness. Now political chit-chat was introduced; and the future emperor of France took part in the discussions, and often received much praise for his lively remarks. When Mirabeau and the Bishop of Autun began to debate with Madame de Staël on the character and talents of Pitt, then prime minister of England, and the former styled him 'a statesman of preparations,' and 'a minister who governed more by his threats than by his deeds,' Bonaparte openly showed his disapprobation of such an opinion. But when the Bishop of Autun praised Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors and of the executive, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe, because by so doing they had shown that men, by becoming soldiers, did not cease to be citizens, Bonaparte said, 'Excuse me, monseigneur, if I dare to interrupt you; but as I am an officer, I beg to speak my mind. It is true that I am a very young man, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address an audience composed of so many great men; but as, during the last three years, I have paid the most intense attention to all our political troubles and phases, and as I see with sorrow the present state of our country, I will expose myself to censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound, but subversive of all established governments. As much as any of you, I wish to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights and immunities, annulled; nay, as I am at the beginning of my career, and without wealth or powerful friends, it will be my duty and my best policy to support the progress of popular institutions, and to forward improvement in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and seen our best men divided into factions which promise to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that *now, more than ever,* a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay, I apprehend that, if our troops are not compelled strictly to obey the orders of the executive, we shall soon feel the excesses of a democratic torrent, which must render France the most miserable country of the globe. The ministers may be assured, that if, by these and other means, the growing arrogance of the Parisian canaille is not repressed, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots now working for the weal of France, will sink beneath a set of leaders who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality only a set of savages, worse than the Neroes of old!'

This speech of the hitherto unknown youth, delivered with an air of authority which seemed natural to the speaker, caused a deep sensation. I remember seeing Lalande, Lacretelle, and Barthelemy, gazing at him with the most profound attention. Necker, St Priest, and Lafayette, looked at each other with an uneasy air. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Talleyrand and Gregoire, who appeared sheepish, downcast, and displeased. Alfieri, notwithstanding his aristocratic pride, and his natural dislike for young men's harangues, paid not only attention to the speaker, but seemed

delighted; and Condorcet nearly made me cry out by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the little, thin, pale young gentleman.

When he concluded, Madame de Staël, with her usual gravity, addressing the Abbé Raynal, warmly thanked him for having introduced to her so precocious and so truly wonderful a politician and statesman; and then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, 'I hope, gentlemen, that you will take a warning from what you have heard.' In short, this slender youth, who had come to the party a perfect nonentity, became all of a sudden the prime lion and the object of general remark.

But the individual most affected and most pleased of all was the Abbé Raynal. The countenance of this good old man manifested the rapturous feelings of his mind in witnessing the triumph of his young protegé, who, a few weeks after, through Madame de Beauharnais, obtained a new commission. Raynal lived to hear of the splendid exploits of Bonaparte at the taking of Toulon, to witness his conquest of the Convention in 1795, to hear of his appointment as commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, and also of his being named commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, in February 1796. Had he lived a few days longer, he would probably have assisted at his marriage with Madame the Vicomtesse Josephine de Beauharnais, for the nuptials took place on the 9th of March, and he died on the 6th, 1796.*

VISIT TO THE CENTRAL PRISON AT PERTH.

THERE are few sights more beautiful in broad Scotland than the view which the traveller obtains of the fair city of Perth, as he arrives at the brow of the height which overlooks the fertile valley of the Tay. Plain, river, and city, set in a framework of ornamental hills, nowhere appear dressed up in a more fascinating scene. Nor do the attractions diminish on a nearer inspection of the city and its immediate environs, which excel in neatness and sylvan beauty. On two sides of the town, and along the banks of the Tay, are extensive open parks—locally termed *Inches*—for the recreation of the citizens, and on one of which, as will be recollected, took place the celebrated feats of skill described by the Scottish novelist in his 'Fair Maid of Perth.' These Inches remain very much in the condition in which they were centuries ago—wide stretches of green sward environed with trees, washed on one side by the clear-rolling Tay. The most distinct addition to the features of one of the Inches, that on the south, has been the erection on its confines of a large suit of buildings, formed of the blue stone of the district, and which, with sundry courtyards, cover an area of several acres in extent. Originally designed as a place of detention for prisoners of war, the buildings, with some important additions, have latterly been appropriated by government as a depôt for criminals condemned to moderate terms of confinement by the Scottish courts.

The taste for social economics which generally leads me, in the course of my rambles at home or abroad, to pay a passing visit to any prison of more than usual size and pretension which lies in my line of route, conducted me on a late occasion to this recently organised establishment, of which I propose saying a few words. Some years ago, as doubtless many of our readers are aware, the whole of the Scottish prison system was remodelled by act of parliament, and regulated on an improved and uniform plan. All the old burghal managements and responsibilities were abolished, and the prisons, placed under the control of a general board of directors, assisted by county boards, were to be maintained by a universal assessment. Unless as regards some details in the assessing part, which certainly admit of improvement, the new order of things has been found to work remarkably well, and to effect many desirable ends. In the old prisons of Scotland, separation, attention to cleanliness and ventilation, industry, or moral improvement, were scarcely recognised as essential; and not only did imprisonment do no good, but much positive harm, by creating idle, and strengthening disorderly habits. The object now sought to be attained, is to send the prisoner out of jail, if possible, a better member of society than when he went into confinement, and at any rate not deteriorated by bad example. How far these benevolent objects are likely to be accomplished, may be judged of by what is observed in a visit to any of the remodelled prisons, that at Perth in particular.

On passing the exterior enclosure of this great central prison, we find ourselves in a large open ground, in the centre of which stands the main building, four storeys in height, and consisting of two wings radiating from a centre, and admitting of additional wings when necessary. Proceeding by a circular passage or corridor, we arrive at the point of junction of the wings, and here at a glance have before us the vast interior of one of the departments—a great gallery from bottom to top of the house, with hanging stone-passages to the various cells along its sides. The arrangement is the same as that at Pentonville, but the extent is greater, there being four rows of cells on each side from the ground to the roof. The number of cells in this huge arcade is 240, all devoted to male prisoners; the other wing, which is smaller, and for females, containing 120 cells. The total number of cells, therefore, already in use, is 360, exclusive of eight small apartments on the sunk floor forming punishment cells; and as each is designed to contain but a single prisoner, not more than 360 criminals can be admitted. The cells resemble those at Pentonville, and every other prison in which the solitary system is enforced. Varying from 6½ to 8½ feet in width, by about 10 feet in height, and all 13 feet in length, each is vaulted, paved, and a marvel of cleanliness. Accommodated with a window near the roof, which can be opened and shut at pleasure, and also with a gas-jet, the cell is always light and cheerful. By means of a grating near the floor, and another in the roof, there is a continual passing of warmed air into and out of the cell, on the plan now pursued for ventilating the houses of parliament. Means are also placed in every cell for washing and cleanliness; the rest of the simple furniture consisting of a table, seat, shelf for small articles, and a hammock, which is rolled up and put aside during the day. In all the cells for the males may likewise be observed the apparatus of employment—a loom, carpenter's bench, shoemaking seat, tailor's bench, or whatever else is suitable in the case. Industry being a prime element of the system, every inducement is held out to the prisoners to commence learning a trade, when they happen to be ignorant of one. Solitude, however, is a sufficient monitor in this respect; there is an eagerness to labour; and, encouraged by the hope of realising a small fund over and above what is carried to the prison account, they all work diligently at their allotted tasks. On entering the gallery upon which the rows of cells open, you hear a murmur of industrial sounds—the clanking noise of looms mingled with the beating of hammers and the going of saws and planes. To escape the pains of reflection, some inmates, I was informed, would commence work with the earliest streak of dawn; but this is not allowed where the occupations are such as to interrupt the stillness necessary for general repose.

Obligingly attended by Mr Stuart, the governor, and the Rev. Mr Allan, the chaplain of the prison, I entered a number of the cells, and had an opportunity of saying a few sympathising words to their inmates. Questions as to name and duration of confinement are

* It is hardly necessary to remark, that the time and circumstances of the first acquaintance of Napoleon with both Josephine and Madame de Staël are here stated differently from accounts hitherto current. The editors, having made this remark to the writer of the article, were favoured with a note assuring them that the other accounts are undoubtedly wrong, as he feels fully convinced that the true facts are as he here states them from his personal observation.

saved by the exhibition of a schedule on the wall, stating these and other particulars, including a detail of work done, and amount of earnings. The greater number appeared to be doomed to a confinement of from twelve to eighteen months or two years; and a few, whose time of liberation approached, mentioned that they had realised from three to four pounds of over-earnings, which, being to be paid at dismissal, would enable them to purchase clothing fit to make a decent appearance in the eyes of persons who were likely to give them employment. In various instances I found that all the school instruction the prisoners had ever received was imparted within the walls of the prison. Unable to read when sent hither, these persons now read and wrote fluently. As an encouragement to education, each cell is provided with a few choice books, a slate, and, if need be, pens, ink, and paper. I was particularly pleased with the aptitude of a lad fifteen years of age, an orphan, whose criminality had evidently been the result of simple neglect in his earlier years. He had, in the short time of his confinement, not only mastered the ordinary elementary branches of instruction, but made some progress in Latin, in which he was kindly assisted by the teacher and chaplain. Yet the only time he devoted to this species of self-improvement was in the evening, when the gas was lighted. The space from morning till night, excepting the intervals for meals and out-door recreation, he devoted to his loom, on which he weaves about seven yards of cloth daily. Utterly destitute of friends, this industrious boy proposed going to sea when liberated, and I hope he may be successful in finding an opening for his enterprise. Disconsolate thoughts, arising from the sense of friendless destitution and loss of character, prey on the minds of the elder prisoners, and more particularly the females, against whom almost every door is shut. Besides the ordinary labour, some try to cheer themselves by drawing, and a few scribble verses to ease their burdened feelings. Glancing over the commonplace-book of one of these prison-poets, I noted down the following, from a number of stanzas, supposed to be written by a person about to be transported for life:—

Alas! ere long no more I'll view
The happy homes on Scotia's strand;
To all I now must bid adieu,
To languish in a foreign land.

My children, young and dear, farewell;
On Time's bleak shores no more we'll meet;
No more you'll climb my knee, and tell
Your artless tales in accents sweet.

And thou, kind partner of my life,
Through all its changes ever true;
Oh! that you ne'er had been my wife,
Since crime now sends me far from you.

But though in other lands I'll roam,
And ne'er again will thee embrace,
I'll oft think on my long lost home,
And the sweet features of thy face.

From the male department we passed to that for females, which is under the charge of female warders, directed by a respectable matron, Mrs Macmillan, who pays much attention to the industrial training of the prisoners under her charge. Neat, clean, and orderly, the inmates in this department were engaged in sewing, knitting, tapestry flowering, or other female occupations; and in some exterior offices we found individuals engaged in washing and other business of the laundry. By these means the females are in a degree prepared for earning an honest livelihood when the term of their confinement expires; but the prospect of their being so employed is exceedingly blank. Mrs Macmillan mentioned, as a fact worthy of note, that in all her experience she never had an educated female prisoner. The greater number are utterly ignorant of letters; few know any one useful art; not one in a hundred can so much as darn her own stockings. Equally devoid of moral training, it is to be feared that few, even with the advantages of prison instruction, will be able to avoid a course of evil when dismissed from confinement.

From the women's ward we visited the exterior edifices. Two, consisting of open courtyards, with dividing walls, are devoted to the out-door exercise of the prisoners, of which they are allowed an hour daily; a third is the general cuisine of the establishment; a fourth a store of manufactured articles;* and so on. The diet, which is regulated in three different rates, is of the kind usual in the country—porridge, broth, potatoes, fish, pease-soup, and bread of different kinds: besides being sufficiently abundant, it is more varied than that of Pentonville, or of any other establishment of the same nature. When the medical attendant considers it necessary for the sake of health, a diet of a more nourishing kind is administered. This gentleman observes, in one of his late reports, that the wholesomeness of the diet, the attention to ventilation and cleanliness, and the salubrity of the situation, have kept the prisoners in the best health, and that no infectious disease has ever existed within the prison. On inquiring of the governor as to the effects of solitary confinement, he mentioned that he had not in any case observed them to be depressing or otherwise injurious: when the inmates, however, are young, they are placed with elder prisoners.

On the whole, my visit to the central prison satisfied me that it stands at the head of its class, and is a prodigious advance upon the old jail system of Scotland. Any faults which I could speak of as attaching to it, are of the same kind as those which I found at Pentonville, and perhaps such faults are inseparable from all establishments of this class. It seems to me that there is a too rigorous seclusion of the prisoners indiscriminately, and there is surely little wisdom in giving out-door exercise only in confined and dismal penfolds. Even within the compass of a surrounding garden, means might be found to afford a little industrial exercise, alike cheering to the mind, and useful as a training for labour in the colonies, to which many may advantageously find their way. Passing over these imperfections, the general discipline of the central prison seems everything that the friends of the penitentiary system could desire. How far it actually reforms the unfortunate beings who are committed to its keeping, is another consideration. Nearly everything, as I have said, that human ingenuity and benevolence can suggest, is done to reclaim them from their state of demoralisation; but in a considerable number of instances the period of confinement is too brief to produce a permanent result; and even if it were extended, the chances of reform after liberation are almost frustrated by the difficulty of finding any honest employment. All testimony concurs in showing that this magnificent plan for the reformation of criminals by careful treatment while in prison, must prove in a great measure abortive, unless means are also adopted to prevent them from relapsing into predatory habits when dismissed. Liberation is to many equivalent to expulsion. A monk torn from his cloister is not more helpless than these beings when ordered to quit their cells, and depend once more on their own individual and unfriended efforts. Mr Frederick Hill, inspector of prisons, offers some striking facts on this subject in his eighth report, lately laid before parliament. He mentions that in Glasgow as many as forty persons, most of them able-bodied, had voluntarily returned to prison after liberation—notwithstanding the peculiar privations of the separate system there—in order to get food and shelter. 'It is true,' he adds, 'that there are not any such prisoners there now; but this is simply because those who were in the prison have been required to leave, and admittance has been refused to all new applicants'—the law giving 'no authority for applying prison funds to the support of

* The work of the prisoners, which may average 3d. per day, by no means supports the general expenditure, which is met by a charge on each county according to the number of prisoners whom it sends for incarceration.

persons voluntarily subjecting themselves to imprisonment.' Who can read what follows without the most painful emotions? 'The result has unfortunately been, to convert a number of persons into criminals who had shown, by their own willingness to give up their liberty, to work hard, to live on the plainest fare, and to submit to all the rules of a prison, that they were sincerely desirous of avoiding a life of guilt, and of living peaceably and honestly. Nearly half of those who had thus been ejected from the Glasgow prison have already returned as offenders, and some of them under serious charges. One of them, a girl of thirteen, who had much pleased the governor and matron by her industry, docility, and good conduct, but who had no good home or good parents to go to, was committed to the prison within one month after she had been compelled to leave, and is now under sentence of transportation.'

It appears from these, and similar disclosures from others, that the legislature, which has meritoriously gone so far in improving our prison system, must go one or two steps farther. A measure of compulsory education, on a national scale, is not to be expected, or perhaps desired, but nothing could be more expedient or merciful than to place juvenile delinquents under early restraint and in a course of industrial training, instead of suffering them, as at present, to proceed from one degree of vice to another, until entirely lost. Why, in short, are hordes of vagrant children permitted to appear again and again before the lower tribunals, till they work their way, as it is called, up to the higher courts and to a reformatory punishment, which should have been decreed at first? While cutting up crime at its roots by some such improved administration of the law, it is equally, if not more desirable, that houses of industrial refuge should be established for the voluntary resort of all who, on being liberated from prison, feel themselves at a loss for the means of honest livelihood, and are therefore tempted into fresh turpitude. I should probably be going too far ahead of ordinary prepossessions, were I to demand that the term of imprisonment should not be strictly defined by judges, but, within certain limits, left to the consideration of the governors and directors of the prisons. Yet the tendency to crime, viewed in the light of a moral malady, appears to me as fitting a subject for this kind of treatment as lunacy, and can as little be prescribed for, on the spur of the moment, by magistrates or judges. Let us hope that, in the progress of things, our prison system may thus be rendered still more comprehensive in its designs, and more efficacious for its professed objects.

JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

TORONTO—LAKE SIMCOE—SETTLERS' HOUSES.

THERE is a railway from Buffalo by which passengers can be taken to Manchester and the falls for a quarter of a dollar, and, when competition is great, for a New York shilling, or twelve and a-half cents. It is similar to the tramways used in England for removing the earth from excavations, but is not worse than the generality of railways in the United States. The rails are for the most part made of wood, with a thin plate of iron on the top; and the roads, seldom enclosed, are on the same level with the land through which they run. When it is necessary to cross some public road, there is no protection against accidents farther than a white board informing the traveller that he had better take care that he is not run over. Often when pursuing my solitary walk after dark, in order to reach some village wherein to pass the night, have I been startled out of my reverie by the sudden appearance of a 'locomotive,' dragging after it a long black train of carriages, dashing across the road within a few feet of me, showering forth sparks of fire, and after giving an exact imitation of the yell of a score of infuriated Indians, plunging into the dark woods, which seemed to close around and engulf it. The whistle of a steam-engine gives a very good idea of an Indian war-whoop; but the sound is not particularly amiable at night, especially after you have been hearing an account of the massacre at Cherry Valley, or the Vale of Wyoming. It would seem likely that much loss of life must ensue from travellers not observing the spot where a line crosses the road; but here American ingenuity displays itself. A machine has been invented, something like a plough, which picks up any stupid or incautious person, and throws him contemptuously on one side, seldom doing any more injury than breaking a leg or fracturing a few ribs, so as to teach him a 'great moral lesson' through the medium of the senses. However, if a fatal accident should occur, men, although still scarce in America, are more plentiful than dollars, and it would cost a great deal to fence the railways.

After following the road for some distance, I struck off to the right, and in a short time entered the Indian territory of Tonniwantic, or Tonniwanta, as it is variously pronounced. This is a small district that was reserved, when the state was surveyed, for the Senecas, one of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, who earned so bloody a renown during the old French war and the war of independence. They are now partly civilised, a great number being professed Christians; many being able to read the Bible, which is printed in their language; and all knowing how to drink whisky. But they must soon leave even this small portion of their ancient territory. Land is becoming valuable near Buffalo; and the same shameful policy which has been pursued towards the Cherokees (who, as a nation, are far more civilised than the inhabitants of the United States), has been exerted to drive the Senecas from the last remnant of their hunting grounds, to be destroyed by the warlike tribes beyond the Mississippi. This is the more to be deplored, as they are rapidly advancing in civilisation. One or two of the chiefs are rich, well-educated men, cultivating large farms, and others are beginning to follow their example, so that in a short time they might become a source of profit, instead of a burden to the country. Those who have not yet adopted the customs of the whites, seldom do any work, farther than occasionally cutting down and selling a hemlock, which is an evergreen tree, used for the same purposes as the pine. They stroll about the woods shooting squirrels and foxes; and in winter amuse themselves with their snow-snakes, which are long smooth sticks of hard wood, sometimes tipped with silver, which they send to an extraordinary distance over the smooth surface of the snow. Several of the chiefs have adopted the dress as well as the customs of their white neighbours, and when in Buffalo selling the produce of their fields, could not be distinguished from other farmers. The dress of the other men consist of a greatcoat made of a blanket, deer-skin leggings or trousers, and mocassins. The visible dress of the women is a petticoat, made of a piece of broad cloth, which is long enough to wrap round their waist several times; a blanket which covers the upper part of the body, and in winter is also used as a hood; and mocassins shaped like those of the men. Some of the girls are very pretty, and have all the fondness of their sex for finery. Their dark-blue petticoat is braided with silver-lace; the blanket is of the finest and whitest, and ornamented with bright-coloured worsteds; and their mocassins are beautifully embroidered with beads. In one respect they show more sense and taste than the American ladies—and, I am ashamed to say, than many of my own countrywomen: they do not spoil the natural beauty of their waists and feet by injurious compression, or give themselves a ridiculous similarity to walking sugar-casks, by the fulness of the skirts. The old women of the tribe do all the out-of-door work, such as cutting firewood, cultivating the corn-patch, which is a very simple process, merely consisting of sowing and reaping, and fishing in the creeks that run through the reservation. The houses are scattered about without any regard to order, and are made of

logs, some of them with the upper half framed. The windows are glazed; but this comfort is within the reach of all in America, as, from there being no excise duty, a pane of glass is only worth a few pence. The Indians, when on business, are dignified and grave, but in their leisure moments are very fond of joking, especially in a practical manner.

While walking along one of the small roads, and endeavouring by means of the sun to keep in the direction of the Falls, a white man, a settler on the outskirts of the territory, invited me to ride on his wagon as far on my way as he was going. I informed him of my curiosity to see the interior of one of the houses, and he kindly offered to give me an opportunity. He accordingly stopped at the next we came to, and the dogs, which are a great pest here, being fortunately out of the way, we walked in. The interior seemed to be one large room, but was divided off by a curtain of deer-skins. The part I saw was much the same as the principal room in the houses of farmers in the back settlements, but it was bare and empty, and there were very few household utensils, or other evidences of civilised life. There was an iron pot, containing the materials for dinner, boiling on the fire, and an old squaw ran from behind the curtain every few minutes to attend to it. The proprietor of the house, who was one of the lesser chiefs, a tall well-made man, shook hands with us both when we entered, and the settler having said something to him in the Seneca language, every syllable of which seemed to end in a mute, he motioned us to sit down. He remained for some time in the same position, looking at the fire, seemingly musing, and took not the least notice of us; but when, after looking at some rude figures painted on the partition, I turned round to him, I found that he was intently examining me, although immediately on being perceived he relapsed into his melancholy musings. I looked at him with pity and respect. He was no doubt reflecting, thought I, on the past greatness of that great nation of the last remnant of which he was one of the chiefs, and comparing it with their present degradation, when he himself was obliged to live on the bread granted to him by those who had driven away the animals on which he had subsisted, and robbed him of his land. The rifle which had rendered him the terror of his enemies, and the means of his support, was now nothing more than a plaything for children. Perhaps he saw me looking at it, for he rose up and took it down from its place over the chimney, and began slowly to load, not seeming, however, to awake from his painful reveries. He put in a full charge of powder, and then hesitating for a moment or two, added a small quantity more, and rammed down the bullet, wrapped in a bit of well-greased leather, which he had taken from a box formed in the stock. He then put the piece on full cock. Now, I have a decided objection to be in the same room with a loaded gun when cocked, and have seen one or two accidents, and read of so many more caused by fire-arms going off accidentally when in that state, that I always feel very nervous on that point; and on the present occasion I got up and told the settler with a smile that I thought I must continue my journey. The moment the words were uttered, the Indian jumped up, and shouting out something in a fierce tone, deliberately took aim at my head. I was so surprised and horror-struck, that I could neither speak nor run, but stood staring at him with open mouth. However, in a moment or two he dropped the gun, and he and the settler began to laugh heartily at my fright; but it was no laughing matter to me, for, as the latter gentleman observed, I was 'most awfully skeered,' and, without waiting for any more of the Indian's pleasantries, I hastily took my departure. Let me observe here—for it is not agreeable to be suspected of unusual greenness—that I, as well as all other 'old countrymen,' was always recognised at first sight as an importation, from the difference between my complexion and the sickly hue that overspreads the cheek even of American beauty.

Manchester is a large village, the inhabitants of which live on the visitors to the Falls. It contains two or three hotels and taverns, and a few shops, two of which are kept by *makers* of Indian curiosities. Almost every visitor has purchased a tomahawk said to have belonged to Tecumseh; and he who takes an interest in the *foibles* of the great, will not fail to remark the prodigality of Black Hawk in regard to pipes, if the number that are sold here as belonging to that chief can be considered as proof. As I had an opportunity on another occasion of seeing the Falls in the dead of winter, under circumstances that do not usually present themselves to the traveller, I shall not at present notice them further than to remark, that they are among the few celebrated objects in nature which fully come up to the expectations entertained of them. The village on the American side has been dignified with the imposing title of the City of the Falls, but is at present merely a continuation of another village called Drummondsville. At a tavern where I stopped for a short time, I heard some men talking in very high-flown terms of the prospects of their 'city,' and predicting that at no very distant period the immense water-power possessed by the Falls would render it the site of factories that might supply the whole continent of America. But its situation, I suspect, would prevent its becoming of material importance, even if its water-power were considered preferable to steam. At present, the only practical use to which the Falls are turned, farther than enriching the hotel-keepers in the vicinity, is to move the wheel of a small machine-shop on the American shore. I walked down to Queenston, a distance of about six or seven miles from the Falls, passing by the monument erected to the memory of General Brock, and which was injured some time ago by the attempt of some scoundrels to blow it up. I crossed the Niagara river, from Queenston to Lewiston, in a ferry-boat, which was propelled by paddles worked by two horses, and arrived in time to take my passage in the steamboat for Toronto. We were in a short time on the waters of Lake Ontario, which might with propriety be called a sea, for, although the smallest of the great lakes, it is nearly two hundred miles long, and in breadth averages forty; and its similarity to the sea increased when we were out of sight of land, and it began to blow rather fresh. There were not many passengers on board, and the few there were, went below when the water began to roughen, with the exception of a very remarkable old gentleman, a half-pay officer, who had a farm in Canada. He was always walking up and down the deck in deep thought, and with a perpetual smile on his face. He looked as if he had achieved a joke when he was a little boy, and had not been able to get over it since. We conversed for some time on various subjects, and at last he began to give me a long account of a trip he had made on the prairies. I remarked that I should very much like to see the Far West.

'Well,' said he, 'that is just what I myself thought when I started; but I travelled several thousand miles, and could not find it after all. The Far West is something like to-morrow—you can never catch it up. If you ask the people here where it is, they say at Illinois; when you get there, you find it is at Iowa. In Iowa, on account of the denseness of the population—there being at least one man to every fifty miles—settlers every day are striking camp to squat in the Far West, which there is Oregon. At Astoria, you will find a Yankee who is "goin' to spekilate up west," by which he means the Sandwich Islands.'

I asked him if Oregon offered many inducements to the settler?

'When a good market is formed on the coast,' said he, 'it may answer very well as a grazing country; enough cattle might be fattened there to supply the whole world; but to settle it as the Yankees have commenced, is ridiculous folly. Brother Jonathan is something like my old grandfather, who used to hunt all

over the house for his spectacles when he had them on his nose. If he would only stop at home, where he has the finest country in the world, he would become a rich man; but he cannot live without change; and, what does more harm, even when he has got himself in a "fix," his boasting and over-sanguine disposition induces more sober persons to join him. If in his progress west he should ever arrive at the deserts of Arabia, he will describe it as a land flowing with milk and honey.'

I asked him if he thought Oregon would ever become a part of the United States?

'It seems to me impossible,' replied he, 'even if Great Britain were disposed to allow it, and no hindrance was offered by the large army of Indians, who are in the pay of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who themselves are not very friendly to the Yankees, from their barbarous and impolitic conduct to their own Indians; still, the country is too large to be under the same government. It sounds very pretty to talk of "a vast republic, stretching from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean;" but from its great size, the diversity of interests would soon dissolve the union that binds the states together. At present, the southern states have the balance of power; and as they make the laws to answer their own purposes, the northern are necessarily always complaining. If this preponderance of power is farther increased by the annexation of Texas, which seems very probable, I have no doubt there will be a dissolution of the union, and which the southerners cannot help; for, as they themselves say, they are the head, and the north the hands. If the annexation of Texas, which would only cut up into two or three states, would have this effect, that of a large country like Oregon would be still more powerful to the same end.'

The old gentleman having thus started, went on for the next hour talking on various political subjects; but unfortunately for the world in general, I quietly dropped asleep in the middle of it, being thoroughly 'used up;' and when I awoke, I found him striding up and down the deck, and occasionally glancing very contemptuously at me, to whom he did not deign to speak during the rest of the voyage. At length we came in sight of Toronto, and passed the lighthouse on the end of the island or peninsula, as it will in a short time be made, that very nearly landlocks the harbour. The harbour is good, but, like many other good berths, it is not very easy to get into it. Toronto is a handsome flourishing city; and after having been for some time accustomed to the towns of the United States, it put me very much in mind of England. The first thing that seemed to strike the English passengers was a line of public-houses along the shore, bearing inscribed on them the well-remembered characters of 'Barclay and Perkins' entire;' and not having the fear of Father Mathew before our eyes, every one of us speedily availed ourselves of this announcement, notwithstanding that the price of English porter renders it a luxury here. The main street is quite a credit to the town, and many of the shops are handsome. One linen-draper's in particular having long panes of glass in mahogany sashes, looked as if it had been suddenly transferred from Oxford Street, which appearance was further increased by large bills stuck all over the building, in which the passers-by read, in terrifying letters, 'Enormous Failure,' 'Selling Off,' 'Tremendous Sacrifice.' The streets are straight, and at right angles with one another. One of them, Yonge Street, runs to Lake Simcoe, a distance of twenty or thirty miles; and Dundas Street reaches for forty or fifty miles to Dundas. There are four or five churches, two of which, the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian, are handsome. Their steeples and roofs, as in the case of most public buildings in Canada, are covered with tin, which gives them a very dazzling appearance when the sun shines. It is a remarkable fact that metals do not rust here, as in England; the tinned roofs are always bright; and an axe might be left out in the snow for months without being injured. This is accounted for by the absence of salt in the atmosphere. There is a good-sized market in the main street, which is the only place in the town where meat is allowed to be sold by retail. I have noticed, both in the United States and Canada, that, owing to the competition being limited, there is a great difference between the wholesale and retail prices of produce. For instance, you can buy the carcass of a sheep, after being cleaned, at the rate of a penny a pound; but if you purchase only a pound or two, you will have to pay threepence. But the distinguishing characteristic is the great quantity of taverns; and I was puzzled to know how their proprietors lived, as I did not see many drunken people about. But in Toronto, and most parts of North America generally, a man would as soon think of going without his breakfast in the morning as without his 'bitters;' then there is always another dram at dinner and supper-time, and generally one between, and the evening is wound up by a couple more. I have no doubt that in the northern half of this quarter of the globe there are more kinds of intoxicating beverages used than there are altogether in the rest of the world. In a tavern in Boston, which is the most temperate city in America, I read the names of at least fifty different kinds of cobblers, cocktails, julaps, slings, and other compounds. In the outskirts of the town there is a college building which will not be finished for several years, and which promises to be quite a splendid affair. It is situated in the middle of a well-laid-out park—the gift of government. But I must repress my inclination to 'set all down.' Those towns that were new to me, may already, for aught I know, be old to the reader; and I must for the future confine myself to my original plan of illustrating the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and dealing generally only in information of a kind which is not to be met with in books.

It is in contemplation to make a railway to run from Toronto to Lake Simcoe, by which that town will be connected with the great lakes in a more direct manner than at present, and which will be a great source of prosperity to Toronto when the mineral treasures of the shores of Lake Superior are better known and appreciated. The ores of copper in that region are three times richer than those of Cornwall, and lead is very abundant. I have no doubt when its natural wealth becomes better known, the land on the shores of Lake Superior will be as suddenly peopled as those of the Mississippi; that splendid cities will spring up, and innumerable vessels sail on its waters, hitherto disturbed but by the canoe of the Indian.

One afternoon I found myself in one of the northern townships of Simcoe. I had followed Yonge Street as far as the lake, and for the last day or two had travelled along the small roads, or rather wheel-tracks that led from one village to another. However, in this part of the world, six log-huts in the space of a mile form a village, and twenty a flourishing town. In thickly-settled districts, the road runs through fields, which, however, are backed by the black gloomy forest still in a state of nature, and a house may here and there be seen; but in what are called the back settlements, the road becomes a narrow path leading through the woods, and occasionally passing by the hut of one of the forest pioneers, surrounded by a few acres of land thickly covered with the stumps of felled trees. In the backwoods generally, hospitality is a virtue that is much practised, and I think more so in Canada than in the United States. The good folks here take no little pride in entertaining a stranger from the old country, and seem anxious to show him that they are no longer the same poor labourer and his wife who came out a couple of years ago, but landed proprietors, and owners of a farm of a hundred acres, although but twenty of these may be in cultivation. The good lady outdoes herself in baking the buckwheat cake; the honey and peach sauce, reserved for special occasions, are set down; the most delicate portions of the smoked venison are picked out; and if fowls are plentiful, a chicken finds himself

roasting before the fire ere he has lost his natural warmth. And then, while you are eating your meal, to hear them talking of 'the farm!' The host assures you that you won't find such flour as his bread is made of within fifty miles; and on your expressing your entire confidence in the truth of the assertion, offers to show you the wheat from which it was made after supper, which will be an excuse for exposing to your astonished gaze all the riches of the farm. His wife asks your opinion of the butter, and then gives you a description of the four cows, with some personal reminiscences of a fifth which unfortunately perished in an encounter with a wolf. The only drawback to your happiness is the system of forcing you to eat more than you want, which is very common, more especially among the Scotch. After feeding as travellers generally do when they are hungry, and have no idea when or where they may meet with the next meal, you will often be obliged, *nolens volens*, to eat more; and if you will not listen to reason, force will be used. I found that the best way was to make them believe I had sufficient before I was really satisfied, so that in general I was not compelled to eat much more than I wanted: in one or two extreme cases, however, I have been obliged to direct the attention of entertainers to some other part of the room, and then to slip the contents of my plate into my pocket handkerchief. At supper, however, my time came. I was considered as a locomotive newspaper, and had to give the news of the last month. If the host was not a miserly fellow, who would keep all my good things to himself—chuckling over the idea that nobody else in the township knew as he, and determining to let it out by advantage, bit by bit—he would, while I was at supper, run to the next house with the welcome intelligence of the arrival of an Englishman choke-full of news from home. This would spread round the neighbourhood, and in half an hour a dozen people would have collected, and those who lived at a farther distance would keep dropping in during the evening. My English greatcoat was an object of respect, and an ugly fur cap that I had bought in Manchester was handed round the circle, and examined both inside and outside, and felt all over, as if each of them could extract a little piece of home from it.

After I had told them all that had taken place as far back as it was news to them, and given a few hints of what was *going* to take place, together with a minute account of the young prince and princess, the night would be far advanced, and, preparatory to going to bed, whisky, cider, and a basket of apples, would be set down. But no inhabitant, let me say, of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, can form an idea of what I mean by apples. Such apples! Not the dull, worm-eaten, dispirited-looking fruit of which the American pigs are robbed for the English market, but plump, rich, juicy, cherry-coloured temptations, formed apparently of some score of pretty girls' lips. Such are American apples—in America. In spite of my dislike to the beverage, I was always obliged to drink some of the whisky; and, indeed, if I had been determined in my refusal, unless I had taken the tee-total pledge, my entertainers would have considered it an insult. However, I managed to cheat myself a little, by mixing it with new cider, which makes a pleasant drink.

About this time of the evening the discovery would perhaps be made that I was related to every soul in the company. The Scotchmen found out that I was a countryman of theirs, because I had been to Glasgow, and could sing Auld Lang Syne; and an Irishman felt as if I was his brother, because I had lived in the next street to a friend of his in Manchester. However, the evening must end; the hostess, kind soul (the women always think of these things), said I must be tired, and would want to go to bed, and the rest were obliged to take the hint and depart, but not before they had made me take down the address of innumerable friends in the old country, on whom I might call on my return thither, and stop as long as I liked.

This may be considered as a fair specimen of the manner in which I was received in newly-settled places, but my evenings were not always passed so pleasantly. There was one scene in particular, a melancholy contrast to the above, which I cannot think of even now without pain, but which is not uncommon among those who give up the comforts and necessaries of civilised life, for a time at least, to settle among the forests of the New World. But want of space compels me to reserve this for the next paper.

NOTES ON THE NOSE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most neglected and ill-used part of the human face is the nose. The poetical literature of all nations extols the other features: the eyes, for instance, have furnished a theme for the most sublime poetry; cheeks, with their witching dimples and captivating tints, have drawn forth some of the finest similes that were ever invented; and the raptures which have been indited concerning lips, it would take an age to enumerate. The hair, also, has from time immemorial been intensified into 'silken tresses' in printed, as well as manuscript verses; and 'sonnets to a mistress's eyebrow' are of continual occurrence; but it may be safely averred, that in the universal anthology of civilised or uncivilised man, there is not to be found a truly sentimental effusion to a nose! Indeed, so far from exciting any of the graver emotions of the mind, it would appear that there is a hidden something in that feature to deaden, rather than to excite sentiment. The cheeks, whether pale with care, or red with blushing, strongly excite the sympathies: a glance of the eye is all-powerful in calling up the most vivid emotions; but who ever remembers any very intense feeling being awakened by a twitch of the nose? On the contrary, that unfortunate feature seems to have been especially appropriated by humorists to cut their jibes upon. It has, from the earliest ages, been made the subject of disparaging and sportive remarks. It has been set up as a mark to be hit by ridicule—as a butt for the arrows of satire; as if it were an organ proper to be played upon by nothing but wit. We may grow eloquent concerning eyes, speak raptures of lips, and even sentimentalise upon chins, but the bare mention of the nasal promontory is certain to excite a smile. What the latent quality may be which is so productive of risibility in this instance, it seems difficult to discover, for, in point of utility, the physiologist will tell you that the nose is quite on a par with the rest of the face. To it the respiratory system owes the ingress and egress of a great portion of the food of life—air. To it we are indebted for the sense of smell. Moreover, it acts as the emunctuary of the brain. In an ornamental point of view, the physiognomist declares that the nose is a main element of facial beauty; and without stopping to inquire how very much this depends upon its shape, we may just corroborate the fact, by hinting the unpicturesque effect which is produced by a countenance that happens to be bereft of the nasal appendage.

The authority of physiognomists may, indeed, be almost taken without examination; for they are undoubtedly, of all connoisseurs, the greatest in noses. Their prototypes, the augurs of old, went so far as to judge of a man's character by the shape of his nose; and this has been in some degree justified by a French writer, who appears to be deeply versed in the subject. 'Though,' he asserts, 'the organ is only susceptible of a moderate degree of action while the passions are agitating the rest of the countenance, yet these limited motions are performed with great ease.' In addition to this, we find Sir Charles Bell remarking, in his Anatomy and Physiology of Expression, 'that the nostrils are features which have a powerful effect in expression. The breath being drawn through them, and their structure formed for alternate expansion and contraction in correspondence with the motions of the chest, they are an index of the condition of respiration when

affected by emotion.' The nose may therefore be regarded as somewhat indicative of, and in harmony with, the character of the individual.

It is probably by reason of this connexion of the external nose with the internal characteristics, that so many proverbs and axioms have taken rise in reference to both. Thus, the French say of a clever man, that he has a 'fine nose;' of a prudent one, that his is a 'good nose;' of a proud man, that 'he carries his nose in the air.' An inquisitive person is said to 'poke his nose everywhere.' A gourmand is described as always having his nose in his plate: that of the scholar is declared to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French also say, 'the mustard rises in his nose.' Neither are we in this country deficient of similar sayings. A man, for instance, who does not form very decisive opinions—who is swayed more by the persuasions of others than by his own judgment—is described as being 'led by the nose.' The same is said when any strong inducement turns a person aside from a previously-formed intention; thus Shakspeare—

> 'Though authority be a stubborn bear,
> Yet he is often led by the nose with gold.'

Individuals not blessed with much acuteness or forethought, are said 'not to see beyond their noses.' Others who, to do some injury to an enemy, injure themselves, are declared 'to cut off the nose to spite the face.' The condition of a supplanted rival is described as that of a person who 'has had his nose put out of joint;' with a hundred other proverbs in which the nose takes a most prominent part. All of these, it will be observed, are of a comic cast; while every simile and allusion made to the eyes, the brow, and the other features, is of the most serious and poetical character. If, therefore, the ordinary organ considered and alluded to in the abstract be provocative of jocularity, in how much higher a degree must it provoke the smiles of the comically inclined when it happens to be an oddly shaped, or out-of-the-way nose?—when any of those very uncomplimentary epithets, which have been invented to designate different noses of all sorts and sizes, can be emphatically applied to it; such as hook-nose, hatchet-nose, club-nose, snub-nose, pug-nose, potato-nose, peaked-nose, parrot's-nose, turned-up-nose; or when it is figuratively termed a conq, a snout, a proboscis; or, like the nose of Slawkenbergius, a promontory. This, by the way, brings to mind the etymology of the word, which is in Saxon 'ness,' meaning also a point of land, as Stromness, Blackness, and a hundred other nesses or noses which mother earth pokes out into the sea.

Of jests concerning eccentric noses, an immense collection might be made; but a few of them will suffice, chiefly to show to what a remote antiquity facetiæ on noses may be traced. One of the best is attributed to the Emperor Trajan, on a man who had, besides a long nose, very large teeth. It has been thus versified:*—

> Let Dick one summer's day expose
> Before the sun his monstrous nose,
> And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
> Its shade to fall upon his jaws,
> With nose so long and mouth so wide,
> And those twelve grinders side by side,
> Dick, with very little trial,
> Would make an excellent sun-dial.

The literal translation of this epigrammatic extravaganza is—'Placing your nose opposite to the sun, and opening your mouth, you will show the hour to all passengers.' Another Greek poet describes a friend's nose as 'being so immense, that its distance from his ears prevents him from hearing himself sneeze.' Castor's nose was said to be in itself all the useful instruments of life—a spade, a trumpet, an anchor, a pot-hook, &c.

Certain noses have, however, been celebrated in history, not as matters for jest, but as distinguishable features belonging to great men. The Romans had a proverb which signifies, 'it is not given to every one to have a nose,'* meaning that it was not the good fortune of all to exhibit a marked and precise nasal individuality; to have, in fact, an expressive nose. The individuals whose noses have lived in history were, it would seem, favoured in this particular. The great Cyrus had a long sharp nose; hence it is said that the noses of all Persian princes are pinched by bandages, that they may grow like their great prototype in at least one particular. Cicero was called the 'orator with the equivocal nose.' Julius Cæsar's was an aquiline nose; as was that of Aspasia, of Paris, and of Achilles. The nose of Socrates was a decided pug.

As a matter of taste and ornament, the nose has engaged the attention and researches of authors and artists in a prominent degree. It has been truly remarked, that the nose is a centre around which the other portions of the face are arranged and harmonised. It is, in a degree, the regulator of the other features. Many celebrated artists estimate that its length should be a third of the length of the face, from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. If there be any deviation from this rule, it must, it would appear, be in excess, for all unite in preferring large to diminutive noses. Plato called the aquiline the royal nose; and it is evident, from their works, that none of the ancient masters of sculpture and painting considered a liberal allowance of nose as a deformity. Even in a physical point of view, this excess appears to be far from detrimental. 'Give me,' said Napoleon, 'a man with a good allowance of nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head together.' Like this great general, the ancients entertained a marked preference for an ample nose; but all beauty is relative, and taste as capricious and varying as the winds. Amongst the Kalmucks, a short dumpy club-nose is considered the perfection of beauty. The Hottentots press the noses of their infants so as to flatten them; and the Chinese require a nose to be short and thick, ere it can accord with their notions of good form.

Amongst Europeans, the preference has always been given to the straight, or Grecian nose, as exhibited by the Venus de Medicis. Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, in his Essay on Beauty, that 'the line that forms the ridge of the nose is beautiful when it is straight; this, then, is the central form which is oftener found than either the concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed.' Opinions are, however, occasionally divided between this and the aquiline, or Roman form of nose, especially for men. Yet, how much soever tastes may differ, one fact is certain, that—with the exception of the Crim-Tartars, who formerly broke their children's noses, because they stood in the way of their eyes—all nations consider this prominent feature a great ornament.

It appears, then, that the nose differs from all the other features in as far as it is regarded by mankind in two entirely different points of view, namely, as a thing essentially ridiculous, and as a thing indispensable to the beauty of the face, and in itself beautiful. Does not this curiously show how near the whimsical and the serious are to each other? We gaze with pleasure on a female face which is set off with a fine nose, and acknowledge the effect which that elegant object has in the *tout ensemble;* yet, if wishing to apostrophise this lady's beauty in the language of the poet, we would allude to everything except the nose. On that point, not a word! It would at once mar the effect of the whole. Why is this? Because, in general, we associate only ridiculous ideas with the nose. And what, again, is the cause of this ridicule? Alas! good reader, I fear it must be

* Translations from the Greek Anthology, &c. London: 1806.

* Non cuique datum est habere nasum.

traced to some of the useful functions served by the organ. Man strains after the fine, which flies from him; the useful is his willing drudge, and he laughs at it. If the nose were of as little service to us as the cheeks, it would doubtless be as much, and as undividedly, admired.

DOMESTIC ENTERTAINMENTS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

The paintings on the Egyptian tombs, referring to a period some four thousand years bypast, give us a curious and perfect idea of the nature of domestic entertainments in that interesting country, the nurse of human civilisation. The Egyptian houses of the better class were usually built in the form of a square, having a large court in the centre, with a well and rows of trees. The rooms opened into the main court, or into a small court between the buildings along the sides, and were lavishly decorated with paintings, while the furniture, chairs, tables, and the like, were of fine wood inlaid with ivory, and covered with leather or rich stuffs, and were not to be excelled in beauty and convenience by the most luxuriously formed articles of the kind in modern times. 'In their entertainments,' says Mr Wilkinson, 'they appear to have omitted nothing which could promote festivity and the amusement of the guests. Music, songs, dancing, buffoonery, feats of agility, or games of chance, were generally introduced, and they welcomed them with all the luxuries which the cellar and the table could afford. The party, when invited to dinner, met about mid-day, and they arrived successively in their chariots, in palanquins borne by their servants, or on foot.' Many passages in the sacred writings show how closely the manners of the Jews had concurred with those of the Egyptians. We hear of the 'harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe,' at the feasts of the Jews, and are also told that they 'dined at noon.' An Egyptian painting shows us the arrival of a chariot at a house of feasting, with a footman knocking at the door, just as might be done now-a-days at the west end of London. As was the case with the Jews, water was brought to the guests to wash their feet, if they desired it; their hands were always washed before dinner. The head of each guest was also anointed with a sweet-scented oil or ointment, necklaces and garlands of lotus-flowers, sacred in the eyes of the Egyptians, were thrown around the brows and neck, and every guest received a flower to hold in his left hand during the feast. The Greeks, who derived the most of their customs from Egypt, also presented water to their guests, and decked them with flowers, as appears from many passages in Homer, and other authorities; and the Romans took the same customs from the Greeks. Like the Greeks, the Egyptians considered it a want of good breeding to sit down immediately to dinner, but the 'melancholy interval,' felt sorely to this day, was enlivened by wine, which the servants poured from vases into cups for the use of the guests. The Chinese, at the present time, offer wine to all guests as they arrive. The Egyptians, at the same interval, kept up a continuous flow of music. 'In the meantime,' says Mr Wilkinson, drawing his statements from actual representations in the paintings, 'the kitchen presented an animated scene; and the cook, with many assistants, was engaged in making ready for dinner; an ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or ozyx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, widgeons, quails, or other birds, were obtained for the occasion.' Mutton, it is supposed, was unlawful food to the inhabitants of the Thebais. Beef and goose constituted the staple animal food; and vegetables of all kinds, with fish, were largely used. At the party, men and women mixed together at the same table, a privilege not conceded to females among the Greeks, except with near relations; and this argues a higher advancement in Egyptian civilisation. With the Romans, it was customary for women to sit with the men, and Cornelius Nepos ridicules the Greeks on this point. 'Which of us Romans,' says he, 'is ashamed to bring his wife to an entertainment?' The Egyptians sat either on chairs or stools at meals, or on the ground, resting on one limb bent under them, with the other raised angularly. The Greeks and Romans did not take from Egypt the custom of reclining on couches at table. The Egyptians ate with their fingers, the meat being carved to them upon platters resting on small round tables. From the statement that Joseph ate apart while his brethren were present, and arranged them, 'the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth,' we may conclude that an etiquette relative to rank and age was preserved in Egypt. After the solid repast, fruits, and especially figs, grapes, and dates, were served; and, at the close of all, the guests again washed their hands—an operation, indeed, almost indispensable previously to the use of knives and forks, or even of chopping-sticks like those of China.

While the paintings show the whole modes of preparing for an Egyptian entertainment, from the killing of the animal to its production on the table, they also show very curiously that excesses in wine occasionally followed. One painting exhibits individuals—ladies, we fear—in a state of unquestionable ebriety; and another pictures a person in the act of being carried home in a similar condition. But it would be wrong to charge them with habitual over-indulgence; and, indeed, a strange custom mentioned by Plutarch militates strongly against such a supposition. They were in the habit, at the end of feasts, of introducing a figure of Osiris, in the form of a mummy, on a bier, and showing it to each guest, while an attendant took care to lecture upon it as a memento of mortality, and the transitory nature of human pleasures. The Greeks perverted similar exhibitions to a purpose not dreamed of by the Egyptians. Petronius tells us, that at an entertainment where he was present, a finely-jointed silver model of a man was displayed, on which Trimalchio cried out, 'Alas, unhappy lot! Such as this we shall by and by be; therefore, while we are allowed to live, let us live.'

In the very early ages of Greece, a breakfast and a meal after labour formed the diet of a day; but four meals were taken in later times, the principal one being three or four hours after noon. The bath was almost universally used before meals; and the anointing which followed, often performed by women, as among the Jews, was most probably to close the pores, or preserve the skin from roughness. The guests were offered all these conveniences by the host previous to an entertainment. At table, they sat occasionally upon chairs with inclined backs, but much more frequently upon couches, as did also the Romans. It was at first an honour to be allowed to enjoy the luxury of the couch. In Macedonia, no man was allowed so to sit until he had killed a boar by the prowess of his arms. The manner of lying at meat was this—the table was placed in the centre, and around it the couches covered with tapestry, upon which the guests lay, leaning upon their left arms, with their limbs stretched out at length. In Greece, three, four, and five persons lay on one couch, the legs of the first being stretched out behind the second, and the head of the latter in front of the former's breast, and so on. This custom was decidedly of Eastern origin. That it prevailed among the Jews, may be inferred from the position of the beloved disciple resting on the bosom of our Saviour at the celebration of the Passover. In Persia, and other Eastern countries, a similar mode of sitting at table prevailed from the earliest times. The place of honour at these entertainments was not everywhere the same. In Persia and Rome, the middle place was the place of honour; in Greece, the first or nearest the table. Men were careful of precedency in Greece; and at Timon's famous dinner, we find a haughty noble retiring because no place was fit for him. Couches, made for individuals, were a refinement of the Romans. Both in Greece and Rome, tables were usually made either round or oval, and the couches curved to suit them. The table was accounted a very sacred thing, and the statues of

the gods were placed upon it. Before any portion of the food was tasted, it was universally the custom to offer a part to the gods as the first fruits; and even in the heroic ages, Achilles, when roused suddenly, would not eat till the oblation was made. In Greece, all the guests at a party were appareled in white; in Rome, the same custom was prevalent; and Cicero charges it as a sin against Verres that he appeared at supper in black. Three courses, the first consisting of light herbs, eggs, oysters, and such-like whets; the second of the solid meats; and the third of the dessert, formed the repast, which being done, the gods were thanked, and the great after-business of a set entertainment was drinking; for any food taken afterwards was scarcely to be called a meal. That the Greeks drank deeply, many historians prove; and, above all, is the fact established in the annals of Alexander the Great. That conqueror himself pledged his friend Proteas in a cup containing two congii (somewhat less than a gallon), and Proteas did the same. It was in attempting to repeat the pledge that Alexander, it is said, caught his fatal illness.

THE CRIMSON DAMASK WINDOW-CURTAINS.

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGRANT.

Luxury lay straining its low thought
To form unreal wants.—THOMSON.

It was that season of the year when autumn and winter may be said to blend into each other. The day had been fine, but the evening was misty and disagreeable, making the prospect of a cheerful fire, a warm hearth-rug, and the refreshing beverage of tea, particularly inviting. At least such were the anticipations of Mr Duncan as he applied his hand to the old-fashioned brass knocker at the door of his private residence in —— Street, St George's-in-the-East. The summons was answered by an attached female domestic, who had been resident in his family ever since his marriage—a period of nearly ten years; and she no sooner opened the door, than she perceived that something had disturbed the usually tranquil mind of her master. She felt, however, that it was not her place to make inquiries as to the cause, and therefore contented herself by an increased solicitude for his comfort: she took his walking-cane from his hand, and assisted in disburdening him of his greatcoat; then entering the front parlour, which was the common sitting-room of the family, she replenished the fire, which had been suffered to get low. Mr Duncan felt these little attentions, though he said not a word; but he looked round for her mistress, and was surprised not to find her in her accustomed seat with the tea prepared for his arrival. Sally read the question which was about to be asked ere it was uttered, and in reply observed that Mrs Duncan was only up stairs in the drawing-room; she dared to say she would be with him in a minute.

The temper of Mr Duncan was placid in the extreme. He was one of those characters which one has not the heart to find fault with, they possess so much that is admirable, and yet cannot be classed with minds of a noble order. He was engaged in a line of commerce which required great personal application, and yielded but small profits; and during the past day, he had sustained a heavy and altogether unexpected loss. Throwing himself into his elbow-chair, he mused for some minutes over the transactions of the day, when the sound of his wife's well-known light step in the passage caused him to raise his eyes with a look of anxiety towards the door. It opened, and Mrs Duncan entered. She was a pretty woman of five-and-thirty, with a somewhat diminutive, but perfectly symmetrical figure, a brunette complexion, sparkling black eyes, and animated features. 'Oh my dear William,' she exclaimed as she bustled into the room, 'I had not an idea you had returned; I did not hear your knock; but we will have tea immediately,' and she put her hand to the bell as she spoke. 'I have had such a pleasant adventure to-day,' the lady pursued, without regarding, or perhaps we should say noticing, the blank aspect of her husband; 'I had occasion to go out to make a few purchases, and whom should I meet with but my old friend and schoolfellow Catherine Brown, now Mrs Peacock. It was a mutual source of delight, for we had not seen each other for fourteen years; and what is better still, she has taken one of the new houses in —— Street, so that we shall be near neighbours again, as we were in our native town.'

Mr Duncan was not naturally sensitive, but the disappointment of the past day had made him so at this time, and he could not but feel a pang as his wife thus entered into the detail of her own pleasures, without observing the cloud upon *his* brow. He felt it the more deeply because his servant had perceived it, and tacitly strove to soothe, where verbal sympathy might have been deemed impertinent; but he was too kind-hearted to utter a fretful or impatient word in return, and therefore strove to smile as he remarked, 'Then you had a long chat about your girlhood days, I presume?'

'No, we had not,' the lady returned, 'we left that for another opportunity, for we hope to meet often. Mrs Peacock insisted upon my going home to take luncheon with her, and then she showed me her beautifully-furnished house and splendid wardrobe. Oh I was delighted to see her so comfortable; but it made me very dissatisfied with our little mean house and old-fashioned furniture.'

'I wish, my dear, you had never met with Mrs Peacock then,' Mr Duncan observed.

'Why so, William?'

'Because, from your own confession, it has made you dissatisfied with your home, and surely that is the worst thing that I have to dread, Janet.'

'Nay, my dear, but it did not make me dissatisfied with *you*,' she replied with one of her most winning smiles.

'True; yet perhaps that will be the next step,' he laughingly rejoined; 'but in what situation is this Mr Peacock,' he further asked, 'that he can afford so many luxuries?'

'Oh, he is in just the same line of business that you are, my dear; but then he is so liberal to Catherine, he lets her lay out just what she likes upon the house and upon herself. Indeed she says he is never better pleased than when she is richly dressed. She is a fine handsome woman, you know, and he is proud of her.'

'Ah, I thought that *would* be the next thing, Mrs Duncan,' interposed her husband with a smile, which savoured a little of pique; 'have you not now indirectly implied that Mr Peacock is more liberal to his wife than I am to mine, and that because I am not fond of finery, I am mean and ungenerous towards you?'

'I never intended to imply any such thing,' cried Mrs Duncan; and she was sincere in the declaration, for she had not the sense to see the apparent drift of her own observation; indeed her thoughts were full of something else—a something she felt she must not divulge at present, lest it should be unfavourably received.

The tea was by this time made, the muffins and toast placed before the fire, and Mrs Duncan, with her own good-tempered smiles, handed a cup of the former to her husband, and invited him to take which was most agreeable to his taste from the latter, observing that it was a cold evening. She was sure he must be hungry after his walk, and that she was sorry she had not had it as usual ready for him when he came in.

The social meal, the cheerful fire, and, above all, the happy mood in which his wife appeared to be, all had their influence in soothing the perturbed feelings of Mr Duncan, and the disappointment of the day was almost forgotten.

Mrs Duncan proceeded to descant further on the beauty of her friend's residence, adding that she had requested her to favour her with a visit on the morrow, but that Mrs Peacock was some days deep in engage-

ments, consequently she could not promise to come till the next week. She was really glad, she said, of the delay, since it would give her and Sally time to put everything in order, and she really must have a few little articles new in the drawing-room: one thing was indispensable, and that was some new window-curtains; those old fawn-coloured moreen curtains were actually dropping to pieces with age; they would not bear another brushing. She had that day seen some beautiful crimson damask very cheap, which would set off her room so nicely, and she and Sally could make it up without any additional expense. She had particularly noticed how Mrs Peacock's drawing-room curtains were arranged; she should like to have hers made just like them; no doubt they were the newest fashion. She concluded with saying she was sure her dear William would not refuse her such a trifle, when it would make her so happy, more especially as it was not often she asked for anything that was expensive.

It was a trying moment for Mr Duncan. He loved his wife dearly, and he wished to please her. She had spoken the truth in saying it was not often that she asked for anything expensive; he had hitherto thought her of a very contented disposition; but then the loss he had that day felt ought to induce him to curtail his expenses, instead of adding even only a few pounds to them. Affection, however, triumphed; he could not summon firmness to refuse her, though he felt it was his duty; he had not courage to damp her spirits by a relation of the events of the last few hours, and he gave his consent to the damask curtains being bought, and put the necessary sum into Mrs Duncan's hands for the purchase.

The next morning the lady and her maid were very busy, having what the latter called a *thorough-rout;* but Sally was always willing to do anything that her master or mistress wished; yet she could not help thinking that some very grand person was expected, to cause such great preparations. The damask curtains were bought, made, and put up by the upholsterer; but Mrs Duncan could have wept with vexation when it was done, to discover that, so far from ornamenting her drawing-room, they made it look worse than before—there was such a discrepancy between their rich hue and bright gold bordering and the rest of the furniture, especially the well-worn Brussels carpet, the flowers of which were wofully faded. 'It would never do,' she said, 'to admit Mrs Peacock (whose eye was so used to things in character) to a room like this; she *must* have a new carpet; she would venture to order it now the upholsterer's young man was on the spot; she could pay him at any time; she was sure he was not afraid to trust her, and she would economise in her house to make up the sum; her husband should not be the loser.' This settled, she gave the order for a carpet to match the hangings; the measure of the room was taken at once, and the following morning it was laid down. It occurred, however, to Mrs Duncan before the day was over that the new carpet would want a new hearth-rug, the one now in use was so very dingy; and a hearth-rug was accordingly ordered; but sad to relate, there was still an article of furniture in the room which, after all, spoiled the whole, and that was a sofa with a fawn-coloured moreen cover which had previously matched the curtains, but which now looked deplorably mean. Her invention was on the rack; could she remove it into the parlour? No, that would not do, for it hid a large space of the wall where the paper was discoloured. The only way was to have some more damask like the curtains to cover it anew with; and this was done. Poor Sally had to work very hard to get it completed by Saturday night, and as it was possible the visitor might come on the Monday, Mrs Duncan thought that the latest time she could allow her.

Mr Duncan was a man who cared little for outward show; he was rather solicitous to have his home comfortable than ornamental. He therefore made no more inquiries about the damask curtains, and scarcely thought of them, till, on the morning of the Sunday after returning from church, he by chance entered the drawing-room. He actually started with amazement at the transformation, and turning to his wife, who had followed his steps with a palpitating heart, gave her a look which demanded an explanation.

Mrs Duncan's cheek was flushed, but she attempted to smile away her confusion. 'I hope you like my choice, dear William?' she said with assumed gaiety; but perceiving the shade upon his countenance, she quickly added, 'I trust you will forgive me for going a little beyond your permission, but the carpet and the sofa looked so very mean when the curtains were put up, that I do assure you they could not be suffered to remain.'

'But where did you get the money for these additional purchases?' asked her husband.

'Oh, never mind that, my dear; I will not ask you for it,' she returned, laughing.

'Have you contracted a debt?' he further inquired, still maintaining a serious aspect.

'I do owe the upholsterer for them,' she faltered; 'but I shall save the sum they cost in my housekeeping, so you need not trouble yourself about paying it.'

'I shall call and pay to-morrow morning,' Mr Duncan returned; 'you know I never allow a debt to be contracted, nor do I wish that the comforts of our house should be curtailed for the sake of a new carpet. However, we will drop the subject now; this is an improper day for such a discussion,' and he closed the door as he spoke.

The morrow came, and with it the expected visitor; but poor Mrs Duncan felt no pleasure in receiving her; her thoughts were full of her husband's displeasure, which (though nothing more was said than has been stated) preyed upon her mind, and caused her much unhappiness. Her troubles, however, had commenced. Mrs Peacock (with the vaunting spirit common to vulgar minds) descanted at large on the immense sums she had laid out in furnishing her new house, making every now and then remarks, meant to be, though not apparently derogatory, upon the residence of her friend. There were no reminiscences of her girlhood, as Mrs Duncan had anticipated; indeed Mrs Peacock wished to forget what she had been, and impress her hostess with profound respect for what she now was. Mrs Duncan sat and listened—she could, on the present occasion, do very little more than listen—though she was not wont to take that part only; but Mrs Peacock talked so fast, and so loud, that no other voice could be heard. On her departure, she expressed a hope that Mr Duncan would accompany her on her next visit. She was sure, she said, that Mr Peacock would be pleased to see the husband of her early friend; and she hoped the visit would be soon, for she had some beautiful new purchases to show her.

Mrs Duncan burst into a passion of tears the moment her guest left the house. Her pent-up feelings could find no other vent, and she wept long and violently. Had she questioned herself as to the cause of her grief, she would have been at a loss to explain it, even to herself; but she felt her pride and her feelings wounded; and she was dissatisfied with herself, with her friend, with her home, and with her husband.

It was nearly a week subsequent to the visit of the purse-proud citizen's wife, that Mrs Duncan, just after her husband's departure for business, received a letter from a distant relative, informing her that a legacy to the amount of £200 had been bequeathed to her, adding that, if she called upon the senior partner in the firm of Messrs B—— and Co. bankers (who was the executor to the estate), the money would be paid immediately.

What a revulsion of feeling took place in the bosom of Mrs Duncan at this intelligence. Was she, then, the owner of so large a sum independent of her husband? A fortnight ago she would have thought how it would assist him in his business, but now her first idea was, that it would enable her to vie with Mrs Peacock in the

furniture of her house. A desire for luxuries once kindled in the breast is not easily extinguished; and Mrs Duncan's weak mind had dwelt upon her deficiencies so long, that she had considered herself first an unfortunate, and then an ill-treated woman. How delightful it must be, she thought, to be able to order what she liked, without hazarding giving offence to her husband, as Mrs Peacock appeared to do. But now the acquisition of this legacy would, she believed, make her really happy, for she imagined that she had a right to dispose of it as she pleased.

With a beating heart she immediately equipped herself, and bent her steps to the banking-house to which she had been directed; but upon her arrival she found the business was not quite so easily performed as she had anticipated. The senior partner was so seriously ill that no affairs of that nature could be settled; she was told, however, that there was no doubt of the money being duly paid in the course of a few weeks.

Mrs Duncan was disappointed; but her fertile invention formed a plan to obviate, as she thought, the difficulty arising from the delay; as the money was sure, there could be no danger, she imagined, in giving the orders for some of the articles she was most in want of; and this plan was put in execution before her return home. She must have, she said, entirely new furniture for the drawing-room. On entering the house, however, she could not but be struck with the shabby appearance of the passage and stairs. She must have fresh oil-cloth and carpets, and a new lamp, or it was of no use to furnish her drawing-room; and having decided upon this, she stepped back to the upholsterer's to order them. Her next thought was, whether she should inform Mr Duncan immediately of the legacy, or leave it to surprise him when her purchases arrived, and were placed in their respective places; and after some minutes' hesitation she decided upon the latter course; she should so agreeably surprise him, she attempted to cheat herself by saying. But the truth was, she (with the weakness always attendant upon indiscreet conduct) desired to put off as long as possible the evil day; for such she felt (though she would fain persuade herself otherwise) it would be when her husband came to a knowledge of what she had done.

The new furniture was accordingly placed in the drawing-room, the passage and stairs had their fresh covering and lamps, and a few additional articles were added to decorate the other apartments. Mrs Duncan sat waiting the arrival of her husband with more than her usual interest. His well-known knock was heard, and it was answered by Sally, to whom she had now communicated her plans. She was tutored (if her master should make any exclamation of surprise upon observing the change which must, she thought, be obvious upon his entering the house) to say that Mrs Duncan would explain; but Sally had no need to make any such remark, for Mr Duncan was this night too much absorbed to notice the alterations. His manner was perturbed and hurried, and he threw open the parlour-door before she had time to close the one at which he had entered, and presented to his wife's astonished gaze an aspect of the deepest despondency.

'What is the matter with you, my dear William,' the lady exclaimed, all her tenderness reviving at the idea of his sufferings; 'surely you are very ill?'

'No, Janet, I am not ill in body, but my mind is sick; I have sad intelligence for you,' he replied.

'What misfortune can have happened?' interrogated the wife in breathless agitation.

'A misfortune which I fear will be our ruin, my love,' was his answer; 'nothing less than the failure of a house upon the credit of which my success depended; I fear I shall become a complete bankrupt.'

Mrs Duncan heard no more. Her feelings were too powerful for endurance, and she sunk fainting upon the ground. In great alarm her husband rang the bell with violence, and their faithful domestic hurried into the apartment. She was not accustomed to behold her mistress in such a situation, and felt certain that some dire calamity had happened to cause it. She was, however, not long in applying the necessary restoratives, and Mrs Duncan's suspended faculties began to revive; but it was to the consciousness of misery—misery aggravated by self-reproach; and her first words were to demand of her husband if it were indeed true that he was a ruined man, or whether it was a dream?

'Alas! it is no dream, my poor Janet,' was his tender reply; 'but bear up, my love,' he added; 'our misfortunes are not the result of any misconduct or extravagance of our own. They are inevitable, and it is our duty to bear them with patience.'

This was too much for the unhappy wife. Notwithstanding the presence of her servant, who still hung over her, she wept forth an explanation of her own imprudence, and accused herself in terms the most bitter. This was a fresh blow to the feelings of Mr Duncan, but he said little; that little was, however rather soothing and consolatory than reproachful; and this very circumstance aggravated the grief of the wife, who felt her own errors far more acutely than she would have done had he loaded her with invectives.

The rumour of Mr Duncan's loss reached the ear of the tradesman with whom his wife had recently contracted so heavy a debt, and without knowing the circumstances of the case, he felt great anger and alarm lest he should become the loser of the property. He accordingly resolved to do his utmost to secure indemnifying himself by arresting him for the sum.

No language can describe the feelings of Mrs Duncan when she saw her beloved husband dragged to a prison entirely through her misconduct; but her remorse once awakened, she was as sincere and earnest in her efforts to extricate him from his difficulties as she had before been in the gratification of a paltry species of pride. Her first thought was to fly to the executor; but here a fresh trial awaited her. He was no more, and the person in whose hands his affairs were left showed little inclination to listen to her intreaties that the matter might be speedily settled. It would take considerable time, he said, to adjust all the affairs of the deceased; and he even proceeded to doubt the legality of Mrs Duncan's claim. In an agony of mind she now proceeded to the house of her early friend; she would surely, she thought, be able to help her in this emergency; but Mrs Peacock, though she expressed herself *very much distressed* to hear of her friend's misfortunes, showed no inclination to relieve them. She had just laid out so large a sum, she said, in furnishing her own house, she had not a single pound to spare; indeed Mr Peacock had that morning, for the first time, refused her a few guineas for something she was much in want of, but which he said he could not afford to let her purchase. She concluded with wondering how her dear Janet could be so imprudent as to order the articles when she was not certain of the sum to liquidate the debt; and Mrs Duncan, finding that excuses and reproaches were all she was likely to receive there, quitted her house with the determination of never entering it again, and not without a secret wish that she had never done so before.

In this crisis she thought the best mode of proceeding would be to beg her creditor, the upholsterer, to take back the articles of furniture she had purchased, and suffer her husband to be once again at liberty. She, without reserve, stated to him the circumstances under which she had given the order for them, and assured him that he knew nothing of the transaction till it was too late to remedy the evil. He was won by her tears and importunities to consent, and immediately withdrawing his claim for the sum, Mr Duncan was once again at large. The well-known integrity of his character pleaded so powerfully with his other creditors, that they were anxious rather to aid than distress him, at a season when his severe losses rendered him unable to meet all the demands made upon him; and time being given, he, by increased diligence and economy,

overcame the misfortune which had threatened to become his ruin.

Mrs Duncan had learned a lesson she could never forget; she had paid dearly for the indulgence of a passion for display, and she determined never more to be taken in the snare of vanity. Her legacy was paid in the course of a few months, and as she placed the whole into the hands of her husband, she declared that, in the exhibition of the most beautifully-furnished drawing-room, she should never have experienced a tenth part of the pleasure she now did in knowing it would lighten his cares and toils. She often reverts to the past with bitter self-upbraidings; but Mr Duncan, with his characteristic kindness, bids her cease to reproach herself, always averring that it was his own fault in consenting, in the first instance, against his conscience, to the purchase of that superfluous piece of furniture, the crimson damask window-curtains.

COPPER BALLOON.

An experiment is about to be made in Paris on air balloons, which is exciting the curiosity of the scientific world to an extraordinary degree. A balloon composed of sheet copper, the 200th part of an inch in thickness, is so far completed, that it is now exhibited to the public, and is expected to be ready for ascent in course of the present summer. The constructor is M. Marey Monge, who has undertaken the work for the purpose of testing the practicability of aërial navigation, and of rendering balloons subservient to the study of electrical and magnetic phenomena. The idea of a metal balloon originated with Lana in 1760; and in 1784 a metallic globe was constructed, but without success, by Guyton de Morveau, the grandfather of M. Monge. In the present balloon, the sheets of copper, united by bands like the ribs of a melon, have been soldered by Dr Richemont's *autogenous* process; that is, the edges of the sheets have been fused together, without any soldering substance, by means of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. Upwards of 1500 square yards of copper have been used in the construction of this globe, which is about 30 feet in diameter, weighs 800 lbs., and is estimated to contain 100 lbs. of hydrogen gas. It is stated in the *Journal Universel* that M. Dupuis Delcourt, the celebrated French aëronaut, will shortly make an ascent in this balloon. The main object proposed by its constructor is the power of traversing the air by a system which he has developed in a memoir submitted to the French Academy. One of the advantages gained by the substitution of copper for silk, or other fibrous material, is, that the metal will prevent the escape of gas, so that the aëronaut may remain a long time in the air, and thus be enabled to study the constant atmospheric currents. It is likewise proposed to employ this balloon in deciding whether it is possible to prevent *hail* which is due to the electricity of concurrent clouds. As the balloon may be kept suspended a long time in the atmosphere, it is proposed to connect it with the earth by a metal wire, so as to conduct the electricity from the clouds; by these means it is supposed that the formation of hail, which is so destructive to the crops of the farmer and gardener, may be precluded. The idea of rendering balloons warders off of hail, or *paragrêles*, is highly ingenious, and most people will be glad to witness its realisation. It is questioned, however, whether M. Monge's machine will possess any practical advantage over those which have been constructed of well varnished silk by Mr Green, our own veteran aëronaut.

THE POETRY OF A STEAM-ENGINE.

There is, to our thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam-engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn lessons touching solemn things; but to him who thinks, an engine-room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—'intellect battling with the elements.' And how exquisitely complete is every detail!—how subordinate every part towards the one great end!—how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganised. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam-engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of an antelope—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of a cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric, this triumph of art and science, was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and, in seeming idleness, watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea-kettle?—*Illustrated Magazine.*

THE STORY OF LIFE.

[From 'Poems, and Translations in Verse, from admired compositions of the Ancient Celtic Bards.' By Robert Munro. Edinburgh: 1843.]

O FAIR are the waters that mirthfully glide
From their mystical home on the sunny hill-side,
Or valley, or meadow, or echoing grot,
From spoilers secure, and from cities remote.
Beautiful waters! so gentle and bright,
So joyfully leaping, they burst into light;
Fond tributes of Nature, abundantly given
To temper the burning refulgence of heaven.
Affectionate waters! through sunshine and song
They sprinkle the sward as they wander along,
And lave the long tresses, and cheer the young flowers,
Murmuring the joy of their primitive hours.

Onward—while kindred rejoicers draw near,
Enlarging its form, and to speed its career,
The streamlet in beauty and minstrelsy glides
Where Nature in fairest adornment presides;
Night stays not its journey the forests among,
Sweet cadence it gives to the nightingale's song,
Save when in the wildwood it lingers to sleep
In the secret recess where the willow trees weep—
O'er moorland, through greenwood, by night and by day,
Those waters go gaily and gladly away.

But ah! their rejoicing endures not for ever,
The songs of the streamlet are lost in the river,
When sullied and mournfully wanders the tide
Through the dark frowning haunts of ambition and pride;
And few are the gleams on their marge that remain
Of the scenes of past joy they can never regain,
Ere the waters of fountain, and streamlet, and river,
In the turbulent sea are entombed, and for ever.

For ever! O deem that betimes they return
From the darkness and toil of their comfortless bourne,
To the sunny hill-side, and the echoing grot—
The valley or meadow from cities remote,
When thither descending, in freshening showers,
They lave the long tresses and cheer the young flowers,
As they did in the joy of their primitive hours!

Like those waters' career is the story of life—
From gladness to gloom, from affection to strife.
The smiler that basks on its mother's fond breast
Is glad—a joy-giver, a blessing—and blest;
But soon to the youthful endearers of home
The harbinger dreams of futurity come,
While the glee of the hall, and the game of the field,
In little misfortunes their warnings may yield—
Earth's fitful allurements but beckon them on
To desolate pathways, to journey alone,
Where high hopes will wither, and faithless depart
The visions of bliss, the fond dreams of the heart.

And when the lorn wanderer toils 'midst the strife
That ever prevails through the ocean of life—
When his long-cheated vision must cease to survey
The thoughts, scenes, and friends of a happier day,
And a mantle of sorrow around him is cast—
O 'tis good to recur to the beautiful past,
And cherish the tribute that memory pours—
The spirit to soothe in its loneliest hours!

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Two-pence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, May 25, 1844.

persons voluntarily subjecting themselves to imprisonment.' Who can read what follows without the most painful emotions? 'The result has unfortunately been, to convert a number of persons into criminals who had shown, by their own willingness to give up their liberty, to work hard, to live on the plainest fare, and to submit to all the rules of a prison, that they were sincerely desirous of avoiding a life of guilt, and of living peaceably and honestly. Nearly half of those who had thus been ejected from the Glasgow prison have already returned as offenders, and some of them under serious charges. One of them, a girl of thirteen, who had much pleased the governor and matron by her industry, docility, and good conduct, but who had no good home or good parents to go to, was committed to the prison within one month after she had been compelled to leave, and is now under sentence of transportation.'

It appears from these, and similar disclosures from others, that the legislature, which has meritoriously gone so far in improving our prison system, must go one or two steps farther. A measure of compulsory education, on a national scale, is not to be expected, or perhaps desired, but nothing could be more expedient or merciful than to place juvenile delinquents under early restraint and in a course of industrial training, instead of suffering them, as at present, to proceed from one degree of vice to another, until entirely lost. Why, in short, are hordes of vagrant children permitted to appear again and again before the lower tribunals, till they work their way, as it is called, up to the higher courts and to a reformatory punishment, which should have been decreed at first? While cutting up crime at its roots by some such improved administration of the law, it is equally, if not more desirable, that houses of industrial refuge should be established for the voluntary resort of all who, on being liberated from prison, feel themselves at a loss for the means of honest livelihood, and are therefore tempted into fresh turpitude. I should probably be going too far ahead of ordinary prepossessions, were I to demand that the term of imprisonment should not be strictly defined by judges, but, within certain limits, left to the consideration of the governors and directors of the prisons. Yet the tendency to crime, viewed in the light of a moral malady, appears to me as fitting a subject for this kind of treatment as lunacy, and can as little be prescribed for, on the spur of the moment, by magistrates or judges. Let us hope that, in the progress of things, our prison system may thus be rendered still more comprehensive in its designs, and more efficacious for its professed objects.

JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

TORONTO—LAKE SIMCOE—SETTLERS' HOUSES.

THERE is a railway from Buffalo by which passengers can be taken to Manchester and the falls for a quarter of a dollar, and, when competition is great, for a New York shilling, or twelve and a-half cents. It is similar to the tramways used in England for removing the earth from excavations, but is not worse than the generality of railways in the United States. The rails are for the most part made of wood, with a thin plate of iron on the top; and the roads, seldom enclosed, are on the same level with the land through which they run. When it is necessary to cross some public road, there is no protection against accidents farther than a white board informing the traveller that he had better take care that he is not run over. Often when pursuing my solitary walk after dark, in order to reach some village wherein to pass the night, have I been startled out of my reverie by the sudden appearance of a 'locomotive,' dragging after it a long black train of carriages, dashing across the road within a few feet of me, showering forth sparks of fire, and after giving an exact imitation of the yell of a score of infuriated Indians, plunging into the dark woods, which seemed to close around and engulf it. The whistle of a steam-engine gives a very good idea of an Indian war-whoop; but the sound is not particularly amiable at night, especially after you have been hearing an account of the massacre at Cherry Valley, or the Vale of Wyoming. It would seem likely that much loss of life must ensue from travellers not observing the spot where a line crosses the road; but here American ingenuity displays itself. A machine has been invented, something like a plough, which picks up any stupid or incautious person, and throws him contemptuously on one side, seldom doing any more injury than breaking a leg or fracturing a few ribs, so as to teach him a 'great moral lesson' through the medium of the senses. However, if a fatal accident should occur, men, although still scarce in America, are more plentiful than dollars, and it would cost a great deal to fence the railways.

After following the road for some distance, I struck off to the right, and in a short time entered the Indian territory of Tonniwantie, or Tonniwanta, as it is variously pronounced. This is a small district that was reserved, when the state was surveyed, for the Senecas, one of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, who earned so bloody a renown during the old French war and the war of independence. They are now partly civilised, a great number being professed Christians; many being able to read the Bible, which is printed in their language; and all knowing how to drink whisky. But they must soon leave even this small portion of their ancient territory. Land is becoming valuable near Buffalo; and the same shameful policy which has been pursued towards the Cherokees (who, as a nation, are far more civilised than the inhabitants of the United States), has been exerted to drive the Senecas from the last remnant of their hunting grounds, to be destroyed by the warlike tribes beyond the Mississippi. This is the more to be deplored, as they are rapidly advancing in civilisation. One or two of the chiefs are rich, well-educated men, cultivating large farms, and others are beginning to follow their example, so that in a short time they might become a source of profit, instead of a burden to the country. Those who have not yet adopted the customs of the whites, seldom do any work, farther than occasionally cutting down and selling a hemlock, which is an evergreen tree, used for the same purposes as the pine. They stroll about the woods shooting squirrels and foxes; and in winter amuse themselves with their snow-snakes, which are long smooth sticks of hard wood, sometimes tipped with silver, which they send to an extraordinary distance over the smooth surface of the snow. Several of the chiefs have adopted the dress as well as the customs of their white neighbours, and when in Buffalo selling the produce of their fields, could not be distinguished from other farmers. The dress of the other men consist of a greatcoat made of a blanket, deer-skin leggings or trousers, and mocassins. The visible dress of the women is a petticoat, made of a piece of broad cloth, which is long enough to wrap round their waist several times; a blanket which covers the upper part of the body, and in winter is also used as a hood; and mocassins shaped like those of the men. Some of the girls are very pretty, and have all the fondness of their sex for finery. Their dark-blue petticoat is braided with silver-lace; the blanket is of the finest and whitest, and ornamented with bright-coloured worsteds; and their mocassins are beautifully embroidered with beads. In one respect they show more sense and taste than the American ladies—and, I am ashamed to say, than many of my own countrywomen: they do not spoil the natural beauty of their waists and feet by injurious compression, or give themselves a ridiculous similarity to walking sugar-casks, by the fulness of the skirts. The old women of the tribe do all the out-of-door work, such as cutting firewood, cultivating the corn-patch, which is a very simple process, merely consisting of sowing and reaping, and fishing in the creeks that run through the reservation. The houses are scattered about without any regard to order, and are made of

the pale of the apropos: but all this he does with such a truth to nature, that his trespasses are rarely, if ever, detected. He colours a little, but it is to heighten effect, not to conceal the original lineaments. In this way, it is astonishing how vastly interesting he will make the most commonplace circumstance. While on my way with my friend Glib (the best story-teller extant) one day last winter to a dinner-party, a beggar-girl was encountered, who told the usual story about a sick father and several starving brothers and sisters, to excite our sympathy. Of course we did not believe her, but we asked where she lived. She gave us an address readily; it lay in our way, and we looked in to see if she had told truth. She had; for we found a man lying in a bed, and three wretched children. This was a great chance for Glib; he was set up with a new story at once; and when the time came, he made the most of it. Of course the distress of the country was one of the earliest topics after dinner when the ladies had retired. Glib chimed in at the right point of the discussion. 'Why, only an hour ago,' he began, 'an instance came under my own eyes that would have appalled the stoutest heart.' The tattered girl was then described in a most effective manner; her spare form, and sharp, want-expressing features, her piteous tones, were minutely portrayed. Changing the scene to her father's dwelling, Glib left not an article in the room, or a hole in the windows, undescribed. The few words we exchanged with the sick man were amplified with dramatic skill. One touchingly innocent exclamation which he attributed to the youngest child (but of which I had not the slightest remembrance), caused an electric sensation amongst the company. Of this he took full advantage. 'Here we are,' he said in conclusion, 'enjoying the choicest luxuries that a bounteous Providence and a liberal host can provide, while thousands are dying of want. Happily, however, there is one satisfaction we can lay up in our hearts—it is in our power to rescue at least one fellow-creature from the grave, and to snatch his starving family from destitution. Let us make up a purse for this poor man——' The story-teller was allowed to say no more, being interrupted by a clamour of assent, by the opening of purses, and the rattling of coin; and when the party broke up, Glib had the satisfaction of effectually relieving the distressed family. Verily, the story-teller sometimes hath his reward.

The proficient story-teller's triumphs are not, however, always so great. It is occasionally his misfortune to find amongst the auditory a matter-of-fact man, who, though he pays the most eager attention to his narrative, only takes an interest in it to find opportunities for tripping him up upon some unimportant discrepancy or immaterial omission. This sort of hostility is usually declared at the very outset, the enemy's first care being to put himself in possession of materials for contradiction by pinning the narrator down to time, place, and circumstance. At my last dinner-party, a piece of that sort of torment was inflicted on Glib. He had that morning 'caught' what he deemed a capital story, and succeeded pretty well, I thought, in introducing it in the midst of a discussion on costume and the superiority of Parisian tailors. 'I have heard,' he remarked, 'that the most eminent of these artists will not work for any but well-made men, lest their fame should be injured. Moreover, they carry their art to such a nicety, that they deny to their "clients" ordinary wear and tear for their garments. A friend of mine ordered a pair of inexpressibles of Monsieur Staub, and——'

'I beg your pardon,' interrupted a Scotch gentleman, 'but would you oblige us with the name of your friend?'

Glib winced, and said 'Smith' at a venture; but his tormentor was not satisfied.

'What! Christopher Smith of the Green?' he added.

'No, John Smith of the Blues,' answered Glib, hoping *to silence the querist by this manifest fiction.* 'Well,' continued the story-teller, 'the garment was duly made and sent home. My friend——'

'Mr Smith,' interpolates the rigid listener.

'Mr Smith, then, thought their fit was not good, and wore them to the tailor's to complain; but——'

'I daresay you will forgive me, but the question I am going to ask is really important:—of what colour were the trousers?'

'I cannot see the importance of the interruption,' replied Glib, reddening slightly; 'but, if you *must* know, they were gray trousers.'

'Not dress trousers?'

'No.'

'Then it is difficult to understand how a man can be so fastidious about his morning costume:—I say it does not seem very likely that——' Here the interrupter was in turn interrupted by the expostulations of the company, and Glib was allowed to proceed, after trying to remember where he left off.

'Oh yes, I recollect, my friend——'

'Smith—John Smith,' persevered the unsilenced man of fact.

'My friend went to Staub to show him the twist in the left leg. The tailor examined every seam, without finding out the cause of the misfit. At last he made the desired discovery, and looking with surprise and indignation at my friend, said in a tone of bitter irony, "I think you ordered these for *morning* wear—to promenade in——"'

Mr Macnab again begged pardon. Would Glib positively assert that those were the identical words used by the tailor? Glib replied with that kind of decisiveness which a man assumes when in a pet, 'Most assuredly.' Upon this Mr Macnab's countenance became irradiated with a smile of triumph—it was evident he was going to say something which would annihilate the story, and prove it to be utterly unworthy of credit. 'Now, sir,' he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, 'do you mean to say that the tailor, being a Frenchman, spoke in English?'

The success of this query was not so annihilating as the querist imagined, for a ruefully appealing look from Glib to the company produced an off-hand vote of censure on the Scotchman, and the narrator was begged to go on with his story as if no interruption had occurred. But it was too late; Glib's enthusiasm had evaporated. Once more he had to 'try back,' to remind the company that the tailor impressed on his customer that the trousers were intended for walking. '"No wonder, then," continued the man with severity, "that there is a twist in the leg, for I perceive *you have actually been sitting down in them!*"'

This was the point of the story; but, alas! it hung fire terribly. The general laugh which followed was evidently a forced one. The truth was, that Glib, rendered nervous by the interruptions, forgot to give his well-studied imitation of the Frenchman's manner—to shrug his shoulders, and assume a look of contempt and indignation when the tailor discovered the violence Mr Smith had done to his workmanship—and which was so necessary to give full point to the last sentence. Poor Glib was completely upset; he remained dumb for the rest of the evening, and the company was deprived of at least two more of his best stories. He conceived such a horror of the Scotchman, that he resolved never again to attempt a story in his presence.

The proficient story-teller never deals in second-hand articles; or, if he does, he takes good care that the tale, though not perfectly original, is not very generally known; for, if it should happen that one of his auditors has heard it before, he is subjected to another species of annoyance. There are some things which it may be declared as a rule, that every man thinks he can do better than his neighbours. Amongst these are, dressing a salad, poking the fire, and—telling a story. Wo, therefore, to the story-teller who takes a tale out of the hands of another who has been anxious to tell it: interruption is equally inevitable as if the table were sur-

rounded with thorough-going matter-of-fact men. The story-teller begins his tale, and the first symptom of dissent is a whisper made by the disappointed man to his next friend; 'Ah! I knew he would spoil it. The circumstance no more happened in Kent than it did in the moon. Why, it was in Birmingham.' The story proceeds; the company enjoy it; the malcontent gets more fidgetty, and at length assures the story-teller aloud that he is quite wrong—indeed he is; it is a pity such a capital story should be spoiled; the lady's name was Hopkins, and not Tomkins. 'Whichever you please!' remarks the successful candidate, and forthwith proceeds to call his heroine Hopkins, to show that the name is of no consequence whatever. On he gets a little further; but presently his rival assures him that he has again fallen into an error; he had it from the best authority—indeed from the cousin of an intimate friend of the young lady's brother—and she was *not* married at eleven o'clock, but exactly at fourteen minutes to twelve, which made it all the more singular. The professed story-teller—who must always have tact and temper fully at command—feels that to proceed would be useless; he therefore smothers his chagrin, smiles blandly, and says that as Mr Captious knows the circumstances so much better than himself, perhaps *he* had better finish the anecdote. This is exactly what Mr Captious wishes; and he proceeds with the narrative, but of course makes a bungle of it; fails to get so much as a smile from his hearers; and the clever story-teller is amply revenged.

To meet these little crosses and emergencies, the 'man who tells a story capitally' (for by that generic phrase are the best of the order known) must possess nerve, self-command, and infinite good nature. To make his stories effective, he must be gifted with eloquence, a flexible set of features, consummate judgment to know when to bring in his tales, and that kind of modest assurance which gives a man a taste for hearing himself talk.

Though there are many who are famous for telling stories, and for nothing else, yet good story-tellers are to be found in all ranks and professions—the best of course exist amongst those who see most of the world and of human nature. Hence, if you meet with a first-rate hand in this line, you will most likely discover that he is either a barrister, an attorney, or a medical man; but for extent of stock and breadth of humour, none shine so much in this department of talk as commercial travellers. The general information and knowledge of human character they acquire during their journeys is extensive, and the number of their stories almost unlimited. I have heard that story-telling is by some considered a part of their profession, and a means of doing business. A customer is for instance shy with his orders; trade is dull, and the stock on hand 'moves' but slowly. The traveller instantly changes the subject, takes his seat on an edge of the counter, and begins to tell a good story. The shopkeeper smiles, pays eager attention, follows the tale to its climax—which the story-teller delivers with irresistible humour—the man of business laughs with the heartiest gusto, and in the very midst of his roars the cunning bagman returns to the attack with—'But to revert to those ginghams; say fifty pieces by way of sample. I'll warrant they'll sell as fast as you can measure them.' 'Well, well,' returns the other, before his sides have done shaking, 'you may send them!'

Of story-tellers there are, however (as Tartini said of fiddle-players), two kinds—those who tell stories very well, and those who tell them very badly. Let us conclude the subject by taking a glance at the latter. Amongst the most conspicuous, are people who *will* tell stories in spite of every discouragement, and every assurance that they bore rather than amuse. Such individuals will sometimes stop the flow of an instructive or entertaining conversation by one of their prosy narratives, and so depress it by some twaddling history, that it never regains its buoyancy. Nothing is so painful as the silence which reigns while the monotonous voice is doling out a single incident, in 'linked *dulness* long drawn out'—except, indeed, the still more sombre silence which at the close of the story takes the place of approbation. I have seen, however, one or two methods by which these nuisances have been abated. The first is by forestalling the tale; for as these people have seldom more than a limited collection of old stories, and have no memory for new ones, the first sentence generally tells what is coming. Some spirited listener immediately interrupts the beginning by saying, 'Oh yes, we all know; you mean about the man—a Spanish scholar was not he? Yes, a Spanish scholar, who kept reading a favourite author on his way to the scaffold, and when summoned by the executioner to the fatal block, turned down the leaf for fear he should lose his place!—a capital story, but everybody has heard it.' The poor man who ought to have told the tale makes a most piteous face, and seems ready to weep with vexation. Nevertheless the company is saved from a vast deal of dulness. Another plan I have seen successfully put in practice is, when the prosing narrator has wasted a great deal of time, and is still only in the middle of his story, one of his hearers pretends to think it at an end, and cries out, 'Very good!' 'excellent!' 'an extraordinary catastrophe!'—the rest of his companions echo him, and he goes on talking about something else; leaving the unfortunate proser in the middle of his story. Good-breeding, we know, demands that these expedients should be put into operation as seldom as possible, and when they are, with the utmost delicacy; but there is a point beyond which politeness may be allowed to step, and surely never with so many excuses as for the purpose of smothering a long dull pointless story, badly told.

FACTS ABOUT THE CHINESE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

CERTAIN transactions in the East have brought the Chinese more prominently before the notice of the European public at the present moment than at any former period. The mysterious veil behind which they have always shrouded themselves, by a rigid exclusion of foreigners from their country, has been lately thrust aside by the sword, and the insight thus afforded has added a few more facts to our already slender stock of information regarding them.

A striking fact arrests attention at the very outset of an inquiry into the state of this singular people: they exist, as we see them at the present moment, exactly as they did 3000 years ago. Not only did the same code of laws govern their remote ancestors as now rule them, but their dress, habits, manners, houses, and even persons (except the fashion of wearing long tails, which was introduced by their Tartar conquerors), are precisely similar. Whoever, therefore, sees a Chinese man or woman, beholds the counterpart of a being who lived thousands of years ago. Their similarity of person is explained by the exclusion of foreigners, and the interminable intermarrying of the same race, naturally reproducing the same set of features—a peculiarity so perplexing to strangers, that it is difficult to distinguish the countenance of one native from another. The strict accordance of their laws, customs, and mode of life, with those of the past, however, involves a longer explanation, but one of peculiar interest.

The prime canon of Chinese belief is, that their constitution and laws are *perfect*; and that the ancient sages who framed their institutions were infallible. The word from which we derive the term China is *Tchoung-koue*; one signification of which is, 'the kingdom per-

fectly governed.'* Impressed with such a belief, it follows that any alteration in, or addition to, the fundamental principles of the constitution and laws, would be a tacit contradiction of the omniscience of their sages; a piece of presumption they deem so unpardonable, that any person who publicly propounds a theory which cannot be found in, or borne out by, the ancient writings, is punished as a blasphemer. Originality, and all attempts at social or national improvement, are therefore in China capital offences; and it results, as their code of laws descends from the most important regulations of state polity down to the minutest arrangements of private life, and as it can never be legally altered, that all things are as nearly as possible at a stand-still.

That the basis at least of the Chinese government is of great antiquity, is proved by its form, which is strictly patriarchal. The emperor is considered as the father, or, as they themselves express it, 'the father and mother' of his people. As such, he possesses, theoretically, undefined, undivided, unlimited power. 'Heaven,' says Confucius, 'has not two suns, earth has not two kings, a family has not two masters, a sovereign power has not two directors—one God, one emperor.' Every expedient, therefore, which it is possible for ingenuity to contrive, has been put in practice to instil into the minds of the people a veneration for their ruler. Besides being their earthly father, he is deemed their sole mediator with Heaven, of which he is not only said, but believed to be the 'son,' for each dynasty has claimed a divine origin. He is held in law to be Heaven's sole vicegerent upon earth, every other sovereign being considered as his vassal.† He is seldom seen in public, and when he so far condescends, he is habited in yellow robes—the colour of the sun. In all the public courts and halls throughout the empire, he is represented by a yellow screen, before which his subjects are bound to knock their heads on the ground nine times, an operation called the kow-tow, or knock-head. To omit this deferential and difficult ceremony, or to offer the smallest disrespect to the silken representative of sovereignty, is a grave offence. When the Foo-quen (lieutenant-governor) of the Canton or Quangtung province wished to insult the English in the highest degree at the commencement of the late war, he ordered the curtain placed before Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of George IV. to be drawn, and then sat with his back to it.—The veneration of the Chinese for their emperor is carried so far, that even his palace is deemed holy ground; and for any but the privileged to enter it, is sacrilege. In the provinces an imperial edict is received with the burning of incense. In short, every act and ceremony which is calculated to excite superstitious reverence for, and to surround the emperor with, superhuman attributes, is prescribed by the law.

Far, however, from depending solely on the veneration and filial love of his so-called children, his celestial majesty is furnished with powers to enforce his authority which would be, if carried fully into effect, tremendous. The institution of a hereditary nobility being quite unknown in China, he has no troublesome peers to thwart his will; the prosperity or disgrace of the meanest subject is at his disposal; and though a large proportion of the population hold official employments, the entire patronage of the empire is vested in its ruler. He is not only the fountain of all honour, but of all mercy, for the lives of his people are in his hands. But he is never allowed to be seen in the character of an avenger; when any punishment is awarded, it is attributed to the stern justice of the law; when mercy is to be shown, it is the emperor who extends it to the culprit.

The administrative machinery by which the emperor of China is assisted in governing the nation, is, without doubt, the most complete system of despotic rule ever contrived. Though simple in its principles, its details reach every link in the chain of society, from the steps of the throne to the interior of the humblest dwelling. Next after the emperor is a sort of privy council, consisting of six members, who also act as presidents of six other boards or committees, by which the business of the realm is carried on. The first of these councils—called Li-poo—takes an account of all the official appointments and cognisance of the punishment, degradation, or promotion of the various persons employed in the service of the state. No. 2 is Hoo-poo, or revenue-board, which has charge of the financial affairs of the country. No. 3—Lée-poo—executes the laws respecting rites and ceremonies. No. 4 is the Ping-poo, and forms a war-office regulating all business connected with the army. No. 5 is the Hing-poo, or supreme court of criminal jurisdiction. No. 6—Kung-poo—is the board of public works, which in China are very extensive, the country being everywhere intersected with canals, roads, and bridges, and provided with dams and sluices to ward off the frequent inundations of the innumerable rivers.

Connected with the board of offices is one of the most gratifying traits in the Chinese constitution, which is, that rank and honour—synonymous in China with official employment—can only be gained by merit and learning. An individual born of the humblest parents is eligible for the highest offices, provided his acquirements enable him to pass the requisite examinations; while the son of the emperor can only obtain honours by competing with the rest of the subjects. Hereditary distinction is so completely disregarded, that the emperor may appoint any successor he chooses, whether related to himself or not. That every inducement shall be held out for education, there is in each city at least one public school, in large ones several, superintended by a regular educational staff under the Li-poo board, where poor youths can pursue their studies. These consist in the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the Chinese classics, or works of the ancient sages, which embrace every subject, from the statutes to poetry and fiction. It is obvious that the highest endowment demanded of the scholar is memory: the more exalted powers of the mind must be rigidly suppressed; for wo to the unfortunate genius who should be convicted of putting forth an original idea, or obtrude the most trifling notion in opposition to the dicta of the revered sages and commentators! The humblest officials, however, can only be appointed on proving their full acquaintance with what has been written concerning their respective duties. Even the lowest policeman—a numerous body in the country—is to a certain extent a scholar. Candidates for subordinate honours 'go up' once a year in the hall of the literary chancellor of the district in which they reside; but for the most exalted degrees, examinations are triennial, and take place in the capital of the province, in Pekin, and before the emperor himself. At the approach of these three-yearly exhibitions, public attention throughout the realm is excited to the utmost. Thousands assemble in the cities where the examinations take place; and the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff declares, that on one occasion as many as 12,000 strangers assembled in Canton during an examination for the *Keu-jin* (raised man) degree. As soon as the results are known, the country from one end to the other resounds with the names of the successful candidates, a list of whom is circulated in every city. Their parents and relations attach placards to their houses, to inform the public of the good fortune their son has brought on them, and they are overwhelmed with the congratulations of their friends. The literary ardour of Chinese students is unparalleled. Men of seventy have

* From the Chinese dictionary of Khang-hi, quoted in Klaproth's Memoirs Relatifs à l'Asie, p. 267, vol. iii. This was one of the ancient names in use amongst the Chinese themselves, and which we obtained from the Malay term Tchina. Generally speaking, however, the Chinese call their country after the reigning dynasty. That of Thising being now on the throne, they speak of each other as *Tsing-jin*, or 'men of Tsing.'

† As explained at page 30 of our last volume, the functions of an *ambassador* from an independent kingdom are unknown in China—all who visit the country in that character are called tribute-bearers, and are said to come to pay homage.

been known to aspire to the rank of *Sew-tsae* (flowery talent), and students of eighty to covet the distinction of 'raised men,' or Keu-jin.

Of all the offices to which successful students are eligible, none, except seats at the metropolitan boards, are so important as that of governors-general of provinces, of whom there are eight. In China Proper there are eighteen provinces, and a lieutenant-governor (*Foo-yuen*) presides over each. The jurisdictions of every subordinate officer, from this lieutenant-governor down to the petticst magistrate, are defined with the most systematic precision. Every province is divided and subdivided into so many minute sections, that, while the Chinese have somewhat limited ideas of geography, the science of topography is nowhere carried to so high a point of perfection. This has been accomplished chiefly for administrative purposes, so that the duties of every official may be definitely marked out. Provinces are separated into districts, called *foo*, which are again portioned off into *choo*, and those once more into *heën*. The importance and nature of every town in the kingdom is at once ascertained by its terminating syllable. Thus, the native term for Canton is Kwang-tung-*foo*, which shows it to be the metropolis of a district. The same rule applies to the titles of chief magistrates; they are *foo*-yuen, or *choo*-yuen, or *heën*-yuen, according to the extent of their jurisdictions. Each district has a regular establishment of military, revenue, ceremonial, punitive, and engineering officers, the respective chiefs of whom are accountable partly to the Foo-yuen, but chiefly to one of the six boards at Pekin. A list of all persons employed under government is published four times a-year at Pekin, and is exactly of the same nature as our 'Red Book.'

The imperial statutes are collected in the 'Fa-tsing-hwuy-leën-sze-le,' or books of the laws of the Tsing dynasty, and are prodigiously voluminous. A competent writer declares, that there does not exist in the whole range of human action a single fault which is not noticed in this code, and its due punishment apportioned. The fundamental or abridged statutes have been translated into English by Sir George Staunton, and underwent elaborate criticism in the Edinburgh Review, which awarded to them the following praise. 'It is,' remarks the reviewer, with every show of justice, 'a clear, concise, and distinct series of enactments, savouring throughout of practical judgment and European good sense; and if not always conformable to our improved notions of expediency in this country, in general approaching to them more nearly than the codes of most other nations.'*—The scales of punishment are invariably regulated by strokes of the bamboo; hence the Chinese empire has been compared to a school, of which the magistrates are the masters, and the people the pupils. The bamboo is the ferula, and care is taken that the child shall not be spoiled by sparing the rod. The number of blows of the bamboo, together with its various weights and thicknesses, is placed opposite every possible crime and misdemeanour. That no person whatever may plead ignorance of the law, the penal statutes are printed in a cheap form and widely diffused, and every year sixteen discourses are read to the public on various subjects, and one of them inculcates the propriety of each individual becoming acquainted with the laws, and with the penalties of disobedience.

Thus, not only are the laws framed upon the wisest principles, but ignorance of them is next to impossible. A stranger, therefore, becoming acquainted with the multifarious provisions for upholding and enforcing morality, loyalty, and all the social virtues, is apt to believe that the Chinese are the best-behaved people under the sun. Our short description, however, is as yet only applicable to the *theory* of the constitution: a knowledge of the practical administration of the laws dispels such an illusion; for the Chinese are—from the very principles under which they exist, and consequently from a necessity only to be removed by an alteration of those principles—a nation of hypocrites. This is a comprehensive verdict, but its justice is readily explained.

Their prime and fundamental fallacy is their intense veneration for the ancients. Their code of laws—though without doubt the most wonderful monument of wisdom, worldly experience, and forethought, which remote antiquity has bequeathed to any nation—was perhaps as near perfection as the Chinese believe when applied to the habits of men who lived three thousand years ago; but the great alterations which time has since brought about, render many of those antique regulations quite inapplicable to the present state of society. Consequently, the entire population, including the government itself, unable to square their actions by their laws, study every art which hypocrisy can suggest to *seem* to do so. Their modern practices necessarily wage a constant warfare with their ancient theories, and the proficiency of the meanest peasant in warping and evading the law, is not to be surpassed by the most accomplished English special pleader; insomuch that when we examine the actions of the Chinese as a nation closely, we shall discover, that from the emperor down to the beggar, the great business of life is as much to evade as to obey the law.

The anomalies produced by this rooted veneration for antiquity, act both for and against the people. In the first place, it materially lessens the emperor's despotic sway. Though theoretically the most absolute of autocrats, he is far more the slave of precedent and ceremony than his meanest subjects. Being considered the only mediator between man and Heaven, he is held responsible for every misfortune that happens to the nation, and every calamity is conceived to be the consequence of some sin *he* has committed. When insurrections, famines, earthquakes, or inundations (the latter being very frequent) afflict the people, he is obliged to do penance; he appears in the meanest dress, strips the palace of its ornaments, and suspends all court amusements; but even when thus humiliated, he is looked upon as the peculiar object of Heaven's regard. A specimen of one of his self-confessions and condemnations will show to what humiliations the emperor is obliged to submit. On the occasion of a destructive drought, the following display was made in the Pekin Gazette for July 25, 1832:—'I, minister of heaven, am placed over mankind, and am responsible for keeping the world in order and tranquillising the people. Prostrate, I beg imperial Heaven to pardon my ignorance and stupidity, and to grant me renovation, for myriads of innocent people are involved by me, a single man. My sins are so numerous, it is difficult to escape from them.—Summer is past, and autumn arrived; to wait longer will be impossible. Knocking head (that is, performing the *kow-tow*), I pray imperial Heaven to hasten and confer gracious deliverance, a speedy and divinely-beneficent rain, and to save the people's lives, and in some degree relieve my iniquities.'—Autocrat as he is, the 'celestial' monarch daily courts public opinion in the Pekin Gazette. Each laudable action he may perform, with the motives and the various reasons that may have given rise to it, is announced in this vehicle for imperial panegyric, which is sent into every corner of the empire, and read in all the taverns and tea-houses. So much is he under the influence of custom, that he dare not omit the most disagreeable duty exacted of him, or swerve one iota from the example of the long train of his predecessors. While giving audience to his ministers, which he does on every fifth day, he cannot relax in the least from the fatiguing support of his dignity: he must not even lean back in his chair. Thus, though the lives and liberty of three hundred millions are said to be at his command, he is deprived of liberty himself.

But besides the national veneration for old usage, the numerical strength of the Chinese nation places

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xv.

a very strong bar against the will of the emperor. There is nothing so much dreaded by the authorities as a mob, which is, according to one of their sayings, 'more dangerous than a troop of wild beasts.' The strongest instance which could be adduced of the combined power of ancient custom and the force of mere numbers, is the fact, that when the Mantchoo Tartars conquered the country in 1652, the usurper was, as his successors have been, obliged to conform to the Chinese ancient usages. The most they could do was to force the Chinese into wearing long tails, though many sturdy patriots actually lost their heads rather than conform even in so trifling a matter. The victors, instead of overrunning the country, and placing the natives in subjection, could only keep their footing by conforming to the prejudices and customs of the natives; and the military conquerors were, in point of fact, reconquered by the moral force of Chinese institutions. The national horror for foreigners obliges the Tartars to reside quite apart; and every town in China is divided into two sections by a thick wall—one for the Chinese, the other for the Tartars. These are, moreover, only permitted to take a small share in the civil administration of affairs, though the emperor himself is of Tartar descent.

So much for the anomalous and artificial position of the emperor. The condition of his ministers and underlings exhibits even more forcibly how little the ancient theory of the Chinese constitution agrees with its practical working. The impossibility, on the one hand, of obeying all the multifarious laws and regulations which it prescribes, and of practising the fine maxims of morality which it inculcates, and, on the other, the never-ceasing effort to *appear* to do so, produce a universal system of suspicion and trickery. Nearly every employè is a spy on the actions of his brother officer. To begin at the top of the official tree: the highest six officers of state, who preside over the six metropolitan boards, are spies over the actions and words of the members of each, which they regularly report to the emperor. For fear of intrigue and collusion, no two relations within the fourth degree can sit at the same board. In the provinces, the grand object is to detach every officer from the affections of the people, that these may be all centred in the emperor, and that there may be no plotting against the state. For a minister, therefore, to be popular, is to be truly unfortunate. No provincial officer, from a viceroy to the pettiest magistrate, can hold employment in a district where he has relations: he can neither marry nor purchase lands in it; and his term of office is seldom longer than three years—so that a constant change of officials goes on throughout the empire. The consequence is, that every placeman takes care to make the most of his time, and screws as many perquisites out of the unfortunate people over whom he has jurisdiction as he possibly can. But even when he has thus made a large fortune, he is very liable to lose it: for the government, after winking at his extortions till they have become something considerable, or too glaring to be tolerated, often pounces on the extortioner, accuses him of some crime—he is tried—his ill-gotten gains are seized, poured into the imperial treasury, and he is very often condemned to death. That accusers may not be wanting, the six presidents, or spies in chief, form themselves into a seventh board, called *Too-tche-yuen*, for the purpose of despatching spies into every part of the country to examine into and report the conduct of the several officers. To complete this system, *every* individual is invited to send up accusations against the government servants. This was originally intended as a ready channel for the complaints of the people to the ear of the emperor, and is vaunted as such; but, like most other of the state regulations, it is abused in the way we have described.

The condition, manners, and morality of the Chinese people being thus completely formed by their institutions, and the mode in which those institutions are administered, they present a curious series of contradictions, which in fact have tended to keep Europeans much in the dark respecting their true condition. Those who judge them by the theories and precepts of their sages, believe them unequalled for morality and good conduct; those who perceive how much these theories are departed from, must acknowledge that hypocrisy at least is a main characteristic of the nation. To the mode of life, ingenuity, and customs of this singular people, we intend devoting succeeding articles.

'NEVER WASTE BREAD.'

The Dutch are a reflecting and sententious people; and one of them, according to the report of a gentleman who had lived long among them, defined education thus—'Every word a precept, every action an example.' The Scotch, in their practice, seem very strictly to follow this definition; for with them example to the young is anxiously attended to, and instruction introduced upon every fitting opportunity. 'Mind the bairns! mind the bairns!' would a late Presbyterian pastor settled in London say, when calling to chide any laxity in attending church; and

> 'The father mixes a' wi admonition due,'

says Burns, in one of the most true and beautiful pictures of Scottish life ever drawn.

They give their instructions in various ways—by example, by precept, and by story. In humble and middle life in particular all are anxiously adhibited; for in these ranks generally the young person has nothing to look to but his or her good conduct; and often when strangers consider the young Scotchman or Scotchwoman as naturally wary and calculating, they are only following precepts, or reflecting on examples, anxiously impressed upon them by friends now far distant, and whose precepts have from that circumstance a sort of sacredness, for they are associated with all the deep and moving memories of home.

One of their earliest precepts is against unnecessary waste of anything; not from the natural and proper consideration that *it is* waste, and consequently an unnecessary and improper expense, but from the yet higher consideration that, however they themselves might be able to afford that waste, it is unlawful as others are concerned; as the rich cannot waste anything that they do not thereby render dear to the poor. And, above all things, they are apt to look with horror on the waste of human food, or indeed any food; first, from the trouble and toil it occasions to produce it; and next, because it is indispensable to existence. Bread in particular is recognised as the symbol of all subsistence, and is therefore termed 'the staff of life.' And as every Flemish child is taught to look with alarm on pulling up grass, as tending to destroy the tenacity of the soil, and consequently the security of the country which depends upon the maintenance of its dikes, so the Scottish child is taught to look with alarm on the waste of bread, because the want of that article is fatal, and in Scotland has been often felt.

The following little story, which the writer heard when very young from the lips of a revered relative, and has never forgotten, discloses also some other of the feelings peculiar to Scotland at that period:—'My father,' she said, 'was a tenant of the good but unfortunate Lord Pitsligo. It was in the spring of the '45, immediately after the defeat of the prince's army at Culloden, and when the gentlemen out upon that unfortunate occasion, and many of the commons too, were hiding for their lives, that I, then a very young woman, was left in charge of the house, my father and all the servants being engaged at their seed-time, and my

mother, who was delicate, being not yet out of bed. I was busy preparing breakfast, when a very old and infirm man came to the door, and in the humblest manner requested to be allowed to warm himself by the fire. He was trembling from cold, and I not only requested him to enter, but hastened to place a chair for him, and make the fire warmer for his use. After sitting a little time, he asked if I could give him a little bread and milk, and I immediately brought some, and placed the milk on the fire to take the chill off it. As I gave him the bread a small morsel fell on the floor, and I touched it with my foot to put it out of the way among the ashes, when the old man immediately stopped me. "Do not that!" he said, trembling from cold or from emotion; "*never waste bread!* The time has been that I have given gold for a handful of drammack,* kneaded in a soldier's bonnet. They that waste bread may fear that they shall one day come to want it!" As he said this, he stooped down and picked up the crumb I had dropt, and cleaning it on his bosom, and looking upwards, put it reverently into his mouth. I saw, as he stretched forth his hand, that it was fair as a lady's, and that his linen, though coarse, was very clean; and as soon as I could, without alarming him, I asked if I could serve him in anything farther, as I thought I heard my mother call. I went to her, securing the outer door in passing, for I feared he might be some person in trouble, and told her what I had seen. She immediately sprung up to dress herself, requesting me to stay where I was, and in a very few minutes she was in the kitchen, closing the door after her. As I immediately heard her sobbing, I ventured to peep through the key-hole, when I saw my mother on her knees at the old man's feet, and bathing his hands in her tears. It was Lord Pitsligo!

After many sufferings from age and illness, and many hair-breadth 'scapes in many disguises, and from living often in holes where scarcely a wild creature could have lived, he had drawn towards his own estates, to live the short period he might be allowed to live, or die among his own people; knowing that if they could not save him, at least he should have their sympathy.

He had been driven from a cave in the neighbourhood, in consequence of having been dragged by some soldiers, who did not know his person, to discover the scene of his own concealment; and where, if he had been found, instead of in its neighbourhood, he would certainly have been secured: he had therefore since been less comfortable. On a part of his estate there were some large cairns, called the Cairns of Pitsligo, memorials, as it is thought, of former battles and buryings. On the top of these the shepherds had formed hollows, in which they might sit sheltered, and yet see their herds. In one of these the old nobleman had taken up his abode, because from it he could see to a distance around, and on occasion creep into a hole that had been scooped out in it, just capable of receiving him, and even of concealing him if not narrowly sought for. There he spent many days, looking upon his ruined residence, and upon the lands no longer his, and envying, doubtless, the humblest labourer upon them; and there he had passed the cold and cruel night preceding this interview. I well remembered,' said my old friend, 'the thick carpeting of his spacious dining-room, its curtains of velvet deeply fringed with gold, and the proud looks of himself and his ancestors, as they were pictured on its walls, now ruined and blackened by the fire of the destroyer. I had even seen his proud bearing, as, walking on the seabeach between his castle and the humbler but still beautiful residence of his near neighbour Pittulie, he endeavoured to persuade him to join in the rising for the prince; and the solemn courteousness with which he rode through the village, as he parted for the expedition, bowing on all sides to his tenants, who had come reverently to see him leave them; and, young as I was, I could not but contrast all this with what I now saw.

My mother, suspecting I might be listening or anxious, came out, and hurried me before her, putting her hand on her lips at the same time to impose silence. When we reached the bedroom she broke out afresh, regretting beyond everything that he must again encounter the cruel season, without the possibility of their adding almost any comfort. A blanket, however, or blankets, were, I suppose, carried that night to the cairn, and also some food and drink. He was soon after conveyed to Auchiries, where he lived long, and, after many escapes, at last died in peace. Everybody in the neighbourhood knew of his residence. The very children would go and peep through the chinks of the garden-door as he sat reading, but they never breathed his name. The farm on which the cairn where he was concealed is situated, though now disjoined from his estates, is called the farm of "Lord's-Cairn" to this day, and will never be named without remembering the cause; nor shall I ever forget the lesson he taught me, never to waste bread.'

* Meal and water.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE NIGHT BEFORE A DUEL.

REAL life has situations of tragic interest, compared with which those of fiction sink into the character of tame and modified imitations. The following is a description of a situation of this order—Colonel and Mrs Fawcett during the night preceding the duel which proved fatal to that gentleman, July 1843. The passage is extracted from a letter in which Mrs Fawcett addresses the public in vindication of her husband.

'He did not hear from Lieutenant Cuddy till near midnight, when he received a note, a few lines of which I read over his shoulder; and when I saw that their purport was, that Lieutenant Cuddy had failed in his endeavours to effect an arrangement, and that they were to go out, I fell back on my chair, nearly fainting, when my husband said in a displeased manner, "Oh, this is just what I feared—that you would fail me when I most required your firmness and obedience." He then went to order a carriage to come early the next morning, desiring me to get the servants to bed, but observed, that as it was already so late, it would be better for us both to sit up. He soon came back, and lay down on the sofa, whilst I sat by his side. Thus passed the remainder of that sad night. He occasionally dozed, but I saw he watched me strictly, and was uneasy if I attempted to quit him. However, I had no idea whatever of endeavouring to give information, for I well knew my husband's character; although he never had any concealments from me, and was kind, affectionate, and indulgent in the highest degree, yet he would never have forgiven the slightest interference on my part in a matter of honour and duty. I also never thought that Lieutenant Munro would fire at him; and as I knew his own resolve not to discharge his pistol, I was assured all would terminate happily, though I had a feeling of terror I could not then account for. * *

'Shortly after my husband had dressed and breakfasted, the carriage arrived (I think it was near five o'clock), and he sent me down to unfasten the hall-door, lest the ringing should rouse the servants, which I did. He then said, on taking leave of me, "God bless you, my beloved Annie! you have shown yourself this night to be a true and devoted wife; and remember, whatever happens, I go out with a clear conscience, for they have forced me into this, and I will never fire at your sister's husband." He then ran down the stairs, and let himself out.

The remote cause of the death of this gentleman was his having expressed dissatisfaction at the way in which his brother-in-law had transacted for him the sale of a house. Some high words which ensued on this subject could only be brought to a satisfactory result by the two men going out to take the chance of destroying each other. How inordinately strange that such a system should continue to exist in the nineteenth century

—and stranger still, that it should be tacitly countenanced by courts and authorities, and seriously defended by many intelligent persons! It is unquestionably the purest relic of mediæval barbarism which has descended to our time.

HOUSE-FLIES.

Amongst domestic plagues flies are generally included. Few persons know from whence they come, or are aware that there are numerous species which inhabit our dwellings. Some of these species a good deal resemble each other, whilst others are so very dissimilar, that the smaller ones are supposed to be the young of the larger individuals. In our days, when natural science has arrived at such a degree of perfection—when every year brings forth works of amusement and instruction adapted to every age, as well as for every class of society—it seems incredible that any one should be so ignorant of the things which daily surround him, as to suppose that flies vary in size according to their age; and that, consequently, the large and small are the old and young of the same species. To assist in dissipating such errors, we glean from the Correspondence of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* the following facts, connected with the history of the common house-fly:—

There are fifty, perhaps a hundred, different sorts of flies and gnats which annually visit our apartments, and establish themselves as regular domestics. Amongst the most familiar of these are the green-bottle, the blue-bottle or flesh-fly, the larder-fly impatiently bouncing against the windows, the biting house-fly, which interrupts our reveries by its unwelcome attacks on the legs and ankles, and the lesser and larger house flies, alighting on our food, and soiling the furniture. All of them are unpleasant companions—tickling, teasing, devouring; the most unceremonious visitors—paying respect neither to time, place, nor person.

Their economy and transformation being similar, the domestic fly may be taken as the type of the whole race. Like most insects, it lays eggs, which are deposited in hot and moist dunghills, and among other putrifying refuse. These eggs are hatched into minute maggots of a dirty white and yellow colour, which feed till they arrive at about twice the size of a caraway seed, and in this state they tumble hither and thither, without any distinct organs of locomotion. When fat and full fed, the maggots lie dormant a few hours, during which time the skin hardens, and becomes an oval cylindrical case, of a chestnut colour; and in this respect the two-winged flies (*diptera*) differ from all the other orders of insects, which cast their skins when they become chrysalides. In the chrysalis state they remain from a few days to as many weeks, according to the temperature; many of them, no doubt, sleeping throughout winter. During this period of repose, the recent maggot is undergoing a wonderful transformation within his own skin, which ultimately opens at one end by a little circular lid, and out creeps the house-fly, with its body and six legs as large as at any subsequent period of its life; indeed the abdomen is often larger, as it is filled with a fluid necessary to the expansion of the wings. When the fly issues from the chrysalis, the only part which has to grow is the wings—these being at that stage two little crumpled moist objects on each side of the body. The first act of the insect, therefore, is, before they dry, to crawl up some object, when the fluid in the abdomen gravitates, or is forced into the nervures of the wings, and expands the wrinkles; at last these appendages are stretched out, and covered with a delicate transparent, but iridescent membrane, and then the little animal is ready for flight.

The house-fly, thus completed, is too well known to require any lengthened description. It still bears the technical name assigned to it by Linnæus (*musca domestica*); it is clothed with black hairs and bristles; the antennæ, or feelers, are black, and feathered; the eyes are remote, and of a dull brownish-red; the space between them is black, but the face is satiny yellowish-white; and a similar line surrounds the eyes; the thorax or body is bright gray, with four blackish stripes down the back; the abdomen is ash-coloured, with clouded markings; and the six legs are long, slender, and blackish. The fly thus described is a very pretty animal; and when seen under the microscope, presents one of the most perfect and elegant objects in animated nature. Its whole anatomy and structure are beautifully adapted to its mode of life; its orbicular eyes enable it to see above, beneath, and around it; its proboscis, which it elongates and contracts at pleasure, can seize and extract the juices of the minutest particle; and its tiny feet, which act like a boy's sucker, enable it not only to climb the smoothest surface, but to walk even with its back downwards.

The domestic fly is very generally diffused; and British naturalists state, that the musca domestica of Canada, the United States, Cape of Good Hope, Hobart Town, &c. is one and the same with that which frequents our own apartments. To the same genus as musca domestica belongs the green-bottle (*M. Cæsar*), and the blue-bottle (*M. vomitaria*). The larder-fly, so like the blue-bottle, belongs to another genus (*anthomyia*), which also includes the lesser house-fly, vulgarly believed to be the young of musca domestica. The biting house-fly ranks under a third genus, termed *stomoxys*, from the structure of the mouth, which is horny, and formed for piercing.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THORWALDSEN.

The history of Thorwaldsen, the most eminent of modern sculptors, affords another instance of the wonders which are to be accomplished, by assiduous perseverance, in surmounting poverty and all the attendant evils it casts in the way of struggling but determined genius.

In 1770, a poor sculptor from Iceland, named Golskalk Thorwaldsen, travelled with his young wife, the daughter of a clergyman, to seek his fortune in Copenhagen. On the 19th of November, and while continuing their route, a son was born, who was named Albert, or Bertel. This was the afterwards famous sculptor. The father, after settling in Copenhagen, was not long in obtaining employment, and received several commissions for carving figure-heads for the Danish navy. Being constantly in the workshop, a chisel was amongst young Thorwaldsen's earliest playthings; for as soon as he had strength enough to hold a carving instrument, his father taught him to assist in the work. The extreme aptitude which he evinced made a strong impression on his parents, who, too poor to provide him with special instructors, sent him to the gratuitous school of arts established in Copenhagen. For some time he did not distinguish himself beyond his fellow-scholars; but in due time his natural genius developed itself, and in 1787, when he had attained the age of seventeen, he obtained a silver medal as a prize for one of his productions. It would seem that at this period he had no greater ambition than that of following his father's branch of the profession, and sculpturing allegorical ornaments for ships; but he was reserved for a brighter destiny. The historical painter Abildgaard, appreciating the superior talent displayed in his early artistic efforts, took him so far under his protection as to give him gratuitous lessons, and was pleased to find they were fully profited by. In 1789 young Thorwaldsen carried away a second prize, and two years later the gold medal; finally, in 1793, his diligence and abilities met with the highest reward the academy ever bestowed, namely, the 'prize of Rome'—that is to say, an annual pension of 1200 francs (nearly

L.50), guaranteed for three years, to enable him to proceed to, and study in, the metropolis of art. Before, however, taking his departure, he remained two years longer at Copenhagen, closely occupied in the study of his profession; but on the 20th of May 1793 he embarked on board a Danish frigate. His voyage was long and tedious. The vessel touched at a great number of ports, and did not reach Rome till the month of March in the year following. Once, however, settled in the scene of his studies, he set diligently to work, though his early progress, like that of all true geniuses, was in his own estimation slow, and consequently discouraging. Comparing his own crude attempts with the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the masters whose works he had come to examine and learn from, he despaired of ever approaching them even at a humble distance. On one occasion, it is said, that having laboured very hard on a figure for some time, and comparing it when completed with its original, the contrast produced so strong a feeling of despair on his mind that he broke it in pieces with his hammer. Others, however, who witnessed his labours, had a far higher opinion of his proficiency than himself, and, encouraged by their advice and plaudits, he continued to persevere.

Thus he worked on till the allotted three years passed, and his means of subsistence were at an end. Poor, unknown, and too modest to make a boast of his talents, Albert Thorwaldsen saw no other prospect than that of returning to Denmark, and again taking to his father's humble branch of art. A happy chance, however, detained him in Rome. When on the eve of departure, it happened that our tasteful and rich countryman, Mr Thomas Hope—then travelling to gratify his almost insatiable love for, and admiration of, the fine arts—visited the young sculptor's studio, and, struck with the beauty of a statue of Jason modelled in clay, immediately commissioned its execution in marble. For this he paid so liberal a remuneration, that Thorwaldsen, finding his means of subsistence assured for some time to come, abandoned his intention of revisiting Copenhagen, and remained in Rome. From this epoch the Danish sculptor rose rapidly in fortune and reputation. He soon became a formidable rival to the celebrated Canova; but though some of his full statues are scarcely surpassed by his Italian rival, yet it is upon the beauty of his bas-reliefs that Thorwaldsen's fame chiefly rests. His Jason soon obtained for him a European reputation; and, after a few years, one of the greatest treats afforded to strangers in Rome was a visit to Thorwaldsen's dwelling, the *Casa Buti*, on the Piazza Barberini. His steadily increasing affluence enabled him to make one of the finest private galleries to be found in Rome; for, besides several of his own sculptures, he made a choice collection of paintings by many of the most celebrated modern artists when they, as he had done, visited Rome for the purpose of study. Thus he became, in turn, a patron and a helper to struggling merit, and innumerable acts of generosity and kindness have been recorded of him. To mention only one. Amongst the crowd of patrons who desired to possess something from his chisel was the late king of Prussia, who accordingly sent him a commission; but the Danish sculptor declined it in these generous words:—'Sire, there is at this moment in Rome one of your faithful subjects who is more capable than myself of acquitting himself to your satisfaction of the task with which you have deigned to honour me. Permit me to recommend him to your protection.' The rival thus so disinterestedly introduced to the notice of the king of Prussia was employed, and executed the celebrated figure of 'The Spinster,' one of the most admired works in the Royal Gallery at Berlin. His name was Rodolph Schadow, one of the best sculptors Prussia has to boast of.*

In 1819 the town of Lucerne commissioned Thorwaldsen to execute a monument in memory of the Swiss guards who, during the French Revolution, fell on the 10th of August 1792 at the Tuilleries. Unable to complete the order without assistance, he called in that of Aborn, a young artist from Constance. Thorwaldsen only made the model, which proved to be one of his grandest conceptions. A colossal lion, wounded by a lance, expires while covering a shield ornamented with fleur-de-lis, which, though unable to retain, he grasps with his claws. At the base of the figure are engraved the names of the soldiers and officers who were killed. Wishing to superintend the inauguration of this monument, he seized the opportunity of revisiting his native country. He arrived safely at Copenhagen, and during his short stay, Frederick VI., the reigning king, being employed in re-constructing the church of Notre Dame (which was destroyed in the bombardment of 1807 by the British fleet), commanded his illustrious subject to make statues of the Saviour and his twelve apostles. Thorwaldsen returned to Rome, where he worked incessantly to complete this extensive commission; and the statues remain to this day his *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Valery, a French traveller who visited Rome and Thorwaldsen's studio at the time of the near completion of these figures, thus describes both the sculptures and the sculptor. 'Their composition is noble, especially that of Christ, which displays an evangelical and simple sublimity, joined to all the majesty, with none of the terrible characteristics, of the Olympian Jupiter. Thorwaldsen, despite his twenty years' residence in Rome, remains in all respects the man of the north; and his rough exterior—which does not diminish the effect of his polite and benevolent manners—forms a striking contrast to his works, which are inspired by the loveliest forms of Grecian art, and to the soft Italian figures which surround his studio.' Other descriptions of his person, however, scarcely bear out the rough (*âpre*) aspect attributed to him by M. Valery. He had a fine and large head, which late in life was covered with white hair, falling in large curls on his shoulders. His eyes were blue, with a soft and pleasing expression, and his forehead was high and square. In figure he was robust.

Thorwaldsen definitively returned to his native country in 1838, after residing at Rome for forty-two years. He entered it in triumph; for the day of his arrival was made a day of national rejoicing: he was met by an immense crowd, who greeted him with welcome and acclamation. Poets composed verses in his honour. The king, Christian VIII.—who, before acceding to the throne, made his familiar acquaintance at Rome, and had retained a strong friendship for him—named him consulting councillor and director of the Academy of Fine Arts of Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen lived respected and honoured by his countrymen up to March in the present year. His death was sudden. On the 25th of that month he went to the theatre, and before the performances had commenced, fell back in his chair. Medical aid was instantly summoned, and he was promptly conveyed to his residence. But help was useless; for a few minutes after he was taken home he expired, without having spoken a single word, or shown the smallest sign of pain. He had reached his seventy-fourth year, and up to the latest moment of his existence continued to labour at his art: even the day previous to his death he worked at a bust of Luther and a statue of Hercules, which he had promised to complete at an early period for the palace of Christianberg. He did not leave, as was expected, much wealth; but all he had was bequeathed to a museum which he founded, and which

* Schadow died early at Rome, and a handsome monument was erected to his memory in the church of *Andrea de la Fratte*.

bears his name. He was buried on the 30th of March, and a description of his funeral (derived from the Berlin Gazette) will show in what estimation art and its great masters are held in Denmark. The body lay in state during the 29th, in the room containing antique sculptures in the Thorwaldsen museum, and in this apartment several persons assembled on the morrow, and at eleven o'clock a dirge, composed by Holst and Kung, was executed by the pupils of the Academy of Fine Arts. After this a funeral oration was delivered by a Danish clergyman; when concluded, the body was removed to a hearse, while a company of professional singers executed a sacred cantata. On the plain open coffin were placed interwoven branches of the cypress and palm, and the canopy of the hearse was surmounted by one of the artist's last and most beautiful works—Hope leaning on an anchor. The procession was headed by 800 students, and followed by the most illustrious persons in the kingdom, including the president and all the members of the Academy of Fine Arts as chief mourners, together with the crown prince and other members of the royal family, ministers of state, officers of the army and navy, and upwards of 8000 citizens of all classes. The distance—about a mile—which the funeral passed in its way from the museum to the church of 'Our Lady,' was lined with soldiers, and with the different trades with their colours and insignia covered with crape, the members of each company in deep mourning. The streets were strewn, according to Scandinavian custom, with white sand intermixed with juniper leaves. At the church, the king, attired in deep mourning, received the corpse, and on its being set down, a requiem was sung. The bishop of Zealand performed the funeral service, and read an oration. The body was then lowered to its last resting-place. The queen and the royal family occupied the royal pew during the whole of the ceremony. The bells of all the churches in the capital tolled from eleven till twelve o'clock.

The works of Thorwaldsen are disseminated throughout Europe. His finest is the triumph of Alexander, a bas-relief ordered by Napoleon, but now adorning the Christianberg palace at Copenhagen. The Saviour and the twelve apostles is considered his next best effort, and after it the tomb of Eugene Beauharnais at Munich, and the mausoleum to Pope Pius VII. at Rome. The works of this sculptor which have found their way to England are in private collections. Besides Mr Hope's Jason, the Duke of Bedford possesses a Psyche, Lord Ashburton a Hebe, and Lord Egerton a Ganymede, sculptured by the great Danish artist. Thorwaldsen executed a statue of Lord Byron, to be placed to the noble poet's memory in Westminster Abbey; but it was thought by the proper authorities inexpedient to give it a place in the sacred edifice, and it still lies shut up in its packing-case in the cellars of the London custom-house unclaimed; though scarcely unheeded, for a project is on foot for redeeming it, and placing it in the parish church of Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, where Byron was buried.

The works of Thorwaldsen are conspicuous as much for their poetical beauty as for the severe taste which he always exercised over his genius; consequently they join to correctness of form that purity which never o'ersteps the modesty of nature. In this respect Thorwaldsen's sculptures contrast most favourably with those of his great Italian rival Canova; but such a comparison is unnecessary to establish the claims of the Danish artist to the highest place in the ranks of fame, for the branches of art in which both sculptors shone were different—Canova's best works being full figures, and Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs. There is one thing of minor importance which, however, materially detracts from a spectator's pleasure in beholding some of the Dane's best compositions—they are executed in an inferior kind of marble, the blue veins of which diminish the general effect of the forms. This is the more to be regretted, as their design and execution will be admired down to the latest posterity.

A magnificent monument will be erected at Copenhagen in memory of Thorwaldsen, for which subscriptions have already been opened, the king of Denmark making the first contribution.

NARRATIVE OF THE SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

The narrative of Mr George Wilkins Kendall, an adventurous American, who volunteered with a party of Texans to proceed overland to Santa Fé, in Mexico, is one of the most interesting productions of the present publishing season, and, as presenting a faithful and graphic description of the dangers and difficulties to be encountered by travellers on the great western prairies, is assuredly more exciting than the most fancifully-coloured romance.* Referring those who possess the means to a perusal of the work itself, we shall endeavour to afford others, who are less favourably situated, a glimpse of Mr Kendall's spirit-stirring pictures of life in the American deserts, with some notices of the expedition, its objects, and termination.

In the early part of April 1841, Mr Kendall, as he informs us, determined on making a tour of some kind upon the great western prairies, induced by the hope of correcting a derangement of health, as well as by a desire to visit regions inhabited only by the roaming Indian, and to participate in the excitement of buffalo-hunting and other wild sports. A favourable opportunity of following out his intention occurred in an expedition from Austin to Santa Fé, projected by the Texan government, with the assigned view of diverting the trade of northern Mexico to the Texan outports, and of confirming the Texan rule within the limits of the Rio Grande. With the precise motives of the enterprise, however, our author was not inclined to meddle. He was a native of the United States, and wished not to interfere in the projects of a foreign nation, further than to accompany across the prairies a force capable of defence against hostilities. Providing himself, therefore, with a passport from the Mexican vice-consul at New Orleans, he sailed from that port on the 17th of May 1841 for Galveston, the principal Texan harbour in the Gulf of Mexico. At Houston, where he landed, all was bustle and preparation. Every one was talking of the Santa Fé expedition, which was 'looked upon as nothing more than a pleasant hunting excursion through a large section of country, much of which was unknown to the white man. Such portions of the route as had been previously explored were known to abound with buffalo, elk, antelope, and every species of game, besides fish and wild honey. The climate also was known to be dry and salubrious; in short, until a point high up on Red River should be gained, the trip promised to be one of continued interest and pleasure.' At Houston, other volunteers were found ready to set out for the starting-point at Austin, and with two or three of these, and provided with a stout horse, Mr Kendall began his travels.

We must necessarily pass over a variety of preliminary details of the Santa Fé expedition; it is sufficient to state, that it was not ready for setting out till the 18th of June; and most unfortunately for our author, he had so far incapacitated himself for the enterprise by a badly-sprained ankle, that it was necessary to place him in a Jersey wagon, drawn by two mules, and covered so as to protect him from the sun and rain during the long marches. Another gentleman, Jose Antonio Navarra, also unable to walk, was his companion in this irksome conveyance. Accompanied for a short way by General Lamar, president of Texas, the expedition at its outset had an imposing figure. Two companies, numbering some eighty men, were sent forward as an advanced guard; then came the wagons in single file, and the beef cattle that were to furnish the party with

* Wiley and Putnam, London. 2 vols. 1844.

meat. One company was assigned for fatigue duty—driving the cattle, and cutting away the banks of the creeks, or removing any obstacles that might obstruct the passage of the wagons. The rear-guard brought up the long procession, and consisted of three companies, there being six in all. The artillery company possessed one brass six-pounder—nothing being so much dreaded by armed Indians as a field-piece. The number of volunteers doing duty was two hundred and seventy. In addition, there were about fifty persons attached to the expedition in some way—commissioners, merchants, tourists, blacksmiths, and other servants. All being well mounted and well armed, riding in double file, the cavalcade presented an imposing and animating spectacle. The fare for the party was simple enough—roasted or broiled beef, cooked on sticks or ramrods before the fire, with salt, coffee, and sugar. No bread stuffs were provided; yet the bracing air of the prairies, says the tourist, served instead of bread and dessert. 'Our meal over, knots of the volunteers would congregate here and there around the camp fires, telling stories of the marvellous, and spinning long yarns about border forays, buffalo hunts, and brushes with the Indians of the prairies. An hour or two would be whiled away in this manner, and then preparations would be made for *retiring* to sleep—a very simple process upon a campaign. A person has only to pick out a soft place upon the ground, roll himself up in his blanket, and take immediate possession of his bedroom; and though people who have never lived "out of doors" may picture anything but comfort with such lodgings, sounder, sweeter, and more refreshing sleep never visited the downiest couch than can be found upon the earth on one of our western prairies.' Sometimes, as a slight drawback on the pleasures of this kind of bivouac, the sleepers were involuntarily subjected to a shower which soaked them to the skin through their blankets; these drenchings, however, do not appear to have had any bad effect on the constitutions of the wanderers. Occasionally the bivouac was rendered somewhat critical by the intrusion of a rattlesnake.

'We had,' observes Mr Kendall, 'a troublesome and unwelcome visitor in camp on the night of the 4th of July. The storm had induced the mess to which I was attached to pitch a tent. The wet grass without probably drove a prairie rattlesnake to more comfortable quarters within our canvass, the first intimation we had of the vicinity of his snakeship being his crawling over one of us in an attempt to effect a lodgment under some of the blankets. A more disagreeable companionship cannot well be imagined, even if one has his choice from among all living, moving, creeping, flying, running, swimming, and crawling things; and to assert that any of us felt perfectly easy and at home with such a neighbour among us, would be saying what is not true. For myself, fearing to move lest I should molest the reptile, I rolled myself, head and all, under my blanket, and lay perfectly quiet until daylight. Where the intruder went, no one could tell, and we had the very great satisfaction of seeing no more of him. Very frequently, on the great prairies, a man wakes up in the morning and finds that he has had a rattlesnake for a sleeping partner: but there is one excellent trait in the character of these reptiles—they never bite unless disturbed, and will get out of the way as soon as possible, except in the month of August, when they are said to be blind, and will snap at any and everything they may hear about them.'

The line of route pursued by this remarkable expedition was altogether new. Journeys across the prairies to the Rocky Mountains had been usually performed from the Missouri, Arkansas, or other western waters of the United States. The line now to be described was considerably to the southward; commencing at Austin, about 30 degrees north latitude, and 98 degrees west longitude, it was designed to follow a north-western direction towards Santa Fé, near latitude 36 degrees, longitude 106 degrees, on the River Grande. Ignorant of almost every landmark on the route, its officers were dependent on guides, little better than mere pretenders, who had been concerned in excursions in different parts of the territory to be crossed. Conducted by these ignorant pilots, the party, which was headed by General Macleod, kept, as it subsequently appears, too much towards the north, and got itself involved in a country wild, broken, and in some places impassable, with the still more distressing peculiarity of being destitute of fresh water, and possessing few animals that could be shot down for food.

The expedition had advanced only a few days on its march, when it reached the feeding grounds of the buffalo; and herds of that animal made their appearance, much to the joy of the hunters, but the chagrin of our author and his companion in the wagon, and not less of Mr Fitzgerald, a lively Irishman, who kindly acted as driver. One day the party in the wagon suddenly finds itself out of sight of the main body of the expedition. 'This circumstance did not in the least alarm us, as we anticipated no immediate danger; and the trail of the advance-guard was so plainly visible on the grass, that we could follow it at a rapid pace. While jogging briskly along at the foot of a prairie ridge, the roll running nearly parallel with our course, a buffalo cow came dashing madly past, and within but a few yards of us. Her tongue was out, and curved inward, while her tail was carried aloft, showing that she was running in hot haste, and apparently for life. One of the wagon curtains had at first prevented us from seeing aught in the rear of the buffalo; but as she swiftly sped past us, a pursuer in the shape of an Indian, who could not be more than ten yards behind her, appeared in full view. The savage was mounted on a small but beautifully-formed bay horse of short, quick stride, yet fine and powerful action. He was armed with a long lance, which he held poised in his hand, while a bow and quiver were strapped to his back. His dress was a buckskin shirt, with leggins of the same material, while his long black hair, although partially confined by a yellow band about his head, was waving in the breeze created by his rapid course along the prairie. He had scarcely got clear of the curtain which confined our view to objects only in advance of the wagon, when another Indian was discovered following immediately in his steps.

"Los Indios! los Indios!" cried Mr Navarro, with consternation depicted in his countenance, while he was eagerly feeling about in the bottom of the wagon for his rifle. "Camanches!" shouted Fitz, at the same time pummelling and kicking the mules into a break-neck gallop, in the hope of soon coming up with the advance-guard, which now could not be far ahead. "The whole tribe!" I could not help exclaiming, as I now looked out at the hinder end of the wagon, and saw still another well-mounted Indian dashing down the roll of prairie with the speed of the wind, and, to appearance, making directly for us. This whole scene was enacted in a few seconds, and in our lame and unprotected situation, our minds were but ill at ease on the score of an attack. The appearance of the last Indian, and the reasonable supposition that a large body might be following him, induced Fitz to kick and beat the mules more zealously than before, and at such a rate of speed did they go, that the race between us and the foremost Indian was close, and for a short distance well contested; while the buffalo led her wild pursuers along directly by our side, and so near, that the very earth thrown from their horses' hoofs rattled against the curtains of our wagon. The savages, though they must have been aware of our proximity, did not appear to bestow a single glance upon an object so strange as a Jersey wagon must have been to them, but kept their eyes steadily bent upon their prey.

'With mad eagerness this strange race went on, the Indians using every endeavour to overtake and lance the unfortunate cow, while we were even more anxious to gain the protection of our friends. I had noticed,

not a little to our relief, that the hindmost Indian wheeled his horse suddenly on seeing our wagon, and retraced his steps over the roll of the prairie, but the other two never deviated from their course. In a race of half a mile they had gained perhaps a hundred yards on us. An abrupt turn in the prairie ridge now concealed them from our sight, and before we had reached this point, the sharp reports of several rifles in quick succession convinced us that our unexpected neighbours had been seen by the advance-guard, and that succour was near if needed.

'From the time when the Indians were first in sight, until they were lost to view by a roll of the prairie, could not be more than five minutes, yet there was an ordinary lifetime of excitement in the scene. Had we known that there were but three, or even three times that number, and had we been in possession of our limbs, with our rifles fresh loaded and in readiness, we should have taken their sudden advent with less trepidation; but neither Mr Navarro nor myself could more than hop about on one foot, and our rifles were in the very bottom of the wagon, where, in our over-haste, we could not get at them. We even found, on reaching camp, that our arms were not loaded; a pleasant situation truly for one to find himself in on being attacked by prairie Indians, whose movements are characterised by a startling rapidity, and who must be met with the utmost promptness; yet so it was. We took special care, however, not to be caught in a like predicament again. On arriving at our encampment, which was hardly a mile from the point where the Indians had passed our wagon, we found that all was hurry and excitement. A small but well-mounted party had already set off in pursuit, and General Macleod had prepared another party who were on the eve of mounting. The savages had driven the buffalo directly into the lines, the rifle shots we had heard turning the course of the pursuers, but not that of the pursued. The cow was shot with a musket by one of our officers, and found to be young, and exceedingly fat and delicious.'

The course of the expedition led it through a village of the Wacoe Indians, who in terror abandoned their dwellings, and left them, with their contents, to the mercy of the Texans. All the spoil taken was a few pumpkins. On the 1st of July the party reached Cow Creek, near the river Brazos, and at an encampment here the author was favoured for the first time with the magnificent but much-dreaded sight of a *stampede* among the horses. We must leave him to describe this in his own words. 'As there was no wood near our camping-ground, some half a dozen men pushed on to a small piece of timber in search of it. One of them had a wild half-broken Mexican horse, naturally vicious, and with difficulty mastered. His rider found a small dry tree, cut it down with a hatchet, and very imprudently made it fast to his horse's tail by means of a rope. The animal took it unkindly from the first, and dragged his strange load with evident symptoms of fright; but when within a few hundred yards of camp, he commenced pitching, and finally set off at a gallop, with the cause of all his uneasiness and fear still fast to his tail. His course was directly for the camp, and as he sped along the prairie, it was soon evident that several of our horses were stricken with a panic at his approach. At first they would prick up their ears, snort, and trot majestically about in circles; then they would dash off at the top of their speed, and no human power could arrest their mad career. "A *stampede!*" shouted some of the old campaigners, jumping from the ground, and running towards their frightened animals; "a *stampede!* look out for your horses, or you'll never see them again!" was heard on every side. Fortunately for us, the more intractable horses had been not only staked, but hobbled before the panic became general, and were secured with little difficulty, else we might have lost half of them irretrievably. It is singular the effect that sudden fright has not only upon horses, but oxen on the prairies. The latter will, perhaps, run longer and farther than the former, and although not as difficult to "head," because they cannot run so fast, their onward course it is impossible to stay. Oxen, so I was informed, have been known to run forty miles without once stopping to look back; and when they did finally hold up, it was simply because exhausted nature would allow them to go no farther. Not one in fifty of them had seen the least cause for fear, but each ran simply because his neighbour did. Frequent instances have occurred where some worthless but skittish horse has caused the loss of hundreds of valuable animals. In the instance I have above alluded to we did not lose one, but on a subsequent occasion no less than eighty-seven were irrecoverably lost by one *stampede*.'

Recovered from the effects of his sprain, Mr Kendall gladly resumed his journey on horseback, and on the 6th of August joined the spy company, whose duty consisted in discovering the best route for the travellers. This, however, was accompanied with no small danger; for, if left alone, there was the chance of being lost. On one occasion such a serious accident ensued while our hero was heedlessly led away in pursuit of a vagrant buffalo. Feeling himself alone, 'I put spurs,' says he, 'to my horse, and galloped to the highest roll of the prairie, with the hope of obtaining a sight of my companion or companions, but without success. A sickening feeling of loneliness came over me on finding myself in that worst of all situations upon a prairie—*lost!* The sun was still high in the heavens, and I could not tell which was north or which south. I had my rifle and pistols with me, was well mounted, and had a sufficiency of ammunition; but I was not well enough acquainted with a prairie life to steer a course, even if I had known what course to start upon, neither was I hunter enough to feel confident that I could kill a sufficiency of meat in case I should be unsuccessful in finding my companions. Another thing: I had already found out, what every hunter knows, that the more hungry a man grows upon the prairies, the more unlikely he is to find game, and the more difficult it is to shoot it. There, then, I was, without a companion and without experience, starvation staring me in the face; or even if I was fortunate in obtaining meat, I still was almost certain to be killed and scalped by the Indians, or end my days in vain efforts to reach the settlements. I thought of home, and made up my mind firmly, that if ever I was fortunate enough to reach it, I should be in no particular hurry to leave it again.

'I dashed off to what appeared a still higher prairie swell than the one I now stood upon—nothing could I see except a solitary wolf trotting stealthily along in the hollow below me: I even envied this most contemptible of the brute creation, for he knew where he was. I strained my eyes as though to penetrate beyond the limits of human vision, but all was a waste, a blank. I leaped from my horse, and sat upon the ground for a moment; it was only for a moment, for in my uneasiness I could not remain motionless. I tried to reflect, to reason; but so fast did thoughts of starvation and of Indian perils crowd on my mind, that I could come to no definite conclusion as to my present position with reference to that of my companions. In this dilemma fortune stepped in to my assistance. While upon one of the highest rolls of the prairie, I resolved to proceed in a certain direction, and, if possible, to keep it without variation. Whether I did so or not, I am unable to say; I only know, that after travelling at a rapid pace, it may be some five miles, I suddenly found myself upon a brow of a high and steep declivity, overlooking a narrow but beautiful valley, through which a small creek was winding. I had examined the prairies in every direction during my short ride, until my eyes ached from overstraining, yet had not for a moment allowed my horse to slacken his pace. I now paused to examine the valley before me. The reader may judge my feelings when, after a hasty glance, I discovered the white tops of the wagons far off in the distance to the right, slowly

wending their way down a gentle slope into the valley

Toiling onward through a wild region, with little fresh water, and exposed to the attacks of Indians, the expedition found it advisable to cross a ravine, a matter of great difficulty with the wagons. Having succeeded in getting over this difficult passage, while some of the party were digging in the sand for water, a loud report was heard. 'An Indian attack!' was the startling cry on all sides; but a calamity of a different kind awaited them. The long dry grass of the prairie had caught fire, and the explosion was that of the store of cartridges in a wagon. 'Before we could reach the base of the high and rugged bluff, the flames were dashing down its sides with frightful rapidity, leaping and flashing across the gullies and around the hideous cliffs, and roaring in the deep yawning chasms with the wild and appalling noise of a tornado. As the flames would strike the dry tops of the cedars, reports resembling those of the musket would be heard; and in such quick succession did these reports follow each other, that I can compare them to nothing save the irregular discharge of infantry—a strange accompaniment to the wild roar of the devouring element. The wind was blowing fresh from the west when the prairie was first ignited, carrying the flames, with a speed absolutely astounding, over the very ground on which we had travelled during the day. The wind lulled as the sun went down behind the mountains in the west, and now the fire began to spread slowly in that direction. The difficult passage by which we had descended was cut off by the fire, and night found our party still in the valley, unable to discover any other road to the table-land above. Our situation was a dangerous one too; for had the wind sprung up and veered into the east, we should have found much difficulty in escaping, with such velocity did the flames extend.

'If the scene had been grand previous to the going down of the sun, its magnificence was increased tenfold as night in vain attempted to throw its dark mantle over the earth. The light from acres and acres, I might say miles and miles, of inflammable and blazing cedars, illuminated earth and sky with a radiance even more lustrous and dazzling than that of the noonday sun. Ever and anon, as some one of our comrades would approach the brow of the high bluff above us, he appeared not like an inhabitant of this earth. A lurid and most unnatural glow, reflected upon his countenance from the valley of burning cedars, seemed to render still more haggard and toilsome his burned and blackened features.

'I was fortunate enough, about nine o'clock, to meet one of our men, who directed me to a passage up the steep ascent. He had just left the bluff above, and gave me a piteous recital of our situation. He was endeavouring to find water, after several hours of unceasing toil, and I left him with slight hopes that his search would be rewarded. By this time I was alone, not one of the companions who had started with me from the river being in sight or hearing. One by one they had dropped off, each searching for some path by which he might climb to the table-land above. The first person I met, after reaching the prairie, was Mr Falconer, standing with the blackened remnant of a blanket in his hand, and watching lest the fire should break out on the western side of the camp, for in that direction the exertions of the men, aided by a strong westerly wind, had prevented the devouring element from spreading. Mr Falconer directed me to the spot where our mess was quartered. I found them sitting upon such articles as had been saved from the wagon, their gloomy countenances rendered more desponding by the reflection from the now distant fire. I was too much worn down by fatigue and deep anxiety to make many inquiries as to the extent of our loss; but hungry, and almost choked with thirst, I threw myself upon the blackened ground, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. It was hours, however, before sleep visited my eyelids. From the spot on which I was lying a broad sheet of flame could still be seen, miles and miles in width—the heavens in that direction so brilliantly lit up, that they resembled a sea of molten gold. In the west, a wall of impenetrable blackness appeared to be thrown up as the spectator suddenly turned from viewing the conflagration in the opposite direction. The subdued yet deep roar of the element could still be plainly heard as it sped on, as with the wings of lightning, across the prairies, while in the valley far below, the flames were flashing and leaping among the dry cedars, and shooting and circling about in manner closely resembling a magnificent pyrotechnic display.

'Daylight the next morning disclosed a melancholy scene of desolation and destruction. North, south, and east, as far as the eye could reach, the rough and broken country was blackened by the fire, and the removal of the earth's shaggy covering of cedars and tall grass but laid bare, in painful distinctness, the awful chasms and rents in the steep hillside before us, as well as the valley spreading far and wide below. Afar off, in the distance, a dense black smoke was seen rising, denoting that the course of the devastating element was still onward.' Much damage was sustained from this fire by the baggage and stores of the expedition.

The consequence was, that they soon experienced a difficulty in obtaining food. For lack of higher game, the hunters were glad to fall upon the colonies of dogs which occasionally enliven the dull silence of the prairies. The prairie dog is a small animal with short legs, which burrows in the ground, and is fond of living in societies. 'They are a wild, frolicsome, madcap set of fellows when undisturbed, uneasy, and ever on the move, and appear to take especial delight in chattering away the time, and visiting from hole to hole to gossip and talk over each other's affairs—at least so their actions would indicate.' Advancing from the more level plains, the expedition was gradually attaining a greater height above the sea, the ground rising by successive elevations. 'As the traveller journeys westward, he meets, at long intervals, ridges of hills and mountains, running nearly north and south, presenting the most serious barriers to his further advance. As he ascends these, he anticipates a corresponding descent on the opposite side; but in a majority of instances, on reaching the summits, he finds nothing before him but a level and fertile prairie.'

In ascending these table-lands, the commander of the party became daily more assured of the fact, that he was on a wrong course. A consultation of officers was at length held, when it was determined to despatch a party of one hundred chosen men on the best horses in camp, with instructions not to return till the settlements of New Mexico were found. On reaching New Mexico, a party was immediately to be sent back with guides and provisions. Anxious for adventure, Mr Kendall volunteered to make one of the party, which set out as soon as provisions could be prepared for the undertaking. On the 31st of August this adventurous little band bade adieu to the main body of the expedition, and pushed forward on a selected route. They had advanced into the Rocky Mountains, and were descending towards the Mexican settlements, when an officer of that state, Dimasio Salezar, noted for his brutal and sanguinary character, entrapped them, and made them his prisoners. This wretch had condemned them all to be shot, and the ceremony was about to take place; but a man named Vigil interposed, and their fate was suspended. They were now marched to San Miguel, where they were speedily joined by their companions, reduced by this time to a similar situation. In short, the expedition had ended in defeat and ruin, and it seemed next to impossible that they should escape the vengeance of the Mexicans. At San Miguel they were treated with the greatest cruelty, plundered of everything they possessed, consigned to a wretched prison, and subjected to severe privations. Then a toilsome march commenced, in which they were driven along like cattle by Salezar

towards Santa Fé. One gleam of relief gilded their fate, and it came from woman's gentle bosom. The women, says our author, 'came running out of the mud-houses in every direction, bringing tortillas, baked pumpkins, and dry ears of corn, and fairly shedding tears at our forlorn and miserable appearance.' The route lay along the banks of the Rio Grande for several days, during which they suffered extremely by night from cold. At their own request they were one night put into a house; but it was too small for their number, and a scene like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the horrors of a slave ship, ensued. 'In the front room was a single open window, two feet in height, perhaps, by eighteen inches in width, and through this small aperture came all the fresh air that was to be inhaled by nearly two hundred persons! In this room, and within three yards of the window, I stood firmly wedged and jammed, unable to move either forward or backward, to the right or to the left; yet even at this short distance from the window I soon felt sensations of suffocation. What, then, must have been the feelings of those in the farther room? Soon outcries arose from those in the rear. Half stifled, they shouted aloud to those in front to break open or tear down the door, and madly pressed forward as if to assist in accomplishing the object of their wishes. In the meantime, those nearest the window, who could speak Spanish, begged the guard to open the door and allow at least a part to leave the house; but the latter either could not hear their intreaties above the din, or heeded them not. An attempt to open the door inwardly was now made, but so great was the press in that direction, that it was found impossible to effect this desirable object; a battering-ram of human flesh was next brought to bear upon it, and with all the energy which desperation lends, did our men endeavour to burst lock or hinges—but it gave not way. In the midst of cries, imprecations, and half-smothered anathemas, we now heard a key turning in the clumsy and ponderous lock—Salezar had consented to pass fifty of us out, but no more. Being near the door, as the guard without opened it, I was carried out in the current among the first. How grateful, how instantaneous was the relief! Cold as was the northern blast, it was pure—we could now breathe. The guard escorted us to a cow-yard, and there herded us for the night. I crawled under the lee of a low mud wall, still reeking with the perspiration which had issued from every pore while undergoing the tortures of heat and suffocation—the cold wind penetrated my blanket and chilled me through, yet I was content.'

Late on the evening of the 24th of October, and after a march of uncommon length, they reached the little town of Valencia, and here one of the Texans died of cold and hunger during the night. In the morning, another was unable from lameness to proceed, and he was shot in cold blood by Salezar. The power of fear was now curiously exemplified in the person of a man nicknamed Stump, who had previously declared himself utterly unfit to set a foot on ground, and really appeared what he described himself. No sooner did this man see his comrade fall, and feel the certainty that he, too, would meet with a similar fate unless he put himself immediately in motion, than he became perfectly straight, and started at a good pace, which he never abated until he was in the lead of the whole party of prisoners—a position he pertinaciously kept through the remainder of the day, and in fact during the march. In the morning he *could* not walk a mile; he afterward *did* walk something like eighteen hundred, and without flagging.

Travelling onward for days through a miserable country, the unhappy prisoners arrived at a bend in the Rio Grande, which encloses a tract of ground called Dead Man's Journey; and across this level and desolate plain they were compelled to travel, and bivouac at night while the snow fell thick around and upon them. The account given by our author of this terrible journey, reminds us forcibly of some of the thrilling scenes of Labaume in the Russian campaign. 'The sufferings, the horrors of that dreadful night upon the Dead Man's Journey, cannot soon be effaced from the memory of those who endured them. Although my sore and blistered feet, and still lame ankle, pained me excessively, it was nothing to the biting cold and the helpless drowsiness which cold begets. No halt was called. Had any of us fallen asleep by the roadside after midnight, it would have been the sleep of death. Towards daylight many of the prisoners were fairly walking in their sleep, and staggering about from one side of the road to the other, like so many drunken men. Completely chilled through, even their senses were benumbed, and they would sink by the roadside, and beg to be left behind, to sleep and to perish. A stupor, a perfect indifference for life, came over many of us, and the stronger found employment in rousing and assisting the weaker.' In the course of the next few days more than one of the remaining prisoners was shot by Salezar,* who at length delivered them at the town of El Paso into the hands of more humane persons, by whom they were conducted forward towards Mexico. At Queretaro, an amusing circumstance occurred while they were quartered in a convent. 'We had scarcely been ten minutes in this place,' says our author, 'when we were visited by the usual crowd of venders of oranges and other fruits, women with tortillas, frijoles, and guisado, all anxious to dispose of their little stock in trade. Mr Falconer picked out some half dozen oranges and sweet limes from the basket of a fruit-girl, and in payment handed her a dollar. There was not small coin enough among them all to change the dollar, and Falconer sent it out by a corporal, telling him to get it changed. The fellow shortly returned with *sixty-four cakes of soap* tied up in a handkerchief. Falconer told the corporal he wanted *change*, not *soap*. The corporal replied that it was the currency of the place—legal currency—and that there was no other. Such proved to be the case; and however singular it may appear, soap is really a lawful tender in the payment of all debts, and our companion was compelled to keep this singular substitute in the way of change for his dollar. He could not very well pocket it, as there was nearly a peck in bulk. The cakes are about the size of the common Windsor shaving-soap, and each is worth one cent and a half; in fact, a fraction more, as eight of them pass for twelve and a half cents, or sixteen for a quarter of a dollar. Each cake is stamped with the name of the town where it is issued, and also with the name of the person who is authorised by law to manufacture it as a circulating medium; yet Celaya soap—for it also circulates in that city—will not pass at Queretaro. The reason I cannot divine, as the size and intrinsic value appear to be the same. The municipal authorities of either town appear to have made no provision for equalising the exchanges between the two places, and there are no brokers' offices for the buying and selling of uncurrent soap in Mexico. Many of the cakes in circulation were partially worn, and showed evidence indisputable of an acquaintance with the wash-tub; but all were current so long as the stamp was visible. Frequently I remarked that our men would use one of these singular bits of currency in washing their hands and faces, and then pass it off for a plate of frijoles or an orange.'

Early in February the prisoners reached the city of Mexico, and here they were confined for some months, our author, from his lameness, being accommodated in an hospital for lepers, called San Lazaro, a place where many horrors were endured with indifferent patience. An attempt to make an escape being detected, our forlorn hero was summarily transferred to a prison, and put in irons. But all this barbarism was speedily to come to an end. The remonstrances of the United States ambassador and other influences were at length

* We learn from another source that the infamous Salezar has since been put to death under circumstances of the most vengeful cruelty.

efficacious in procuring an order for the release of three prisoners, including Mr Kendall, and their chains being knocked off, they left the lock-up with a parting cheer from their less fortunate companions.

BAIN'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

THIS extraordinary piece of mechanism is now in practical operation between the Nine Elms and Wimbledon stations, on the South-Western Railway. Its purpose is, says the *Atlas*, 'to instantaneously convey and *print* any message that is required to be transmitted from one place to another, no matter how remote the distance. By way of facilitating our readers' comprehension of this, beyond question one of the most beautiful existing specimens of inventive art, we shall consider it first and separately in its *mechanical* aspect. And this will be greatly assisted by comparison with a clock, to which, in many respects, it bears a close analogy. It has, then, in one frame, two distinct trains of wheel-work—to be likened to the going and striking parts of a clock—each set in motion by a weight and line of its own, and the second of which (again, as in the instance of the clock) is restrained or permitted to move by a detent under the control of the first. This first train is connected with a revolving pointer travelling over a dial, on which are marked the nine simple numerals, a cipher, and a space or full stop. Connected also with this train is a *type-wheel*, on the periphery of which are the same numerals, cipher, and space, that are engraved on the dial, and the rotation of which is synchronous with that of the pointer before mentioned; the starting points of each being so pitched, that whatever be the number indicated on the dial, that number will be presented by the type-wheel to the paper destined to receive the impression. To this we have only to add, that the speed of these parts is regulated by a fly made precisely similar to the "governor" of a steam-engine (but which also performs a most important duty, to be presently mentioned), and our description of the office of the first train is complete. The function of the second train of wheel-work is to *print* the result indicated by the first; and this is most beautifully contrived. The type-wheel before-mentioned is so centred as to allow of its being thrust bodily forward, independent of its rotatory motion. To a collar round its arbour are attached two steel rods extending across the machine, and abutting against a strong spring, the uncontrolled action of which would be to keep the type-wheel in contact with the paper to be printed. During the inactive state of the second train, however, the type-wheel is restrained, and the spring held in tension by a projecting piece on the connecting-rods, resting on the largest part of a *snail* on the main arbour of the train. This second train is only put in motion on the stoppage of the first; and its action is, first, by the rotation of the snail to the extent of the sixteenth of an inch, to suddenly release the spring, and allow the type-wheel to be forcibly pressed on the paper; and, secondly, by the completed revolution of the same part, gradually to draw back the type-wheel and re-compress its spring in readiness for another impression; whereupon further motion in this train ceases. It is by no means the least felicitous contrivance in the whole machine, that the "governor" which regulates the speed of the first train operates on the detent of the second. The usual collar on the governor-shaft descending with the balls on the cessation of motion, strikes on the tail of a lever which disengages the detent of the second train, and puts in motion the printing apparatus before-described. To complete this general view of the mechanism of Mr Bain's telegraph, it is only necessary to add, that the paper to be printed is wound round a cylinder rotating and traversing spirally upwards on a perpendicular screwed shaft; and that between the types and the paper is interposed one side of an endless blackened ribbon, to which progressive motion is given by the machinery, and which not only renders the type-impression visible on the paper, but, by its firm pressure on the cylinder, imparts to the latter the rotatory motion necessary for its reception of any continuous series of characters.

'Omitting all more complex details, it will be readily seen from the foregoing description that, one machine being placed at Nine Elms, and another similar one at Wimbledon, and a power provided whereby an operator at one station can put in motion and stop the *first train* during any part of the revolution of its pointer at the other station, any combination of figures, referring, of course, to determined sentences, can be interchanged and printed with the rapidity of thought. The power employed is galvanic electricity, and the method of its application is as simple as beautiful and efficient. In the machine before-described, a magnetic needle of peculiar form is suspended within the sphere of influence of two electro-condensing coils. Any change in the electric condition of these coils causes, in accordance with the discoveries of Oersted, a deflection of the magnetic needle, which motion, in turn, is made to disengage the fly of the first train of wheel-work. The motion of this, of course, continues until the former electric state of the coils is restored, when the needle again traverses and arrests the motion of the train, whereupon, by the contrivances already detailed, the second train is set at liberty to print that particular figure at which the pointer was brought to rest. Practically to effect these changes, both machines, with their coils and needles, are placed in a galvanic circuit, extending, of course, from Nine Elms to Wimbledon. No battery, in the ordinary sense of the term, is employed, Mr Bain having discovered that a plate of copper buried in the ground at one end of the circuit, and a plate of zinc similarly placed at the other, with a connecting wire between them, are sufficient to excite electrical action—the moisture of the earth between the two plates, though six miles asunder, being abundantly capable of completing the circuit. Of this circuit so established, the two machines are made portions by the usual modes of connexion. The method of making and breaking contact at pleasure is too familiar to need description; but it must be mentioned, as a peculiarity of this telegraph, that, the current of electricity being constant, the mechanism of the apparatus is so arranged as to be detained in a state of rest while the electric circuit is complete, and to be set at liberty by the breaking of contact.'

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

There are some men who appear born to good fortune, and others whose destiny appears to subject them to eternal failure and disaster. The ancients represented Fortune as a blind goddess, because she distributed her gifts without discrimination; and in more modern times, the belief has been prevalent that the fortunes of a man were ruled chiefly by the influences of the planet under which he was born. These superstitions, however ridiculous, show at least that the connexion between merit and success is not very conspicuous, yet it is not therefore the less perpetual. To succeed in the world, is of itself a proof of merit; of a vulgar kind indeed it may be, but a useful kind notwithstanding. We grant, indeed, that those qualities of mind which make a man succeed in life, are to a great extent subversive of genius. Nevertheless, numerous illustrious examples might be given of men of the highest genius being as worldly-wise as duller mortals. It is the pretenders to genius, rather than the possessors of it, who claim the large exemption from those rules of prudence which regulate the conduct of ordinary mortals, and array themselves in the deformities of genius, in the idea that they constitute its beauties. There are some indiscretions, we believe, to which men of a vigorous fancy and keen sensibility are naturally heir, and for which it would be as unjust to condemn them with rigour, as it would be to blame one of the cold-blooded sons of discretion for being destitute of poetic fire. Yet every deviation from prudence is a fault, and is not to be imitated, though it may sometimes be excused.

The most important element of success is economy; economy of money and economy of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time or money without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous, as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this: work much and spend little. If this advice be followed, success *must* come, unless, indeed, some unwise adventure, or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitation of Providence, should arrest the progress onwards; but in the ordinary course

of human affairs, success will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which prosperity must be earned. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence towards every animated being. 'Happiness,' it has been finely observed, 'is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.' To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's wo—who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, ay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none; his life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion, and he will descend to the grave 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' Such a fate is not to be envied, and let those who are intent upon success, remember that success is nothing without happiness.—*The Apprentice.*

PERSECUTION OF NEW IDEAS.

Harvey, who first discovered the circulation of the blood, was styled 'vagabond or quack,' and persecuted through life. Ambrose Paré, in the time of Francis I., introduced the *ligature* as a substitute for the painful mode of stanching the blood after the amputation of a limb—namely, by applying boiling pitch to the surface of the stump. He was, in consequence, persecuted with the most remorseless rancour by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of putting the life of man upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test for centuries! Paracelsus introduced antimony as a valuable medicine; he was persecuted for the innovation, and the French parliament passed an act, making it penal to prescribe it; whereas it is now one of the most important medicines in daily use. The Jesuits of Peru introduced to Protestant England the Peruvian bark (invaluable as a medicine), but, being a remedy used by the Jesuits, the Protestant English at once rejected the drug as the invention of the devil. In 1693 Dr Groenvelt discovered the curative power of cantharides in dropsy. As soon as his cures began to be noised abroad he was committed to Newgate by warrant of the President of the College of Physicians, for prescribing cantharides internally. Lady Mary Montague first introduced into England small-pox inoculation, having seen its success in Turkey in greatly mitigating that terrible disease. The faculty all rose in arms against its introduction, foretelling the most disastrous consequences; yet it was in a few years generally adopted by the most eminent members of the profession. Jenner, who introduced the still greater discovery of vaccination, was treated with ridicule and contempt, persecuted and oppressed by the Royal College of Physicians; yet he subsequently received large pecuniary grants from government for the benefit he had conferred on his country, by making known his valuable discovery; and at the present time its observance is very properly enjoined by the whole medical profession and the legislature.—*From a Private Pamphlet.*

FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF AUSTRALIA.

Many fruits grow and flourish in these colonies which can be reared in England only when they are housed, when means are taken to temper the keenness of the winter's blast, and when the temperature of the air is increased by artificial contrivances. It is a matter of doubt, however, whether anything is gained by the inhabitants of New Holland in this particular; for many fruits which are admirably adapted to the temperature and moist climate of Great Britain, either do not come to perfection, or will not grow at all, in the dry hot atmosphere of New Holland. A decision on the relative advantages and disadvantages will depend, in this instance, on the tastes of the individual; and, in arriving at a conclusion on this point, the native of Great Britain must not forget to bear in mind that every one is apt to attach somewhat more than its intrinsic value to that which is beyond his reach. For example, the Englishman will be in danger of forming a highly favourable opinion of the capabilities of that country for the growth of fruit, where the orange and the grape flourish and yield abundantly in the open air; but it will do him no harm to remember, that if the Australian colonist gain the orange and the grape, they lose the apple, the currant, the gooseberry, and that most delicious of all fruits, the strawberry. As it is with fruits, so is it with flowers. The native flowers are many of them exceedingly beautiful, and the geranium is almost a weed; but still very many of the sweetest and most beautiful English flowers will not grow in the climate of New Holland. The native flowers are, with very few exceptions, perfectly inodorous, and they gladden the eye with their grateful presence but for a short period. The dreary wastes of New Holland are relieved by the varied tints of the native flowers in the spring-time only. But few persons, I apprehend, would estimate the beautiful but scentless native flowers of New Holland, beyond the more quiet-tinted but sweet-smelling flowers of Great Britain. Even were they on a par in point of beauty and fragrance, the English flowers continue blooming a great part of the year, whilst the dull monotony of the arid shrubs of Australia is relieved only for a short time by beautifully-formed and exquisitely-tinted, but inodorous flowers. With all the charm of form, the Australian flowers must yield to the delicious fragrance and simple colouring of the flowers of the charming hedgerows of 'merry England.'—*Bartlett's New Holland.*

THE DYING SPANIEL.

OLD Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;
How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!
But thy heart is still living—thou hearest my voice—
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;
Ah! how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the bold!

At sunrise I wakened to hear thy proud bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air;
And the streamlet flowed down in its gold to the sea;
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleamed from the tree;
And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glowed,
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!

How then thou would'st gambol, and start from my feet,
To scare the wild birds from their sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig or the wild-flower I threw from the land:
On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,
Thou would'st crouch on the greensward, and gaze in my face,
Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy teeth,
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;
Now dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,
And I am a man, and of grief have my share!
Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of youth,
When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid of Truth;
When Earth looked an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and every path glowing with flowers.

Now Summer is waning: soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate Winter again,
And thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,
Shalt die, when the snow-mantle garments the land:
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Which in spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee:
And, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more!

Then all who caressed thee and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast:
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gard'ner, when delving, will marvel to see
White bones where once blossomed the old cherry-tree!

Frail things! could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our frailty, some warning to show
How shifting the sands are we build on below:
Our fathers have passed, and have mixed with the mould;
Year presses on year, till the young become old;
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none:
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one!

—*Domestic Verses, by Delta.* [A recently published and very interesting volume.]

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, June 1, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 23. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE BACK STREET.

The back street is necessarily a poor street, but it has a special character as a poor street. As one who forms part of a great society of uniformly poor people in a secluded rural district, is a different sort of person altogether from a member of a depressed class living in the immediate vicinity of rich people, so is a common poor street different from a poor street which is a back one. The latter is additionally poor by contrast, and by its containing things and persons which suggest affluence without partaking of it. The back street suffers by an unfortunate but unavoidable comparison. We turn the corner from a goodly well-to-do-street, and feel ourselves all at once plunged into one full of fifteenth-rate houses and shops. This is a trial which no mortal street can stand. We walk with an easy mind through a regular district of the humblest class; but we *pity* a back street. The worst peculiarity of back streets is their fallen-off broken-down appearance. Somehow they are always built at first on a supposition that they are to be nice genteel streets, fit for very tolerable sort of people; but they never keep up the character for more than three or four years, and regularly decline into something superlatively shabby. Not that back streets have not their struggles. They do their very best, I thoroughly believe, to resist the downward tendency of circumstances. Often we see a bit at the end, on one side, keeping up a neat appearance—painting the doors green once a-year with a desperate earnestness—and making great efforts to suppress a small broker who exhibits old candlesticks and stools out-of-doors at the corner; but it is sure to be in vain. One heroic Leonidas of a proprietor will linger with a powerful apparition of white gauze blinds after all his own sort of people have vanished; but even he has at length to go, for the sake of a better neighbourhood for his children; and then the case is settled. Our unfortunate back street never again holds up its head. It breaks all out in an inflammation of little shops, loses heart about its window-panes, and begins to have far too many children. The very scavenger disrespects it, and only gives it a cleaning when he likes. In short, it becomes an out-and-out back street.

It is wonderful, all things considered, how a back street lives. The inhabitants all appear extremely poor. Yet it generally contrives to have a small shop for the materials of jollity every alternate door, with rarely less than one good baker's and a tolerable butcher's shop, besides an infinity of places with three penny loaves, two cabbages, and a stick of pipeclay in the window. One wonders whence all the custom comes for these shops, for it is evident the fine streets do nothing for their poor neighbour, and there is no thoroughfare. There is even a grocer, who puts a sugar barrel out in front of his door every morning, as if he was always just done with disburdening it of its contents: the boys have of course discovered the trick ages ago, and know there is not a particle of the sweet merchandise to be had in the inside for love or money; but still it seems to betoken a rather lively business. There is a smaller grocery concern, with two placards in the window, expressing 'Agent for Grey's Polishing Fluid,' and 'Fresh butter from the country every Thursday.' How do they all get business? Has the back street a self-supporting mutually-devouring character, or how is it? There are also two mangles, one old and well-established, the other a bustling noisy rival, eager for a share of trade. You hear the rumble of the machinery, mingled with a conflict of women's tongues, as you pass along. A chimney-sweep, with strong pretensions as to the putting-up of cans, has been established for years in one of the murky entries. He is an old man as black as Erebus all the week, but washes out gray and respectable on the Sundays. One of the most original sort of people about the street is a man who deals in asses' milk—recommended by the Faculty. He has a den in a back court for himself and cattle, the braying of which has often attracted the hostile attention of the police; but he always battles them off. There is also a small millinery shop, with a female name over the door. and a modest insinuation of neatly-ribboned gauze caps in the window. Look in beyond the inner screen, and you catch a glimpse of two poor women, of the age of possible mother and daughter, sewing away as for dear life. The back street has a kind feeling towards these two poor women, for they are unusually industrious and inoffensive beings—tried, moreover, with a sore oppression besides poverty, in the form of an unhappy husband and father, who has been corrupted out of all good feeling, and torments them for the means of supplying his base indulgences. Yet they struggle on, and add to the wonder already excited by the back street in general, as to its powers of self-support. It would almost appear as if there were still some people fed by the ravens.

Amongst the denizens of the back street is a retailer of flour, bran, potatoes, and other articles of rural produce, of which samples are duly presented in the window. But it is a shop of evidently scanty business, and has got quite dusty for want of encouragement. Step in for a biscuit, and you are served by a blooming rustic-looking maiden, whose manner strongly betrays how little she is used to such a kind of life. An old enfeebled man sits sunning himself in a wooden arm-chair within the window, lulled by the hummy buzzy sound of the flies within the bespotted panes, and with an out-dated newspaper of mouldering appearance spread upon his knees. It is irresistible to make a remark about the fine weather to the venerable patriarch, and he heartily

assents, but intimates how much the crops need rain. There is a memory of the Lammermuirs or Teviotdale in his very voice and the fading red of his cheek. But never more will the lark bid him a blithe good-morrow, never more will he delight to view the sheep and kye thrive bonnie O, on Whitsled lees or the Fairy knowe. He is a broken farmer, obliged at the end of a long hard-working life to seek shelter for his gray hairs in a back street in the city with his wife and two daughters, one of whom was the dispenser of the biscuit. A wreck of household furniture was nearly all that was left to the old goodman when he forsook his farm; but some neighbours, pitying his state, gave him credit for a very small stock of articles wherewith to set up a shop; and behold him settled here, accordingly, to pine amidst the confinement and nastiness of a town over the recollection of better days. To turn such a man to the occupation of a shopkeeper, is like setting an honest shepherd's dog to play tricks. The concern does not, never can succeed. Meanwhile one of the daughters has gone to be a superior sort of servant. The other must remain to take charge of her infirm parents, and attend to business. What a cheerless life for beings lately so happily situated! At first the old man was able to walk almost every day to the outskirts of the town, there to catch a glimpse of the country; but now he hardly can move to the end of the street. He feels that he has had his last sight of the face of nature, that the green leaves and fresh blade must for the future be but ideas of the mind, till the eye that closes in death's sleep shall awake to see, and know all. One only joy ever visits the home of the poor victual-dealer. It is when an old country neighbour stumbles in upon them—no matter what sort of person he be, so he only comes from near Whitsled. The cold sorrow-subdued voice of the family then bursts up in a volcano of energy and gleesome excitement. Loud hearty salutations and inquiries break the forenoon stillness, and the visitor is almost dragged into the room behind the shop, and forced into a chair. There, with his delighted friends around him, he will discourse for a quarter of an hour about their old neighbours, and all the concerns of the country-side they once called theirs; while the best in the house is paraded, and everything but thrust down his throat. If anybody comes into the shop at that moment, Helen serves with a frightful impatience, and hurries back to devour up all that falls from the visitor's tongue, as if it were so precious, that to lose one word of it were a hardship. At length, at the top-flood of a conversation that might be heard as far as a hackney coach, the visitor rises to depart — to their infinite consternation, for they had reckoned him as their own for half a day at least —but country people always are in such a hurry when in town—and this consternation ascends in a perfect coronach or whoop of anguish, as if they felt themselves the worst-used people in the world, and never thought to have been treated in such a manner by an old friend. Amidst the clamour Rusticus breaks off, but not without the most solemn promise to come again and see them next time he visits the town. He goes, and down again sinks the voice of the family to the low tenor to which sorrow has tuned it.

The back street is remarkable for the perpetual mutations of its inhabitants. It has one or two families of four years' standing, who look upon themselves as quite an aristocracy among the rest, one being a pawnbroker, and the other the keeper of a thriving tavern which gives no credit. But the bulk of the people are of a year's continuance at most, or perhaps scarcely so much. The fact is, the back street is only a pis-aller, a harbour of refuge for persons quite at a loss where to go to. Men-servants discharged for marrying, go frantically and set up a shop in the back street. Youths interrupted by poverty in the midst of their studies for professions, plunge headlong into the back street, in the mad hope of living there by keeping a school—forgetting that wherever there are most children, there is always the less inclination for a paid education. Tradesmen who have failed in considerable streets, faintly think to get along under a jury mast in a small shop in the back street. Shops wake, therefore, into new life every few months, and almost immediately die again and make no sign, like babes which give up their breath before they have well drawn it. Presently come the bill-stickers, like so many Robin Redbreasts, and cover them all over with leaves. Long does the landlord wait for a new tenant; insanely but vainly does he denounce the bill-stickers; paste keeps the ascendant maugre all his efforts. At length the premises all at once some fine morning break out into a dashing eating-house, with a round of beef in the window, supported by a plate of sausages on the one side and a dish of mince collops on the other, looking all as if mankind could not fail to pour in as they went by to enjoy so many good things. Alas! 'I've paced much this weary mortal round,' and after a month, it is not half done. The shop for some time can't believe that it is not to be patronised, and goes on looking as bright and hopeful as ever; but it wont do. Mankind either have ceased to eat, or they know not where eating is best; and so, after a desperate struggle of a quarter, the shop resigns itself once more to the bill-stickers, who, like trusty undertakers, right soon come to swathe the corpse. One half of the shops thus fall asleep and wake again twice a-year at an average. In short, everything is in a state of tentation in the back street. It is a place of forlorn hopes and hopeless expedients. All that is unfortunate everywhere else, all that has been cast out everywhere else, takes refuge here—a step in the downward course to nothing. And all this is within a few yards of the back windows of elegant drawing-rooms, where prosperity indulges in its scarcely enjoyed revels. The aching head of the over-self-indulgent, and the dull bosom of those who, with world's wealth, pine from the very absence of all causes of worldly anxiety, throb within hearing of the curse of drunken despair as it staggers in from the tavern amongst anguished women and terror-stricken children, and the low moans which issue from the death-bed of those who, having only known life as a burden and a pain, are at last visited with one gleam of happiness in the prospect of soon leaving it. Huddled, indeed, is the geography of human bliss (or what is called so) and human wo!

Distinct as is the character of the back street, it is not always one thing; it has different aspects at different times of the day. Pass through it in the morning, and you see it at about its worst, headachey, stiff about the eyes, trying to look unconscious of anything wrong that may have happened over night. The kennels are in no good state, and the fragments of a broken lamp yet bestrew the pavement. Two shops are getting their shutters taken off, one by a girl with a gown not yet fully indued, the other by an old man wearing his nightcap. A cart with buttermilk is an object of general attraction. In the middle of the day things look a little neater. A medical man, who has left his carriage in the neighbouring street, is inquiring his way to a patient. The milk-cart is replaced by a wagon from which coal is sold in sackfuls, and an ass-cart dispenses shoals of haddocks and fresh herrings. Few of the ordinary inhabitants are seen in the street. In the evening, again, an entirely new scene is presented. The children, let loose from the schools, throng and fry about. Ten to one, as you go along undreaming of danger, you find yourself suddenly embraced by a skipping-rope, tripped up by a hoop, or hit in the cheek by a ball. The matrons stand in twos and threes at the doors, with dress put somewhat to rights, and knitting or other work in their hands, placidly surveying the sports of the youngsters. One or two of the younger women are seen tripping about with bright new-washed faces and hair excessively in curl, the admiration of journeymen carpenters returning from their work, and the young grocer standing in his door. Meanwhile the sun has edged himself so far round to the north, that

he is able, for once in the day, to send a few of his rays where in general all is dusky. Just at this time the place looks rather well. It is one little term of something like cheerfulness in the gloomy life of our street. But it soon passes away. Night comes, and on its wings brings things, as Thomas Hood says, which again alter the scene. The common sort of shops are now shut, but a chink in the doors of the taverns, and the swing of a bacchanalian chorus heard through the shuttered windows, tell that intemperance is in its full wakefulness. A few miserable women and children chant drearily along the brink of the kennel. One or two groups of drunken brawlers are seen on the point of quarrelling, and sometimes a window is heard suddenly thrust up, and the cry of 'Police!' issued from it in a tone of frantic alarm or indignant fury—too familiar a sound to be much regarded by any one. So concludes the day of a back street, to be followed next morning by the same headachey, eye-rubbing, unconscious look as before. And so will this truthful history ever go on; for, however the persons may be changed, the circumstances remain unaffected. And thus it may be that, if you are now revisiting the back street after an interval of a very few years, you see the very same sort of shops, the same sort of houses and people, the appearance of everything the same; yet, in the quick ordination of poverty, the population will have been so entirely changed, that hardly one person living here at the former time is now present. Where have all the hapless gone? Alas! where do they in general go? It might be troublesome to trace the fate of individuals; but of what has befallen them in the mass, it can puzzle no one to form a conjecture.

FACTS ABOUT THE CHINESE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

A few memoranda respecting the geography of China Proper are necessary, to render our facts concerning the Chinese themselves the more intelligible.

China Proper is situated at the south-eastern extremity of the great Asiatic continent, and consists, for the most part, of a series of steppes or table-lands, gradually rising from the shores of the Chinese and Yellow Seas to the western boundary. The coast line extends for 2500 miles, and consists of flats, and of the low hills upon which are grown the finest teas. The further we go inland to the north-west the higher the lands become, till we arrive at the snow-clad summits of the Yun-ling chain—a vast branch of the Himalaya ranges—which marks the western boundary of the country. Tracing the level from the sea in a northerly direction, however, the gradual ascent is interrupted by the great plain of China, which, being 700 miles long, and varying from 150 to 500 broad, is seven times larger than the great plain of Lombardy. The northern limit of China Proper is definitely marked by an artificial barrier 1250 miles long—the well-known great wall of China. What materially contributes to give the country its gradual elevation, is two parallel ranges of hills which intersect it from the north and west—where their height is great—to the east, where it is gradually depressed near the sea. The great extent of mountainous territory supplies China with springs which interlace it with water-courses in every direction. Next to the Amazon and Oroonoco, two of its rivers are the largest in the world—the Hoang-ho, or 'Yellow River,' and the Yang-tse-kiang, or 'Son of the Ocean.' Besides natural water-courses, the indefatigable industry of the people has covered the country with canals, which are so numerous, that, when viewed from the heights of some districts, they appear like a network covering the land. The climate of China, though of course different in various districts, has been pronounced to be one of extremes, it being in the same localities very hot in summer and very cold in winter. On the whole, however, it appears to be generally favourable to health, and uncommonly so to vegetation. In extent, China Proper occupies an area of 1,348,870 square miles; thus it is eight times greater than France, and eleven times larger than Great Britain.

Of their country, so well-watered, fertile, and productive, the natives are quite as proud as of their constitution, and consider it *perfect*.

Excessive egotism, joined to their intense adoration of antiquity, furnishes the key to those anomalies in the character of the people which have caused so many false notions concerning them to become current in Europe. In the first place, it fully accounts for their contempt for foreigners. Their own territory being capable of furnishing every necessary and luxury of life, they hold themselves quite independent of imports, or any assistance from other nations. As, then, the ancient legislators saw no necessity for intercourse with the rest of the world, they expressly forbade it; and according to the strict letter of Chinese law, a native who leaves his country is punishable with death, should he unwisely return. A stranger, again, who enters China, except with the express sanction of the emperor, and as a 'tribute-bearer' from some submissive nation, is ordained to meet with the same fate. It is treason to hold any intercourse—even to speak to—a foreigner without special license; and six Hong ('trade') merchants are appointed at Canton to transact business with the 'outside people,' or foreigners.

In this exclusiveness we discover a main cause of the vast population of China. Emigration—a great outlet for, and check to, a prolific populace—is tho roughly opposed not only to the law, but to the prejudices of the people; large families and crowded communities being deemed by them amongst Heaven's choicest blessings.

Although the numerical amount of the Chinese population has never been correctly ascertained, yet its unequalled density is undoubted. The few travellers who have been indulged with a sight of the interior of the 'celestial' kingdom, speak with astonishment of the multitudes they saw in the towns and villages, and of the concourse of passengers to be met even on the country roads. Every habitable spot throughout China is built upon, and every rood of ground capable of bearing produce is incessantly cultivated. As if to show that there is not room enough on land for the overgrown populace, the waters are inhabited: houses built in boats, and ranged in long rows or streets, float upon every river and canal, forming aquatic suburbs to the cities, towns, and villages. According to an official census taken by the native government in 1813, China Proper contained 361,693,879 'mouths.' Great doubts, however, have been thrown upon the accuracy of this official census, which is conjectured to be in excess, from the Chinese prejudice in favour of vast numbers. The mode of collecting it is, like everything else in this country, systematic, to a degree, in *theory*, but loose in practice. The whole nation is subdivided into ten Keă, or families; over them is a kind of constable, who must become acquainted with the number of individuals in each family, from a tablet kept by every householder, in which he inscribes the number of inmates. A hundred families constitute a Paou; a similar officer is placed over them. These report the census to the chief officer in the Heën, who again makes his returns to the Foo; thence the document is transmitted to the provincial treasurer, who sends in his statement annually

to the board of revenue at Pekin; and from these various documents the census is published in the imperial statistics. If the numbers thus collected and stated above be correct, and due deduction be made from the gross area of the kingdom for mountainous and inaccessible tracts, every square mile would be required to sustain 280 individuals.*

This overcrowded community, drawing the means of life entirely from the land they exist upon, and scorning foreign supplies (the Russian trade by way of Kiatka and the Canton trade being but small exceptions to their grand rule), naturally is anxious to make the most of their country, and the Chinese have always, therefore, been regarded as the most assiduous cultivators. Their industry is unequalled.

Every expedient that ingenuity could at an early period invent, or energy accomplish, has been put in force to make the soil productive; every acre of ground able to bear produce is tilled; fallow and pasture are almost unknown. Water is led, by means of canals, into every district, for the double purpose of transit and irrigation. Roads occasion little loss of room, for these are very narrow, usually consisting of a mere bank raised above the rice-fields, which require at certain seasons to be nearly submerged. But, such as they are, the Chinese roads sufficiently exhibit the patient industry of their makers; for, besides consisting of carefully-constructed embankments, they are mostly paved with flag-stones. As agriculturists, the merits of the Chinese are confined to their industrious personal exertions in the tilling of the soil. With arrangements for increasing production, whether by amassing farms, or by taking advantage of scientific processes, they are entirely unacquainted. Yet such is the effect of their patient and assiduous labours, that the whole territory looks like a collection of gardens.

So great is the struggle for existence in China, that every sort of organic matter is converted into food. To eat everything which can possibly afford nourishment, is the comprehensive principle upon which Chinese diet is regulated. Asses, rats, and mice, invariably form part of a butcher's stock; puppies are regularly fed for the shambles; and cats have been seen ticketed up in the Canton market at a higher price than pheasants. Pork is the favourite dish; but the head of an ass is esteemed the greatest delicacy. No aquatic creature escapes the vigilance of a Chinese fisherman; seas, lakes, canals, rivers, pools, and even the furrows of paddy fields, are searched for fish. Less animal food of any kind is, however, eaten in China than elsewhere; and their chief vegetable diet is rice. Large eating is a vice of the upper ranks in China, in consequence, not so much of gourmanderie as a vanity attached to the supposition that one is rich enough to command an unusual quantity of victuals. To be fat is held as one of the symptoms of wealth and consequence; and, for the sake of this appearance, respectable men will eat to a degree of excess which to us might appear incredible. Several mandarins who visited the English admiral off Tangchoo, during the late expedition, made a breakfast which astounded the English beholders. One of the visitors, of immense size, 'weighing upwards of thirty stone, upon being questioned as to his powers of consumption, acknowledged with complacency that a sheep was his ordinary allowance for three days.'† The disgusting nature of this vice is made the more glaring, when we reflect that the greater portion of the Chinese public are unable to procure a sufficiency of food; and it is said that thousands of the poorer orders annually die of starvation.

In domestic economy they are unsurpassed: there is no waste, no profusion in any branch, and the most trifling things are turned to advantage—even offals being relished. The plan of *clubbing*, which we recommended in a recent number* to our own operatives, has been in full operation in China for centuries. The Chinese are unrivalled for their 'clannishness,' and poor families of the same name, be they ever so numerous, join their resources, and often live in the same house. In the sacred instructions of one of their emperors, it is related that 'in the family of Chang-se, of Keang-choo, seven hundred persons partook of the same daily repast.'† Contentment reigns even amongst the most wretched, and they sit down to a meal, consisting of a little boiled grass and potatoes, with cheerfulness, because they know no better.

The habitations of the Chinese prove they deserve the name Mr Davis has given them, of 'incurable conservatives.' They have not altered the shape or plan of their buildings from the earliest time. Those writers who contend that the present race of Chinese are of Tartar origin, point to their houses as one of the proofs of the conjecture; for in shape, however much they may be ornamented, they are precisely similar to a Tartar tent. 'A Chinese city,' says a learned writer, 'is nothing more than a Tartar camp, surrounded by mounds of earth to preserve themselves and cattle from the depredations of neighbouring tribes; and a Chinese habitation is the Tartar tent, with its sweeping roof supported by poles, excepting that the Chinese have cased their walls with brick, and tiled the roofs of their houses.'‡ Everything in the country being regulated by law, the building of houses forms no exception to the rule. The habitations of the poor depend chiefly upon the nature of the materials to be procured nearest at hand. Millions of people live in mud hovels, but of these a great number are faced with brick; while in places where granite abounds, the cabins are composed of solid rock, which they possess great skill in cutting and joining, so that a seam is hardly visible. In woody districts, huts are built of planks. But there is no material so much in use as bamboo, not only for building purposes, but for every other: the tender shoots of the plant, when boiled, form a favourite article of food; furniture is made of it; and, in short, a long and not uninteresting article might be written on the uses to which the bamboo is put by the Chinese. They perform a series of superstitious ceremonies on beginning to build, and always commence with the hearth, though, with all their ancestors' wisdom, they overlooked chimneys; and for modern architects to add such conveniences now, would be flat impiety. Fires, however, are seldom used except for cooking, the requisite warmth in winter being supplied by fur clothing. The interior of a Chinese pauper's house consists of one room, to serve every purpose both for his family and domestic animals, amongst which a pig is always to be seen. The interior of a Chinese and an Irish cabin resemble each other in many respects.

The houses of the rich are surrounded with, and concealed by, high stone walls, and never exceed two storeys in height; so that nothing surprises a Chinese more than pictures or descriptions of the five and six-storeyed houses of European cities. Mr Davis reports that the present emperor inquired whether it was the smallness of our territories which compelled us to build so near the clouds? The magnificence of Chinese mansions is estimated in some measure by the ground which they cover; but much of this is often occupied by complicated passages. At the entrance within the stone wall is a space occupied by flower-pots, and often a small garden laid out with artificial rocks and mountains. The principal hall generally faces the south; and its walls are adorned with inscriptions, either drawn upon a lacquered plank with gilt letters, or written upon paper. This is the place of devotion, or hall of ancestors; for the religion of the Chinese seems chiefly to consist of a worship of their forefathers. An

* According to the imperial statistics, the cultivated land of China Proper extends over 1,297,999 square miles.

† Lord Jocelyn's Six Months in China.

* A Hint to the Working Classes, No. 19, new series.

† Quoted by Mr Davis in his 'Chinese,' vol. ii. p. 406.

‡ Encyclopædia Britannica, article 'China.'

idol and incense-stand is nearly always found in the principal room of a respectable Chinese. The temporary residence of the governor of Chusan, during the short time we held that island, was at the chief city, Tinghai, and is thus described by Lord Jocelyn:—'It was believed to have been the property of a literary character, and was, when first opened, the wonder and admiration of all. The different apartments open round the centre court, which is neatly tiled; the doors, window-frames, and pillars that support the pent-roof are carved in the most chaste and delicate style; and the interior of the ceiling and wainscot are lined with a fret-work, which it must have required the greatest nicety and care to have executed.' In a house near Nankin, another traveller was struck with the beauty of the partitions, which consisted of trellis-work, covered with a delicate gauze. 'The passage between two of the "fragrant" (or women's) apartments consisted of imitations in a rich dark-coloured wood of an avenue of young bamboos, their graceful branches entwining overhead to form the arch, and their taper stems encircled by creepers, which cling to them in the most tasteful and picturesque manner conceivable.'* Most of the bed-places in the sleeping apartments for ladies, which were observed by the invaders, were less beds than large dormitories. A portion of the apartment, about eight feet square, is partitioned off, having a circular sliding panel by which to enter. The exterior of these partitions is often sumptuously carved, gilt, and ornamented. In the inside is a large couch, covered with a soft mat, hung with rich draperies and bullion silk tassels; this, with a little chair and table, makes up all the furniture of these elegant but ill-ventilated dormitories. The beds of people of middle rank are formed of hard planks covered with a mat, the pillow generally an oblong leathern box in which they preserve their valuables. In winter a great many blankets are used, but no sheets; for it is remarkable that, unlike other orientals, the Chinese use scarcely any bed, table, or even body linen. When a house is of two storeys, it is the upper one which contains the 'fragrant' apartments, otherwise they are situated close to the great hall. The windows consist almost always of oiled paper; very little glass being used in China; though shutters are sometimes made of pearl-oyster shells sufficiently clear to admit light. To country houses, gardens and artificial landscapes are indispensable; and few are without tanks or ponds, filled with quantities of the golden and silver carp, and overspread with the broad leaves of the nelumbium, or sacred lotus.

In towns, the narrow streets are chiefly occupied by tradesmen's shops, some of which are loaded with ornament. The sign-boards hang out at right angles to the house, as they formerly did amongst ourselves, and are of the most gaudy and alluring description; for the puffing system in retail trading appears to have been extensively practised in China, when it was quite unknown in the western world. The vista these splendid advertisements form on looking down a street, present a most singular and lively appearance. In some of the shops the public are warned, by sentences conspicuously pasted up, not to gossip, and assured by others that 'they don't cheat here.'

To dress, the Chinese attach great importance, and the costume of every grade is strictly superintended by the board of rites and ceremonies. The lower orders generally wear an untanned sheep-skin jerkin and cloth nether garments. But as the grade of life gets higher, the dress increases in splendour. The summer clothing of the upper ranks is a long loose gown, or gaberdine, of thin silk or gauze, sometimes confined to the waist by a girdle, the sleeves loose, and the neck bare. The breeches are of the Dutch kind, being of most ample dimensions. Woven stockings of cotton or silk cover the legs; and cloth, satin, or velvet boots protect the feet. The soles are very thick, on account of the leather not being sufficiently well tanned to exclude wet, without a great many layers; and the broad edges are kept clean with whiting, instead of blacking. In winter, fur jackets and leggings are added to the summer clothing. When the change of costume shall take place, is not dependent upon individual convenience, but on legal custom, and it is indicated by the cap, of which there is one for each season. On the commencement of the cold or hot weather, the viceroy of each province puts on his winter or summer cap. This important circumstance is noticed in the official gazette, and is the signal for every man under his government to make the same change.* The summer cap is a cone of bamboo or chip, covered with a large quantity of red horse-hair, or with silken threads; at the apex is the button, which denotes the rank of the wearer. The winter head-gear is a dome of velvet or fur, with a broad brim sharply turned up—like the loose cuff of a coat—all round. Some of the ceremonial dresses are very splendid and costly, being of expensive silk elaborately embroidered with gold. Fur dresses are many of them of such value and strength, that they descend from father to son; hence some Chinese possess a large quantity of them, their stock being added to from that of deceased relatives. Mr Davis relates, that at an entertainment at Canton, where the party, according to the custom of the country, were seated in a room without fires, the European guests began to complain of cold, upon which the host immediately accommodated the whole number, ten or twelve, with handsome wide-sleeved spensers, all of the most costly furs, saying that he had plenty more in reserve. As the Chinese seldom change their under-clothing, they are personally uncleanly, and subject to cutaneous diseases.

The respectable Chinese wear many articles of conveniency appended at the girdle, as swords, daggers, and pistols are, or have been worn, in Europe. Not the least conspicuous of these is a fan enclosed in a silk sheath, an article required both for coolness and as a direct protection in summer from the rays of the sun. One of the most ludicrous sights which our countrymen encountered in China, was presented by a visitor to one of our ships—a Chinese cavalry officer, who kept *fanning* himself from the moment he got on deck. A purse, often elegantly embroidered, a case holding a flint, steel, and tobacco for lighting a pipe, a variety of tooth and ear-picks, and a watch-pocket, are other articles usually carried in this manner by a Chinese of rank.

The following summary of the general appearance of the houses and costumes of the Chinese when collected in a town, was drawn up by an eye-witness:—The general appearance of every large Chinese town fully bears out its Tartar origin; for a stranger admitted into Pekin, Nankin, or Canton, may fancy himself—from the low houses with curved overhanging roofs, uninterrupted by a single chimney—from the numerous pillars, and from the flags and streamers placed before the door of every official—in a Tartar encampment. The scene is full of animation:—the glitter of the painting, gilding, and varnishing which everywhere meets his eye, together with the gaily-ornamented lanterns of horn, muslin, silk, and paper, that hang over the doors—the confused noises of perambulating tinkers and blacksmiths in their little portable workshops—the buying, selling, and bartering—the bursts of laughter occasioned by jugglers, conjurors, quack-doctors, and comedians—the mirth produced by men carrying home their newly-married wives, accompanied by bands of music—the howlings of mourners burying the dead—the magistrates, attended by their lictors and officers, parading the town—with now and then the procession of some man high in office, who is escorted by persons bearing flags, umbrellas, painted lanterns, and other strange insignia of office—this combination of sights

* The Chinese War. By Lieutenant Ouchterlouny.

* The Chinese. By J. F. Davis, F.R.S. &c.

and sounds presents a spectacle which can be beheld nowhere but in China.

Having cleared the way by stating these general particulars of the Chinese and their country, we shall, in a succeeding article, take a nearer view of their social condition, ceremonies, and national customs.

EBEN ELSHENDER, THE MOOR-FARMER.

Ebenezer Alexander, or, as he was usually called, Eben Elshender, a native of the north of Scotland, was originally a manufacturer, but not being successful in this line, and falling into low spirits, he went to spend some time at a village where an elder and more prosperous brother had a bleaching establishment, in the hope of recovering the tone of his mind by means of country air and exercise. The place seemed at first sight unlikely to cheer up an invalid of the mind, being situated in a high and sterile district, with a north-east exposure, and far from all other human haunts; but things turned out much better than might have been expected, and we shall tell how this came about.

Eben, in his wanderings in the neighbourhood, was speedily attracted to a hollow in the neighbouring moorlands, which might be considered as the only place within several miles presenting the least charm for the eye; a brook, fringed by a line of willows and a strip of green, formed the simple elements of the scene, and from its situation it had a look of seclusion and warmth. He was led, by what he saw here, to surmise that elevation is not an insuperable difficulty in cultivation, provided there be shelter; and soon becoming convinced of the fact, his active mind in no long time conceived that he might employ himself worse than in endeavouring to clear a little possession for himself, at a nominal rent, out of the neighbouring lands. He looked around, but, excepting the few patches in the neighbourhood of the village, the region was one either of unbroken heath or of moss of great depth, broken into pits, and filled with water even at midsummer. Nothing, therefore, could seem more hopeless. On the left only, as he looked northward, a large flat, lying far beneath him, and black and barren, or covered with brown heath, but looking to the sun, seemed to offer the semblance of a cultivated field, and he determined to visit it. He did so, but found it very unpromising. The surface, though apparently smooth at a distance, was rough and uneven; the soil was either stony and shallow, or a deep quick moss, wet everywhere even in summer, and with no fall by which it might be drained. A rivulet skirted it on the east, and was the natural boundary in that direction; but a swell many feet in height rose on the bank, and closed in the surface of the proposed farm from almost the possibility of being drained; and there were similar embankments on the north and west. Still it was a large surface, not materially uneven; it lay beautifully to the sun, and he could not but think that, if drained, and sheltered, and cultivated, here might be an extensive, perhaps a valuable farm. It would not require deep cuttings, as in moss-flows, nor extensive levellings, as in very unequal surfaces. He determined to think farther.

He spoke of his purpose to no one, but he brooded over it for days, again and again visiting the ground, and at last he waited on the agent of the proprietor. Even from him he exacted a promise of secrecy, if nothing should follow upon his offer; and then, for a lease of thirty years, offered a shilling an acre for four hundred acres of that unbroken waste, with power to renew his lease for thirty years more, if he should so incline, at five shillings per acre; but with liberty, also, to quit at the end of five years, without being liable in damages from any cause.

Many landlords seem to fancy that though land is of no value in their hands, they have yet a right to be sharers in the profits produced by the intelligence, labour, and capital of others; and that they are extremely liberal in forbearing to share for a few years in what had never existed for them, and yet will, at the end of those few years, be a valuable inheritance to them and their heirs for ever. The landlord in the present case was wiser. He saw that he was about to receive immediately, for a small portion of this moor in cultivation, almost as much as the entire moor brought as an inferior sheep-walk, and that at the end of thirty years it would exceed the original income of the entire possession; while this attempt at cultivation, if successful, would be an example of the utmost value, and might give his village that neighbourhood which it so much required. Not only, therefore, was the offer of our friend accepted, but wood for buildings was voluntarily offered, and a proper allowance for useful and well-constructed drains.

The villagers were astounded to hear that they were to obtain such a neighbour, but happy even in the hope of it. Enclosed as the place was by banks, which, instead of admitting it to be drained, would, if broken down, inundate it with water, it looked to them like a huge frying-pan, and of course there was no abstaining from some little quiet jokes. This last was indeed the worst aspect of the affair. There was a fall for draining within the farm, but not without it; there was no final outlet. Still, our friend determined on pursuing his experiment; and, as a first measure, determined to give his possession a good name: he called it *Glen-Eden!*

He next marked off the site for his steading on a very slight but bare and valueless knoll, being desirous at once to sit dry and to spare his good land if there were any. As he felt that nothing would be more apt to encourage him than the comfort of his home, as soon as his turf-cottage was roofed in, he had a floor laid down in one end of it, and raising up slight ribs of wood by the walls, and continuing them overhead, had the whole neatly covered by a thin boarding, which, with the addition of a little carpet and a slight curtain festooned over his couch—

> A couch ordained a double debt to pay;
> A couch by night, a sofa all the day—

made his end of the tenement seem a palace, and enabled him to look on the storm or the sunshine with equal consciousness of snugness and security to health. Good fires soon made the other end very tolerable to his servants; and being washed with lime, though not plastered, it formed a very cheerful temporary residence. He had the rankest of the heath pulled and secured for thatch or fuel, intending to burn the rest on the ground as soon as the ground should be dry. He next laid out the fields, and ordered them to be cleared of stones—an operation that covered them in some places to the depth of several feet; and finally, he set himself to endeavour to lay the land dry.

For this last purpose, at the lowest part of the farm, but where the surrounding wall, as it may be termed, was highest (and this was on the east), he ordered a bank of moss to be dug out, and placed in a situation convenient for being dried and burned. In the course of this digging he came upon both stones and clay, treasures of great value in his circumstances; and lest the winter, by filling the pond with water, should render farther digging impossible, he pursued his labours with great assiduity. His determination was, that this reservoir should afford him an opportunity of draining the land; and should it prove unequal to this, that a pump or pumps, to be worked by a small windmill, should raise the water to a height enabling him to send it off his territories. In the meantime he knew what ridicule the suspicion even of such a project would draw upon him, and therefore he gratified inquirers by informing them that he was forming a fish-pond for the residence, and even expected to draw profit from the ice in winter, by letting it out for curling, though the game was not then known in that part of Scotland; and the parties, breathing softly, turned from him, and gently lifting up their hands and eyes, departed. Meantime he was intersecting his fields in numerous directions by drains, leading them into one another, diverging, branch-

ing, and every way varying them according to the inequalities of the ground; and after proving their running, carefully filling them with the stones taken from the surface, and all tending at last to the general reservoir. Even in winter, therefore, the land became drier and drier, and people now began to see the use of the pond. By the return of spring he had effectually drained a large space in front of his residence, and generally prepared it for the operation of the plough. And even in this, by a sort of natural instinct, he differed from the accustomed mode. Aware that oxen draw most gently and steadily, he had secured the temporary use of a strong yoke of these, to be tried in all such portions of the soil as seemed likely to be capable of being opened up by the plough. People from the village had been engaged to attend at the same time to complete, with the spade and other implements, what the plough might leave imperfectly done, and give him, if possible, a field; and they had by this time so entered into the spirit of the thing, that the attendance was large, and in many cases gratuitous. He had no lime for the present; but he had been scavenger to the village during winter, and he had secured all the runnings from his own cattle in a great tank. He now set to burning, in close kilns, all the turf he had been able to accumulate during the summer; and between these and the refuse of the few cattle for which he had been able to find food, he was enabled to plough and manure some twenty acres of land, which he sowed and planted with the usual crops, accompanying all the white crops with sown grass. To complete his experiment, he had procured a cask to carry out the runnings of his stables, &c.; and having placed it on a cart, and fitted it with a tail-box pierced with holes, such as is used for watering streets and roads, he, as a last operation, sprinkled this liquor, so far as it would go, over the ground that had been dressed with ashes, at night, that no portion of it might be wasted by the sun; and so closed the labours of his first spring.

Science had not then disclosed to us, what is now known to be true, that the terms good and bad land, as generally understood, are expressions without meaning, as almost every species of land requires some culture to make it productive; and by suitable means much may be made of almost any kind of land. Neither was it then known, as it now is, what are the precise ingredients necessary to the production of the various crops, and to which the soil is a mere matrix or receiver; and that burned earth or lime, and ammonia or the runnings of stables, and other usual manures, contain many of those necessary ingredients. But by instinct or accident, by reasoning from what he had noticed, or heard, or read, and perhaps so far experimenting without much knowledge or expectation, our friend had hit upon many things now known to be useful, and the result surprised many. Not only was there no failure in the crops of Glen-Eden (as they now began seriously to call it), but they were rich and beautiful. The oats, standing upon moss of great depth but drained —and that but for the draining and manure would not have borne a green leaf—were as luxuriant as if the depth of the moss had been the cause of their excellence. The other soils, lately so thin and dead, were now deep and dry, and bearing excellent barley, with a flush of clover about its roots. Potatoes, the gift of a warm and distant region, were flourishing in their little beds on this lately cold and barren moor, as if it had been their native and appropriate soil; and, in short, industry and intelligence had in a few months triumphed over the ignorance and neglect of centuries.

Till these things became apparent, however, our experimenter kept in the shade. He had dismissed all his workers, except his hind, whom he termed his 'resident manager,' and his wife, who was his sole servant, and a Gibeonite of a boy for looking after his sheep. As the crops began to show themselves, his hind urged upon him the beauty of their appearance, and the almost certain success of his experiment, and consequently the duty of resuming operations. According to all appearances, his first crop would more than pay the expense that would give him a permanent and valuable possession; and as Eben inclined to this opinion, he determined to resume. As a proper preparative to this, he allowed his mother and sisters to visit him; and though they were shocked with the outward aspect of his residence, a black and cheerless-looking turf-hut, in the midst of a comparative wild, and guarded by a pet sheep and her lambs, that, as they approached, patted the ground in a very menacing manner, yet when they entered it, and found the servant cheerfully preparing for them a meal in the one end, while in the other was a little parlour such as a gentleman might inhabit with rest and enjoyment, they were not only surprised and pleased, but would gladly have protracted their visit, and were delighted to understand that they were speedily to join him.

Of course, from greater experience he rose to greater success. Even his labourers worked more cheerfully from seeing the success of what had been done. Moss that had hitherto seemed a nuisance was to him a treasure, and husbanded accordingly; and stones that, above ground, were such an encumbrance, were, when placed in drains beneath it, of the utmost value. He became perfectly happy in his labour of improving, and almost regretted to think that one day it must have an end. Thirty years have passed since these operations were begun; the barren moor has been reclaimed into a valuable and productive farm: the once bare and rugged banks that impeded its draining have long been turned into boundaries covered with herbage of the softest texture, and crowned with woods at once an ornament and a shelter, and that being to be paid for, will render their owner rich. Even the deep and unsightly pool, that first assisted in laying the land dry, has been surrounded and screened by willows and alders, both useful in their way; and from the numbers of ducks and geese constantly breeding on its borders and floating on its bosom, must add no inconsiderable item to the profits of the farm. Where the first damp and disheartening turf-shed was erected, there are now warm and substantial offices; and fronting all, and flanked by garden walls, and behind them trees, stands a farmhouse, in its first days a cottage, but always the seat of plain abundance, and now of every comfort and a generous hospitality. Though in a climate not very genial, *it* is always warm; and from various flowering shrubs spread over it, seldom without flowers. It is the cherished residence of an industrious, ingenious, and very worthy man.

Many, stimulated by his success, soon followed his example, though on a less extensive scale; but the unpromising wild of thirty years ago is now a sheltered, cultivated, and comparatively fertile spot, and the abode of many industrious and contented families.

HELP YOURSELF.

A TALE.

On the banks of the Severn, about half a mile from Worcester, there stands in the midst of a green, sloping towards the river, a small but neat-looking cottage. At the time to which the commencement of this little history refers, the spot was scarcely in a state of cultivation. No fences guarded the immediate approaches to the dwelling, and the grass grew wild and unweeded. Still, the profusion of creepers which clung around the porch, and two circular patches of earth that had been dug up before it, showed that some little pains had been bestowed to give the neglected plot a civilised appearance.

One sunny morning during a recent autumn, an angler in a small boat stationed himself immediately opposite to the cottage, under pretence of fishing; but his eyes were more frequently fixed on the door of the humble dwelling than on his float. After some hours of anxious watching, he was rewarded with a sight of the object he had shown so much patience in endeavouring

to see—a young and handsome girl came forth, and began collecting a number of flowers, and arranging them carefully in small bouquets. At the same moment, however, a good-sized salmon was nearly running away with the angler's tackle; and it was not till he felt the rod nearly tugged from his grasp, that he was conscious of his good fortune. His attention being thus divided between the fish and the lady, he lost both; for the salmon got clear off, and the girl retired into the cottage without the word of greeting he had intended to address to her.

'What a fool I am!' exclaimed the angler, 'to be wasting my time here, lying in wait for opportunities of seeing her, when there is nothing whatever to prevent my going boldly up to her door, and paying a regular visit.' He then paused a while to supply a length of gut to his line. 'Why, the fact is, I have not the courage, and that is the truth of it. Besides, she is always so busy with her painting, and it is a sin to disturb her. Then, again, she is alone very likely; and I know she never asks one in when that is the case. However, if she does not come out again soon, I certainly *will* make bold to call at the cottage.'

While the angler was muttering these words to himself, a dialogue, of which he was the subject, was going on in the cottage-parlour. There were two girls seated at a small table, busily employed in copying on China the bouquets just gathered from the miniature garden; for Jane Lambton, who was the hostess, gained her livelihood by her skill in that humble department of art. Her companion was a neighbouring clergyman's daughter, who occasionally visited her, and lent her a helping hand for amusement.

'Surely,' said Emilia Mason, 'that man in the boat must be young Thomas Polter, the attorney's son. I wonder what makes him choose this spot so often to fish in.'

'Perhaps, replied Jane archly, 'you would rather he took his station now and then a little higher up the river, and a little nearer to a certain back-window of the parsonage.'

'Oh, Jane! how can you say such a thing. I am sure I never dreamed a wish of the sort.'

'Then I am sorry I put it into your head,' replied Jane laughing; 'for the mere suspicion of it makes you blush as red as this vermilion.'

Emilia Mason did in reality betray more emotion than the allusion warranted; and presently, when footsteps were heard approaching the cottage, she exclaimed, 'Bless me! I hope he is not coming to disturb us!' with an expression of fright and hope which was perfectly intelligible to her companion. Jane, however, betrayed an anxiety of another kind, and trusted the angler was not going to intrude on them. On looking out, however, she saw him still in his boat.

A moment after, the outer door was opened, and a young man hastened into the little parlour with eagerness and haste. He saluted Jane with much more cordiality than her friend; and his looks seemed to express disappointment that the former was not alone.

'I have come, Jane,' he said, 'to tell you something of consequence which has happened to me.'

'Then perhaps I am in the way,' said Emilia, rising.

'Not at all, Miss Mason,' replied Jane Lambton; 'there is nothing Mr Barnton can have to say which you may not hear.'

'But it concerns my own private affairs,' added the young man.

This was so strong a hint, that the young lady retired, and was shortly afterwards observed in close conversation with the fisherman, who had by this time landed.

The moment she left the cottage, Edward Barnton seized Jane's hand. He was much agitated, and exclaimed, 'Alas! all our hopes are disappointed. My uncle still refuses to do anything for me.'

The moment Jane could release her hand, she went on with her painting with a degree of composure not at all in accordance with the excited state of her companion. He repeated what he had just said, adding, that Jane could not possibly understand the extent of his misfortune, or she would sympathise more warmly with him.

'On that point, Edward,' she replied, 'you know I cannot sympathise with you. You are always speaking of depending on your friends instead of on yourself.'

'Are they not bound to see me placed in a sphere of life to which I was born?'

'They have done all they can to do so already. They have given you a good education, and furnished you with opportunities for making your way in the world, yet you never use them.'

'Why should I?' he replied, a little tartly, 'when my uncle, the county member, might get me a government situation by asking for it.' Here young Barnton paused. He again took Jane's hand, and after much hesitation, proposed to her that they should marry at once, for he was quite certain that when his relations saw the new responsibility he had undertaken, they would the more readily exert themselves in his favour.

Whatever feelings of grief and unhappiness this proposal inwardly caused Jane Lambton, she did not exhibit them, but merely withdrew her hand, and resumed her task. It cost her, however, a mighty effort to suppress her fast-rising tears. When she had sufficiently mastered them, she spoke. 'Edward,' she said, turning her eyes full towards her lover, 'you think me cold, unsympathising, unfeeling, because I have invariably opposed your impracticable schemes for the future. That which you have just proposed I must reject decisively, and not without some feeling of indignation. It gives me more pain than all your former plans, wild as they have appeared.'

'Wild only to you,' replied Edward, stung with disappointment, 'who are worldly-minded, and, I must add, selfish!'

This was too much from one deeply, though rationally in love. Jane burst into tears; but Barnton, foiled in his intentions, and smarting under the bitter disappointment his uncle had that morning inflicted on him, heeded not the anguish he now caused, except to augment it. And unhappily for both, it was in this mood that Barnton—impulsive, easily-excited young man as he was—left the cottage.

When it was perceived that he had departed, Miss Mason rejoined her friend, with Polter. The sorrow which so fully betrayed itself in Jane's countenance took a widely different effect on the two visitors. Emilia was all sympathy and kindness, while Polter seemed perfectly bewildered and perplexed by it. 'So,' he thought, 'it is as they told me; Barnton *is* the lucky man after all, and I may pack up my tackle, row home, and never return to this spot again, for any chance I may have of making my way in Jane Lambton's regard. Poor girl! something has annoyed her. I'll ask her to accept a dish of the fish I have caught this morning.'

This intention was carried into effect on the appearance of old Mary, Jane's factotum and housekeeper; and Polter having gallantly offered to row Miss Mason up the river to the parsonage in his boat, left the lady he so much, but so vainly admired, to solitude, often the best balm for sorrow.

Had a stranger observed Jane Lambton when left to herself, he would have perhaps been inclined to agree with the harsh opinion of her lover—that her disposition was phlegmatic; for all external signs of grief had passed away, and she went on painting with increased rather than relaxed diligence. Yet her thoughts were more busy than her hands. She mentally retraced her past sad history, to justify herself—though unnecessarily—for her repeated refusals to participate in the headlong course proposed by the being whom she loved with

enduring sincerity. The daughter of a gentleman, who had been ruined by a dissipated and wicked brother, she was, at the age of twenty, left—if we except the cottage and the small plot of ground which surrounded it—quite destitute. While her parents were alive, an attachment had sprung up between her and Edward Barnton, who was the son of a neighbouring proprietor. At that time it was thought she would have a good fortune; yet when, on the demise of her parents, the contrary was discovered, Edward's affection for her seemed to increase, and this, perhaps, strengthened her already strong affection for him. Her disposition was one of high principle and unwearied industry; and, contrary to the advice of her neighbours, she persisted in taking shelter under the only roof to which she had a right, and in obtaining her livelihood by an art which, in happier hours, she practised as an accomplishment. A life of dependence was quite uncongenial to her nature, and happy would it have been if her lover had been imbued with the same spirit.

In Jane's strong mind, however, sorrow seldom dwelt long, and the next morning she had manifestly recovered her usual composure. But her affection was doomed to receive a new and severe shock. She received a letter from Edward, in which his reproach of selfish coldness was not only repeated, but others added even more unkind and unfounded. He had heard, he said, of Polter's admiration of her, and doubted not that she thought him a better match than one with blasted and uncertain prospects. He bade her farewell. He was going to London, and would at last take the worldly advice she had so frequently given: he would endeavour to 'help himself,' by turning his attention and talents to literature.

Bitter, unkind, and undeserved as this letter was, Jane softened its effects by framing every possible excuse for her lover. Disappointment, she argued, had soured him, and he would in cooler moments reflect on what he had written, and retract it. She was, however, glad that he had at last made up his mind to exert his own energies, instead of constantly dancing attendance on the patronage and interest of his friends, as he had unwisely done for several years.

On the other hand, a proper sense of her own worthiness came to her aid, to point out that it would be highly inexpedient to receive Barnton again on the same footing as formerly, even were he to repent of his unkindness, until some decided change had taken place not only in his sentiments, but in his circumstances. She therefore, in her reply to his letter, simply disclaimed the feelings he imputed to her, and congratulated him on his resolution of depending on himself more than he had hitherto done. She declined his visits in future—at all events for a time—and the letter concluded with these remarkable words:—'You who have known all my misfortunes, *must* know my heart better than to suppose me capable of disregarding you in the hour of your affliction and disappointment. I am not ashamed to own that my affection for you is unchanged; but a change is necessary in *your* sentiments ere we might hope for happiness, even under the most favourable circumstances. That change you are about, you say, to effect. Go! I know it will be for your good, and have made a resolve, in which I fervently intreat your concurrence: it is not to see or communicate with you for twelve months. At the end of that time we will meet, either to be united, or to part—for ever!'

Edward, who had more of romance than of practical sense in his composition, readily agreed to this proposal in a farewell letter he sent to Jane. Next day he departed, to stem the strong current of life's stream which sets in against the unknown and unenergetic stranger in the overwhelming metropolis.

From the day of the separation, Jane Lambton and Edward Barnton trode their respective but opposite paths in the walk of life; that of the girl smoothed by peaceful energy and unflinching self-dependence, that of the young man made, by his peculiar dispositions, rugged and uneven—now sinking into a valley of despair, now raised on a summit of hope. In this way six months of the probationary twelve passed away.

It will be remembered, that during the February of the year before last there was some severe weather. Much snow fell, and the little plot of ground which surrounded Jane's cottage was nearly hidden by it. Still, it was not thick enough to conceal the improvements which had recently taken place. Fences had been put up and the two flower-plots removed to make a little lawn before the porch, the flowers being transplanted to a more genial situation behind the cottage, where a regular garden was formed. One evening about the end of the month Mr Mason and his daughter left the parsonage, and, guided by the dim light which appeared in the cottage window, traced their way amidst the snow to Jane's dwelling. On entering it, they found her painting with her usual assiduity.

'You really must forgive me,' she said, after the first greetings were over, and her visitors were seated, 'but I am obliged to be rude. I must go on with my task, and talk the while, for there is not a moment to be lost. This biscuit* *must* be finished for the furnace by to-morrow morning.'

'Why "must," Jane?' asked the clergyman, 'for well I know that one piece is of little use until the whole set be completed. Do not blush, for I know all about it; Emily has told me. You want to purchase something at the sale to-morrow. Now, suppose you leave off work at once, and let us all three trudge to town to-morrow morning, and make the best bargain we can. This day-week will do as well for Lord Bollington's dinner-service as to-morrow.'

'But——' stammered the blushing artist.

'I wont allow you to finish any sentence that begins with "but,"' interposed Emilia. 'You must obey your spiritual pastor even in things temporal; so drop your pencil, miss, and listen. He has come on purpose to scold you. Pray begin, papa.'

'All I would say, Jane, is simply in the way of caution respecting your unremitting exertions. Believe me, such constant application is a very bad economy of time. This light, which we can see from our parlour windows, betrays the late and early hours you keep; and I am sure you will ruin your health, and soon be able to do nothing at all.'

'Well,' Jane replied, 'I will promise reform; only let me transgress this once.'

'There is no necessity for it,' said Emilia; 'if you will only be a little more like a friend, and accept the proposal I made this morning.'

'Not for the world,' answered Jane; 'would you take from me all the pleasure I derive from my exertions? If I were to allow you to lend me, even for a day, the money to buy what I have set my heart upon, I should not value it in the least. No no, my dear kind friends; let me only finish this little task, and get my reward for it, and I will promise reform.'

'I perceive you are incorrigible,' said the clergyman, seeing her resume her pencil.

'So now, as our mission is ended, we will leave you to your task,' said Emilia rising. 'Do not rise, as you are so greedy of your minutes; old Mary will light us out. Good night, dear Jane,' continued her young friend heartily, as they shook hands; 'may Heaven reward your labours!'

'Amen!' exclaimed the pastor, with a sigh so deep that Jane was startled. Emilia had left the room, and Mr Mason, on taking Jane's hand, said, with a deeply-sorrowful expression, 'I sincerely pray that all your toils will be repaid in the way you wish.'

'Have you a doubt, then?' asked the girl with anxious eagerness. 'Have you heard anything? Is he——'

'I *have* heard,' was the hasty reply; 'but nothing fatal, or even alarming. Hope for the best; but be ever prepared for the worst. Time, the best physician for

* The technical name of porcelain when in a state for painting on.

wayward as well as for sorrowing hearts, will *perhaps* bring all to a happy result. Good night.'

When left alone, Jane gave way to the agitation which Mr Mason's last words were calculated to produce. The agreement not to correspond having been rigidly kept, she was in total ignorance of Barnton's proceedings and circumstances, and eagerly caught at the least glimmer of intelligence respecting them. She knew that her friends at the parsonage were fully aware of the goal to which she desired to hasten. She had laboured with unceasing assiduity to make for herself a *home*—one, indeed, which might be rendered capable of being shared by another, should his career prove at the end of the twelvemonth as successful as her own. Alas! the hint which had been just dropped tended to lessen this hope, and Jane's bitter emotions could only find relief in tears. She did not, however, relax in her labours, and retired not to rest till her task was finished.

The next day Jane took home her painting, received the money for it, made her purchase (which was a quaint old writing-desk), and returned to the cottage. She seemed to attach a strange value to this article of furniture, for, when it arrived, she placed it with her own hands in a room concerning which many mysterious surmises had gone abroad. She always kept it locked, and no person but herself—not even her old housekeeper—was allowed to enter it. She, however, passed every hour she could spare from sleep and labour in this mysterious apartment. The windows were closed, except a small aperture at the top, and a hundred conjectures about Jane Lambton and her secluded little room soon floated about the neighbourhood; not one of the persevering attempts to fish out the secret, which had been made, having succeeded. Whenever the subject was alluded to, Jane invariably changed it, and betrayed so much embarrassment, that questions were seldom pressed. One thing was, however, certain, that the room was in the course of being gradually furnished, for every now and then there was brought to the cottage a curious old chair, an odd-looking table, or a parcel of books in bindings of a bygone fashion, which Jane seemed to have purchased out of her earnings; and these must have been deposited in the mysterious sanctum, for they were never seen in any other part of the house. So close a secret did Jane keep everything relating to this little room, that she never made allusion to it, even to her friends the Masons.

At length an uncertain light was thrown on the dim mystery. The carrier reported that he was ordered to call one morning for a parcel for London. This set curiosity on tiptoe to know what kind of a parcel it could be, and the carrier was watched; but nothing satisfactorily elicited. All that could be seen was a flat square box, directed to some unknown person in London.

It was, however, remarked, that after the despatch of this box, Jane took more relaxation, and worked less. Her spirits were lighter, her eye brighter, and her disposition more cheerful. Emilia Mason, who continued occasionally to assist her in her daily tasks, remarked that she performed them with more alacrity than formerly; but she forbore to question her friend on the change, as the subject was evidently painful, so she contented herself with guesses. 'It is clear,' she thought, 'that this improvement in Jane's spirits is in some way connected with the mysterious chamber, for she seldom goes into it now.'

One morning Emilia came rather earlier than usual. She appeared much agitated; not painfully so, but in a curious kind of half-pleasurable half-disagreeable flutter. She had something of consequence to tell her confidant, 'for,' she added archly, '*I* keep no secrets from you, dear Jane.'

'Though you would imply I am not so generous,' returned Jane. 'But be patient; you shall know all in time.'

'*You* shall know all now,' said Emilia; 'for, last evening, what do you think happened? George Polter came, and—and——'

'Well, and what?' asked Jane, anxiously filling up the blank of her friend's hesitation.

'And—and—took tea with us.'

'Very likely; for I am told he does that almost every evening. But what else did he do?'

'Why,' said Emilia, struggling as hard as she could against some strong emotion—'he told me'—here the poor girl's feelings overcame her, and bursting into tears, she fell on her friend's neck, and murmured—'he said he loved me!'

Jane had great difficulty in restraining her own tears, but wisely fought against them by an attempt at pleasantry.

'Then,' she said laughing, 'he is a false traitor!—for have you not told me that I was at one time the object of his admiration?'

'So you were; and it was from his conversing with me of that admiration, and from my so truly sympathising with it, that when he found your heart entirely preoccupied, his affection for me sprung up. He owned this last night.'

'But what will Mr Mason say about it?'

'Alas! Jane, I tremble to think. It may be very wrong; but I always loved George Polter; and if my father should refuse his consent, I shall be wretched.'

A new circumstance soon occurred to break off this interesting topic. The postman arrived with a letter having a large official-looking seal. It was now Jane's turn to be agitated. She broke it with a trembling hand, read the first line, and clasping her hands, looked upward, in the attitude of one at prayer. She exclaimed, 'Thank God!' and sank into a chair, weeping for joy.

We must now change the scene to London, and advance the course of events to the 1st of May. It is on that remarkable day that *the* exhibition of pictures is opened. Crowds of artists, amateurs, and critics of all denominations assemble in the rooms of the Royal Academy, anxious to get an early glimpse of the labours of native talent during the past year. On this occasion the day happened to be wet, and not so many persons as usual visited the rooms, but they still contained what may be called a crowd. Mixing with this motley but generally well-dressed assembly, was one individual who presented a contrast to it. His clothes were shabby, his face wan, his manner melancholy and depressed. He appeared to shun observation, devoting himself to the pictures, and marking the catalogue with the stump of a cedar pencil against the numbers of the most notable works. He refrained from looking to the right or to the left, lest he should be recognised by some person who knew him. Still, his efforts to avoid observation were of no avail, for he was accosted by a person equipped in a very different style. He was fashionably dressed; the pencil which he used was of gold, and the smile which he constantly wore, showed that he was on excellent terms with everything around him, but more especially with himself. Both these young gentlemen were critics—the one belonging to a new, unknown, and unimportant periodical; the other was attached to a journal of old standing, being a son of one of the proprietors.

The critics went over the pictures, as critics of that stamp and standing generally do, finding a great deal more to condemn than to praise. At length they were attracted to a painting which, though in a not very conspicuous place, had attracted a number of spectators. They overheard many praises lavished on it from lips recognised 'about town' as oracles, and at length were able to get a sight of it. It was a domestic scene; simple, unpretending, but full of sentiment and truth. It represented a small room, in the midst of which stood an antique writing-table, on which were strewed papers, writing materials, and an open book. Across a high-backed chair was thrown a dressing-gown—a pair of slippers lying negligently on the floor. There was only one figure, that of a female, who was placing flowers in a vase, her needle-work having apparently been just

laid on the table to arrange the bouquet. Honeysuckles and woodbines were creeping in at the window; and beyond it appeared a pretty landscape, intersected by a river. The tone, keeping, and character displayed in this simple subject, the expression—so fraught with happiness and contentment, which sat on the face of the female—the arrangement of the various accessories of the picture, gave to it a stamp of excellence and originality which caused each beholder to look at the catalogue to discover the painter. They found the picture entered thus—'"*His* study"—Jane Lambton.' One of the spectators, on reading these words, became agitated; his head swam, and he laid violent hold on his fashionable friend's arm to prevent himself from falling. He was led out in a state bordering on insensibility, and with difficulty reached his wretched home.

This little scene made a great effect on the fashionable critic; he attributed it all to the beauty of the picture, which he thought must therefore be very fine. Accordingly a high eulogy on Jane Lambton's production appeared next day in his father's influential paper.

In the torn-down depressed critic the reader will readily recognise Barnton. From the time he left Worcester, he had, instead of rigorously setting himself to some definite branch of art or literature, first created, and then fed himself on delusive hopes. His uncle had died in embarrassed circumstances, and his expected government situation was point blank refused. He made a set of literary acquaintance, not so much for the purpose of following literature as a means of existence, as an amusement. His family had become too poor to assist him; one friend dropped off after another, as his demands for the 'help' he refused 'himself' increased; and he was now reduced to a low stage of poverty and actual privation. True, his literary friends sometimes furnished him with employment, but it seldom brought pay; and it was to perform one of these profitless tasks that he found his way to the exhibition. It is a singular fact, that the earliest character which nearly every literary adventurer undertakes in the metropolis, is one which requires the greatest amount of experience, acumen, and learning—that of a critic!

In an ill-furnished room, in a court leading out of Fleet Street, Barnton had for several months dragged on a hopeful yet listless existence; but gradually hope after hope fell away, and now not one remained. He had refrained, according to the mutual agreement, from communicating with Jane; besides, the impression of her which he expressed in his farewell letter had always rankled in his breast. Would she sympathise with his distresses, even if she knew them? Far from it, he thought; she would, on the contrary, blame, or perhaps take no notice of his letter. He turned over the catalogue to assure himself that it was really she who had painted the successful picture; and even that, instead of gratifying, embittered his mind. 'Still,' he argued, 'the same cold, plodding girl, with no idea more refined than money, and earning it. Yet some sentiment was surely expressed in the picture? But who had awakened it? Certainly not he. A new rival had perhaps sprung up. Time would show, for the anniversary of their parting was near at hand. But how was he to live till then, short as the interval was?' Overcome with these thoughts and bodily exhaustion, Barnton threw himself on his pallet, and wept tears of vexation—not, alas! of repentance; for he was as far from 'helping himself' as ever. Fever, brought on by grief and privation, confined him to that bed for weeks: never was an unfortunate dreamer rendered so perfectly helpless and destitute.

There was a very different aspect of affairs in Jane's cottage as the long-expected day drew near. Her increasing industry had been crowned with the brightest success. Her China painting was so much admired, and her pencil in such great request, that her prices doubled. Her picture was sold on the first day of the exhibition; and, to her astonishment, instead of the modest sum she had asked for it, double its amount was enclosed from the purchaser, with a letter apologising for, rather than making a merit of the liberal act. He also commissioned her to paint another, leaving her to choose the subject.

O how happy Jane was when she went with Mr Mason to deposit this large accession to her savings in the bank! Her companion was not, however, so joyous; he advised her to moderate her expectations, for in proportion as they were raised, so would her disappointment be great. 'Remember,' he added, 'it is only a week to the time.'

Jane promised to bear the worst with resignation, even should the worst come. She could safely promise this if her present feelings would only last, they were so full of hope for the future—so modestly, yet truly self-applauding. The cottage, as she approached it on her return, lay smiling under a shining spring sun. She compared it with what it was last spring; then it was surrounded by a waste; now a pretty garden, and a handsome lawn, adorned it, and all effected by her own industry. 'What a pretty picture it will make!' she exclaimed, as she tripped in to tell Mary to get lunch ready for her kind friend the clergyman. A thought crossed her, and a tear stood in her eye. Would it be ever in her power to give the same order for *him?* O yes; she felt, she knew it would.

Poor Jane! with all her prudence and industry, she, too, nursed sanguine and chimerical hopes, the results of enthusiasm and romance, a tinge of which was by no means inconsistent with her otherwise staid and common-sense character. Day by day her glowing fancy planned out Barnton's career. Perhaps he was studying some science, or writing a great poem which would secure his fame. She always coupled him with industry and success, judging of his progress by her own, and never doubting that he would keep his promise, and strive for himself. It was these feelings which prompted her to choose the subject of her picture, and to which, perhaps, its success must be traced. Her whole soul was brought to bear upon it. It was like truth and nature, because she never once doubted that it *would* come true, sooner or later.

Borne up by this hope to the last, the important day arrived, without there being any visible alteration in Jane Lambton's demeanour. When, however, the postman brought her a letter, a full tide of emotion swept over her. 'He has *not* forgotten me!' she exclaimed; and old Mary could only with difficulty support her, so violent were her sobs.

It was long before her agitation subsided sufficiently to enable her to peruse the epistle. Luckily, the reaction was complete, and the girl was perhaps firmer, better nerved to encounter the shock that she was doomed to receive, than if it had fallen upon her in a calmer moment. The letter was in the form of a journal, commenced about four days previously—the writing was faint and indistinct. Barnton began by asking a blessing on Jane Lambton's head. He bitterly regretted they had ever loved; sickness had overtaken him; he was, he thought, dying, and wrote before the time, lest he should never live to see the day they had appointed to communicate with each other. Under the next day's date he described himself as worse—scarcely able to hold a pen. Under the third date he implored her to forgive his failings, and to forget him. This was all! death, perhaps, had stayed his hand from writing more!

This, the direst ending of all her anticipations it would have been possible to inflict, Jane bore with wonderful fortitude. There was no time lost in unavailing grief. That night she and old Mary were on their way to London!

Jane, in alighting from the coach, was accosted by a well-known voice, that of Polter. 'I hope you will forgive us, Miss Lambton,' he said; 'but your measures not having been so swiftly taken as to escape the wishful anxiety of Emilia, she insisted upon my travelling up

in the same vehicle, to offer any assistance that lies in my power.'

Jane thanked him from her heart. She had already had time to reflect that the step she had taken was sufficiently rash to be open to misconstruction, and was glad to avail herself of Polter's guardianship. He, who knew everything from Emilia, knew what to do, and having deposited Jane and her attendant in the inn, went straight to Barnton's lodging.

The morning was just breaking as he entered the court. He found the house with difficulty—knocked, and was answered by a saucy girl. He inquired for Barnton; but as he was only known to the handmaid as the 'two pair back,' there was some difficulty in making her understand whom he meant. Her reply was, that she believed he was dying, but that he was welcome to go and see.

Lying on a wretched pallet, and surrounded by every mark of destitution, Polter beheld, not without shuddering, his former friend. Barnton's impaired consciousness prevented him from at first recognising his visitor. When he did, he grasped his hand with a faint pressure, and tears stood in his eyes. Polter, who knew that too much sympathy tended to aggravate rather than to assuage suffering, made as light as he could of his friend's condition, and assured him that he was commissioned by his best friends to allow him to want nothing. Barnton scarcely heeded what was said. In a faint voice he inquired about 'Jane.'

This inquiry Polter declined to answer for the present, alleging the sufferer's weakness as an excuse for not agitating his feelings. He begged him to calm himself, while he went to obtain proper assistance. He then hastened to a physician known to his father, and brought him to Barnton's bed-side. Nourishment continually administered was prescribed, and its effects were visible on the patient's frame even before the end of the day. On the morrow it was thought safe to communicate to the patient what had happened—that Jane had travelled to London on purpose to help him, now he could no longer help himself. The physician, however, forbade any interview for the present; and it was not till Barnton was able to be removed from his wretched abode that the lovers met.

Polter had already established Miss Lambton and old Mary in lodgings, and it was there that the meeting which had caused Jane so many pleasurable anticipations, and such bitter disappointment, took place. Jane's true, enduring, and sincere affection was forcibly displayed at this interview. Every violent indication of emotion she purposely suppressed, lest it should affect the invalid. The characteristics of their sex were changed; for while the girl displayed a vigorous mastery over her mind, the man wept. The first emotions over, a new and delightful set of feelings stole over Jane Lambton; she was at length near him to whom her heart was knit—she was able to help him, and this ability she had earned by her own unaided exertions. But, more than all, it was manifest that he still loved her; for his proud, hitherto unyielding spirit, did not refuse the proffered assistance. Still he accepted it under a solemn promise, which he made to himself, never to need assistance again if his own exertions could prevent that necessity.

Barnton has kept his word. As soon as his recovery was complete, he separated himself once more from Jane Lambton. She returned to Worcester, while he sought employment in London with untiring perseverance, and at length gained it—condescending to commence as clerk to a merchant at a very small salary, out of which he contrived during six months to save money. Recently, the firm which had so long employed Jane required the services of such a person as Barnton, and having obtained the most satisfactory testimonials, he was engaged. Meantime Jane, devoting herself entirely to her easel, had given up China painting, and her next picture established that reputation as an artist which she now enjoys. In the present year's catalogue, however, her name will appear as Mrs Barnton; for George and she were recently married by Mr Mason, who had already made Polter and his daughter man and wife.

Mr and Mrs Barnton reside in the cottage, and, small as it is, they find it quite large enough for happiness. As Barnton's daily employment leaves him some leisure, he employs it profitably by contributing to the periodical literature of the day. The scene of these labours is '*His* study,' and thus the dearest wish of Jane's heart is fulfilled—her picture is realised.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY IN 1843.*

At no period since the days of early Spanish discovery were men so intent upon exploring little-known regions as during the present century. This is well, since nothing facilitates the progress of civilisation more than thus bringing the distant and uneducated people of the various quarters of the globe in constant relation with their more favoured brethren. A glance at what has been done during the past year will amply demonstrate our position.

In Europe, Hommaire de Hell has employed himself, and is still actively engaged, in exploring the Crimea and the steppes of Russia. With indefatigable zeal he has crossed a great portion of this country in every direction, followed the course of rivers and streams on foot and on horseback, visited the Russian shores of the Black Sea, of the Sea of Azof, and the Caspian; joining to all this the study of man in every sense. His wife accompanies him, taking careful and ample notes of all that she observes. Odessa was the starting point, whence he diverged in every direction which promised interest or advantage: the Volga, Astracan, the Caucasus, the Calmuc Cossacks, were each examined in their turn. His examination of the Caspian Sea is singularly interesting. For a long time a diminution has been observed in the waters of this great inland sea, even distant salt lakes marking the former vast extent of its surface. M. Hommaire's examinations tend to prove a former union with the Black Sea, its separation from which, and the decrease in the waters of the Oural, Volga, and Emba, partly caused by agricultural operations on their banks, appear to be the principal causes of the phenomenon. Xavier Marmier, a French traveller, has recently visited Finland, St Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and Cracow, collecting much interesting matter relating to the literature of a people becoming daily more and more interesting. The Russian government, also, has favoured exploring expeditions; that of Humboldt to the Oural mountains, and the geological examinations of Baër, who in Lapland, Nova Zembla, and the islands on the coast of Finland, has discovered subterraneous stone labyrinths of great antiquity, to the origin of which no clue is yet known.

Flandin and Coste, lately engaged in drawing the ruins of Persepolis, have started to examine those of Nineveh, said to be recently discovered by Botta. The site of the ancient capital of Assyria was known to be near Moussoul, on the Tigris, and called Nino. Botta has therefore only found the ruins, not the place, and having bought them for a few thousand francs, it will soon be known how much remains of the great city, which, according to Strabo, was three days' journey in circuit. Eugene Boré—it will be seen that the French are great travellers—is now in Persia; while Tchihatcheff, late of the Russian expedition to Khiva, has announced his travels in Altaï.

In Africa, despite the terrors of the climate, much has been done, though many have perished, victims to their zeal. A Norwegian, Mensen-Ernst, on his way to discover the sources of the White Nile, died in Upper Egypt, where he was buried near the first cataract. Nestor Lhôte, a learned Frenchman, died also in the

* This article has been prepared for our pages by a gentleman who, from official situation, enjoys considerable advantages for the purpose.

same country. A crocodile devoured Dr Petit in the river above-mentioned, which proved also fatal, a short time afterwards, to a Mr Lloyd. Still, others advance in their footsteps; and one Prisse, in April, pushed up the country to visit the ruins of Carnac, ere they were quite destroyed by the workmen of Mohammed Ali. Meanwhile, a Prussian scientific commission, under Lepsius, was exploring a portion of the same country, discovering and describing a hundred and six tombs near the pyramid of Gizeh. Despite its terrors, in how many points has Africa been assaulted by the enterprise of Europeans?—through Egypt and Algiers, Senegal and the Niger, the Cape and Port Natal, and Abyssinia. While Lieutenant Christopher has discovered a river of great depth and width, bordered by a most interesting people, while Harris has penetrated to the Christian kingdom of Shoa, Rochet d'Hericourt travels in Abyssinia, strengthening the commercial relations of France in that quarter. It is stated in his recent letters, dated Ankober, that he is about starting to visit Djingiro and Anaria, as well as the lake Aoussa, as he calls it, about fifty miles from the sea, and receiving the waters of the Aouache. To cross Africa is the ultimate object of the French government agent. Abadie, Combes, Tamisier, and the late Dr Petit—whose materials on the Azoubo-Gallas are deeply interesting—have penetrated also into these regions. Thibaud and Arnaud, in Nubia and the Bahr-el-Abrad, are seeking the sources of the White Nile; as well as Mr Bailey, an English traveller, who is penetrating in the direction indicated by the natives—that is, about Bakka-Kalla. Captain Jehenne and his subordinate, Parsama, are exploring the coast of Socotra and the north-east of Africa. Berbera, or Beurbura, presents the singular aspect of a town without any government. The Somalis, who inhabit it, are fine well-made men, darker than the Arabs, with regular features, large eyes, and an intelligent expression. Tadjoura will, it is said, be constituted a British port for trading with Abyssinia. In Algiers, the French government is carrying on extensive geographical surveys, which from time to time are given to the public.

In America, which, since the publicity given to its ruined cities, has become doubly interesting, much has been done. Major Poussin has visited the United States, and an elaborate work is promised. California, of which Forbes's history is the only satisfactory account ever yet published, has just been explored most fully by Duflos de Mofras; and his account of his labours on a country which promises so wide a field of emigration, is looked forward to with much interest. Farnham's Travels in California are announced, and, if we may judge from his previous delightful work, will be valuable. Gay's researches in Peru and Chili will unfold much that is mysterious in these celebrated countries: on the kingdom and town of Cuzco in particular, it is said that Mr Gay will give extensive information. De Castelnau, after exploring Florida, has started to mount the Amazon river, and cross the cordillera of the Andes. This is a magnificent field for geographical research. Since Francis Orellana, in 1539, who first spoke of a republic of Amazons; since Pedro de Ursoa, who sought in 1560 the famous lake of gold and town of El Dorado, this part of the country has been little visited: Raleigh, Pedro Texeira, in 1638; Fathers Acuna and Artieda, Father Fritz, Condamine, in 1743; Messrs Smith, and Man, and Humboldt, make up, we believe, the entire list. De Castelnau, therefore, has a fine and little-explored field; and in proportion as his task is immense, and fraught with difficulty and danger, in proportion will be the reward. Accident appears to have recently aided very much the cause of science. While Humboldt, by means of his vast erudition, is seeking to prove that America was known to Europeans before the time of Columbus, one Nathaniel Schoolcraft, agent of the United States government at Michillimackinac, has found in the valley of the Ohio a stone bearing an inscription composed of twenty-four Runic figures; a silver pair of pincers, exactly similar to those so often found in bronze in Scandinavian tumuli, has been discovered in Bahia by Kroyer, a Danish naturalist; arrows collected in California are the same as those used by the Greenlanders, undoubted Scandinavians; and three Peruvian vases lately dug up are no other than Etruscans. A vast amount of attention has been excited amid the learned by these curious facts.

Oceana, or the South Seas, is rife in voyages. Baron Thierry, at the Bay of Islands, leading a miserable life, is a curious feature in colonisation. His history is strange. Born during the political emigration, of French parents, held at the baptismal font by the Count d'Artois, the Baron Thierry yet received an English education. Wishing to colonise New Zealand, where he had purchased some million of acres, he essayed to obtain the support of the British government, failing which he sought that of France. Losing his means in a speculation, one fine morning he found himself in the West Indies, whence he crossed over to Panama, tried to colonise the Musquito shore, and failing, sailed for the Marquesas. Here he obtained, by way of pastime, a sovereignty over Nouka-Hiva, and then started for Tahiti, whence he visited New Zealand, where his unfortunate attempt was an utter failure. Here he learned that France had seized the Marquesas. Recollecting that he was king of Nouka, he was indignant; but not possessing the means of warring with France, he sold his sovereignty to a Belgian, and Thierry I. abdicated in favour of a good citizen of Brussels. It appears that Borneo is likely to become a colony of Great Britain. Mr Brooks, whose residence in that country has brought it into prominent notice, has already obtained a cession of the territory of Sarawak, sixty miles long and fifty wide, admirably fertile, and producing almost every conceivable vegetable and plant. The return of Ross is an event of great importance in a geographical point of view, and doubtless, when the details are fully known, will prove of deep interest. Such are the principal features in geographical progress for the year 1843, which, it must be seen, are of great importance.

POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. IV.—JEAN DE NIVELLE.

'Like Jean de Nivelle's dog, he runs away when you call to him.'—*French Proverb.*

LIKE a great many popular ditties, the rhymes with the above title keep their currency amongst the populace of France, less on account of intrinsic merit, than from their being wedded to a pretty tune, which it is always deemed a sort of profanation to set to other than the original words. It would appear that, when in 1695 the French overran Belgium, they brought the melody away amongst other spoils, and transported it to Paris, where it at once became popular. Our translation is derived from a broadside ballad printed at Namur in 1680, and which is now very rare.

JEAN DE NIVELLE.

Jean de Nivelle is a name
Which belongs to a hero of fame;
In war, or when near to a belle,
No rival has Jean de Nivelle.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

Jean de Nivelle has three flails;
Three palfreys with long manes and tails;
Three blades of a terrible brand,
Which he seldom takes into his hand.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!*

* The exigencies of English rhythm and rhyme force us to take some freedoms with this stanza. The verse stands thus in the original:—

Jean de Nivelle a trois marteaux,
Trois palefrois et trois châteaux,
Et puis trois lames de flamberge,
Qu'il laisse parfois à l'auberge.
Ah! oui vraiment!
Jean de Nivelle est bon enfant.

Jean de Nivelle has three halls,
Without rafters or roof on its walls,
So that swallows are chiefly his guests,
And they fill up his rooms with their nests.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

Jean de Nivelle is oft seen
In three coats—one yellow, one green,
The third thin, like paper, and white,
Which he wears when it freezes at night.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

Jean de Nivelle has three steeds;
One in front, one behind. When he speeds,
His beautiful mistress to see,
He puts into harness all three.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

Jean de Nivelle has three pigs;
One tumbles, while one dances jigs;
And the third up a ladder ascends,
Then turns and as nimbly descends.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

Jean de Nivelle has three cats;
One is blind, but a demon for rats;
And the others, with infinite grace,
Are at work manufacturing lace.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

Jean de Nivelle also shows
Three children; but one has no nose;
No teeth has the second; 'tis said
The third has no brains in his head.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

Jean de Nivelle has *one* dog,
Who beside no one else will e'er jog,
For the louder to him you may cry,
The further away he will fly.
We know very well,
A fine fellow is John of Nivelle!

And now, who is this Jean de Nivelle, whom his dog has made so proverbially celebrated? To answer this, we must collect the sage ideas of the curious in old proverbs. Bruzen de la Martinière partially solves the riddle. 'Jean de Nivelle,' he remarks, 'of whom so much is said, is nothing more than an iron figure which stands straight on his legs on the top of a tower beside the clock of Nivelle* on the Grand Place. This metal statue strikes the hours with his hammer.' But this explains nothing about the dog; and we shall get no nearer to the solution even if we cite M. Dewez's Geographical Dictionary, which says, 'Jean de Nivelle, who has made such a noise in the world, is simply a bronze effigy placed outside the tower of the college, who strikes, not the hours, as others have stated, but the half hours, with his hammer on the great clock.'

Further research, however, informs us that this figure is a monument to which has been attached the name of a historical personage who bestowed the collegiate church of St Gertrude on the town of Nivelle; whether correctly or not, remains to be proved. John II., of the Montmorency family, espoused Jane de Fosseux, a lady of Nivelle. One of the sons proceeding from this marriage was called Jean de Nivelle. John the second became a widower, made a second marriage with Marguerite d'Orgemont, and followed the fortunes of Louis XI.; whilst his son, John de Nivelle, enrolled himself under the banner of Charles the Bold, who secured him possession of the estates to which he was born. His father, incited by the French king, and by Marguerite d'Orgemont, summoned him three times by three sergeants and heralds at arms, to hasten and join his father's soldiers, and to fight for the king of France, the legitimate sovereign of the Montmorencies. But Jean de Nivelle, who had secret warning that it was intended to cast him into a solitary tower, flew from his father's emissaries. He was consequently disinherited, and designated by his father 'a dog,' which gave rise to the national proverb, 'He is like a dog, or that dog Jean de Nivelle, who runs away when he is called.' He afterwards settled in Belgium, where Charles the Bold heaped fortune and honours upon him; having married Gudule Vilain, of Ghent, lady of Liedekerke, and was the grandfather of Phillip of Montmorency, Count of Horn, who was beheaded at Brussels in 1568.—Another account says that John of Nivelle was one of the most powerful Belgian nobles, who called himself also John of Montmorency. Having a character naturally turbulent, he did not check the violence of his temper even towards his father, and in a domestic quarrel actually struck him. Though cited for this unfilial act before the court of parliament, he refused to appear. In vain was he summoned, according to custom, by the sound of trumpet at all the cross-roads of Paris: the more they summoned him, the faster he flew to the coast of Flanders; and the populace, who are never at a loss for quaint expressions to apply to individuals whom they favour or despise, called him 'the *dog* Jean de Nivelle, who runs away when he is called!'—an expression which has passed into a proverb.

There is a third version of the story of the iron figure of Nivelle, which is far more probable than either of the above: Bouchard V., sire of Montmorency, who often visited Belgium, was in 1156 at Nivelle, and paid his respects to the abbess of St Gertrude, she being the lady of the manor. The noble and reverend lady received him while surrounded by her canonesses. With one of these nuns Bouchard fell in love, and the after-consequence was the birth of a son, who was named Jean de Nivelle. He grew up a fine man, and good cavalier, and gained honour at several tournaments. At the court of the good Duke Godefroid-le-Courageux he won the heart of a young and noble damsel, with whom he eloped towards a small estate his father had given him near Nivelle. Hastening joyously along on his palfrey with the lady behind him, and followed by a faithful greyhound, he encountered a richly-caparisoned and noble knight, who, on observing the youth and beauty of his companion, barred his further progress, and disputed the lovely prize with him. Though Jean had not the smallest dread of breaking a lance with the stranger, he proposed, in place of fighting, that the question should be left to the decision of the lady, who should be free to choose whichever of the claimants for her hand she had the greater fancy for. The stranger knight consented; and—alas for poor Jean!—to his great surprise and mortification the fickle damsel left him, to go with the grand cavalier. Jean sorrowfully continued his route, having nothing to comfort him but his dog. But soon after, the damsel, who loved the hound because he was pretty and faithful, told her new lover that he must obtain it for her. The cavalier returned, overtook the disconsolate lover, and demanded his dog. 'Let us,' said Jean as calmly as he could, 'adopt the same expedient upon this animal as settled our dispute about the lady. Call the dog to you, and if he follow, he is yours.' The knight declared that Jean had spoken wisely; but when he called the gentle greyhound, it did not follow the example of the false lady. On the contrary, the more the cavalier called it, the more quickly it flew towards its master, who was thus allowed to keep it. This is perhaps a truer, certainly a prettier, explanation of the proverb than either of the former.

* Nivelle, or Nivelles, is a small town in the province of Brabant, famous for its manufacture of fine linen.

LONDON CHIT-CHAT.

MAY, 1844.

'THE season,' as it is called, has commenced. The town is full, the streets at the west end are crowded with carriages, public amusements abound, and the weather, though labouring under the influence of an east wind, is dry, sunny, and pleasant. Since arriving in the Great Metropolis, I have sauntered a good deal about both in the interior and environs, and in different quarters have observed tokens of extension and improvement. Where will this vast aggregation of brick houses terminate? At Camden-town—no longer an isolated suburb—on the north, I noticed the

other day whole lines of streets, crescents, and places rising into habitable existence; and the same thing is seen in the space between Kensington and Brompton, which is rapidly filling up with squares and streets, some of them more than usually handsome. In a new and partially-formed square in this quarter I had the curiosity to ask the annual rent of a house, and learned it was L.110—the accommodations not being better than those of a sixty-pound house in Edinburgh. In the new buildings, generally, there is a sensible improvement. Domestic architecture is advancing in elegance; a taste is displayed in the windows, doorways, and elevations, which one does not see in the bald house-architecture of fifty years ago—a circumstance doubtless ascribable to the free general discussion now-a-days of all matters in which the fine arts are concerned.

What is somewhat curious, while taste in building private mansions is on the advance, taste in public edifices, of nearly all kinds, is still about as poor as it was in the dark age of the reign of George III. The only way one can account for this anomaly, is by supposing that in most instances public structures, abandoned to the management of ill-selected committees, are either jobbed or neglected. The only great building of the day which is felt to be entirely satisfactory is the grand Gothic edifice in the course of being erected for the accommodation of the houses of parliament. It is now getting into shape, but years will still be required to finish it. The new Royal Exchange is in some respects a fine building, and occupies a good situation, considerably improved by the removal of old houses in its neighbourhood; yet it is singularly defective in grandeur. The front, a pediment with Corinthian columns, wants bulk and height. Timidly conceived, it sinks beneath the adjacent buildings, which it ought, on the contrary, to have risen against and overshadowed.

A few days ago Trafalgar Square was laid open to the public. This space of ground, which, as long as I remember, has been surrounded with boards—a favourite field for all sorts of bill-sticking operations—has been at length united with the common thoroughfares around it. Situated in front of the National Gallery, and behind Charing Cross, at what may be called a great centering point, the square promises to be one of the finest things in the metropolis—a kind of Place de Concorde—with monuments and fountains as its principal ornaments. The ground being excavated to bring it to a level, the area is necessarily below the street on the north, and on this side it is bounded by a granite wall and parapet, and is reached by flights of steps. On the west and east it has also bounding walls, and it is entirely open only on the south. Unlike as this inequality makes it to the *places* of continental cities, the lowering towards the north is perhaps an advantage, for it gives the effect of a little more height to the National Gallery, for which everybody is exceedingly thankful. Within the open area are two ponds, enclosed by raised walls of granite, uniform with the environing walls of the square, and these patches of water are farther, as I understand, to be decorated with jets d'eau—the liquid furnished by Artesian wells now in preparation. At the north-east angle, and therefore at a prominent point of the square, is placed Chantrey's equestrian statue of George IV. A pedestal for a similar statue at the north-west angle is still vacant. The great object of the square, however, is the column placed in the middle, almost to the interruption of the passengers on the trottoir from the Strand to Pall-Mall. This handsome pillar is surmounted by a bronze statue of Lord Nelson, which has been a mark for much amusing criticism. The cocked hat is certainly grotesque, though how to get rid of it, and yet preserve the character of the admiral in his full dress, is a difficulty which I cannot pretend to solve. I am inclined to think that the cocked hat might pass muster, and that the great defect of the exhibition is an ugly coil of thick rope which the figure almost seems to sit upon. Here I think the artist has been singularly unfortunate, and I would hope that this ungainly object might yet be in some way modified.

So much for the *physique* of Trafalgar Square, now for its *morale*. Trifling as is the accession to the open grounds of London, the laying open of what is but a small patch of ground indicates a progress in the right direction. Let us hope and trust that open-air loitering spots will elsewhere be set apart within the densely-crowded compass of the metropolis—something to attract idlers from the public house. Much requires to be done for this purpose. In a walk along Holborn and through St Giles last Sunday evening, I observed every gin and beer-shop crowded with customers. Surely, thought I, society has not done wisely in presenting no other scene of attraction to these revellers. Apropos of metropolitan intemperance, a return has lately been made to the House of Commons on the subject, from which a few facts may be gleaned. In 1831 the total number of persons taken into custody for drunkenness by the metropolitan police was 31,352, and in 1832 it was 32,636. From this number it has gradually declined, notwithstanding the increase of population, and a great extension of the police bounds, to no more than 10,890 in 1843. The proportion of male and female cases has remained much the same. From 19,748 males, the number has declined to 6752; and from 11,605 females, the number has declined to 4138. So far, there appears to be a distinct decrease of gross intemperance; but from a corresponding report on disorderly conduct, one would be led to infer that there is, on the whole, not any great improvement in the general habits of the lower classes of London. In 1831 the total number of persons taken into custody for disorderly conduct was 10,383. In 1834 it was 11,660; from which it increased to 14,855 in 1843. Perhaps in this, as in many similar returns, an allowance should be made for increased vigilance in the police: what is now considered disorderly conduct, may at one time have been passed over as harmless pleasantry. The want of explanation on such points renders returns of delinquency of much less value than they might otherwise be.

The other day I went with some ladies to the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to see what is at present spoken of as the chief curiosity among the sights of London, an American dwarf, usually known as General Tom Thumb. We were all much amused with the exhibition of this little creature, whose smallness exceeded our expectation. On entering the hall, we found it occupied by a concourse of ladies and gentlemen engaged in observing the antics of the dwarf, who was merrily trotting up and down a large table, carpetted, and surrounded by a railing to prevent his falling off. On the table were also a chair, table, and sofa of miniature dimensions, suitable to the size of the little fellow; and at one end was a tiny scaffold, with a stair, covered with red cloth, which he occasionally climbed, to be more conspicuously observable. One could not but feel interested in such a singular spectacle, yet the interest was mingled with a degree of pity. We had before us a human figure, dressed as a fashionable gentleman, in coat, trousers, Wellington boots, waistcoat, and cravat, and yet not more than twenty-five inches in height. The face was quite infantine, and so also were the movements and speech of the dwarf. An exhibitor, whom we could not mistake for anything but an American, kept him in conversation, and led him to show off a few of his pranks. One of these was selling a history of himself for sixpence, the ladies pressing forward to buy copies, and each receiving a kiss on being handed the book. Of course one was purchased by a lady of our party, and from this I extract the following particulars.

Charles S. Stratton, the true name of the little hero, was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, United States, January 11, 1832, and is now consequently upwards of twelve years of age. His parents are people of the common size, with nothing at all remarkable in their physical or mental organisation. At his birth, the general, as he is usually called, weighed 9 lbs. 2 oz., which is rather greater than the average weight of children at their birth. There were no extraordinary circumstances attending his advent, or preceding it, and he was considered a very handsome, hearty, and promising boy. Nothing remarkable was noticed respecting him until he was about five months old, when he weighed 15 lbs., about which time his parents and their neighbours began to remark that he did not continue to grow. Still, there were no indications of disease; and expecting that he would soon take a start, his parents thought little of the matter. Time passed on, and the general became remarkably strong, playful, active, intelligent, and handsome—increasing in vigour and the manliness of his proportions, but not increasing one inch in height, or one ounce in weight. It is proper to state, that he has always enjoyed a good appetite, partaking freely of the ordinary dishes found upon the tables of the labouring classes, has sound refreshing sleep, and has always been in the most perfect health, with the exception of those slight colds, &c. to which the best-regulated constitutions are liable. Since his birth, his parents have had two other children, who are now well-grown and interesting girls of

nine and seven years of age. There is nothing in his history or appearance, or of his family, to give the least clue to the astonishing phenomenon which he exemplifies.

His height is now twenty-five inches, and his weight only 15 lbs. 2 oz. When walking about a room, his head scarcely reaches to the knees of a person of ordinary stature, and is about on a level with the seats of the chairs and ottomans of the drawing-room. Thousands have visited Major Stevens, long known as the American dwarf, at various museums. But beside General Tom Thumb he looks like a giant, being about twice his height, and four times his weight. The first time that Stevens saw Tom Thumb he was as much astonished as any other visitor; and after looking down at him a while, he pleasantly remarked, 'I may be exhibited hereafter, perhaps, but it will be as a giant.' Jeffrey Hudson, the amusing dwarf who cuts so conspicuous a figure in Peveril of the Peak, till about thirty years old was only eighteen inches in height, and so far he beat Tom Thumb in littleness; but Jeffrey afterwards shot up to three feet nine inches. The feat of concealing Jeffrey in a pie, could be equally well performed with Tom Thumb. Often, continues our authority, he has hidden himself in ladies' muffs; and at Boston he was carried a considerable distance in a lady's work-basket. In strength, activity, and vivacity, the general is remarkable. He is constantly engaged in walking about, talking, and in various pastimes and employments, from early in the morning till late at night, without showing signs of fatigue, and seems the happiest little fellow in the world. Never was a human being of any size blessed with a kinder heart or more excellent disposition.

The account goes on to state, that after having visited many parts of America, and been seen by vast numbers of people, he is now on a visit to Europe with his parents, who have engaged as their agent Mr Barnum from the Museum, New York. Since his arrival in London, he has appeared several times by invitation before the Queen and other members of the royal family. We are likewise informed that the general's education has, until recently, been neglected, which one could very easily imagine, considering the temptation to make a continual show of his person. There is, however, it is said, no lack of intelligence or aptitude to learn, and he is now advancing in the art of reading and other branches of education. Care is also devoted to his moral and religious education; and the general was never known to utter a falsehood.

So much for the written account of this extremely interesting dwarf, some facts in which I should have doubted, if the difficulty of practising any imposition in the case had not been obvious. I should have been inclined, for instance, to believe the age exaggerated, as the face is more like that of a child of six or seven than thirteen years old. His head is small, though in proper proportion to his body; his hair fair; and his face bears an exceedingly small and infant-like nose. The only personal defect seems to be an undue shortness of arms, his small chubby hands being scarcely able to meet behind his back. His feats in personating ancient statues, Napoleon, and other characters, though clever for a child, are not more remarkable than what have been often performed in the London theatres by girls of seven or eight years of age. Nevertheless, the general is unquestionably a great curiosity, and excites a lively interest in his favour. I should only be fearful that the constant action of his brain—the incessant obligation to chatter and show himself off—would be attended with the usual effects of excessive mental excitement in infancy. There is already a pertness in his looks and sayings which indicates the ordinary forced condition of mind in American children; and this, as well as the toil of exhibition, should be carefully abridged, otherwise it is not likely that the little fellow will reach the age of his prototype Hudson.

PRINCIPLES OF ART APPLIED TO DOMESTIC USE.

You are going to decorate your drawing-room or dining-room both with furniture and colouring. Before you speak to your upholsterer or house-painter, have a perfect understanding and recognition of what is the aspect of the room. Let no circumstances make you regardless of this fundamental consideration. No cost will remedy the forgetfulness. Spend what you will, you will always repent having a cold colour in a room lighted from the north, or a very hot colour in a room lighted from the south. If the aspect be north, north-east, north-west, or due east, the general tone of colouring should be positively warm. Blues, greens, and all shaded colours which involve any predominant use of blues, must be avoided. There is a drawing-room in the Reform Club, looking north, which may convince any one of the mistake of forgetting aspect. The walls and curtains are blue; with all its elegance—and its ceiling and cornice are beautiful—the effect of this room by daylight is always chilly. It would be just the reverse if it looked upon Carlton Gardens. There is also a room in Windsor Castle, looking on the north terrace, called Queen Adelaide's room, which is decorated with blue and silver, a most frigid-looking room even in the midst of summer. In such aspects the choice should tend towards reds, and all their various combinations with yellow. As the aspect approaches east and west, so the colours should verge towards yellow rather than red tints. In an eastern aspect, tints of light yellows, lemon-colours, &c. are always effective and cheerful. If the aspect of the room be south, south-west, or west, and open to the sun, then we may venture on the use of cooler colours, even on positive blue, should our taste lead us in that direction.

The supply of light, the size of the room, and its purpose, appear to be the chief circumstances which ought to regulate the strength or depths of the colours to be used. Where the light is strong, unobscured, and plentiful, the tone of the colouring may be full; on the other hand, where the supply of light is small, the tone of the colouring should be light. In the houses of the ancients, the strongest and darkest colours, even blacks, as we have already observed, were used on large surfaces when the apartment received a direct and full light from above. Under a strong and abundant light, full-toned colours preserve their brightness and distinctive character, but when the light is feeble, and the supply of it limited, they become dull and gloomy. Full-toned colours lessen the apparent size of the room; light colouring enlarges it. A little attention to the proportion between the space to be coloured and the depth of the colouring, becomes therefore of great importance. If you wish to make your room appear as large as possible, then exclude dark colouring, not only on the large surfaces, but even in the patterns of the paper-hangings, and in the mouldings and ornamental parts. The nature of the use to which the room is applied should also influence the decision as to the tone of colouring. If the room is used mostly by artificial light, which, being less pure than daylight, materially modifies the appearance of most colours—much or little, according to their strength—then keep the colouring light. If, on the other hand, it is a room for occupation during daylight, then the tone of colouring must be deep. Red and green, with black, appear dark and grave; with white, they appear gay. We see these effects strikingly illustrated in book wrappers. Black letter-press is applied indiscriminately to red, blue, lilac, green, and yellow covers. A publisher of taste would do well to consider how much the purchase of a book is affected by the first impression it makes.—*Athenæum.*

INSANITY CURED BY MENTAL EMPLOYMENT.

A carpenter was admitted as a patient into the Asylum at Wakefield. He had previously made several attempts at self-destruction, and was then in a very desponding state. After the diseased action had subsided, great dejection still remained. He was, however, most fortunately placed under the care of the gardener, who was then constructing a grotto or moss-house in the grounds. The contriving of the building offered a scope for his ingenuity and taste. He was consulted on the arrangement of the floor, which was formed of pieces of wood, of different kinds, set in various figures. He was furnished with tools, though he was, of course, most carefully watched. He took so great an interest in the little building, that the current of his thoughts was changed—all his miseries were forgotten; and his recovery took place in the end of a few months. He very justly attributed his restoration to the 'moss-house.'—*Sir W. C. Ellis on Insanity.*

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, June 3, 1844.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 24. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1844. Price 1½d.

TWO DAYS IN BIRMINGHAM.

I had lately, in the course of an expedition southwards, an opportunity of spending two days in Birmingham, and, spite of the triteness of the subject to many, I am tempted to give a brief and rapid sketch of the principal wonders of that great seat of the most national of our manufactures.

In the midst of a green and beautiful part of Warwickshire, this city of many busy hands is found seated on and amidst a number of rising grounds, over which may be seen at all times hovering a dingy canopy of smoke vomited from the mouths of a hundred tall chimneys, and giving token of the untiring industry of the inhabitants. Placed within a few miles of the coal and iron mines of Staffordshire, with which, and the other populous districts of England, a ready and economical communication is kept up by canals and railways, and salubrious from its generally elevated position, a more favourable spot could not be pointed out for the seat of a large trade in metallic manufactures; and accordingly, from less to more, the town has grown up to be the principal mart of that species of wares. Its only rival, indeed, is Sheffield, though rivalry is scarcely a proper term; for the manufactures of Sheffield are of cutlery, not made at all in Birmingham, and a few other branches not largely pursued here. The manufactures of both, however, possess a general resemblance, and are conducted upon a similar scale and principle. 'Factories,' which one now hears so much about, are of two classes; one, which embraces the production of cotton, silks, and other tissues, being conducted on a magnificent scale, with large buildings and the most expensive machinery, consequently involving the outlay of enormous capital—usually from L.100,000 to L.200,000 in one concern: the other, not by any means imposing, and which, requiring a union of operative skill with the labour only of small machines, can be carried on by a limited capital—from L.20,000 to L.30,000 at the utmost. To this second class the manufactories of Sheffield and Birmingham belong. In the latter town, to which I exclusively direct attention, a population of upwards of 220,000 is chiefly employed in trades in which a considerable amount of personal labour and ingenuity are required. Metal-rolling; brass-founding; nail, pin, and button-making; japanning; papier maché, pencil-case, steel-pen, and lamp-manufacturing, are among the multifarious trades pursued by as many as 2100 firms. Some of these firms are so limited as to consist of only a master and a few operatives, while others number as many as five hundred workers. In many instances the small firms may almost be described as of a domestic character, the work being carried on in the houses of the masters, and for the supply of certain articles to the larger capitalist.

On the morning after our arrival, the first establishment to which a kind friend obligingly conducted us was one of the largest in the town—a rolling mill, where lumps and bars of various metals are pressed into sheets and strips of different sizes and thicknesses. Moved by two steam-engines, one of 80 and another of 60 horse-power, there were here seen various machines of enormous force for rolling and cutting the pieces of metal presented to them. The rolling machines consist principally of smooth iron cylinders revolving at a regulated distance from each other, which, by dragging in the piece of metal offered to them by a man on one side, squeeze it to the desired thickness, and deliver it to a person opposite. Yet the thinning, for the most part, requires several successive pressures, the distance between the cylinders being lessened each time by regulating screws. In this way a lump of iron, the size of an ordinary brick, may be pressed out to a thinness suitable for a sword-blade or some other implement. As an example of what could be done in this way, a piece of tin about an inch and a half in length, an inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, was, by successive pressings between rollers, squeezed to seventeen feet in length, and made to have all the appearance of a glittering ribbon of metal. Copper for coins, sheathing, and other purposes, metal for buttons, zinc for house covering, &c. are by such means pressed with ease, as far as personal labour is concerned, and with the most surprising quickness. After being pressed, the sheets of copper are placed for a certain time in an oven to be annealed, whence they are finally dragged by large pincers, to be cooled in water. The floor of the large workshop in which these diverse operations are performing is deeply layered with pieces of iron, and the noise of handling and throwing down the metal is incessant.

At this establishment we saw several other processes, among the rest the grinding of sword-blades on large revolving sandstones: but not to linger on such particulars, I shall proceed to what is decidedly the most curious of the Birmingham manufactories—an establishment for button-making. I confess, that, till I was introduced to this branch of art, I entertained by no means a sufficient respect for that apparently insignificant object—a button; nor are the ideas of the world, I fear, much more enlightened on the subject. To the initiated, buttons are an important article; much ingenuity is displayed in their manufacture, and by some makers more capital is expended in wages than is imparted to the whole population of many a rural parish. Great improvements have been effected in this manufacture in recent times. There are now not only gilt, plated, and metal buttons—buttons of horn, pearl, glass, and enamel—but buttons of Florentine and silk, such as are seen on black or coloured cloth coats, buttons of linen for shirts, and a peculiar kind of metal buttons

for braces. I should imagine, from what came under our notice, that there are at least two dozen species of the genus button, each species subdivided into numerous varieties, as respects size, quality, colour, and other circumstances. Perhaps at the head of the whole mecanique of button fabrication we should place the artist who contrives new varieties, for there are persons in Birmingham who live by this exercise of the inventive faculty. Modelling in wax any new pattern of button which strikes their fancy, they submit it to the different manufacturers, one after the other, for approval, and if adopted, the ingenuity obtains its appropriate reward. The modelling of roundish gilt buttons of an ornamental pattern for dress-coats is among the principal resources of this order of authors—authors of a button! Nor do I doubt that as great fortunes have been realised from the copyright of a good button, as from productions of much higher pretensions.

In the large establishment I visited, nearly five hundred persons were employed, the whole distributed through a number of brick buildings of two or three storeys in height, and surrounding interior courtyards—the rooms generally spacious and well-ventilated. Each species of button had its own department, and, as may be supposed, there was a minute division of labour. The first department into which I was conducted was that for the metal, gilt, and plated sorts. A button of any of these kinds consists rudimentally of a disk punched from a plate of metal. The making and fixing of the shanks are more curious operations than the actual cutting out of the button. The shank being formed by bending and shaping, is dipped slightly into a soldering composition, and placed as it is to stand on the under side of the button. To make it adhere, the button with the shank are stuck between a bent piece of metal not unlike a Jew's harp in shape, and such clasps, each holding its button, are placed hundreds at a time in an oven, where the heat effects the required union. The placing of the shanks on the buttons in this manner is performed by women with amazing rapidity. The gilding or silvering is effected by a chemical wash: on rinsing a certain quantity together in an earthen jar along with the required chemical and metallic compound, they assume a different colour, and the process in some cases is finished by stoving a short space of time in an oven. A handful of brace buttons were thus given a beautiful white appearance during the few minutes we were looking on. The stamping of the buttons for livery, army, or naval uniform, or with any ornamental design, is an important branch of the art. Presses, however, such as are employed for striking coins and medals, are not used. The machine for striking the pattern is very simple. The button being placed to receive the blow on the upper surface, a weight faced with a die is allowed to descend smartly upon it, so as to produce the impression. To cause the weight to fall straight on the top of the button, it is guided in its course between two upright iron bars. When the blow has been given, the weight is instantly raised again by a cord passing over a pulley down to a loop round the right foot of the operator. The workman's foot, therefore, is the agent of force, while his hands are busy arranging the buttons. A row of a dozen men at a bench, each with his apparatus before him, will in this manner stamp an immense number of buttons in a day. In some parts of the operation boys assist; and in the apartment we observed two of these, young creatures in pinafores, busily shaking bags of buttons for the purpose of wearing off rough edges by the attrition. This exercise appeared too hard for such little fellows. The finer kinds of round gilt buttons are chased by the hand; but this delicate and artistic kind *of work is performed by* men of a higher class.

From the metal, I was led to the Florentine and silk-button department. Florentine is a twilled worsted stuff, and the greater number of buttons on cloth garments are now formed of this material. While a metal button consists of only two things—the disk and the shank—a Florentine button, as may be observed on dissecting one, is a much more compound article. Each consists of two pieces of cloth, a morsel of pasteboard and glutinous material, an interior skeleton of metal, and an outer disk of metal, through which a portion of cloth is projected to form the shank. To prepare and put all these together in a single button, fourteen pair of hands, and a number of machines, are employed, and yet by the division of labour a set of fourteen buttons can be sold for three-halfpence. We have, indeed, in the Florentine, and also the figured silk-button, one of the finest specimens of British art. What a stretch of ingenuity has been exerted in the complication of the structure, may be guessed from the external appearance of the object. We observe that by some means the materials, soft and hard, have been crushed into shape; but how, no one can conjecture. Yet, as in all other wonderful products of art, one requires only to see the thing done, to admire its simplicity. Pressure by small stamping presses is the universal agent. The materials being placed in a certain manner under the point of one of these presses, a sudden jerk and squeeze produces a button in an advanced stage, and by another press the rim is crushed in to a level with the under surface. All the operations are performed by women and girls. In room after room you see from fifty to sixty females seated at long benches, and each busily engaged with her small iron press in thus forming the buttons into their proper shape. When the silk or other material has a raised flower which must show itself in the middle of the button, great care is employed to effect this critical result; for if the flower be but in the slightest degree off the centre, the button will be rejected by the tailor. The marking of centres while the cloth is in piece, is a branch of the button-making art requiring a fine eye and judgment. An instrument resembling a large needle, on which there is a moveable ring, is held in the hands of the girl as she sits looking at the cloth before her. Rapidly she places the point of the needle on the centre of the flower, while with the other hand she brings down the ring on the cloth, and as the ring has previously been daubed with whiting, it leaves a circular white mark on the cloth. Another operator stamps out the cloth exactly on the circles, and the round pieces so prepared are ready for coming under the presses. On leaving this department, I was shown the depôt whence the cloth is served out; and here I was told that some thousands of yards are used in the manufacture monthly. On leaving the Florentine and silk departments, I was taken into those devoted to the making of white linen buttons for shirts and other articles, which were also full of the same kind of interest, and then conducted through several apartments in which numbers of children and women were employed in placing the various kinds of buttons on cards, and tying them up in packets. The sewing of the shirt buttons on blue cards was performed with amazing celerity. A dozen little girls were engaged in this work, and I was informed by a superintending matron that one of the most nimble-fingered girls under her charge could sew on 3600 buttons a-day, or upwards of 21,000 per week. Sewing at this rate, the hands do not seem to be an instant at rest, but perform their evolutions with the expertness of the most accomplished juggler. An exceedingly good hand, I was told, could touch thirty gross a-day, which will yield wages of 10s. weekly.

The impression left on the mind by a walk through this large button-manufactory is, that the work, on the whole, is light and cleanly, though demanding a constant stretch of attention. A considerable number of the women are married, which is an unpleasing feature, inasmuch as their families must thereby be deprived of their care; and not a few of the children seem too young for any regular occupation; yet by the respectable proprietor of the establishment much is done in the way of moral

supervision; and he has justly remarked, in his evidence before government commissioners, 'that if the children were excluded from the manufactories, they would be neglected by their parents, not sent to school, and left to stroll about the streets. In the event of any legislative restriction on this point, it would be imperatively necessary that attendance at school should be enforced, or the most dangerous consequences would result.'

The scene which we encountered at one of the largest pin-manufactories in Birmingham, impressed us far more forcibly with the sad spectacle of infant labour; for here there was not only irksome bodily toil, but positive squalor and wretchedness. Pin-making is divided into the following departments—wire-drawing, wire-straightening, cutting, pointing, head-spinning, head-cutting, heading, cleaning and whitening, and sticking or papering. The whole are conducted in a few workshops of mean appearance, dirty, and badly ventilated. We were first shown the process of drawing the wire to the proper fineness, which is done by revolving horizontal wheels in rapid motion drawing the wire through holes of the required compass; the wire I happened to see was thus reduced a third in thickness, and consequently extended a third in length. Removed in coils from the drawing-bench, the wire is next straightened into lengths of perhaps ten or twelve feet. A wheel which draws the wire between fixed iron pegs on a table, very simply effects this purpose. Men and boys are engaged in these operations. The wire is now cut by a machine into the length of four or six pins, according to size. Next, a handful of perhaps fifty of these lengths of wire, spread out evenly like the teeth of a comb, are held slopingly to a grind-stone, and moved between the fingers in a particular manner, till they are all pointed on one end; the other end is next pointed in the same manner; and so on with the different lengths into which the pieces of wire are cut. The process of pointing can scarcely fail, I should think, to affect the health of the operator; for although the brass dust flies away behind the stone into a wooden receptacle which covers it like a hood, a portion at least will reach the mouth and lungs of the grinder; yet he employs no precaution to avert any such injurious consequences. From the pointing department, in which ten or twelve men were engaged, we entered the room devoted to head-making. The spinning of the heads is performed by boys. A long wire being fixed to the spindle of a wheel, another wire is spun round it; when the inner wire is filled, it is drawn out, leaving six or eight feet of spiral, like the fine spring of a brace. With a handful of such spirals, a man sitting at a scissor-like machine chops off at each movement a portion of each, to the extent perhaps of two rounds. In this manner vast quantities of heads are prepared by one or two men and boys for the heading department, which is the only one displaying great mechanical ingenuity. Conducted down stairs to the heading-room, we were startled with the unsightly appearance of from fifty to sixty children, more dirty and ragged than English children usually are, sitting in rows at low benches, and each working with incessant diligence at a little iron machine moved by a treadle beneath. The process commences with catching up a head with the pointed end of the pin, and placing the pin in a small orifice in the machine, so as to leave the head only visible; a weight or die let fall by a sudden jerk, communicated from the treadle, at once fixes the head, and gives it the neat shape which pin heads now usually have; and the operation is completed by a movement which ejects the pin, and leaves room for its successor. It is impossible to describe the dexterity with which the small fingers of the juvenile operative catch a dozen heads on the points of as many pins from a quantity lying before him, and with what quickness he drops one after the other into the machine, jerks on its head, and expels it as a completed article. The fixing of fifty heads per minute seems a fair calculation, and multiplying this number by fifty operators working ten hours a-day, we have produced in this single apartment 150,000 pins per hour, or 1,500,000 in a day, or nearly ten millions weekly! No wonder there have been grave inquiries as to what becomes of all the pins! The pin, however, is not yet finished. From the heading-room the pins are carried to an outhouse, where they are cleaned in a barrel with a quantity of hot water and a detergent ley. After tempering in an oven, they are boiled in a solution of tin, which tins or whitens them. They are then cleaned in cold water, and next dried and polished by being churned in a barrel containing dry rough bran. The bran is then winnowed out, and the pins are ready to be carried to the final department of papering. The sticking of the pins in papers occupies a number of young women, who perform their task with great neatness and dexterity, assisted by an instrument for holding the paper in folds before them. Thus ends the history of a pin, whose progress is doubtless at variance with humanity, in so far as the employment of young children is concerned. Yet that vagrancy and destitution would be the lot of these unfortunate creatures if not allowed to work at this or some other employment, is perhaps equally certain; and hence the main difficulty of all legislation about infant labour.

From the pin establishment we proceeded to a manufactory of cut nails, and then to a manufactory of screw nails. Hand-made nails continue to be produced in large and perhaps undiminished quantities in different parts of the country; but machine-made nails are now also used to a very large extent. The factory we went to see was devoted exclusively to the making of nails by machinery. A steam-engine of fifty horse-power moved long ranges of machines, before each of which stood a lad with a rod of iron in his hand, and the duty of this operative consisted in little else than holding the rod to the machine, which chopped off and stamped a head upon the nails at the rate probably of fifty in the minute. The nails dropped in a finished state from a hopper into a basket. About a hundred men and boys were employed in this work; and I was informed that the produce of nails, large and small, is from fifteen to twenty millions weekly. It is not unusual to receive an order for a million nails, all of one size. The screw-nail manufactory is a different concern. In this establishment we found a considerable number of women employed, in one room as many as sixty, all busily engaged in turning the screws at small iron engines placed before them on a bench. The cutting of the lengths, heading, screw and notch cutting, and other parts of the process, although performed by the agency of steam-power, appeared throughout to be anything but work for women. Some of these females can turn out 24 gross of screws in a day, and at this rate they will realise from 6s. to 8s. weekly. Hard as the labour is, the workers were apparently healthy.

Among other establishments to which our friends introduced us in Birmingham, the most interesting was one for the manufacture of papier maché articles. All kinds of papier maché ware are here produced, many of them in a style of great elegance. Papier maché I had supposed to be a French invention, but I was here assured that it is of English extraction, and that there is nothing French about it but the name. Be this as it may, it is an ingenious art, and does credit to its discoverers. The paper, the basis of the workmanship, is not by any means mashed, as one might imagine, but consists of layers pasted together, sheet after sheet, upon a model; at each new accession the fabric being smoothed and dried in an oven. The whole process is in the hands of women, numbers of whom may be seen pasting the sheets, and rubbing them smooth on the previously-spread and dried layers. The paper is a stout material, greenish in hue, and is generally increased by layers till upwards of the eighth of an inch thick. The article is then cut from the model, rubbed to a state of great smoothness by pumice and other stones, and then varnished. It is again smoothed, and again varnished, till it has attained an almost metallic brilliancy. The last polishing is done by women's hands, and the cultivation of soft hands is therefore a matter of great importance to these operatives. A woman having broad soft palms and elastic fingers and thumbs commands the highest wages as a polisher. When the article is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the process of

rubbing is more tedious. The pearl being laid on according to the required pattern, coat after coat of varnish is brushed over the whole article, till the varnish is filled up to a level with the pearl. The whole is now rubbed, the varnish on the top of the pearl coming off first, until the surface is perfectly smooth. Those who have wondered how papier maché articles are inlaid with pearl, will now understand that pearl inlaid with varnish would be a more correct form of expression, and that the process is therefore one of the most simple in the arts. The gilding and painting of the articles were exhibited in another apartment, an atelier, in which we found some clever young men designing landscapes and figures on the objects before them. After receiving these embellishments, the articles are coated with a transparent varnish, and, when dry, are ready for sale.

Not to tire the reader, I shall not drag him after us to any more of the manufacturing establishments of Birmingham, but conclude with a few remarks on what is not less interesting, the social condition of this great hive of mechanical industry. From the miscellaneous nature of the employments, and the working of different members of the same family, old and young, male and female, at different occupations, it is stated that the population suffers considerably less from depressions in trade than that of most other manufacturing towns of a large size. The wages generally realised are not too low to obtain the means of subsistence when employment can be procured at all; but, according to the result of inquiries by the factory commissioners,* it appears that improvident habits are not less common here than elsewhere. Besides a general want of economy, drunkenness, we are told, with all its attendant miseries, prevails to a great extent: as is almost invariably the case, 'it most generally prevails among that class of workmen who obtain the highest wages, and these are often found in the most deplorable and abject condition. The improvidence of which we are speaking is to be traced in very many instances to extreme ignorance on the part of the wives of these people. The females are from necessity bred up from their youth in the workshops, as the earnings of the younger members contribute to the support of the family. The minds and morals of the girls become debased, and they marry totally ignorant of all those habits of domestic economy which tend to render a husband's home comfortable and happy; and this is very often the cause of the man being driven to the alehouse to seek that comfort after his day of toil, which he looks for in vain by his own fireside. The habit of a manufacturing life being once established in a woman, she continues it, and leaves her home and children to the care of a neighbour, or of a hired child sometimes only a few years older than her own children. To this neglect on the part of their parents is to be traced the death of many children.' A similar tale was told us at Birmingham, which, though exceedingly salubrious in point of climate and situation, has a large ratio of mortality in comparison with that of the metropolis and the agricultural districts. 'According to the second report of the Registrar-general (continues the authority above quoted), the ratio is proportionally greatest in Manchester, next in Leeds, then in Liverpool, and fourthly in Birmingham; in each of which places more than one-half of the total number of deaths registered are those of children who had not attained their fifth year; whilst it is remarkable, that in the metropolis the number of registered deaths of children under five years of age is only in the proportion of one to nearly two and a-half of the total number of deaths. In the parish of Birmingham, in the year registered from July 1, 1838, to June 30, 1839, the total number of deaths of all ages was 3305; of which number 1658 were under five years of age. Of this last number more than one-half died in their first year.' No commentary on the excessive employment of female labour in factories could, we think, be more expressive than this solitary fact.

Yet all is not a cheerless scene of labour, improvidence, and premature decay. There is great activity of mind among the industrious orders of Birmingham. Instruction, a taste for reading, and other tokens of advancement, are becoming daily more observable; one important means of melioration, however, being still wanting—extensive open grounds for out-door recreation. Great benefit, as I learned, had arisen from the establishment of Sunday schools, without which many thousands would have remained for ever ignorant of letters. A school of design, aided by government, has latterly been added to the means of popular education, and is now well attended. Some years ago, a class of institutions had been established in Birmingham, which I was anxious to hear something of. These were styled self-supporting dispensaries, and were designed to reform the abuse of charitable medical attendance, which was evidently undermining the independent feelings of the people. The dispensaries got up for this purpose had not been unsuccessful; but they have ultimately declined, and given place to institutions more comprehensive and serviceable to the working man and his family. This new class of institutions, suggested and greatly forwarded by Mr Sanders, surgeon in Birmingham, are much upon the plan of the benefit, sick, and burial societies common in Edinburgh and other large towns in Scotland, and are for the most part connected with congregational Sunday schools. They are styled 'Provident and Independent Institutions,' and their declared objects are, 'to enable the provident and industrious of both sexes, and of all ages and trades, residing within three miles of the place of meeting, to provide against sickness either by mutual assurance or by independent savings; also to enable them to provide for the exigencies arising from old age, births, deaths, and want of employment; and to do it at such time, and in such manner, as shall best suit the circumstances of each individual; and to obtain perfect security, with good and regular interest for their money.'

Those who take an interest in social economics will be pleased with the following account of one of the most successful of these institutions, which began in 1835, and now numbers upwards of 600 members, a large portion of whom are children in the Sunday schools. It comprises three branches—a saving-fund, a medical attendance fund, and a sick-pay fund; and one of its peculiarities is the employment of well-educated surgeons, and the supply of all medicines required for the sick member. A medical certificate is necessary on admission; and both entrance and future payments are regulated by age—a rule too frequently neglected by such associations. The saving fund is conducted on similar principles to those of the Savings' Bank, interest at the rate of L.3. 6s. 8d. for the year upon the hundred pounds being added half-yearly to the sum deposited. Every facility is afforded for the withdrawal, at any time, of the money so invested. The medical attendance and sick-pay fund, though kept in separate amounts, may be considered as undivided, and in the following remarks will be so treated. 'The subscriptions vary from one penny to about one shilling per week, according to the age of the member and the weekly sick-pay insured. The children in the Sunday schools, by subscribing a penny, insure in case of sickness the attendance of a surgeon, the supply of the requisite medicine, two shillings per week sick-pay, and one pound at death. Children out of the schools pay 1½d. to secure the same privileges. A member entering at thirty years of age, by subscribing 11d. per week, would insure medical advice, medicines, 20s. per week sick-pay, and L.10 at death. The great advantage of early entrance and continuance in these clubs will be seen by the following illustrations. To secure 12s. per week in sickness, with medical attendance and medicines, and L.6 at death, the weekly subscription of a member entering at 21 years of age is 5½d.; if he enter at 31, it is 7d.; and at 41, 10d. The subscriptions for members entering late in life may be high, compared with the rate of payments in ordinary clubs, but the security of the institution, by rendering it a refuge for old age, and an unfailing resource in after-life for sickness and infirmity, fully justifies the additional charge.' At present, the society has a well-secured fund amounting to nearly L.600 to meet all

* Sanitary Inquiry—England: 1842.

claims, notwithstanding the many demands upon it. As many of the working-classes, from an ignorance of the principles of assurance, connect themselves with public-house clubs, and are too often the victims of miscalculation or fraud, I am happy to make them acquainted with a class of provident institutions on which they may rely with confidence and satisfaction.

So ends my two days in Birmingham.

THE DEATH BLANKET.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

A CAREFUL examination of the map of North America will show that the Blackfeet are a race of Indians dwelling on the Marias, the Yellowstone, and other tributaries of the Missouri, bounded towards the north by the Ojibbeways and Knistenauxs, on the west by the Flatheads and Shoshonies, on the east and south by the Corbeaux, or Crows. In number about sixty thousand, they are warlike and predatory in the extreme, treat the traders with haughtiness, which, considering the fate of such aboriginal tribes as have mixed with the whites, is the less surprising; by their enemies are called blood-thirsty and relentless; and by the few white men who have dwelt amongst them from other motives than that of disposing of the insidious fire-water in exchange for furs, are designated as brave, fearless, honourable enemies, and true specimens of nature's gentlemen.* Their costume is picturesque and elegant, though one feature in it is of a terrible cast. Beautifully dressed deerskin tunics, leggings and mocassins of the same, with a band two inches in width down the seams exquisitely embroidered with porcupine quills, and further ornamented with small locks of black hair taken from the scalps of the enemy—such is their apparel. When mounted on their sturdy horses, with the short bow of horn or *bois d'arc*, the arrow, shield, and long spear, they may not inaptly be called the American Arabs. The skin of a buffalo bull, carefully garnished with porcupine quills, and painted rudely inside with representations of battle scenes, is often used as a cloak. Their spear heads are of steel; and their shields of buffalo, hardened with glue from that animal's hoof, will, when carefully turned, glance a rifle bullet. The women, obedient and meek, dress not so expensively, unless, indeed, it be a favourite young wife, upon whom, by way of great kindness, a coat of mountain goat-skin and a robe of young buffalo hide may be lavished. The costume of the children is so natural as to require no description, being, indeed, somewhat less intricate than that of the fat little native of Yucatan described by Stephens as putting on his hat as his sole article of clothing.

In the year 1828, a year ever memorable in the traditions of the Blackfoot nation, a village of this people was temporarily situated at the junction of a small stream with the Yellowstone. The tents were pitched on the right bank of the river to the number of 2500, placed along the water's edge in the position each thought most handy and convenient. For many days had they dwelt in that region, the buffalo being abundant and fat, and the hunters fully employed in laying in a stock of this staple food of the prairie. No animal is of greater utility than this mighty monarch of the American plains, the countless myriads of which, wandering hither and thither over the ocean-like expanse from the Rocky Mountains to Canada, and the frontiers of the States, is bread, meat, and clothing to the wild red man. As it migrates, the Indian follows, and keeping in the rear of the mighty horde, chases it with his sturdy horse and unerring bow; and rarely, indeed, is the warrior without the means of satisfying his appetite. When it is remarked that the buffalo bull often weighs 2000 pounds, it is at once seen what an acquisition a single animal is to a village. If this were the proper place to do so, we could expatiate through many columns on the various uses of this animal. The wigwams of the Blackfeet are made of buffalo skins sewed together, having been first dressed and shaped in a convenient manner. Some thirty pine poles, twenty-five feet in height, and lashed together at the summit, formed the frame, a hole at the top giving both light and vent to the smoke. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this species of tent, which can be taken down and packed on the baggage horses, or dogs, with the utmost rapidity.

Early one morning, a short time after the sun had first shown itself from behind the low grassy mounds in the east, there lay concealed, on the ridge of a green knoll overlooking the village, a human being. His position was such as to command a full view of the whole of the lodges, the river, and the far-spreading prairie, which, like a huge sea, swelled interminably to the east and the west, the north and the south. The muddy and cream-coloured Yellowstone rolled majestically at his feet, herds of buffalo were visible grazing afar off, but for neither had the stranger any eye. His glance was fixed upon the village, in which was visible the stir of a hunting party. Presently a long line of mounted warriors rode forth scouring the plain, and eager for the fray, though buffaloes, and not men, were the game sought after. Still, the excitement was great, death was to be dealt around, and to the wild untutored Indian the chase was the mimic representation of that far fiercer war held by him to be more ennobling and manly. At length the women, children, and old braves alone remained within the circle of the wigwams; and most of the former began to employ themselves in the exercise of those duties which constitute the peculiar employment of these laborious and patient creatures. Some were engaged in dressing skins of deer, goat, or buffalo, others studiously laboured at making pemmican, drying buffalo meat, and preparing marrow fat, called 'trapper's butter,' and the other luxuries afforded by the carcass of the bison. Others, again, more femininely domestic, were sewing mocassins or tunics, nursing, meanwhile, their dark-skinned babes, which, mild and innocent as they appeared, were doomed, if they lived, to follow the war-path, to chase their hereditary enemies, the Crows and Assineboins, and to take their reeking scalps. Low, monotonous, and yet musical was the lullaby of these embrowned dames as they rocked the cradles by their every motion, it being, as usual, suspended to the back by a strap across the forehead. A few maidens, not yet entered on their matronly duties, sauntered down to the river side to bathe their dusky limbs, and these it was that the stranger watched with the most evident interest. Presently one more comely than the rest, and who, though not more than sixteen, presented the air and mien of a princess—so firmly, majestically, and bravely did she walk—separated herself from the rest, and, as if seeking for a more convenient spot, wandered down the stream towards the mound in question. A smile crossed the face of the skulking stranger; and rolling himself down the declivity on the opposite side to the village, he stood awaiting the girl's approach. Though darkened and tanned by exposure, it was plain that he was a white man. Henry Williams, such was his name, a student of medicine, had, some six months back, reached the station of the American fur company at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri. Throughout the year, large parties of Indians assemble at this spot to trade peltries for powder, whisky, beads, &c. and among these were the Pe-a-gan Blackfeet above-described. Henry Williams had never been decidedly in love;

* Many names might be mentioned in connexion with this view of the subject; Catlin is, however, the most conspicuous. I heard my account from trappers, who painted the Blackfeet, as Farnham has expressed it, 'blood-thirsty and thievish.'

many times he had fancied himself assailed by the tender passion, but each time some little absence or other circumstance had disproved the idea. His heart was then peculiarly open to new impressions. He saw Ah-key-nes-tou, a young and handsome Blackfoot (by the way, that pedal limb was in her a ruddy brown), the affianced bride of In-ne-cose, the Iron-horn. More reason for loving her. In-ne-cose was a morose and ill-favoured Indian, whose only recommendation was his wealth, since he was even not full-blooded, his father having been of the hated race of the Crows. Many years a prisoner among his father's clan, and at length released, his valour earned for him a high place among the relatives of his mother, though some shrewdly surmised that his abandonment of the country of his father arose from reasons not much to his credit. Still he was rich in peltries, scalps, and horses, had four wives already, and who could refuse him his daughter, even though that daughter were Ah-key-nes-tou? Williams thought the match a decidedly improper one, and as the girl wanted yet two months of sixteen, when the warrior was to claim his bride, he determined if possible to prevent it. The task was far from an easy one, since Ah-key-nes-tou, though she owned to a secret predilection for her white lover, yet knew that she had been paid for, two horses having been duly received from In-ne-cose by her parents. Now Ah-key, as Williams called her, was an honourable girl, and having, ere Henry paid his court to her, been proud of the richest man in the tribe as her suitor, had not refused her consent to the match, especially when her little heart was gratified by the sight of two noble horses handed to her father in exchange for his daughter. But Williams had, during some dozen stolen interviews, filled her head with newfangled notions. He had persuaded the dusky damsel that mutual love was the most delightful thing in existence; had offered to quit home, friends, all for her sake; and, wedding her, become a wild hunter of the prairie. Last, but not least, he intended to offer six horses as his bridal gift. Still, In-ne-cose had been accepted; Ah-key considered herself his affianced wife, and both the lovers were particularly miserable and uncomfortable. Williams had left the steamer in which he was journeying up stream, and which for the first time visited that remote spot in the wilderness, to hurry on to the Pe-a-gan Blackfoot village overland, and was one day in advance of his white friends.

Williams and Ah-key met, and, without speaking, seated themselves on a green bank. The young man took the girl's hand, and looking her fondly in the face, remained silent during some minutes. At length he spoke. 'The days have been very long while the red-rose was absent from the sight of the young medicine. The sun was very bright, but I could not see; the moons are going fast, and the red-rose opens not its buds; soon, and the Iron-horn will want a fifth bride in his wigwam. The young medicine wishes but one bride; the earth is very full, but his tent is empty.' A slight tremor shook the Indian girl as she replied. It was, however, but for an instant. 'Ah-key-nes-tou has a heart, and it is very red; her father willed her to be the wife of a chief. Two have come, a red-skin and a pale-face. The red-skin is brave, but his heart is black; it is that of a Crow. The pale-face is young, and his tongue speaks no lies; he has no mate. The heart of Ah-key-nes-tou is very small; it can hold but one. I see it, and it shows me the face of a young medicine; but a wide river parts the red-rose and the pale-face. In-ne-cose had in his hand a black horse swift as the antelope, and a brown mare which never tires; they are not to be found in their place. The father of Ah-key-nes-tou counts two more than he did when the moon was young.'

'But,' replied the young man, as with mixed joy and grief he listened to the sad musical tones of the Indian girl, 'the medicine of the pale-faces is rich; he will give three horses for one that the Iron-horn has sent.'

To be valued at six of those useful animals was almost too much for the Blackfoot maiden; but she restrained her emotions of pride, and replied, 'The heart of my brother is large, he sets no count on a stray mule, but he cannot bring back the young moon. In-ne-cose misses his two steeds in the chase, and wants a squaw to dress his meat.'

Now, the idea of Ah-key's becoming anybody's squaw save his own, was more than Williams could look at patiently. His indignation would have exploded in words, but that, just as certain sentences of dire import were crowding to his tongue, his pretty young Blackfoot mistress rose calmly, and yet with so keen a fire in her eye, that Henry saw something unusual had happened. 'My brother is very wise,' said she smiling, 'but he does not hear a snake in the grass. The Iron-horn sees afar off; the young medicine of the pale-faces is not in his own wigwam. But no Blackfoot must say a brave has hidden near the camp of his friend. The red-rose will see if the water of the river can make her white, and my brother must go eat in the village of the Pe-a-gans.'

Williams comprehended at once that In-ne-cose had been watching them. Though this was no pleasant intelligence, yet could he not but smile at the quiet humour of his ruddy mistress, who, sooth to say, could not be called fair. Her behest was obeyed in an instant, after a rapid interchange of certain glances, which, amid lovers of all nations, creeds, and colours, are intuitively understood. His ponderous western rifle was then shouldered, and the summit of the mound once more gained. Standing so as to be seen by the whole village during some minutes, he slowly descended, and walked towards the lodge of the principal chief, an old brave, who, besides being the father of Ah-key-nes-tou, had the additional recommendation of being a personal friend, in consequence of the interchange of certain gifts, wherein the white man had shown himself unprecedentedly liberal. The reception by the old man was cordial and warm; breakfast and a pipe being immediately offered and accepted. After a due time devoted to the inhaling of the odoriferous kinnec-kinnec, Williams cautiously broached a subject which had occupied the thoughts and tongues of both on more than one occasion—namely, the disposal of the old man's daughter. The chief owned that he should be highly honoured by the white medicine's alliance, and equally highly pleased by the promised horses; but the affianced state of the maiden was a matter of by far too serious moment, he argued, to be treated lightly. 'In-ne-cose is a warrior, a brave; his wigwam has many scalps; he has smoked his pipe in the council-chamber, and his arm is very strong. The people of my tribe would say that War-Eagle was an old squaw if he shut his eyes against In-ne-cose.' Williams owned that there certainly were difficulties to be got over, but still could not think any of them insurmountable. He therefore quietly informed War-Eagle that a fire-ship was expected to reach the village before sunset, when his baggage and tent would be landed, preparatory to his taking up his residence among the Blackfeet. War-Eagle appeared pleased at the determination, and pointed out the summit of the hill where he had been first seen as an appropriate camping-ground. Williams assented, and then mounting a swift horse lent him by the good old chief, hurried after the hunters.

Towards evening the approach of the steamer Yellow-stone, or rather the fire-ship, being noised abroad, the whole population of the village, male and female, young and old, congregated on the water's edge to witness its arrival. There is no greater error in circulation with regard to the Indians, than that of either supposing them without curiosity, or as disdaining to evince any emotion of the kind. On great occasions, in solemn deliberation, when within view of thousands of whites, and perhaps among certain of the nobler tribes, the famed Indian stoicism certainly exists. But in their native wilds, surrounded only by their wives and little ones, they are

true descendants of Eve, and can joke, laugh, and be curious with the best of us. The approach of a fire-canoe, of which the population had heard a description from the few who had seen one, was so rare and extraordinary an occurrence, that their anxiety was raised to the highest pitch. Wherever the Yellowstone had been, she had been held by the Indians as big medicine. Unlike the Dutch at Newburgh, on the Hudson, who thought a steamer a floating saw-mill, they could give it no name; and when its twelve-pound cannon and eight-pound swivel were discharged at intervals, their wonder was complete. 'Some of the inhabitants threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit; some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived to be offended; some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was to approach and go on board. Sometimes they were thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women, children, and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose for his own amusement.'*

After a short delay, Williams, who stood amid the throng of chiefs, gave notice that the steamer was in sight, and soon it became plainly visible ploughing its way up the winding river, its black smoke and white steam escaping at intervals, while the guns sent forth thunder. In-ne-cose, who had kept apart from his rival, scowling and fierce, now approached, and, terror and consternation in his face, plainly demonstrated his wish to be on good terms with the relative of so terrible a monster. Williams, however, scorned his advances, and remained in converse with War-Eagle. Meanwhile the boat came rapidly nearer and nearer, and various names were given it. One called it the 'big thunder-canoe,' another the 'big medicine canoe with eyes,' and all decided that it was a great mystery. In a short time it came in front of the village, and all was still and silent as the grave until it was moored, when Williams led the chiefs down to the water's edge, and on board. In-ne-cose, not yet recovered from his anxiety, followed in the rear. Cordial greetings took place between the whites and the Blackfeet, who, however, were chiefly occupied in examining the wonderful structure which 'saw its own way, and took the deep water in the middle of the channel.'

Early on the following morning the steamer, having landed the young medicine's tent and baggage on the beach, departed on its way down the river, leaving Williams alone with his red friends, save as far as an honest Canadian trapper might be considered society. Williams's first duty was to erect his wigwam, and deposit his treasures therein, composed of ammunition, a medicine chest, and sundry matters agreeable both to male and female Indian taste. This, with the aid of Bogard, was soon effected, and on the very spot designated by War-Eagle. Scarcely was their duty concluded, when a messenger—an Indian lad as usual—summoned the two white men to a council of the chiefs. Bogard and Williams obeyed, though neither could understand the reason of this sudden requisition. They, however, followed in silence, and were led to the open place of the village, in front of the council chamber, where the chiefs were assembled in the open air, in the presence of the women and young men. A single glance satisfied Williams of the nature of the subject to be deliberated upon. In-ne-cose was smoking his tomahawk pipe with the most stoical gravity, his form enveloped in a rare and beautiful Mexican poncho; but round the corners of his mouth there was a smile of malicious meaning, and a furtive rolling of the eyes towards the spot where, standing upright near her father, was Ah-key-nes-tou, a model of beauty and female modesty, with a slight dash of pride. As Henry Williams sat gravely down, forming one of the circle of chiefs, Bogard, who took his place close in his rear, whispered in his ear a few sentences. Williams looked hastily at In-ne-cose, examined him curiously, and appearing convinced of the truth of his Canadian friend's remarks, he turned deadly pale, and a shudder came over him. Regaining his outward composure by a strong effort, the young medicine accepted the calumet, and took several whiffs; he then relapsed into inactivity. For ten minutes not a syllable was heard, when, at a sign from the War-Eagle, In-ne-cose arose.

'A pale-faced medicine, a son of the big thunder canoe, has pitched his tent by the wigwams of the Blackfeet. It is good. There is much ground which is empty, there is plenty of buffalo; my young friend is rich, and a great warrior; his skin is white, but his heart is very red—he will be a friend to the Blackfoot, who calls him brother. But the young medicine is alone; he has no squaw to cook his meat, to saddle his horse, and make his bed with soft skins and bulrushes—he has no wife to bring home the game which he kills, and the path to the Crows is very long; he cannot have a slave. Look around; the young women of the tribe are many; the dogs of Assineboins came in the night, and took scalps like sneaking faint hearts (Indian expression for a dandy, a character despised by these warlike people), and the women are plenty as buffalo: they are very fair; my young friend is rich—he can buy two wives; let him choose; and he can take his squaw when In-ne-cose takes Ah-key-nes-tou. I have said.'

An emphatic 'hugh!' proceeded from the whole circle, both those who understood the secret motives of the Iron-horn congratulating him on his cunning, and those who did not, sincerely wishing to see the son of the big thunder canoe adopted into the tribe. Williams rose immediately, and as he understood the language sufficiently (Ah-key-nes-tou had been his teacher), addressed the assembly without the aid of an interpreter: 'In-ne-cose is a dog.' This unexpected opening riveted every eye upon the speaker, though not a muscle appeared to move in any one of the dusky forms, save Ah-key-nes-tou, who looked at her lover admiringly. 'His skin is that of a Blackfoot, because he is very cunning, and has painted, but his heart is the heart of a Crow. Does a Blackfoot lie?—does a Blackfoot steal? It is a Crow that is guilty. The Great Spirit is angry; a vulture is among the eagles, and would carry away the prettiest eaglet; but the Manitou wills it not. In-ne-cose will be in his happy hunting-ground before the sun goes seven times to sleep; but In-ne-cose will take many Blackfeet with him—warriors, sachems, women, children, perhaps Ah-key-nes-tou;' and Williams, deeply moved, could only add, 'I have said.

The War-Eagle rose hastily, evidently alarmed, and, turning to the young lover, said, 'My pale-face brother is very wise; the Great Spirit tells him his will. Why is he angry? In-ne-cose is a Crow, and if he be a vulture, and the Manitou says it, he must go.'

In-ne-cose and Williams rose together, but the former, who, though not altogether successful in concealing his emotion, still preserved the stoical and calm gravity of a chief, gave way, and the young medicine proceeded to explain himself. He informed the assembled warriors—in language too circumlocutory and figurative to be rendered into English literally—that on the passage up the Yellowstone but two days before, a Mexican merchant, on his way to Santa Fé, had died of the small-pox, a disease which, he informed the Indians, was terribly contagious to those who were not guarded against it by a great medicine operation. The merchant who had died owned, among other things, the blanket, or poncho, which now enveloped the form of In-ne-cose, and had actually breathed his last with it around him. As all those in the steamboat, besides, were American citizens, and were vaccinated, the man's clothes had been merely hung up in the wind; but In-

* The words here employed are those of Mr Catlin, who, however, does not give the subsequent part of this history.

ne-cose having stolen the article in question, and worn it during many hours, he felt quite sure that death was his portion. Williams added, that every Indian who went near him, who touched him or his blanket, who came within range of the same atmosphere, would die also, unless, indeed, he could with his medicine save them. 'It is very black; a dark night is coming; the Great Spirit is angry; one month, and perhaps not a Pe-a-gan lodge will be full. But In-ne-cose loves Ah-key-nes-tou; let her go to the lodge of the pale-face, and the pale-face to the wigwam of the Iron-horn. Seven suns will not pass ere the Great Spirit calls many to his happy hunting-ground.'

Long ere Williams had done speaking every living being within the arena had moved to a distance from In-ne-cose, who sat still smoking his pipe, to all outward appearance as calm as he had previously been. A slight pallor through his dusky skin might have been visible to a keen observer. Slowly rising at last, he turned gravely to Williams: 'The Great Spirit is in the clouds, and calls all his people to him, and they must go. The little ones of the Iron-horn slept on the mystery blanket; they woke, and were well. Will the bad spirit touch them?' And disdaining to show fear for himself, the wretched man drew the poncho closer about him.

'The lightning blasts the old oak and the young sapling,' replied Williams.

'In-ne-cose is rich, he has four squaws; if the young medicine of the pale-faces will drive away the bad spirit from the little ones, he may take Ah-key-nes-tou to his wigwam.'

Williams seized the warrior's hand, and wrung it with energy. Telling Bogard to lead Ah-key-nes-tou to his tent, and then to bring down the medicine-chest, the white mystery-man followed his late rival to the wigwam of his children. We hesitate to paint the scene which followed. Let us borrow the words of a native historian. 'The infected article spread the dread infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain, were all new to the medicine-men; and the body falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their frenzy and ignorance, despite the advice of the white doctor, they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream; and, whether the burning fever or want of nervous action prevailed, whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely, and plunged into the snowy waters of the river. They endeavoured for a time to bury their dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil-minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits—had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great Spirit had also placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them; he had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurors, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken; the fire in the great pipe was extinguished for ever: their graves called for them, and the call was now answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister, father his son, and mother her sucking child, and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influence of the climate restored the remainder of the tribe to health. Of the 2500 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 800 only survived its ravages; and even to this hour do the bones of 7000 or 8000 Blackfeet lie unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted village on the banks of the Yellowstone.'*

In-ne-cose—some said the blanket was given him by a trader who hated the Blackfeet—died among the earliest; while Ah-key-nes-tou, persuaded by Williams, was the first who fled. The medical student did his best to persuade the Indians to abandon the place at once; he also exerted himself to save as many as possible; but both his advice and remedies being disregarded, he took a canoe, and, with Ah-key-nes-tou—now an orphan—and Bogard, made the best of his way to St Louis. No longer a lover of the wilds, he braved the ridicule of society, and, marrying his Indian bride, took up his residence on the banks of the Missouri, in the town above-mentioned, and no medical man in the state has a higher reputation than our hero. Last time I heard of him was through a paragraph in the St Louis Republican, which said, 'For Senator, that eminent patriot, Dr Henry Williams.'

* See Farnham's Great Western Prairies.

FACTS ABOUT THE CHINESE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

The great principle upon which both the political and social system of the Chinese is founded, is parental authority. It even forms the basis of their national religion; for, though they believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, he is not worshipped, the emperor being considered the only intercessor with Heaven. The people confine their prayers to their ancestors, and make sacrifices to them before domestic idols. Indeed the ancient lawgivers appear to have aimed at making the Chinese less a religious than a moral people. This spiritual indifference begets a general toleration for other creeds, amongst which Budhism has the largest number of disciples.

Their sacred regard for ancestry makes the people proficient genealogists, and the meanest individual can trace his descent with accuracy—a matter of the less difficulty, as each family keeps itself apart from the rest. Amongst the whole population of three hundred millions, there are no more than four hundred and fifty-four clans, and consequently only that number of surnames, all of which are of one syllable, except thirty, which have two. To obviate confusion as much as possible, a man is allowed only to marry a woman of a different family, that he may be able to unite two surnames. The feeling of clanship is carried to the high point of all persons of the same name considering themselves cousins, and there exists a silent contract between them to help each other. Gutzlaff, who, though a Prussian, bears a remarkable resemblance in feature to a Chinaman, and was enabled to become a naturalised citizen of the Chinese empire, having entered a clan, was suddenly surrounded with a host of cousins, some of whom laid claim to his charity, while others very readily assisted him. The vast numbers of which the clans are composed, and the adherence of the members to a common interest, are powerful checks to the despotism of the imperial as well as to the local governments. Sometimes the fraternities quarrel amongst themselves; and in 1817 the *Tsae* and *Wang* clans, in the province of Fokein, fell out and fought, till many were killed and several houses burnt. The police proving ineffective, the government were obliged to call in the aid of the military to put down the riot, so formidable was it.

Their regard for parentage counterbalances in a great degree the least amiable trait in the character of the Chinese, which is, the low estimation in which they hold the female sex; for it is only in the character of a mother of male children that women meet with the respect which is naturally their due. Scarcely in any country does woman play so unimportant a part as in China. A Chinese philosopher, quoted by Mr Ellis, while exhorting husbands not to desist from instructing

their wives, declares that 'even monkeys may be taught to play antics—dogs may be taught to tread a mill—rats may be taught to run round a cylinder—and parrots may be taught to recite verses. Since, then, it is manifest that even birds and beasts may be taught to understand human affairs, how much more so may young wives, who, *after all*, are human beings.' Though little attention is bestowed on their mental improvement, great stress is laid on their personal appearance. A Chinese beauty must have a broad and pale face, a small waist, club feet, and finger-nails of immense length. A British officer, during the recent expedition, having entered a house after a terrible siege and carnage, observed the body of a lady lying on the ground. 'While looking at her,' he says, 'I observed what appeared thin brown slips of bamboo loosely fastened round her wrists, and remarked to Mr Gutzlaff* how singular it was that they should have found it necessary to bind her. But he exclaimed—Those were her nails! and true enough it was, as I found when I looked close.' It appears that fine ladies are in the habit, when going to bed, of softening their nails in warm water, and then winding them round their wrists, to prevent injury. Women of the lower class, and men also, wear long nails, but only on their left hand, so as not to interfere with their manual labours. The hair of Chinese women is dressed in various fantastic shapes, unlike that of the men with its universal tail; and females in different districts have different fashions. Everywhere, however, the hair is worn loosely before marriage, and afterwards bound up. The higher classes intersperse it with gold and silver pins: in some provinces every woman wears artificial flowers. Small birds made of thin gold-leaf and pearls adorn the heads of the young and wealthy; but, though they twist it in the most intricate plaits and knots, they never wear ringlets. Their dress differs less from that of men than that of the two sexes in Europe.

The marriage customs of the Chinese are very generally misunderstood. It is thought that they are polygamists, which is not the case, for only one *Tsy*, or wife, is allowed by law. The importance, however, of having male descendants gives a man the privilege of taking a *Tsiě*, or handmaiden, in case his wife have no son; but if she have male children, and he takes that privilege, he diminishes his respectability. From the peculiar belief that all matches are predestined, courtship is unknown in China. The whole affair is settled by the parents, to whom both bride and bridegroom are obliged to pay implicit obedience. The most essential circumstance in a match is, that the 'gates should correspond;' in other words, that the couple be of equal rank and fortune. The ceremonies performed at weddings have often been described, and need not be repeated here.

'The birth of a son,' says Mr Davis, 'is of course an occasion of great rejoicing; the family or surname is first given; then the "milk-name," which is generally some diminutive of endearment. A month after the event, the relations and friends, between them, send the child a silver plate, on which are engraved the three words, "long-life, honours, felicity." The boy is lessoned in behaviour and in ceremonies from his earliest childhood, and at four or five he commences reading. The importance of general education was known so long in China, that a work written before the Christian era speaks of the *ancient* system of instruction, which required that every town and village, down to only a few families, should have a common school. The wealthy Chinese employ private teachers, and others send their sons to day-schools, which are so well attended, that the fees paid by each boy are extremely small. In large towns there are night schools, of which those who are obliged to labour through the day avail themselves.' Education and literature are so widely diffused throughout the country, that it has been asserted there are more books, and more people to read them in China, than in any other nation in the world. While performing his missionary labours along the coast in 1831–3, Mr Gutzlaff found that the most effectual mode of cultivating friendly intercourse with the natives was the circulation of tracts in the Chinese language, with which he was provided. One upon the English nation was read with extreme eagerness. 'Often,' he adds, 'when I came upon deck, all hands were stretched out to receive it; a scuffle would ensue, and loud complaints were vented by those whose wishes were not satisfied.'

The domestic arrangements of a Chinese house belonging to the middle classes do not admit of the unrestrained companionship of the fair sex, who are secluded in separate apartments. At all their feasts and entertainments, therefore, the cheering presence of woman is wanting. A Chinese fashionable dinner-party is a protracted and not very lively affair. The guests usually arrive about half-past six in the evening, and the space before the door, together with the whole entrance, is lined with attendants; Chinese lanterns burn on all sides; and music, more startling than harmonious, welcomes the arrival of the company; who, as they enter, are saluted by the host with a profusion of compliments, and conducted to the dining-room. Here the guests seat themselves upon the chairs, which are ranged in two long straight rows; and tea is immediately offered in large cups, each with a little shallow saucer, serving as a lid, and the whole standing upon a plate of silver or gold. They throw some tea into the cup, and pour boiling water over it; so soon as it has stood a short time, they pour the clear liquid into the saucer-lid, and drink it as hot as possible.

By way of cover, three small cups are placed before each seat; the first on the left hand is filled with soy, which the Chinese add to almost every sort of food; the second serves for the ordinary eating; and in the third is a little spoon of porcelain for the soups. In front of these three cups—which are ranged in a line—lie two round little chop-sticks, which, in rich houses, are made of ivory. 'It is extremely difficult,' says Dr Meyen,* 'for strangers to get at their food with these sticks, and the Chinese were amused with our unskilfulness: one was overheard to whisper, "Here are wise Europeans for you; they cannot so much as eat properly." Instead of napkins, small three-cornered pieces of paper are placed near the covers; these are ornamented with strips of red paper, and are used by the Chinese to wipe their hands. The dinner begins by the host inviting his friends to eat of the finer dishes. The Chinese place no cloths upon the tables; but instead, so soon as the course is finished, the whole board is removed, and a new surface, as it were, with fresh things, is served. As soon as the first course is removed, another small cup is added to each cover; this is used for drinking hot samtschu, a fermented liquor made of rice, which at a Chinese table supplies the place of wine, and which is always served boiling: servants walk round with large silver cans, and help everybody to this nectar, which, principally on account of its heat, begins very soon to operate on the head.'

Between the different grand divisions of the dinner tea is handed round, and tobacco smoked. After several courses, small tables are placed outside of the half-

* The Reverend Charles Gutzlaff held the post of chief interpreter to the expedition.

* Voyage Round the World.

circle of the original tables; these are completely covered with roasted pork, and birds of all sorts. The cooks then make their appearance, clothed all alike, and very tastefully, and begin carving the roasts, which is generally done very skilfully. Other servants, who stand in front of the tables, receive the little bits into which all these roasts are cut upon small plates, and then place them on the middle of the guests' tables. At the end of the whole meal, the cooks usually come again into the room, and return thanks for the honour which had been done them, in being permitted to cater for the illustrious company.

The Chinese are much addicted to the pleasures of the table; and even the poorest person saves his means to have at least one feast on the first day of the year. But the vice which has brought with it the most important consequences is opium smoking. This baneful mode of stupefaction can of course only be indulged in by the affluent; and so largely was it spread amongst them, that the numerous 'special edicts' fulminated at the heads of the smokers by the emperor utterly failed to check it. Though, legally, opium is a prohibited article, yet, from the circumstance of nearly all the most powerful men in the empire using it, smuggling was, and always will be, readily carried on with that characteristic discordance which exists between the theory and practice of Chinese law.

Though social intercourse is kept up in China by means of an infinity of ceremonies, it is not nearly so refined as with us. The ordinary mode of saluting consists in clapping the hands together before the breast, and moving them with a slight inclination of the head. If the party be a superior, the hands are lowered till they nearly touch the ground; or in the case of very high rank, one knee is bent: even prostrations and genuflexions are common. The person thus honoured, however, always tries to prevent so extreme an exhibition of deference, and a very ridiculous struggle of politeness often ensues. Women let their hands fall gracefully down, and make a kind of courtesy. Every sort of friendly encounter has its prescribed ceremonies: unexpected interviews between equals, for instance, are marked by kneeling and repeatedly rising.* The ordinary expression is, *Hoon—tsing, tsing;* that is, 'Are you well? hail! hail!' The ceremonial language is, however, far more bombastic. An invitation to a private feast is conveyed some days before in a crimson-coloured note, on which is inscribed the time appointed, and an intreaty that the guest will bestow 'the illumination of his presence.'† Visiting tickets correspond in size to the rank of the visitor. They consist of his name and titles inscribed down the middle (the Chinese language is written in perpendicular columns, not in horizontal lines, as with us) of a folded sheet of red paper, ornamented with gold leaf; and if the rank of the owner be very high, the sheet is sometimes of sufficient length, when opened out like a screen, to extend across a room. If the visit be made in the morning, this placard-like ticket is white, with blue letters.

A further enumeration of the forms used in ordinary life would be tedious rather than interesting; suffice it to say, that the most trifling act of social life is a matter of etiquette, and regulated by the imperial statutes. The prevalence of minute ceremonies, far from exhibiting a high, shows a low, or at most a middle state of civilisation. This is the case in China: with all their outward civility to each other, the selfishness begot by the arduous struggle to live in that crowded country overpowers all the nobler feelings. It is considered a disgrace not to overreach one's neighbour; and imposition and deceit only reflect disgrace from the clumsy manner in which it has been performed. 'Telling falsehoods,' says Gutzlaff, 'and glorying in it, are so common, as to incur no odium.'

In all the arts which contribute to the conveniences and luxuries of life, the Chinese were proficients when much of the rest of the world was in the most primitive condition; though unfortunately they are satisfied with the limited proficiency they then obtained, and never strive to soar beyond it. Besides a knowledge of the properties of the loadstone, and other natural phenomena, in which they preceded for some centuries the western world, it is stated by M. Arago,* that the Chinese have long used gas as a means of heat and illumination. He quotes the Abbé Imbert (one of the Jesuit missionaries), who declares that he visited a well from which natural gas was liberated, and led to three hundred caldrons, which it heated; and streets, halls, and workshops were lighted with gas conducted through bamboo tubes. It would, however, appear that this useful fluid has never been extensively applied. Here, as in everything else, they stop short at the first discovery. Amongst their talents, as at present manifested, there is none superior to their power of imitation. Give a Chinaman anything to copy, whether it be a painting or an old coat, and he will, with uncommon expertness, soon present you with its exact counterpart, to the holes in the canvass, or the patches in the sleeves. The author of a work entitled 'The Last Year in China,' gives an amusing instance of the fidelity of a native artist. 'A (European) lady at Macao was having her portrait drawn. As the work proceeded, she expressed her strong dissatisfaction at the performance. "Spose," said the painter, in the peculiar jargon current at and near Canton, "you smile a little, and lookee better." 'Twas vain, for when the "pigeon"† was done, the indignation of the fair one was so great, and so disagreeably expressed, that the irritated artist naïvely exclaimed, "If handsome face no got, how handsome face can make?"' English artists, who are far less exact in their copies from real life, could teach him.

During the recent expedition, instances of the readiness and skill with which the Chinese take advantage of any improvement noticed in our mode of warfare or machinery, were constantly meeting the observation of the officers. The most remarkable is related by Commander Hall in his narrative of the voyages of the Nemesis steamer. Finding their war-junks unable to compete with our vessels, they constructed not only gun-boats, but, in imitation of our paddles, *wheeled* vessels, which were 'brought forward against us with great confidence at the engagement of Woosung, the last naval affair of the war, and were each commanded by a mandarin of rank, showing the importance they attached to these new vessels.' The wheels were of wood, very like an undershot mill-wheel, and were moved by machinery inside; the vessel was worked by a sort of capstan by manual labour, the crew walking it round and round, just like walking up an anchor on board a man-of-war; the horizontal revolution was turned into the upright one by strong wooden cog-wheels upon regular mechanical principles.

The aptitude and ingenuity shown on this occasion afford proof that, if untrammelled by the laws deduced from antiquity, the Chinese would soon make rapid strides in the right direction. But their prejudices are so rooted in their minds, and so inwoven with their political and religious system, that speedy changes from the effect of European example are not to be looked for. Still, it would be rash to augur that the present system of the Chinese is to be of long continuance. Fifty years ago, any change in Turkish or Persian manners would have seemed absolutely hopeless: now there is a rapid progress towards European modes observable in those nations. Already the first grand difficulty in China has been overcome; the people will now have opportunities of witnessing European improvements of all kinds, and their inclination to adopt them is undoubted.

* Gutzlaff. † Davis.

* See the Annuaire for 1835.

† This is the nearest sound it is possible for a Chinaman to utter to the word 'business.' In like manner no Chinese mouth can accommodate itself to the letter 'r,' which they always convert into 'l;' hence in selling rice, the stranger is led to suppose the bargain concerns a far less agreeable article.

Under these circumstances, it cannot well be supposed that they will long rest content with things as they are. A mental movement, or march of intellect, may be among the moral phenomena of this country within the present century.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

Beau Brummell was one of that class of whom the world is inclined to say it could better spare better men. The emptiness of the assumed merits, and the utter inutility of the life, are acknowledged; but yet there is a fascination which all but persons determined to be very severe will hardly fail to feel. That there was a full measure of this indescribable charm about Brummell, was proved by his actually, without rank, and with little fortune, acquiring a kind of ascendancy over a large portion of the proud aristocracy of England. It may be said to have also proved itself by the publication, thirty years after the conclusion of his reign, of a book, in two volumes octavo, professing to record his life.*

From this work it appears that Brummell was born in 1778, one of the children of a man of humble extraction, who had risen by merit to be private secretary to Lord North and high sheriff of Berkshire, and who left about sixty thousand pounds to his family. The beau was educated at Eton, where his conduct was so good, as to save him from being on any occasion subjected to corporal punishment; but already his taste in dress was beginning to appear, and he gained the sobriquet of *Buck* Brummell. His education was continued at Oxford, but for no long time, as he entered the army at sixteen in the capacity of a cornet in the Tenth Hussars, the Prince of Wales's regiment.

A patrimony, which during his minority increased to thirty thousand pounds, might, with his pay as an officer, have kept him at ease for the whole of his life; but Brummell had no idea of the value of money, and he naturally wished to spend on the same scale as his companions, the chief of whom was the prince. Then his tastes were of the most luxurious kind. We acquire an idea of his notions about expense from the answer which he gave to a lady who asked what her son could dress well for—'Why, with strict economy, it might be done for L.800 a-year.' Even the duties and restraints of his commission were quickly felt to be too much for the self-indulgent habits of Brummell, and he quitted the army at twenty. Not long after this period, he is found to have ascended to the summit of fashionable notoriety, and to have become arbiter and autocrat in matters of foppery, even the Prince of Wales yielding to him in this respect. According to his biographer—'Brummell's tailors were Schweitzer and Davidson in Cork Street, Weston, and a German of the name of Meyer, who lived in Conduit Street. The Stultzes and Nugees, &c. did, I believe, exist in those days, but they were not then held in the same estimation as their more fortunate brethren of the shears. Schweitzer and Meyer worked for the prince; and the latter had a page's livery, and on great occasions superintended the adornment of his royal highness's person. The trouser, which opened at the bottom of the leg, and was closed by buttons and loops, was invented either by Meyer or Brummell; the beau at any rate was the first who wore them, and they immediately became quite the fashion, and continued so for some years. A good-humoured baronet and brother Etonian of his, who followed him at a humble distance in his dress, told me that he went to Schweitzer's one morning to get properly rigged out, and that, while this talented purveyor of habiliments was measuring him, he asked him what cloth he recommended. "Why, sir," said the *artiste*, "the prince wears superfine, and Mr Brummell the Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John; you must be right. Suppose, sir, we say Bath coating—I think Mr Brummell has a trifle the preference."'

What were the foundations of the empire which Brummell had established? Undoubtedly personal elegance was the first quality concerned; next was the really perfect propriety of his manners; lastly, but not leastly, must be adduced the imposing power of his self-esteem, which gave him an unfailing confidence in all he said and did amongst his companions. Let us take from Captain Jesse a few personal traits of the beau. 'His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome, but his head was well shaped, the forehead being unusually high. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, preserved his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were gray and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful.

'This flexibility of feature enabled Brummell to give additional point to his humorous or satirical remarks, his whole physiognomy giving the idea that, had he devoted himself to dramatic composition, he would have written in a tone far more resembling that of the "School for Scandal" than the "Gamester," or any plot developing reflection and deep feeling. His voice was very pleasing.

'Brummell was one of the first who revived and improved the taste for dress, and his great innovation was effected upon neckcloths. They were then worn without stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, rucking up to the chin in a roll. To remedy this obvious awkwardness and inconvenience, he used to have his slightly starched; and a reasoning mind must allow that there is not much to object to in this reform.

'He did not, however, like the dandies, test their fitness for use by trying if he could raise three parts of their length by one corner without their bending; yet it appears that if the cravat was not properly tied at the first effort or inspiring impulse, it was always rejected. His valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied, "Oh, they are *our* failures." Practice like this, of course, made him perfect, and his tie soon became a model that was imitated, but never equalled.

'The method by which this most important result was attained was communicated to me by a friend of his, who had frequently been an eye-witness of the amusing operation. The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large, that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face, and the white neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt collar, which he folded down to its proper size; and Brummell then standing before the glass, with his chin poked up to the ceiling, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions, the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded.

'His morning dress was similar to that of every other gentleman—Hessians and pantaloons, or top-boots and

* The Life of George Brummell, Esq. commonly called Beau Brummell. By Captain Jesse, author of 'Notes of a Half-Pay in Search of Health.' 2 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley.

buckskins, with a blue coat, and a light or buff-coloured waistcoat—of course fitting to admiration on the best figure in England. His dress of an evening was a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons which buttoned tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and opera hat; in fact, he was always carefully dressed, but never the slave of fashion. Still, he criticised severely the dress of others, more particularly when there was a want of neatness in it. A nobleman now living told me that when he was a young man, Brummell not only noticed him a good deal, but from the way in which he patronised him, evidently appeared to think that he was doing him a great kindness. They were walking together arm in arm one day up St James's Street, when Brummell suddenly stopped, and asked Lord —— what he called those things on his feet? "Why, shoes," he replied. "Shoes are they?" said Brummell doubtfully, and stooping to look at them, "I thought they were slippers."'

Another trait—'The Prince of Wales took snuff, a sufficient reason for the almost universal adoption of the custom. But even this Brummell did in an elegant manner, scarcely inferior to that of his royal highness; like him, he opened his box with peculiar grace, and with one hand only, the left. One of the great amateurs of this nasal pastime, and a friend of Brummell's, still survives; and Lord P——'s cellar of *snuff*—not *wine*—is said by the tobacconists to be worth three thousand pounds.'

With these qualities, half whimsical as some of them were, Brummell associated others which must be regarded with more respect. He was a good writer of versified pleasantries for the amusement of his friends, and an invariably cheerful companion. One thing that tells much in his favour is the friendship which he inspired in many bosoms not supposed to be too much addicted to that sentiment: several of the gay associates of Brummell continued steadfast in their regard through all his errors and misfortunes, and even supported him when all other means had failed. Captain Jesse introduces an anecdote which speaks to good manners having been somewhat more than a mere matter of form with the beau. Shocked one day in latter life by the omission of an act of courtesy to a lady on the part of a young friend, he thus addressed the delinquent:—

'Civility, my good fellow, may truly be said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position. When I was young, I was acquainted with a striking example of what may sometimes be gained by it, though my friend on this occasion did not, I assure you, expect to benefit by his politeness. In leaving the opera one evening, a short time previous to the fall of the curtain, he overtook in the lobby an elderly lady making her way out to avoid the crowd; she was dressed in a most peculiar manner, with hoop and brocade, and a pyramid of hair; in fact she was at least a century behind the rest of the world in her costume. So singular an apparition had attracted the attention of half-a-dozen Lord Dukes and Sir Harrys sitting in the lobby, and as she slowly moved towards the box entrance, they amused themselves by making impertinent remarks on her extraordinary dress and infirm gait.

'Directly my friend caught sight of them, and saw what they were after, he went to her assistance, threatened to give them in charge of a Bow Street officer, and with his best bow offered her his arm. She accepted it, and on the stairs he inquired whether she had a chair or a carriage? at the same time intimating his willingness to go for one. "Thank you, sir, I have my chair," replied the old lady, "if you will only be good enough to remain with me until it arrives." As she was speaking, her servants came up with it; and making the cavalier a very stately curtsey, she requested to know to whom she had the honour of being indebted for so much attention? "My name, madam," replied the stranger, as he handed her to her chair, "is Boothby, but I am usually called Prince Boothby;" upon which the antiquated lady thanked him once more, and left. Well, from that hour Boothby never saw her again, and did not even hear of her till her death, which took place a few years after, when he received a letter from her lawyer, announcing to him the agreeable intelligence of her having left him heir to several thousands a-year! "Now, my good sir," said Brummell to the abashed youth, "for the future, pray remember Prince Boothby."'

The stories told of Brummell raise fastidiousness almost to the ideal. He gave up an intended matrimonial speculation for a reason which he thus stated to a friend. 'Why, what could I do, my good fellow, but cut the connexion? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage.' He himself confessed to having, on one occasion, consumed a pea. He had *heard* there was such a liquor as port. The Duke of Leinster asking his opinion of his coat, 'My dear duke, do you call *that thing* a coat?' He blamed his servant for having given him a bad cold, by allowing him, on a journey, to be shown into a room containing a damp stranger. Some exercises of his self-complacent wit, at the expense of Mrs Fitzherbert and the Prince of Wales, led to a rupture between the latter personage and himself, in which the beau always considered himself as the ill-used party. Soon after this event there occurred a rencontre between the prince and Brummell, of which the following carefully-ascertained particulars are given by Captain Jesse:—'Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepoint, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover Square Rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' Ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay young, and had never been introduced to the prince; Pierrepoint knew him slightly; and Brummell was at daggers-drawing with his royal highness. No invitation, however, was sent to the prince: but the ball excited much interest and expectation; and, to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his royal highness intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation, which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how they were to receive their guest, which, after some discussion, was arranged thus: when the approach of the prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepoint, as knowing the prince, stood nearest the door with his wax-light, and Mildmay, as being young, and void of offence, opposite; Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The prince at length arrived, and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepoint, and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay; advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley, and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" Those who were in front, and saw the prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the satire.'

Another anecdote respecting this quarrel shows in a striking manner the infinite self-command possessed by the hero of fashion. 'Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom *one* is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market Lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends; and not seeing the prince or his party,

he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the regent, who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move: they looked straight into each other's eyes, the prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the bystanders: there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the regent he recognised his rank; but he offered no apology for his inadvertence (as a mere stranger would have done), no recognition as an acquaintance: as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising.'

In 1816 the reign of Brummell over Bond Street, and parts thereunto adjacent, was abruptly terminated by the pressure of clamorous creditors. He took up his residence at Calais, and there for some years lived in comfort, maintained, it is said, solely by the kindness of his friends. In 1830 he obtained the appointment of consul at Caen, with a salary of L.400 a-year, of which, however, L.320 was set aside to liquidate his debts. Even this was taken from him in a few years by the abolition of his office, and he thenceforward depended solely on the bounty of those who had known him in his best days. It would be painful to pursue his story through his last years, which were rendered dismal by disease and paralysed reason. One picture, however, claims notice—the beau sitting by the hearth alone, under the impression that he was giving a fine evening party, having lighted card-tables in his room, and his servant to announce the imaginary entries of the gay and distinguished who had attended at his invitations in London thirty years before. Fiction has nothing superior to this. The poor beau was at last brought so low by a loathsome disease, that but for the religious enthusiasm of the Sisters of Charity, he must have died unattended. This event took place in 1840.

THE ROYAL NAVY OF FRANCE.

The French navy, to which, for several years past, attention has, from various circumstances, been much attracted, is a maritime force of greater power than is perhaps generally believed, when we consider the number of ships, the manner in which the department is superintended by the government, and managed by the officers and men belonging to it. To supply a deficiency which, it is believed, exists amongst general readers, we have drawn up the following statistics on the subject.

The head-quarters, or administrative department of the royal navy of France, is the office, in Paris, of the 'Minister of Marine and Colonies,' which nearly corresponds to our admiralty. The minister is assisted by a general secretary, four directors, three chiefs of division, sixteen principals, nineteen head clerks, and one hundred and sixty subordinates, making in all two hundred and four individuals, whose united emoluments amount to about L.34,800 annually. From this central administration orders are issued to the provincial superintendents, or maritime prefects, whose duties bear some resemblance to those of our port-admirals. Their jurisdiction extends over the five maritime *arrondissements* into which the sea-coast of the kingdom is divided. The first of these faces the English Channel, and extends from Dunkirk, the northernmost town of the country, southward to Cherbourg, which is the chief port. The second division takes in all the coast-towns between Cherbourg and Quimper, having Brest for its chief port. The third department stretches from Quimper to Paimbœuf on the Loire, the maritime capital being Lorient. The fourth naval prefecture begins at the Loire, and ends at Bayonne; chief port Rochefort. The second, third, and fourth divisions face the Bay of Biscay; while the fifth forms the Gulf of Lyons in the Mediterranean, having Toulon for its principal port. Each of these arrondissements is subdivided into *quartiers*, superintended by an officer subordinate to the prefect; and under him, again, there are inspectors, commissioners of dock-yards, store-keepers, clerks, and other officials, to the number of 2,400. These belong to what is called the administrative marine service. We now come to the navy itself.

The present number of first-class ships is seven, each carrying 120 guns, of which four are in commission; namely, le Friedland, le Montébello, l'Océan, and le Souverain. The other three were, in 1843, being built in the dock-yards of Brest and Rochefort. Besides these, there are thirteen vessels pierced for from 100 to 120 guns, twelve of 90, five of 86, and nine of 80 guns, making in all fifty-four ships of the line. Of frigates, sixteen have 60, one 58, seven 52, eleven 50, six 46, and five 40 guns. Ten of the corvettes carry 30, three 28, eight 24, and four 20 guns. Six *corvettes avisos* (cutters for carrying despatches) carry 16 guns each. Of brigs, there are twenty-five with 20 guns, three with 18, four with 16, besides twenty-three *bricks avisos*, having 10 guns each, and eight smaller brigs, each carrying 8 carronades. Of inferior craft, the French possess numerous galleots, cutters, luggers, gabarres (a lighter masted and rigged), transports, and about five-and-forty war-steamers. The rule adopted in 1841 was, that the steamers and one-half of all the vessels in the service must be kept launched, the other half remaining on the stocks, and forwarded to such a stage of finish as would enable them to be afloat at a short notice, in case of war. The total number of vessels in commission and on active service seldom reaches one hundred and fifty.

The construction and regulations of the French naval service is not very dissimilar to our own. In peace, it has only two full admirals, though one more is added during war. Ten vice-admirals and twenty rear-admirals are, however, always in the navy list. The number of *capitaines de vaisseau* (a rank equal to the post-captain of our service) is fixed at one hundred, of which twenty-three belong to the first class, and sixty-seven to the second. There are also two hundred captains of corvettes (we should call them commanders), sixty-six of whom belong to the first, and the rest to the second class. The number of *lieutenants de vaisseau* (first lieutenants) is five hundred, from which one hundred are selected for the first class. To the grade which corresponds to the midshipmen of the British navy, the title of *enseignes de vaisseau* is given, and of them there are six hundred. Those merry little probationers, who sail in all large English ships to learn navigation practically as well as theoretically, known as 'young gentlemen,' are more happily named by the French *élèves*, or pupils. The complement of the first class is two hundred, but the number of the second has no limit. To enter the French navy as an élève of the second class, the young aspirant has to pass an examination, and to remain two years in the ship's school. After his reception into the second class, he must spend other two years on board before he is eligible to be raised to the first class; he is then fairly on the first step of the ladder of promotion.

The sanitary department of the French navy is superintended by a medical staff, which consists of a first officer of health, or physician in chief; a second officer of health, or physician in ordinary; and a principal apothecary. The active medical service is per-

formed by an adequate number of naval surgeons, who are divided into three grades, and are distributed throughout the fleet.

A NEW EXPLANATION OF OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

THE *Polytechnic Magazine* [London, John Mortimer] presents, in a recent number, a paper by Dr Thomas Stone, in which an attempt is made to show the identity of certain extraordinary cases, called witchcraft and demoniacal possession, with the conditions which, in our age, attract attention under the denomination of mesmerism. It appears that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such cases were of frequent occurrence in both France and England, and were generally much of one character; that is, an individual, usually of tender age, and most frequently of the tender sex, was found liable to trance and convulsions, during which, in some instances, there was a talking of languages supposed to be unknown to the patient, and, in rarer instances still, an alleged power of telling what was taking place elsewhere, or what would hereafter take place. In some cases, these conditions appeared independent of all external agency; in others, the patient seemed liable to a peculiar influence from a certain person, who accordingly was believed to be practising a malignant and supernatural art. In all instances, there was, to all appearance, an utter insensibility to pain, as well as to pungent and disagreeable odours.

The case of Anne Milner of Chester, in 1564, is described by a report signed by Sir William Calverly, his wife, and other persons of distinction. '"We went at about two of the clocke, in the afternoone of the same 16th day of February, and there found the mayden in her traunce, after her accustomed manner, lying in a bed within the haule, her eyes half shut, half open, looking as she had been agast, never moving either eye or eyelid, her teeth something open, with her tongue doubling betweene, her face somewhat red, her head as heavy as leade to lift at; there she lay stil as a stone, and feeling her pulse, it beat in as good measure as if she had been in perfite health." The report then describes her becoming violently convulsed. "She lifted herself up in her bed, bending backwards in such order that almost her head and fete met, falling down on the one side, then on the other." A person of the name of Lane, who was reputed to possess great power over demoniacs, is then called in, who first, as the report expresses it, "willed" that she should speak, and then "willed" that she should rise and dress herself, all which she did to the astonishment of the bystanders, and a certificate to that effect was signed by all present on March 8, 1564. Here it will be perceived,' says Dr Stone, 'that the theory of volition, or the power of the will on the part of the mesmerist, was fully recognised.'

Glanvil, in his well-known book on witchcraft, amply reports the case of Jane Brookes, who suffered for this alleged crime at Charde in 1658. She was indicted for bewitching a boy named Richard Jones, whose paroxysms were certified by many witnesses. 'The boy,' says Glanvil, 'fell into his fits on the sight of Jane Brookes, and lay in a man's arms like a dead person; the woman was then willed to lay on her hand, which she did, and he thereupon started and sprung out in a very unusual manner. One of the justices, to prevent all possibilities of legerdemain, caused Gibson and the rest to stand off from the boy, and then that justice himself held him; the youth being blindfolded, the justice called as if Brooks should touch him, but winked to others to do it, which two or three successively did; but the boy appeared not concerned. The justice then called on the father to take him, but had privately before desired one, Mr Geoffrey Strode, to bring Jane Brookes to touch him, at such a time as he should call for his father; which was done, and the boy immediately sprung out after a very odd and violent fashion. He was afterwards touched by several persons, and moved not; but Jane Brookes being again caused to put her hand upon him, he started and sprung up twice, as before. All this while he remained in his fit, and some time after; and being then laid on a bed in the same room, the people present could not for a long time bow either of his arms or legs.' In these fits the boy is said to have been able to describe the appearance of Brookes and a sister of hers named Alice, and the clothes they wore at the time, although they were living at a distance (the clairvoyance of the mesmerists, according to Dr Stone).

In the case of Florence Newton, tried at Youghal in 1661, one of the practices of the mesmerists is precisely described. It is stated that, during the trial, when the accuser had closed her evidence, the prisoner looked at her, and made certain motions of her hands towards her, upon which she immediately fell into fits so violent, that all the people that could lay hands upon her could not hold her. 'In the year 1696,' says Dr Stone, 'a commission was appointed in Scotland by the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council to inquire into the case of Christian Shaw, daughter of John Shaw, of Bargarran (Renfrewshire). A quorum of these commissioners being met at Bargarran, and the accused persons confronted before Lord Blantyre, the rest of the commissioners, several other gentlemen of note, and ministers, the accused, and, in particular, Catherine Campbell, were examined in the presence of the commissioners. "When they [the accused] severally touched the afflicted girl," says the report, "she was seized with grievous fits, and cast into intolerable agonies; others then present did also touch her, but no such effects followed: and it is remarkable that when Catherine Campbell touched the girle, she was immediately seized with more grievous fittes, and cast into more intolerable torments, than upon the touch of other accused persons, whereat Campbell herself being daunted and confounded, though she had formerly declined to bless her, uttered these words:—'The Lord of heaven and earth bless thee, and save thee, both body and soul.'" During these trials, we are informed that the prisoners were called in one by one, and placed about seven or eight feet from the justices, and the accusers then stood between the justices and them. "The prisoners were ordered to stand right before the justices, with an officer appointed to hold each hand lest they should herewith afflict them; and the prisoners' eyes must be constantly on the justices, for if they looked on the afflicted, they would either fall into fitts, or cry out they were much hurt by them."'

'In the year 1697, Richard Dugdale, a boy, nineteen years of age, excited considerable attention in Surrey as a demoniac; his fits were witnessed and verified by numerous clergymen, physicians, and persons of respectability. His fits commenced with violent convulsions, his sight or eyeballs turned upwards and backwards; he afterwards answered questions, predicted during one fit the period of accession and duration of another fit; spoke in foreign languages, of which at other times he was ignorant, and described events passing at a distance. Here again I shall quote verbatim the words of the narration: "At the end of one fit the demoniac told what hour of the night or day his next would begin, very precisely and punctually, as was constantly observed, though there was no equal or set distance of time between his fits; betwixt which there would be sometimes a few hours, sometimes many; sometimes one day, sometimes many days." "He would have told," says one of the deponents on oath, "when his fits would begin, when they were two or three in one day, or three or four days asunder, wherein he never was, that the deponent knoweth of, disappointed." On one occasion, while the minister was preaching to him, he exclaimed, "At ten o'clock my next fit comes on." "Though he was never learned in the English tongue, and his natural and acquired abilities were very ordinary, yet when the fit seized him he often spake Latin, Greek, and other languages very well." "He often told of things in his fits done at a distance, whilst those things were a-doing; as, for instance, a woman being afraid to go to the barn, though she was come within a bow's length of it, was immediately sent for by the demoniac, who said, 'Unless that weak-faithed jade come, my fit will last longer.' Some said, let us send for Mr G.: the demoniac answered, 'He is now upon the hay-cart,' which was found to be true. On another occasion, he told what great distress there was in Ireland, and that England must pay the piper. Again, one going by him to a church meeting, was told by the demoniac in his fit, 'Thou needst not go to the said meeting, for I can tell thee the sermon that will be preached there;' upon which he told him the text, and much of the sermon that was that day preached." Lastly, it is certified by two of the deponents that "the demoniac could not certainly judge what the nature of his distemper was, because, when he was out of his fits, he could not tell how it was with him when he was in his fits."'

After stating a great number of similar cases of individuals, Dr Stone adverts to others in which numbers were concerned—as that of the nuns of the Ursuline convent in

the city of Loudun in the days of Cardinal Richelieu, who were all violently convulsed, and displayed extraordinary strength, and apparently supernatural knowledge—that of the Convulsionnaires of St Medard, who exhibited phenomena of the same description at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, &c. He argues very plausibly that all such cases are either analogous to, or identical with, those of mesmerism, and of course form an argument for the reality of the wonders of that science, so far as these are not deceptious. 'How these effects,' says he, 'were produced, whether by exciting the imagination or the fears, or otherwise affecting the nervous system of the afflicted, is not the question at issue; all we have to do with is, the simple fact that such phenomena really were developed, that the report of them is not false, that they were not feigned, but were veritable effects, depending on the operation of causes which were not then, and may not yet be, clearly understood. That they are referrible to some fixed principle, however occult, may be inferred from the very circumstance of their constant uniformity; that is to say, these symptoms of possession have been alike in all parts of the world, although it is manifest there could be no collusion or contrivance between the distant parties which exhibited them, whereby any such agreement could be simulated.'

GUANO.

Some recent and interesting proceedings respecting the importation of this highly fertilising manure from a new source—the west coast of Africa—are described as follows in the Glasgow Herald newspaper:—

'The mystery which so long attached to the position of the recently-discovered guano islands on the west coast of Africa having been now cleared away, we may be permitted to give a few particulars on the point, especially as the subject is still one of very great interest to agriculturists and the public generally. According to the observations of Captain Farr, of the Ann of Bristol, now discharging at the Broomielaw, and who had the honour of bringing last year the first cargo of African guano to Great Britain, the island of Ichaboe—in which the quality is of a superior kind—is situated in 26 degrees 19 minutes of south latitude, and 14 degrees 50 minutes of east longitude, four days' sail north of the Cape of Good Hope, and 14 degrees south of the Portuguese settlement of Benguela. It is a small rocky islet, about two and a-half miles from the mainland of Africa, on which, at a distance of half a dozen miles, is a native settlement, and from the inhabitants giving the name of Ichaboe to the island, it has been so called by our own seamen in our own language. The manner in which the guano treasures on this coast were opened up to the enterprise of British merchants is both curious and interesting, and the following recital of it is, we believe, the correct one. An American trader, having observed the interest which the importation of Peruvian guano was creating in Britain, as well as the high prices which it readily commanded in the market, was reminded that he had seen large deposits of a similar substance on the coast of Africa, and he accordingly published a short narrative of his observations in an American journal. This account fell under the notice of an English captain, who transmitted it to his relatives in Liverpool, and by them an expedition of, we believe, five ships was fitted out in the close of 1842 for the purpose of being loaded with the African guano for the British market. The instructions, however, which were given to the masters of these ships must have been of an imperfect kind, for four of them returned without having succeeded in the object of their search, and the fifth, namely, the Ann of Bristol, was nearly in the same predicament, when accident revealed the El Dorado which was destined to exert such a potent influence in fertilising our soil. Captain Farr happened to be at Cape Town, and one morning stepped into a coffee-room for breakfast, and while partaking of his repast, he entered into conversation with the master of an American whaler, or sealer, to whom he explained the regret he felt at being likely to return to England without being able to fulfil the object of his mission. The American bethought himself for a moment, and then stated that he had been on shore on some islands of the exact description which the other was in quest of; and, in short, he gave Captain Farr such information as enabled him to find out the island of Ichaboe, and to take the first cargo from a deposit which may have been in the course of accumulation from the earliest ages in the world's history. With this cargo he sailed for England, and having put in at a port on the coast of Ireland in July 1843, he there found instructions awaiting him, which directed him to proceed to Dumfries and unload; and he accordingly proceeded to Carsethorn on the Solway, where the Ann was discharged, and the guano carried to Liverpool in lighters. Notwithstanding the secrecy with which these proceedings were managed, some hints respecting them reached the ears of Alexander and John Downie of this city, who despatched their confidential manager, Mr Moncrieff, with the view of obtaining such information as would open up the African guano stores more generally to British industry. A negotiation was accordingly begun at Dumfries, and terminated at Bristol, the result of which was, that Captain Farr agreed again to proceed to Ichaboe, and at the same time point out the way to a fleet which was despatched by the Messrs Downie, with sealed instructions, in the autumn of last year. Already several of these ships have arrived in Scotland, while one of them has discharged a cargo in the West Indies; and the matter being no longer a secret, a number of vessels were, at the date of the last advices, loading at Ichaboe for various ports in Great Britain. Guano is also obtained at Angra Pequena, forty miles south of Ichaboe, but it is not by any means held in such high favour as the product of the latter. It is much to be wished, indeed, that these additional supplies might be the means, by reducing the price of the article, of enabling the farmer to use it on a more extended scale; but there seems to be little prospect of this in the meantime, for the demand more than keeps pace with the supply—a great number now taking the article who never used it before, and those who formerly employed cwts. now taking tons.*

At the time of Captain Farr's first visit the island was covered with penguins, gannets, &c. but principally the former, in numbers which altogether defied calculation. They seemed to have no acquaintance with, nor fear of man, and, in fact, offered a resistance to his encroachment on a domain which had been peculiarly their own for thousands of years. Since the crews of so many ships, however, were located at the island, the birds have almost entirely deserted their former territory, and retired to fulfil the purposes of their nature to more remote and inaccessible shores. The specimens of the penguin from Ichaboe which we have seen are about two feet in height, and as a great portion of their time is spent in the sea, they are furnished with small flaps or paddles, instead of wings, which enable them to move through the waters with great velocity, though they are unable to fly. The female lays and sits upon one egg at a time, and a hole scratched in the deposit subserves all the purposes of a nest. In this way a succession of incubations goes on for several months in the year, the young bird making its way to the sea as soon as it is able. It is the opinion of the seamen, however, that vast numbers of them never reach their destined home in the waters, but are crushed to death in their progress to it by the dense battalions of birds which have almost to maintain a struggle for bare standing-room; and in this way the guano heaps are increased as well by the bodies of the birds as by their droppings. The bodies of seals are also found on the surface of the guano deposits, which leads to the belief that they may have occasionally taken shelter there from a storm or hurricane, and having been overpowered by the potency of the ammoniacal vapour, have been unable to return to the water, and died where they lay. The guano which is brought to this country is found under a loose covering of decayed birds, recent dung, &c. and is so firmly imbedded, that it requires to be dug out by the laborious operations of the pick-axe. When thus disengaged, it is put into bags, and transferred by a sort of rope-ladder from the island to a boat, which lies at the outer edge of the surf, and from thence it is duly emptied into the hold of the vessel, which is anchored at a short distance. Ten men will lift about fifteen tons per day, but the operation is a very laborious one; and the sun is so powerful, that few of the crews escape without having their faces and hands blistered so that the outer skin is peeled off. The trip to or from the island extends to from fifty-five to seventy days, or, including the time necessary to take in a cargo, the voyage out and home requires from six to seven months. When Captain Farr left

* A farmer in Roxburghshire contemplates using this year guano to the amount of two hundred pounds.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

Ichaboe, he estimated the guano deposit on that island alone to extend to 1000 feet in length, by 500 in breadth, with an average depth of thirty-five feet, containing perhaps from 700,000 to 800,000 tons. It is evident that this supply will soon be exhausted in fertilising the soil of Great Britain and her dependencies, but it is to be hoped that vast stores of the material yet exist which have never been disturbed by man. On this subject we quote the following cheering statement from the South African Commercial Advertiser, published at Cape Town in January last:—

"On the rocky headlands, or on the rocky and unmolested islands on the west coast both within and beyond the boundary of this colony, where the sea-fowl, from a vast expanse of open ocean, come to breed, enormous masses of this manure have recently been discovered; and it seems probable that all the way up the coast into the Gulf of Guinea, and beyond it, similar treasures await the agriculture of the world, by which means the sea will render back to the land much more matter fitted to form organised, that is, vegetable and animal substances, than the rivers carry down into its depths, or the fleets of the nations deposit in their course over its surface."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

'Drowned! Drowned!'—*Hamlet.*

[From Hood's Magazine, May, 1844.]

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

NEW DIVING-BELL.

French journals mention with just triumph a discovery by Dr Payerne, which promises to be of vast utility in submarine operations. It is well known that the metal coffers used as diving-bells are supplied with respirable air by means of a forcing pump stationed above water. A constant stream of air is injected through a flexible tube, thus requiring several relays of workmen for the pump, and thereby rendering the process one of great expense and unremitting vigilance. Dr Payerne proposes to do away with this by using a bell of a new construction, in which he prepares his own atmosphere. By a chemical apparatus he absorbs the carbonic acid gas, and produces oxygen and nitrogen in proper proportions to form a respirable mixture. An experiment was lately made in the Seine with this new bell, which completely succeeded—the inventor remaining under water for fully half an hour without feeling the least inconvenience. It is stated by the scientific journals, that with Dr Payerne's apparatus a person may remain under water for an indefinite period at the depth of 150 feet; and hopes are confidently entertained of the invention being shortly adopted in the erection of deep-water structures, in searching for sunk treasure, in fishing for coral and pearl, and in other submarine operations.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, June 15, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 25. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1844. Price 1½d.

NO PERSON UNIMPORTANT.

The pride of class and individual state tend to make many members of the social scene appear extremely unimportant, or rather destitute of all importance. And, in our ordinary moods, we are accordingly very apt to feel towards such persons as if they were scarcely entitled to be reckoned as existing. We here commit a great, though perhaps a very natural mistake. It would be of little use in this place to show its inconsistency with high doctrines as to the nature and destiny of man, but the same end may be served if it can be shown as fallacious upon the simplest worldly considerations. No member, then, of any body of men can be unimportant, so long as men live in society, for in that state—such are the relations arising from the fact of our all partaking of the same nature—the highest are liable to be affected in some degree in their fortune and happiness by the meanest. So bound up are we together in interests, that what hurts one hurts all, and we really thrive as much in things favourable to our neighbour, as in those bearing immediately upon ourselves.

First as to a community of bodily qualities. Here the pride of natural endowment, as well as that of conventional dignity, is sadly humbled; for, as is well known, there is not the slightest difference between the physical constitution of the greatest man and that of the humblest. Both, accordingly, are liable alike to influences calculated to operate injuriously on the bodily frame. When any one asks, therefore, of what earthly consequence to the proud and great is the existence of any particular specimen of the humble, it may be sufficient to point out that an infectious disease affecting the latter may be communicated to the former, and involve both in common ruin. How often has it happened that a beggar has brought to a city a malady which has swept off multitudes of the higher as well as inferior classes! The rising of disease among the miserable classes, and its spreading upwards among the affluent, is unfortunately a phenomenon not confined to past periods of history, but every day exemplified in our own country.* It is on such occasions that the importance we are all of to each other is brought most affectingly before us. We then see how it might have been of consequence to some family living in easy and elegant circumstances, that some other particular family living in wretchedness, in a distant part of the same town, had been in time succoured with a brotherly help, and so redeemed from the danger they were in of proving a bane to all around them. It is a terrible form of admonition, but is it not a just one, considering that we really are one family, and therefore ought to love and cherish one another? Even where the punishment is not of so severe a kind, we can be at no loss to see others befalling the higher classes for their neglect of those of poor estate. The care of the disease which has been allowed to arise, the charge of the helpless dependents of those who have perished—these being exactions so much greater than what would have prevented the evil at first—may well be regarded as penalties incurred by society for its omissions of duty. Man, in his hardness of heart, or under the guidance of false principles, may rebel against these ordinations of Providence; but, till he can change the arrangements by which we all move and breathe, he must choose between the two courses, either to regard all his fellow-creatures as brothers, and to act by them accordingly, or to remain exposed to the many dangers by which, through his neglect of this maxim, he must ever be surrounded.

We may now inquire how the humble become of importance to the rest from a community of moral constitution. This is simply because moral conditions follow the same law as physical, and that we are thus, as in the former case, enabled to affect each other for good or evil. In the classes called miserable, who are the humblest of all, there must needs be, as a general result, very low moral conditions. Here, indeed, we usually find a concentration of almost all the vices of which our nature is capable. The corruptions spread outwards and upwards, exactly like a pestilence, and inevitably tend to contaminate the better classes. Even in the necessity which they occasion for a defensive vigilance on the part of their superiors, they do a great injury, for thus are men's hearts shut up, and mutual love and confidence extinguished. Still worse are the results of the penal severities which they call for, for every blow of the sword of Justice tends in some degree to harden the feelings of the community. Thus are the mean made important to the exalted; thus does the moral situation of the poorest and vilest of mankind become a matter of some interest to the very highest, wide as is the social gulf which appears to lie between them.

This concludes the case of a humble body against a high one. Let us now see how it stands with regard to an individual against the whole mass of society. There is a tendency in many persons to suppose that

* 'I have witnessed a pretty general epidemic fever in the New Town of Edinburgh (in winter of 1828-9) consequent on that previously prevailing among the poor in 1827-8, but occurring when the poor in the Old Town were nearly exempt from the disease; and it is well known that one of the most virulent epidemic fevers recorded in history—that which afflicted France in 1528—although beginning as usual by famine, general distress, and indigence, and bands of wandering beggars, soon extended rapidly upwards in society, and ultimately acquired its vulgar name (*Trousse-galant*) from its frequency and fatality among a part of the population certainly very different from that which has chiefly suffered of late years in Scotland.'—*Dr Alison on the Contagious Fever of* 1843, p. 62.

they are unimportant to their fellow-creatures, and that their conduct also is unimportant, because they form respectively but *one* out of a mighty number. There could not well be a greater mistake than this, for there is no such thing as a thoroughly detached and isolated individual: we are all inextricably tied up and interlaced with each other; so that no man can live or act without affecting others in some degree, and to some purpose, concerning their weal or wo. Look alone to the principle of imitation. Through this principle every one is, consciously or unconsciously, modifying the tendencies of all who have opportunities of seeing or judging of him. That disposition which more or less inspires us to walk by some neighbouring example, tells powerfully, even by itself, in making everybody's conduct important. Superadded to this, there is a disposition in many to venerate those with whom they are brought into contact, albeit perhaps unworthy of the feeling; and where this is the case, there will be a much more powerful tendency to follow the line of conduct exemplified. Who can tell what fascination he may, every moment of his life, be exercising over some humble, though unknown worshippers, leading them right or wrong according as he may chance to act? There are no doubt very various degrees of personal influence; yet it is equally indubitable that hardly any person is so extremely humble as not to be surrounded by some who, either from imitation or veneration, or from a mixture of both, will be affected to good or evil by his example.

Besides this, it is in the very nature of every moral phenomenon to be diffusive. A good or bad act is like a stone dropped in a pool, which sends out a succession of waves all round, until the impulse first given is exhausted. The good act goes forth smiling in the face of mankind, and makes all smile delightedly who see or hear of it; the bad act bursts out with a frown, which darkens all around it. That is to say, when we witness or are informed of an act comprising conscientiousness, kindness, self-sacrifice, magnanimity, or any other noble principle, we naturally are warmed by it into a love of the same good principle, and are strengthened in a wish to do likewise. And when we see or hear of an act comprising inhumanity, base deception, or injustice, we are at the best roused into the exercise of a resentful principle, which, though we may call it honest indignation, does in reality give us no positive advance as moral beings—possibly we are only sullied by the passing of a wave of the muddy waters of error over our minds. Accordingly, that there should ever be a bad deed done, or a foul or harsh word spoken, is a misfortune and an evil to all around—no saying to how remote a shore of society's mighty ocean. A moment sees the deed done or the word issued, and years may not see its waves spent on those distant beaches. Little, and apparently trivial at first, it may so act and react in the sphere which it affects, that at length it comes to be a wide-spread and devouring mischief. Thus is the peace of families daily broken; thus do poor mortals, by momentary slips, lay up stores of calamity for themselves; thus arise wars and desolations of kingdoms, retarding the coming of good to man indefinitely. If this is a true view of the matter, it follows that no man's conduct is unimportant to society. Individually, we reap the benefit of every good emotion that rises in the bosom of another: collectively, we are punished for the errors of every individual.

If the humblest be thus morally important to the rest, how much more so are those whose position gives them more than the average proportion of influence. All conduct bears an immense increase of consequence when it is connected in the popular mind with rank, wealth talent, and other things usually held in esteem. Great, accordingly, is the responsibility of those so endowed for their every word and deed. Here there can, indeed, be no pretence of the unimportance of individual conduct, for the effects are open, palpable, and universally acknowledged. It would be too much to expect that the claim upon such persons should be in every case carefully regarded, but let its importance at least be as generally impressed as possible. The responsibility seems particularly obligatory where the superiority conferred is that of superior intellect. We there look more expectingly for every form of good, and are the more rejoiced or saddened as our expectation is gratified or disappointed. Pitiable, too, is it for the erring spirit himself, for how thoroughly does he thereby baulk the design which Providence had formed in his favour! Men of superior intellect are the natural leaders of their species. They have a rank placed before them, to be secured by the right use of their abilities. Their abusing that gift is as thoroughly a casting of precious fortune at their feet, as is the prodigal spending of a miser's hoard by an impatient heir. They might go crowned amidst their fellows, with the palm-trees of triumph waving around them, and they consent to wallow in the mire, to the disgrace of themselves and the pollution of their neighbours.

Let no one, then, ever say to himself or others, I am of no consequence; I am poor and despised, and of no account; or, I am only one among many, and have no influence. The poorest class tells powerfully on the highest. The despised is a subject of very fair anxiety to the most exalted; and every person, however limited his gifts, is continually operating for good or evil on all around him.

JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

RETURN THROUGH CANADA—EMIGRATION.

I BELIEVE I have mentioned that I was in one of the thinly-settled townships of Simcoe. The beautiful but short Indian summer was now over, and the coming winter began to cast his gloomy shadow before. A few of the trees, however, were still clad in their gayer livery of autumn, variegated with orange or yellow on a rich green ground. The approach of winter anywhere is dismal, but in a Canadian forest it is peculiarly so. The misty rain comes down sullenly, thickening the whole atmosphere, and imparting its own sulky unsociable disposition to everything it comes in contact with. The leaves, summer friends as they are, fading under the first breath of adversity, drop silently away, one by one, leaving the once lusty and jovial beech and maple to bow the head under the pressure of misfortune, while the tall dark evergreen pines and hemlocks stand aloof like cynic philosophers moralising on the hopes and extravagance of youth, vouchsafing not even a look of pity to their stricken brethren. I tramped along, now half up to my knees in a puddle, and now extricating myself with difficulty from some hole lined with stiff adhesive clay. I was wet, cold, and dispirited, my fur cap conducting all the rain that fell on it down my back, and each of my boots charged with about a pint of mud and water. I had not for several miles past seen any farther mark of civilised life than the path before me, and I had already resolved, on arriving at the next house, to remain there until the winter set in—as my labours, I knew, would be considered a good equivalent for my board and lodging—and then to make my way back to some more civilised part of the country, as I began to fear that I should only make a good leatherstocking in fine weather. It was late in the afternoon when I reached a clearing, and one of which the appearance was not very promising. It was manifestly the work of a person unaccustomed to backwood life, most probably of some poor emigrant from the old country. The small patch of land was only partly surrounded by a worm fence, which was broken down in one or two places, and a thin cow was endeavouring to extract nourishment from the stubble of the last crop of corn. The house had a dirty and neglected look, and an old hat supplied the place of one of the panes of glass. But this

was nothing to the scene inside. According to the custom here, I walked into the house without knocking at the door. The room was unswept, the furniture out of place, and the culinary utensils that had been in use for the last week were lying in disorder about the hearth; but the cause of this unwonted appearance was soon visible. Crouching over the fire, cooking supper for herself and a child who hung screaming in her arms, was a young woman, certainly not more than twenty, and who had evidently been very pretty, though now pale from sickness both of body and mind; and every now and then she turned round with an expression of anxiety, to listen to the indistinct mutterings of her husband, who was lying in bed delirious and much reduced by fever. She did not seem at all surprised to see a stranger, nor did she ask me, as customary, for news; her own situation seemed to have absorbed all her thoughts. I sat down with her to the frugal supper of porridge, for she was too weak for any more complicated cookery; and during the meal she related to me her short but affecting tale. Her husband, whose name was Mathews, and his elder brother were mechanics, who had, by the death of a relation, received a small sum of money, which they had resolved to lay out in setting themselves up in Canada. When they reached the land of promise, they found that their own trade was not a good one, and it was determined to purchase a farm. But a disagreement arose between the brothers as to the district in which to settle, and the share of the profits each was to have, and they separated. The younger one, who had the smaller share of money, bought some uncleared land, and built a log-house; but it was not known what had become of the elder brother. At first the solitary couple got on pretty well, in spite of the hardships inseparable from the commencement of the career of a poor emigrant. They had paid for their land, and if they did not make any profit by their first harvest, they had at least grown enough to support themselves, and had great hopes for the future. But the usual scourge of the backwoods attacked them; a fever first prostrated the wife, and when she was beginning to recover, her husband was taken ill, and had been laid up for the last month. She herself was almost perfectly helpless from the weakness left by the disease, and the fatigue of attending her husband and child; and the neighbours, of whom only one or two lived within the space of several miles, although they did come in sometimes to assist her, and to cut wood for fuel, were poor, and only themselves beginning the world, and had perhaps sick of their own to attend to. The doctor, who lived seven miles off, was very kind, and came once or twice a-week to see them, bringing different little delicacies; but his time was valuable, and there were others who were as badly off as they. Now, thought I, here I am in a capital situation to experience something of life in the backwoods, and can not only pass my time very pleasantly until the commencement of winter permits me to travel, but shall also have the satisfaction of being of service to these good folks. There is nothing like beginning at once; so I took off my coat and braces, tied a handkerchief round my loins, and shouldering an axe, speedily made my debut as a wood-chopper. After much puffing, and panting, and stopping for a moment or two to wipe my forehead, I at last managed to get a small tree down, although, I must say, it looked much more as if it had been gnawed down by the beavers than felled by the axe. The fall of your first tree produces a glorious feeling; shooting your first tiger is nothing to it. The denizens of the forest here are giants in height. There is no room for them to spread, and so they grow upwards, to receive as much light and rain as they can; and when you succeed in felling one, it comes toppling down, crashing through the branches of its neighbours, and as it falls, thundering on the ground, making the woods resound with its noise. When I had the tree down, I lopped off the branches, and cut the trunk up in the orthodox lengths of four feet each, and then split these until they were of such a size that I could carry three or four in my arms at once. We had a roaring fire that night! After having pretty well 'used myself up' with chopping, and carried the wood in with a great deal of difficulty, I milked the cow, which, by the way, is the duty of the men all over America. I now informed Mrs Mathews of my intention to stop a few days with her; and in order to do justice to her request to make myself perfectly at home, I made a complete survey of the house, and looked into all the closets, so that I might know where to find any article I required. I determined on making the room, or rather loft, on the top of the house my bed-chamber. In all log-houses, I think, in the whole continent of America, this room is the same, and has the same contents. There is always a bed, covered with a buffalo-skin, in one corner for strangers, and sometimes a bedstead. There is always a long string of dried apples, which are, when ripe, pared, quartered, and strung, and a quantity of ears of Indian corn picked out for the seed of next year; and there always is a spinning-wheel and a quantity of yarn, and sometimes a loom. After I had finished my survey, I resolved to prepare a more substantial meal than the one of which I had partaken. Now, gentle readers, I will inform you that I am a modest quiet person, seldom talking about myself, and giving way to everybody on all points except two—these are, cooking and fishing. I do not profess to have a genius for anything else; but in these I certainly come out very strong. In the voyage out, my cookery was the theme of universal admiration. I discovered no less than fifteen new methods of cooking rice, which perhaps I may one day give to the world; and biscuit-puddings, *à la Brown*, were quite the rage. The modesty, however, for which I have taken credit, prevents me from informing you of the excellence of the flour-cakes I made on the present occasion, which were raised with carbonate of potash, or saleratus, as it is here called; neither shall I vaunt my fried ham, although the natives of America generally (who are in a lamentable state of heathenism with regard to cookery) associate this rich viand in the frying-pan with twice its own weight of grease. Suffice it to say, that the care-worn lady of the house approved heartily of my doings. Both Mr Mathews and his wife began to recover fast, and we made an agreeable party in the evening over our cider and apples. They were good-humoured intelligent people, and, for their station in life, possessed a better appreciation of good cookery than any others I have met since. I felt as if I had known them all my life, and took as much interest in the farm as if it were my own. But my cash was running low, my clothes were becoming somewhat the worse for wear, and I found that, in order to retain sufficient money to carry me home, I must work in some way or other for a new suit. In the midst of my cogitations on this subject Mr Mathews's elder brother came home to see and be reconciled to him, and brought his family with him; so that, finding myself one too many, I betook myself, without further consideration, once more to the road. I may as well add here—for it marks the vicissitudes of a settler's life—that I received a letter from this couple a short time ago, informing me of their perfect health, and that they expected in a few years to be rich — that is to say, in land and stock, as money is rather a scarce article in Canada.

Bathurst and a part of Simcoe district are chiefly occupied by half-pay naval and military officers, and such a neighbourhood should be chosen by those who are fond of good society, and who have some income, if it were only fifty pounds a-year, on which they could fall back if, through neglect, their crops should not be successful. The farm of a half-pay officer, *in general*, is considered a perfect joke among the other settlers. Enough corn is grown to supply his family and pay his servants' wages, and no more; and if he has a hundred a-year besides, he is quite a nabob, and requires to do nothing but to shoot and fish, and enjoy himself. When there are a dozen or two of such independent

gentlemen collected within the space of a couple of miles, they lead a very pleasant life. They have a reunion at one or other of their houses every evening; in fine weather they have pic-nics and fishing excursions, and in winter go out sleigh-riding in procession, waking up their more quiet neighbours when they return at night by a concert principally sustained by cornet-à-pistons and the human voice divine. But they who have nothing to depend upon but their farms, had better avoid such a neighbourhood; for there it is almost impossible for a man who is fond of good society, and who cannot spare time or money to enjoy it, to avoid being ruined. His wife must receive visits, and have a handsome sleigh; and his daughter will throw aside the Cook's Oracle to study Lord Byron; and he will soon find that he will have to 'clear out' for some more quiet neighbourhood, and recommence life perhaps in a far worse condition than he began it. The settlers in this quarter are all exceedingly hospitable; but I did not get on so well with them as with the farmers. The information on the state of the markets, which I took every opportunity of collecting, and which I retailed to great advantage everywhere else, did not produce the slightest interest here; and I was set down as an ignoramus because I did not even know the name of the favourite for the Derby, and had not the slightest idea whether the hundred and ninety-ninth regiment had adopted percussion muskets or not.

Before starting back for the United States, I will say a few words on the different classes of emigrants. Canada offers the greatest inducements to agricultural labourers; they are *always* in request, and at good wages. Mechanics may remain out of work for months at a time, but good farm-servants can almost anywhere obtain situations. They are treated well by their employers; and from the excellent system of education, the mere contact with the older settlers highly improves both their minds and morals, and in a short time they may count on being themselves employers of labour. I never knew or heard of a sober industrious couple that came out, even if they had not a farthing in the world when they arrived in Toronto, who had not, at the end of ten years, a well-stocked farm of their own. I do not think that, in general, single mechanics are better off than good workmen at home—perhaps the only exceptions are blacksmiths, tailors, and shoemakers. Their wages are nominally higher; but owing to the great scarcity of money, work is generally paid on the truck-system, and an order for a barrel of flour or a ham is of very little use to a man who is paying two dollars a-week for his board. If a mechanic of any of the common trades has a few pounds to spare, and cannot get work in the large towns, let him buy enough of land near some village in a good situation, to support his family. If a skilful workman, he will soon have a connexion in the surrounding country; and when the neighbourhood becomes more populous, his established reputation will prevent all injury from competitors. But to all intending emigrants I say—marry. It is an axiom with the domestic economists of North America, that a man and his wife can live for less than a single man, even in a city. But do not suppose that a wife can be easily met with in Canada. Women are in as much demand there as dollars; and none that are young and in good health need remain for many months without being either married or engaged. When families bring out female servants, it is necessary, in order to prevent their going off at a time when they are most wanted, to make them sign a written agreement to serve for a stipulated period.

The better class of emigrants may be divided into those who have a small annuity and those who have a capital. The former will do well, even if they have but twenty or thirty pounds a-year; they can buy a hundred acres of good land, for which they can pay in instalments spreading over twelve years, commencing at L.2 for the lot, and annually increasing until it reaches L.16 in the last year; and they must be very idle if they cannot make their farm support them comfortably while the annuity is paying the instalments, and purchasing stock and agricultural instruments. Those, however, who think of embarking all their property in a scheme by which they will, for years at least, be deprived of the luxuries, and many of what they had considered the necessaries of life, would do well to consider before they take this step. A steady persevering person, if used to agricultural pursuits, would get on very well; but a young man, who had perhaps lived in a city all his life, and who had not very clear ideas as to which end of the plough went first, and who wished to become a settler for the sake of hunting deer and bears, would very soon find his capital slip through his fingers. A Canadian farmer must work harder in summer than an English one, on account of the sudden changes of the seasons and the length of the winter; and in winter he will have to get in firewood to last during the next year. If he gets over his chopping soon, and has no friends to visit, he may have a little shooting for a few days; but in general he will not require any gun but an old musket to drive away the pigeons in spring; and pretty sharp practice he will have in banging away all day at birds that do not come in flocks, but in clouds some three or four miles long; and, after all, if he should lie in bed after daybreak, perhaps he may find that the half of a field of corn has taken to itself the wings of the morning. Perhaps the best way for a young man of this kind to learn what he has to expect in the backwoods, and to gain a knowledge of the world in a cheap manner, would be to go on the same plan as I was taught to swim. When bathing on the sea-side, I was enticed into a boat, and when about thirty yards from the shore, I was thrown overboard into the deep water by my remorseless father. Before this I had always considered that there was some bodily defect that prevented me from floating; but somehow or other I very speedily managed to get on land, and have been able to swim ever since. Let him leave his capital at home, and with ten pounds in his pocket start for Canada in the cheapest way, for he must begin to rough it at once. Let him stay there a year, and if at the end of that time he writes home to his friends that he has chopped for three months in the bush in the depth of winter, sleeping at night in a bark shanty; that he has, by the blessing of Providence, only cut off two of his toes, had a touch of the fever and ague, his face skinned by the March winds, and suffered from the snow-blindness, and knows the bite of a musquito when he feels it; and if he adds that he has worked during a whole harvest cradling and binding at just four times the rate they reap in England, with the sun at 80 degrees in the shade, and says that he is still determined to become a settler, then, and not till then, that young man may be considered fit for a backwoodsman. He will become rich in a few years, and may send home for his money and a wife; the wife, at all events, money or no money.

There can be no doubt that Upper Canada is the best place for the emigrant who intends to settle in North America. He will not only have the advantage of living among fellow-countrymen, who, whatever may be their character at home, will here be sociable and anxious to assist and advise him, but he will be under a lighter government. The taxes are not nearly so heavy as in the United States, as in that country they have not only to pay for the national expenditure, but also each state has a large establishment of its own to be supported by its citizens. The land and climate are as good in Canada as in any of the old states; and a farm near a good market can be had for less money. It is true that much better crops can be raised on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries; but the countries in that region are exceedingly unhealthy; and who is there that would purchase the advantage of growing twice the quantity of corn on an acre by the life of friends near and dear to him?

The winter was now fairly set in; sleighs of all sizes and descriptions were dashing along the roads, without,

however, making any further sound than was caused by the musical tinkling of bells fastened round the horses' necks. Winter seems to be the time of the year most enjoyed by the backwoodsman. It is then that the produce of his farm is brought to market, both on account of the badness of the roads in summer preventing much land-carriage in that season, and from the facility with which great weights can be drawn along the surface of the snow: this period is also devoted, by the old settlers who have time to spare, to visiting their friends. It is common enough for a farmer and his family to make a circuit of perhaps a hundred miles in a large market-sleigh drawn by two horses, spending a day or two with each of their more intimate friends.

As I found that, after I was used to it, chopping was the kind of labour the most agreeable to me, it being cleanly work, and the exercise sufficient to keep me warm even in the coldest weather, I resolved to employ myself in that manner until I had acquired a few necessary articles of clothing, as I had before this time reduced my wardrobe to what could be carried in a pocket-handkerchief. I engaged with a man who was clearing some land about thirty miles or so west of St Catherine's, on the Welland canal, and who, besides being a farmer, had a share in a mill, and owned a tavern and a store. Besides myself, there were three other choppers, one of them also an Englishman, and a raw hand. We were all to be paid in goods at the rate of about eighteenpence for each cord—which is a pile of wood in four-feet lengths, eight feet long, and four feet high—and a dollar a-week was to be deducted from each for board and lodging. Two cords is an average day's work, although I have known some to cut down three, and even four. The first fortnight of chopping is exceedingly trying to a tyro, but after that it becomes pleasant enough. It is not a work that requires so much strength as skill, or, as the Americans call it, the fling of the axe; and for that reason, a person who has not been used to hard work, and is in good health, will, from his arms being supple, and easily adapting themselves to the exercise of force in a new direction, have an advantage over the superior strength of an agricultural labourer or an excavator. Our mode of life was pleasant enough. We had breakfast as soon as it was light, and chopped until one o'clock, when a tin horn, blown by the wife of the 'boss,' summoned us to dinner; after that we worked till sunset, when we supped, and generally spent the evening in listening to the adventures of one of our companions who had travelled through a great part of America, lived for two years among the Indians, and, as a sailor, visited several parts of the world. I have no doubt that if he were to write an account of his life it would make a very readable book. We occasionally shot a deer, rather plentiful in the surrounding woods, but which are rapidly disappearing before the advances of man. After I had spent about a month in this way, I met with an accident very common to choppers. I was beginning to cut down a tree, and when taking out the first chip, not making my stroke sufficiently slanting, the axe merely took off a piece of the bark, and came down on my foot, making what is technically called 'a spread-eagle,' although not a large one. This would have been dangerous to me in England, but the atmosphere here is very favourable for healing cuts, and my blood being in a good state from exercise, I was quite well in a fortnight. However, as I had, during the time I was laid up, to pay for my board, the sum I had expected to have made was much reduced; and as I did not care to remain in this place any longer, I was obliged, in order that I might have enough to purchase clothes, to draw on the amount I had reserved to take me home; and after I had done so, I found I should only have enough, by the strictest economy, to carry me to one of the Atlantic cities. I accordingly shaped my course for the Falls of Niagara, intending to cross to the United States at that place.

As I was passing through a clearing on my first day's journey, I was hailed by a man who was splitting rails for a fence by the side of the road, and, on turning round, was not a little surprised to see Mr Eccles, the quondam weaver, and whom I before mentioned as one of my shipmates. He greeted me very joyously, and while walking up to his house, which was in sight, informed me that he was living on a farm purchased by his brother, who had come out a few years before in a condition similar to his own, and who at present was building a store at a village a couple of miles off. Our sudden arrival startled Mrs Eccles, who, in consequence of her husband's having cut a piece off his boot on his first day of chopping, had been living since in a continued state of nervousness, expecting to see him come in with some mortal injuries, and who had therefore prepared a large pile of lint, a ball of bandages, and a roll of sticking-plaster, in case of accidents. They both looked very different from the pale sickly beings they were on board ship. I stopped with them a couple of days, assisting them as much as was in my power; for they were exceedingly ignorant of the various contrivances or make-shifts that are matters of necessity in the woods. I heard since that they had both been laid up with the 'naturalisation fever.' Such emigrants as these, who have been accustomed during life to a sedentary employment, and one that seems so unhealthy as weaving, do not answer for farmers, unless they have some small capital to support themselves, or friends to assist them. Their constitutions, weakened at home by want of nourishing food and pure air, could not withstand the hardships and privations of the life of a pioneer. They will have to adopt some other trade, a very common custom in America, or set themselves up in business; and after they have gained experience by being ruined once or twice, which is not there so grave a matter as it is in England, they may do well.

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

POSTHUMOUS HISTORY OF ST FLORENT.

WHIMSICAL as the fact may seem, the history of some men after their death is more curious than their history during life; and perhaps a set of posthumous biographies would make not the least amusing book of its season. St Cuthbert is one of those whose life is but the briefest and least important part of their career: his bones, as is well known, have had a history of a thousand years in duration, and perhaps have not yet gathered all their fame. I propose now to introduce another hero of this class to the English reader.

The life of St Florent very much resembled that of many other early converts from paganism; and the persecutions which he met with were those common to the Christians of the age in which he lived. With his brother Florian, he served in one of the Roman legions in Germany, and made profession of his new faith during the persecution of Maximian in 297. The brothers, refusing to offer sacrifice to Jupiter, were condemned to death; but on the night previous to their execution, says the legend, Florent was miraculously delivered from his bonds, and escaped from his sleeping guards. Under the guidance of an angel, he crossed the Rhone in a crazy boat without oar or rudder: his brother in the meanwhile received the honours of martyrdom, and the rescued prisoner continued his route into Gaul under the guidance of his heavenly conductor. Having reached the Loire, he took up his abode on its banks as a hermit, delivered the neighbourhood from a dreadful serpent which had laid it waste for a considerable time, and finally closed his life on the 22d of September A. D. 360, at the extraordinary age of 123 years. Upwards of four hundred years after, Char-

lemagne honoured the memory of St Florent by the erection of an abbey, which, by the subsequent benefactions of kings and princes, became an establishment celebrated for its wealth as well as for the sanctity of its tenants. The wealth unfortunately possessed attractions for the Norman pirates, who had but little respect for the sanctity, and during one of their devastating inroads into France during the reign of Charles the Simple, having laid waste and plundered the city of Nantes, they ascended the Loire, and sought amongst other objects of spoliation the rich shrine of St Florent on its southern bank. The monks, warned of the approaching visitation, fled with their most precious effects, carrying with them the relics of St Florent, which were first transported to the monastery of St Philibert in Monge; but not thinking themselves in safety there, the holy brothers continued their flight into Burgundy, bearing with them the bones of the saint enclosed in a coffer, and placed upon a litter; finally, they took up their abode at Tournus, where there was an establishment of their order. Five years afterwards, in 911, by the sacrifice of the province of Neustria to the northern rovers, and giving his daughter Giselle in marriage to the celebrated Rollo their chieftain, Charles the Simple procured a cessation of hostilities, and peace was restored. The glad tidings soon reached the fugitive monks of St Florent, who assembled to take leave of their hosts, and to return thanks for the hospitable treatment they had received; all which passed with the utmost cordiality. But when the refugees came to demand the restoration of the relics of St Florent, they met with a decided refusal; and were told that the inhabitants of Tournus had too much veneration for them to part with such a treasure. As to the precious stones, and the rich embroideries of gold and pearls with which the magnificent piety of Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire had adorned the shrine, the monks of Tournus chose to retain them as a remuneration for the hospitality they had shown. The unfortunate monks of St Florent, obliged to depart without their treasure, took their way back to the banks of the Loire; but, finding their monastery entirely destroyed, and being without means to re-establish it, they were obliged to disperse themselves, and seek refuge in other communities, or in their families.

It chanced that at the time of their flight a young novice named Absalom, having obtained leave from the abbot to visit his parents, who resided at Mans, had not removed with the brotherhood to Tournus, but remained in his native province till the return and dispersion of the society, when, having learned from his former companions the events which had taken place, he resolved to make an attempt to recover the precious treasure so unjustly detained by the monks of Tournus. To effect this, he presented himself at the gate of the Burgundian monastery, pretending to have nearly lost the use of his hands and feet, and that the great reputation of the society of Tournus for sanctity, and the efficacy of their prayers, had induced him to seek their assistance. Having previously made himself acquainted with the character of the abbot, he succeeded, by his flattery and address, in being admitted as a novice. He soon became a general favourite in the convent, and rose gradually through several offices, till, after five-and-twenty years' perseverance, he at length found himself placed in the situation he had so ardently desired, that of sacristan and guardian of the treasures of the church. After some farther delay, he obtained permission from the abbot to pass a few nights in prayer at the shrines of the saints, under pretence of having received intimation in a dream that by so doing he should recover the use of his limbs. At length a grand fête arrived, and after the solemnities of the church, came those of the refectory. The wine of Burgundy is not amongst the worst productions of the province, and on that day it was dealt out with no niggard hand; but Father Absalom, whilst inciting his brethren to do honour to the day, carefully abstained from following their example, and the close of the feast, which saw them well disposed to slumber in their cells, left Absalom cool and prepared to accomplish his long-sought purpose. He descended into the church, and whilst all the rest of the fraternity were unconscious of the impending spoliation, burst the shrine which contained the bones of St Florent: these he carefully deposited in a sack of doe-skin he had ready for their reception, and, escaping from the church, sought the abode of a friend who had provided him with a horse and a secular habit. With the bones of St Florent en trousse, the monk fled at full speed from the town of Tournus, leaving the monks, upon their awakening, to deplore the irreparable loss of the treasure they had so unjustly appropriated. Absalom soon arrived with his doe-skin sack and its contents in the neighbourhood of the desolated monastery on the banks of the Loire, where he deposited his treasure for a time in a hermitage which existed on the property of the scattered community. After careful inquiries in the neighbourhood, the father selected three wealthy inhabitants of Doué (a small town near Saumur), celebrated for their piety and generosity, as his confidants in the success of his scheme for the recovery of the relics, and as likely to aid in the restoration of the monastery, and in providing a fit depository for the rescued remains of St Florent. His communication was well received—the three worthy citizens accompanied the monk to the palace of Thibault le Tricheur, count of Blois and Tourraine, who was then at Doué, and requested permission to build, at their own expense, a church in honour of St Florent. The count listened with attention to the tale of Father Absalom; but not being very honest himself in all his doings, as the surname of le Tricheur shows, he was much given to doubt the veracity of others, so that, before he gave his assent to the request, he thought fit to send a messenger to Tournus, who, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the case, was directed to ask in the name of the count some portion of the relics of St Florent. The envoy was duly received, and the chagrin manifested by the abbot when, in explanation of his unavoidable refusal of the request of the count of Blois, he related the horrible larceny of Father Absalom, gave undoubted evidence of the truth of the tale, which, being thus established, Count Thibault not only accorded his consent to the foundation, but promised in addition, that, if the funds provided were not sufficient for the purpose, he would himself supply the deficiency. A new church was accordingly built, and the abbey rose again to afford a resting-place for the saint in his ancient domain upon the Loire.

The tale ends not here. The monastery flourished again in renovated splendour, and the fame of its relics was spread far and wide throughout the land. In the year 1475, that celebrated seeker of shrines, Louis XI., having entered the town of Roye in Picardy by capitulation, was visiting the church of St George, when his attention was caught by a statue of St Florent, and he demanded of one of the canons how it came there. In answer, he was told that it was placed in their church in consequence of their possessing the relics of the saint. Louis, who was well versed in such matters, expressed his surprise, and ordered the archives of the chapter to be searched; on which an old register was produced, and in it was stated that a count of Vermandois had transferred these remains from the banks of the Loire by

force of arms, May 25, 1055. The tale was thought doubtful; but Louis in his zeal vowed a new church in honour of Notre Dame de la Victoire, if the saint wished to return into Anjou; and in order to ascertain his wishes on the subject, notwithstanding the capitulation he had made with the citizens, and the solemn promise he had given that they should be injured neither in person nor in property, he commanded the town to be set on fire, saying, 'that if the saint wished to remain, he would preserve the church of St George from the flames; but if, on the contrary, he desired that his bones should be returned to their old resting-place, he would of course leave it to destruction;' which accordingly he did. The unfortunate town, with the church and several of the inhabitants who had remained, trusting in confidence to the royal promise, were destroyed in the conflagration; after which event two chaplains were sent by his majesty to remove the relics; but the citizens, though burnt out of house and home, were still anxious to preserve the ill-omened bones of St Florent, and secretly conveyed them away, refusing positively to give them up. Louis marched his troops back to the ruined town, with orders to seize the principal citizens, and to lay waste the neighbourhood if the relics were not surrendered: the people were still inclined to resist the royal authority; but two of the wiser amongst them gave private information where the remains were deposited, which were instantly seized by the royal messengers, and removed to the church of Mortemar. They were next conveyed to Tours, where the monks of St Florent were ordered to receive them, and bear them to their abbey in grand procession.

Unbounded was the astonishment of the monks, as of all Anjou, when they heard that the bones of their saint, which they had so long believed were reposing quietly within their walls, had been for many years far away in Picardy; but the orders of Louis XI. were not to be disobeyed, nor his gifts held in light estimation; and amongst other rich offerings which awaited the acceptance of the fraternity, was a new shrine for the reception of the sacred deposit: this was not only of costly materials, but the workmanship of Gervais Pelier of Angers, one of the most celebrated goldsmiths of his time, who had employed five years in the work, which was considered as a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. The new shrine being completed, the contents of that which was brought from Roye were to be deposited therein. Meanwhile, the long-venerated tomb of St Florent was examined, and in it was found a skeleton, or the remains of one, covered with a veil of red silk, and an inscription attesting that these were the relics of the founder St Florent, in the coffer brought from Picardy. The remains were found in a sack made of a deer's skin, precisely such as Absalom was said to have made use of when he brought the body from Tournus. The two rival treasures were deposited together in their new and magnificent receptacle, and placed in the abbey church, to which Louis XI. continued his liberality till the time of his death, after which, the inhabitants of Roye, and many of the lords of Picardy, reclaimed their saint, of whom they considered themselves most unjustly deprived, and demanded also the shrine in which he had been carried away, as well as the new one with which Louis had gifted him, asserting that the present was to the saint himself, and not to the abbey. Letters patent were obtained from the crown, ordering the restitution to be made, and the bones and shrines to be given to the claimants. But the monks of St Florent refused obedience, and a long course of litigation ensued. A commissary, with a train of officials, was sent to Saumur, and thence proceeded to the abbey to enforce the delivery; but all to no purpose. The monks persisted in their refusal; and it was not till after many years, and the expenditure of vast sums of money, that the matter was settled by arbitration. The bones were divided between the contending parties, and the shrine which came from Roye returned. But the new one presented by Louis remained in the abbey till the Huguenots very unceremoniously carried it off, and gave the bones to the earth, after having pillaged the church, and destroyed various statues and other treasures belonging to the society.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

Sir William Herschel, so eminent for his astronomical discoveries, entered life as an oboe-player in a marching regiment; yet, by dint of natural talent, well-directed and self-instructed, pressed through numberless difficulties, until he attained the first place amongst the British men of science of his day. He was a native of Hanover (born in 1738), being the second of the four sons of a humble musician. In consequence of some tokens he had given in early boyhood of the possession of an active and inquiring intellect, he was indulged in a somewhat superior education to that conferred on his brothers: he was allowed to study French. By good chance, his master had a turn for metaphysics and the sciences connected with it; and finding he had got an apt pupil, he gave him some instructions in these branches, and thus stimulated the latent seeds of genius in young Herschel's mind. Yet the poor musician could rear his son to no higher profession than his own. In the course of the seven years' war, about 1759, the youth came to England attached to a German regiment whose band he had entered. He seems to have quickly left this situation, for we soon after find him making efforts to obtain employment in England, and encountering in this quest many hardships, all of which he bore with the patience of a virtuous mind. He at length obtained from the Earl of Darlington an engagement to go to the county of Durham, and instruct the band of a regiment of militia which his lordship was raising there. This object effected, he lived for several years in the north of England as a teacher of music, not neglecting in the meantime to give nearly his whole leisure to the improvement of his own mind. It was now that he acquired a knowledge of the classical languages.

The next step of importance taken by Herschel affords an anecdote which illustrates his natural sagacity. An organ, by Snetzler, had been built for the church of Halifax, and candidates for the situation of organist were requested to appear. Herschel came forward with other six, amongst whom was a locally eminent musician, Mr Wainwright from Manchester. The organ was one of an unusually powerful kind, and when Mr Wainwright played upon it in the style he had been accustomed to, Snetzler exclaimed frantically, 'He run over de key like one cat; he will not allow my pipes time to speak.' During the performance, a friend of Herschel asked him what chance he thought he had of obtaining the situation. 'I don't know,' said Herschel, 'but I am sure fingers will not do.' When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. 'Ay, ay,' cried Snetzler, 'tish is very goot, very goot, intect; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak.' Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, 'I told you fingers would not do;' and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, 'one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two.' This superiority of skill, united to the friendly efforts of Mr Joab Bates, a resident musical composer of some celebrity, obtained Herschel the situation.

The years which he spent at Halifax were not the

least happy of his life. He here enjoyed the society of one or two persons akin to himself in tastes, and who could promote his love of study. His attention was now chiefly turned at his leisure hours to the mathematics, in which he became a proficient without any regular master. A poor teacher of music, with so many extraordinary qualifications, must have been a wonder in the Yorkshire of 1766. In that year he was attracted to Bath, by obtaining there the situation of organist in the Octagon chapel, besides an appointment for himself and his brother in the band kept by Mr Linley in the Pump-room. Here, amidst his duties, which were very multifarious, he still kept up the pursuit of knowledge, although his studies were often postponed to the conclusion of fourteen hours of professional labour. It was now that he for the first time turned any attention to astronomy. Some recent discoveries in the heavens arrested his mind, and awakened a powerful spirit of curiosity, under the influence of which he sought and obtained the loan of a two-feet Gregorian telescope. Still further interested in the pursuit, he commissioned a friend to buy a larger instrument for him in London. The price startled his friend, who returned without making the designed purchase, and Herschel, being equally alarmed at the price of the desired instrument, resolved to attempt to make one for himself. To those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and have in particular a just sense of the difficulty of preparing the concave metallic speculum which forms the principal part of the apparatus, this resolution will appear in its true character, as will the fact of his actually succeeding, in 1774, in completing a five-feet reflector, by which he had the gratification of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with this triumph, he made other instruments in succession of seven, ten, and even of twenty feet. And so great was his enthusiasm in this work, that, in perfecting the parabolic figure of the seven-feet reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it.

The early investigations of Herschel were made with this last instrument. Meanwhile, he was still chiefly occupied with the profession which gave him bread; but so eager was he in his astronomical observations, that often he would steal away from the room during an interval of performance, give a little time to his telescope, and then contentedly return to his oboe. So gentle and patient a follower of science under difficulties scarcely occurs in the whole circle of biography. At this time Herschel was forty years of age; his best years, it might have been said, were past; but he was to show that even forty is not too old an age at which to commence a pursuit that is to give immortality. About the end of 1779 he began to make a regular review of the heavens, star by star, and in the course of the examination he discovered that a small object, which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, was gradually changing its place. On the 13th of March 1781 he became satisfied that this was a new planet of our system, one moving on the outside of Saturn, eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, and with a period of revolution extending to eighty-four of our years. Having determined the rate of motion and orbit, he communicated the particulars to the Royal Society, who, partaking of the universal enthusiasm which the discovery had excited in the public mind, elected him a fellow of their body, and decreed him their annual gold medal. The new planet was at first called Georgium Sidus, in honour of the king—then Herschel, from the name of the discoverer—but has finally been styled Uranus (from Urania, the muse of astronomy), a term deemed more appropriate, since all the other planets bear mythological titles.

The Bath musician had now become a distinguished scientific character, and it was necessary that he should be rescued from his obscure and unworthy labours. This public service was rendered by George III., who had at all times a pleasure in patronising scientific talent. Herschel, endowed with a handsome pension, and the title of astronomer-royal, was translated to a mansion at Slough, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, there to prosecute his researches in entire leisure. He had now attained what was to him the summit of earthly felicity, and his mind immediately expanded in projects for the advancement of his favourite science. He constructed an enormous telescope, the tube of which was forty feet long, in his garden at Slough, and for a time hopes were entertained of great discoveries resulting from it; but the mechanical difficulties attending a structure so vast, were too great to be overcome in the existing state of science, and this great telescope was never in reality of much use, although we believe it was by it that the sixth and seventh satellites of Saturn were added to our knowledge of the heavens. It was with a much smaller instrument that he made his observations on the surface of the moon (discovering what he thought to be two active volcanoes in it), and scanned over the heavens for the purpose of cataloguing objects hitherto unobserved. In these investigations the astronomer was materially aided by a younger sister, Caroline Herschel, who was able to take down the observations as he dictated them, while he still kept his eye upon the glass. This lady survives (1844) at a very advanced age. Herschel gave his attention chiefly to the more distant class of heavenly objects; and by his acquaintance with telescopes in their various forms and powers, he was the inventor of a most ingenious though simple mode of reckoning the distances of some of these bodies. Taking one power of glass, and noting all the stars and nebulæ which could be seen by it, he then took another power, and afterwards another and another, and, observing the various objects brought into view in succession by each, he calculated their respective distances by the relative powers of the instruments employed. This he very happily called *gauging* the heavens. In 1802 the result of his labours was communicated to the world in a catalogue of five thousand new nebulæ, nebulous stars, planetary nebulæ, and clusters of stars, which was published in the Philosophical Transactions, being prefaced by an enlarged view of the sideral bodies composing the universe. These labours of Herschel have added a most interesting chapter to the book of nature. They make us aware that there are other clusters of stars, or star-systems, besides the vast one to which our sun belongs—that these are placed at enormous distances beyond the limits of our system—that within our system, again, there are objects in all degrees of condensation between a diffused nebulous matter and well-defined stars, representating various stages of progress in the formation of suns. And these great facts he has connected with others more familiar, so as to form a beautiful hypothesis of the cosmogony, showing how it was in every stage under the strict charge of natural law. Another interesting discovery of Herschel, which subsequent observation has fully confirmed, is, that our solar system has a movement of its own amidst the other stars, and that this is slowly carrying us towards a point in the constellation of Hercules. The scientific world received these new truths with awe-struck reverence, and the university of Oxford conferred on Herschel the degree of Doctor of Laws, which is rarely given to any one not reared there. The praise of the astronomer was the greater, that he announced all his discoveries with an air of genuine modesty, and received the distinctions conferred upon him with the same meekness which he had displayed in his days of poverty and obscurity. He was remarkable for great sweetness of temper, and for a natural simplicity which often accompanies great genius. It appears that his astronomical researches had created a notion among his rustic neighbours that he carried on a mysterious converse with the stars. One rainy summer a farmer waited upon him to solicit his advice as to the proper time for cutting his hay. The doctor pointed through the window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped. 'Look at that field,' said he, 'and

when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather-wise than yourself or the rest of my neighbours.'

Being favoured with unusual length of days, and with regular health, Dr Herschel was able to continue his researches for many more years, and to add considerably to the knowledge he had already communicated on this most interesting science. He had now waxed rich in the world's goods, to a degree far exceeding his wants, although a young family had latterly been rising around him. In 1816 the regent made him a knight of the Guelphic order, a distinction in his case certainly well earned. But all ordinary gratifications must have appeared to him as trivial, compared with that now reserved for him in seeing his son, who had entered the university of Cambridge, beginning to give promise of the distinguished scientific and literary abilities which have since, in their ripeness, produced such remarkable fruits. At length, in August 1822, after but a short interval of disqualification for his astronomical researches, death removed Sir William Herschel from this lower sphere, at the age of eighty-four, full of honours as he was of years, and in enjoyment of the love and esteem of all who knew him.

BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.

THE various propensities and dispositions of different individuals, have often been dissected and described by metaphysicians and moralists; but, so far as we know, few have undertaken to descant on the fact, that every individual presents many, and sometimes opposite characteristics at different periods of the same day. Some men, though amiable enough in the main, are remarked to be peculiarly tetchy on rising in the morning; others, when they feel sleepy at night; but there is no period when one is so likely to make one's self disagreeable as just before dinner. 'No person,' says a learned writer on digestion, 'will deny that hunger is a painful sensation, whatever may be his opinion of appetite.' When, therefore, a man feels hungry (which he generally does a little while before dinner), he is in pain; and when a man is in pain, he cannot be expected to feel comfortable within, or to make himself agreeable to others. On the contrary, the moment his sensations glide from appetite to hunger, the outworks of philosophy give way; the enemy saps the very foundations of his character. When, therefore, you want to see a sanguine man despond, a cheerful one sad, a forbearing man impatient, or a benevolent one uncharitable, watch him while being kept waiting for his dinner. The best of tempers will not, at such a moment, require much provocation to get ruffled. My friend Rollan offers an apt example of these frailties. For about twenty-three hours and three quarters out of every twenty-four, a better friend, a kinder husband, or more indulgent father, does not exist; but make your introduction to him during the fifteen minutes before dinner, and you will conclude him to be the reverse. His wife's smiles are unheeded, his children's prattle forbidden, his friends' remarks unanswered. And wo unto the household should the cook prove unpunctual!

This is the dark side of the case. Most people are well-disposed after dinner. In proportion as pain is great, so are the pleasures of alleviation; and, when the cravings of appetite are satisfied, not only do the good qualities of mankind regain their ascendancy, but their bad ones hide their diminished heads. The Chinese believe that the intellect and affections reside in the stomach; and really when one considers the entire moral revolution which occurs immediately after dinner, the notion loses half its absurdity. The change which takes place is so complete, that to describe people who *have* dined, it is only necessary to invert every characteristic of those who have not: then the despondent are filled with hopes; the irritable appear patient; the melancholy are gay; the miser becomes philanthropic, and the misanthrope good company. Misfortune is never so stoically received as when it makes its appearance after dinner. One day news came to Rollan that he had lost several thousand pounds; luckily, it arrived while he was enjoying his dessert, and he heard it without a sigh. It is, however, terrible to contemplate the effect the black intelligence would have had upon him if communicated during his anteprandial susceptibility; for on that very day he had previously shown the most intense mortification because dinner was not announced till very nearly four minutes and a-half after the fixed time!

Besides the inward characteristics which separate men who have and men who have not dined into two distinct classes, there are outward and visible signs by which they are readily separated and recognized.

The man who has not dined may be known as he walks homeward by the impatience expressed in his gait and aspect, and the fidgetiness he manifests if you should stop him to have a little conversation. Wo to you if such a conversation refers to any affairs of your own, in which you wish to interest him for the sake of his assistance or advice. He cannot even be civil on such topics. Should your observations refer only to the chit-chat of the day, the case is little better. He takes decidedly different views as to the merits of Roland's Grand Assault last Saturday, and cannot at all agree in opinion with you that the wind is promising to change from the east. With regard to the state of the country, he is clear and unhesitating: all is going wrong, and starvation is staring the country in the face. This, however, does not make him a whit more tolerant of the beggar who now comes up as if to illustrate his argument. He silences the whine of the petitioner in an instant by a threat of the police.

Arriving at his door, he announces himself with a sharpness of ring which startles the powers of the kitchen into a fearful animation. Mary, as she opens the door, answers the question, Is dinner ready? with an affirmative at all hazards, and then plunges down stairs to implore Mrs Cook to make her fib a truth. Stalking abstractedly into his dressing-room, he fails to find, first the boot-jack, then the soap, and it is well he does not summon half the household to show both, to his confusion, in their usual places. The slightest tumult amongst the children three floors up now annoys him. His wife, to fill up the time till dinner appears, asks his opinion of some new purchase, which was made because she knew he would like it; but, to her extreme mortification, he wonders how she could choose such an 'ugly thing.' As the minute-hand of the time-piece approaches the figure twelve, he commences an anticipatory lecture on the advantages of punctuality, which increases in earnestness at every second after the clock has struck, and is gradually rising to the severity of reprimand, when—happy moment—enter the soup! Now commences an entire change in his external aspect, and in about twenty minutes he becomes

The man who HAS *dined.* Behold him now, seated in his lounging chair. His countenance is o'erspread with a smile of satisfaction. The harsh and grating tones of his voice are mellowed to softness; and instead of addressing his wife in half-snappish laconics, he converses in the most soothing terms of affection and endearment. On being enticed to take a second glance at the new dress, he thinks it is not so ugly after all: indeed, of one thing he is quite certain—though he does not pretend to be a judge—but the colours will become her complexion admirably. This is the moment generally seized upon by ladies of tact to put in practice that pretty process of getting their own way called 'coaxing.' At such moments new bonnets are promised, and cheques written for milliners' bills. Evening parties are arranged, 'regardless of expense,' and lessons from first-rate music-masters contemplated for elder daughters. This, bringing the rest of the junior branches in mind, leads to the ringing of the nursery bell, and though the children may happen to get up a race along

the stairs to see who can get into the parlour first, and thereby create a most deafening clatter, the well-dined father blesses their merry little hearts, and is delighted that they are in such excellent spirits. Should a friend drop in, instead of being wished almost anywhere else, he is pressed to remain; and a quarter of an hour's conversation shows that the host's opinions concerning the weather and the state of the country have undergone a change. It is after dinner that Britain is pronounced the greatest, best, and happiest nation in the world. The distress of the country fades gradually from the view: it dwindles down to a few interesting cases of operative manufacturers thrown temporarily out of employ, or of distressed agriculturists in picturesque cottages being kindly relieved by sentimental ladies or philanthropic country gentlemen. Then is the time that subscriptions to public charities are paid up, and coal and blanket societies planned for the ensuing winter. Nor does this sort of hopeful patriotism solely occupy the imagination of the man who has dined. His own affairs present themselves to him in brighter colours than at any other time. He builds castles in the air, congratulates himself on the improved aspect of his affairs, and very likely asks his wife, in the event of their ever keeping a carriage, what colour she would like the horses to be? He appeals to his friend as to the best mode of investing spare capital; and asks him if it be true that a certain estate in the neighbourhood is in the market, dropping at the same time a hint that, if it should come to the hammer, he shall attend the sale. In short, after dinner everything seems coloured with a pleasing pink, which, speaking more strictly, is merely the moral medium through which we see the objects of our thoughts.

These, then, are the almost opposite effects often betrayed by the same man before and after dinner. Let us, however, return to the subject in a larger—more general—point of view. Man's thoughts and sentiments being swayed in a great degree by his sensations, the former will generally be hopeful or despondent as his sensations are pleasing or painful; and who will deny that these are more pleasing when his appetite is satiated than when it is craving? There are exceptions to this rule no doubt; for we have heard of gourmands who hunger and thirst after an appetite in order to enjoy the pleasure of satisfying it, and whose despondency only commences when they find they cannot eat any more. But these are happily few, because unnatural exceptions. Nature tells us when to eat by exhausting our forces, and by making it a pain to disobey, and a pleasure to obey her dictates. Snappishness before, suavity after dinner, certainly form the general rule. This becomes a very important maxim in suitors and favour seekers. How many an individual has marred his fortune by asking the favour that would have made it, before, instead of after his patron's dinner! So fully convinced is an extravagant young Oxford friend of ours of the necessity of timing his applications to 'the governor' for more cash, that he invariably sends his letters by the *day* mail, that they may catch the old gentleman napping just after dinner. The managers of charitable societies invariably make their collections after the hearts of the subscribers have been opened by a first-rate tavern feast. 'The trade,' *par excellence*, disarms the business-like caution of the booksellers at their annual auctions by a like expedient, and never think of putting up a single lot till after the removal of the cloth. In short, a thousand similar instances might be adduced to show that the tide of fortune and liberality flows highest after dinner. How different is it during the hour before! Then it is that quarrels are begun, and law pleas commenced; then it is that cross fathers cut off erring sons with a shilling, and wives and husbands talk of deeds of separation; at this inauspicious period editors become super-particular, and reject the lucubrations of doubtful contributors; and critics get so uncommonly vigilant, that scarcely anything in a book will please them. Reader, when you have a favour to ask, a bargain to make, a contribution to send to a magazine, or a book to forward to a critic, be careful, if you can possibly help it, not to address yourself to an empty stomach.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

ARREST OF THE ABBE BARTHELEMY.*

Although a sense of prudence made me keep as much as possible aloof from the terrible struggles which took place in Paris during 1793, yet, for the sake of personal safety, I found it necessary to join the club of the Jacobins and also that of the Cordeliers. I seldom, however, took part in the debates carried on in these clubs, and when I did, invariably took the side of the constitutional party amongst the Jacobins, and against the Duke of Orleans's faction in the Cordeliers.

In the previous year (1792), my preceptor, Condorcet, being completely absorbed in politics, was unable to continue his instructions; but kindly transferred me to the care of the celebrated Abbé Barthelemy, who, though in his seventy-sixth year, was still in full possession of his brilliant faculties. Two hours of every morning were usefully and delightfully passed by me in listening to the instructions of this profound scholar and agreeable teacher. While the revolutionary storm raged without, we were peacefully enjoying the beauties of the classic poets and historians in the retirement of his study.

On the 2d of September 1793, I took my usual lesson. The abbé was dissecting and explaining the true signification of a disputed passage in Thucydides, when an unusual noise was heard at the door of the room, and presently two strangers made their appearance. They were, in fact, officers of the revolutionary tribunal, followed by about half a dozen of the rabble. A warrant (*Mandat d'arrêt*), signed by the too celebrated public accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, was put into the hands of my venerable and bewildered preceptor. It summoned him to appear immediately before the Committee of Public Safety; and I was ordered by the officers to accompany him. It was nearly eleven o'clock, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and I intreated some consideration in behalf of my aged master; but the request that a fiacre should be provided was met with sneers and abusive threats, and we were dragged through a deluge to our destination. This was a dungeon in which we were lodged previous to our examination. It happened, fortunately as I thought for us, that Fouquier-Tinville, the much-dreaded public prosecutor, was under some obligation to me. Having sprung from very humble parents, he was at one time extremely poor, and existed in a most wretched condition by contributing trifling pieces, chiefly poetical, to periodicals. Having no very high character for honesty, and being, moreover, a gambler, he lived in concealment from the dread of creditors. During the years 1788 and 1789 I had more than once saved him from a prison, by forwarding him pecuniary aid through the editor of the 'Mercure de France.' As I always replied to his applications for assistance by letter, I had never seen him but once, and that was when he became a member of the Convention; and on that occasion he pointedly expressed his gratitude to me for my former kindness, assuring me, that, should it ever be in his power to serve me in any way, he would do so. These cheering facts I communicated to my aged companion the moment we were left alone. They had not, however, the effect of raising his hopes; he expected, he said, no mercy at the hands of Fouquier-Tinville, and although he had never conspired against the republic in any manner whatever, yet he expected no less than to be sent to the guillotine like the hundreds of innocent persons who had been already massacred. 'But you, my young friend,' he added, with tears in his eyes, 'may possibly be spared.

* Author of the Travels of the younger Anacharsis in Greece.

Take warning, then, from this danger, and make your escape from this unhappy land as soon as possible. You are known to be wealthy, and who knows but our tyrants, to possess themselves of your wealth, may make you an early victim upon some new and frivolous charge they may bring against you.' While the venerable abbé was addressing me, an usher entered and conducted us to the dreaded tribunal.

Fouquier-Tinville was dressed in the red uniform of the *sans-culotte* party, and bore in his hand the famous red cap. On the desk beside which he stood were placed two emblems of the dreadful uncertainty in which Frenchmen then lived—a pair of horse pistols. Three commissioners of the revolutionary tribunal were ranged on the right hand side of the prosecutor, while a clerk was ready at the desk to note down our examination or *procés-verbal*. As soon as Fouquier recognised me he appeared rather surprised, and addressing me by name, asked, 'Why art thou before us?' 'Because,' I answered, 'I was found in company with the Abbé Barthelemy, who is my tutor.' 'But dost thou not know that he is an aristocrat and a conspirator?' rejoined Fouquier. I replied, that having for many months passed two hours daily in his company, I had good reason to know that he was nothing of the kind. As it was found, after some consideration, that at least I could not be implicated, my immediate release was ordered. The abbé was sent to the conciergerie, that some inquiries might be made into the character of the person who had denounced him, concerning the honesty of whose motives some doubt had arisen.

The first use I made of my liberty was to solicit an audience of the public accuser, and my request was promptly granted. As I write more than half a century from the period at which this incident occurred, and nearly as long from the well-deserved execution of Fouquier, I can have no party to conciliate, and no end to answer except that of truth. This obliges me to state that—monster of falsehood and ferocious cruelty as this man unquestionably proved himself in his public capacity—he received me on this occasion with great kindness, and even appeared greatly pleased that it lay in his way to serve me. My object was of course to plead for my falsely-accused preceptor, to learn the particulars of the accusation, and the name of the accuser. It turned out that the individual who had denounced the abbé was one of the officers of the national library, in which Barthelemy held the post of under librarian, and that in all likelihood the accusation was made from personal motives; the subordinate having recently received a reprimand for misconduct, accompanied by a threat of eventual dismissal in case his conduct were repeated. This man Fouquier promised to summon before him, and endeavour to get at the exact truth of the matter. Meanwhile, he advised me to interest Carra, the chief librarian, and the abbé's official superior, in his favour. I lost no time, therefore, in obtaining an introduction to Carra through Madame Talien, one of his most intimate friends.

Though Carra was a terrorist, and a commissioner of the revolutionary tribunal, he was a well-informed man, and had the character of being a lover of justice and fair play. I stated the case to him, and intreated him to use his influence in obtaining a delay in bringing the abbé to trial, so that time might be afforded for inquiring into the truth of the accusation, and of the motives which led the library subordinate to make it. Carra promised to use all his influence in favour of his venerable colleague.

Happily my exertions were rewarded, and my apprehensions for the safety of my instructor were but of short duration. The person who denounced the accused was examined by Carra and Fouquier, and they soon discovered that his evidence was not to be relied on, for he had acted solely from motives of personal revenge. I was sent for at about seven o'clock on the same day, and obtained an order addressed to the jailer of the conciergerie for the 'immediate liberation of citizen Barthelemy.' The haste with which I fulfilled my errand, and the joy with which I embraced my old preceptor, it is only possible to imagine. By eight o'clock on the same evening the abbé again found himself in his apartment in the Rue Richelieu, receiving the congratulations of all those who had heard of his liberation. The shock, however, which the danger he had escaped communicated to his aged frame, he never wholly recovered; and from that day his spirits and bodily strength declined. I now ceased to be his pupil; but, till his death in 1795, I continued to visit him frequently, both for the benefit of his conversation, and as a tribute of respect for his great acquirements and private virtues.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

A VOLUME, entitled 'Illustrations of the Law of Kindness,' by the Rev. G. W. Montgomery, has been published at Albany, in the State of New York. It is, as a literary work, of little pretension; but it presents in one focus a very considerable number of anecdotes exemplifying the superiority of the benevolent over the coercive and severe principle, as a means of effecting good ends amongst our fellow-creatures; and such reasoning as the book contains is animated by all the earnestness of an amiable and trusting nature. The author classifies his facts into chapters, one of the first of which presents scriptural instances, such as that of David's conduct towards Saul in the cave; another presents a brief account of the benevolent proceedings of Howard, Oberlin, Fenelon, &c. showing how the law of kindness tended in their lives to the most brilliant results.

In the chapter on the disarming force of kindness, we have a story that never can be too often told: 'It is well known that Quakers, or Friends, have adopted the non-resistance principle, or the law, "overcome evil with good." The founder of Philadelphia, William Penn, was completely armed with the spirit of this principle. When he visited this country, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. He bought their land, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and, as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they were willing. They returned for answer, that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but to please their father Onas, as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, beginning at the great river Cosquanco, now Kensington, and ending at the great river Kallapingo, now Bristol; and, as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land walked so fast and far, as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheated us," said the Indians. "Ah, how can it be?" said Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk." Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it. "Compelled!" exclaimed Penn; "how *can* you *compel* them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed

on, how much more will satisfy you?" This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain, that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a *little piece of land*."'

'For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger; towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements—which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food—the Indians cheerfully came forward, and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting. This kindness they practised with pleasure, because they considered it an accommodation to their "good father Onas" and his friends. And though Penn has long been dead, yet he is not forgotten by the red men; for many of the Indians possess a knowledge of his peaceable disposition, and speak of him with a tone and feeling very different from what they manifest when speaking of those whites who came with words of treachery on their tongues, and kegs of "fire-water" in their hands, and oppression in their actions.'

This anecdote comes before us with particular force at the present moment, when New Zealand is tottering as a settlement, in consequence of the English following a different principle with the natives.* How strange does it sound to hear men talking with ridicule of philanthropic policy, as something unfitted for human nature, when the fact is glaring, that it is the contrary policy that does not succeed, its invariable consequences being the destruction and obstruction of all that is good. The true visionaries in this case are those who dream that a large barbarian force is to be made agreeable in one's neighbourhood by raising in it the spirit of blind revenge. The true practical man is he who acts justly and kindly by his untutored neighbours, expecting they will thereby be kept on friendly terms with him.

In a chapter on insanity, the effect of the mild system of treatment now practised, in comparison with the former cruel methods, is illustrated by numerous examples collected from different sources. The next section displays the effect of kindness as an element in the means of reforming criminals. We pass from these as subjects which have already been treated in our paper, and come to an anecdote in which the efficacy of the gentler principle, in circumstances where the other could not have availed, is powerfully evinced. It appeared originally in De Lamartine's translation of 'A Residence among the Arabs of the Great Desert.' 'In the tribe of Nedgde there was a mare of great reputation for beauty and swiftness, which a member of another tribe, named Daher, vehemently desired to possess. Having failed to obtain her by offering all he was worth, he proceeded to effect his object by stratagem. He disguised himself like a lame beggar, and waited by the side of a road, knowing that Nabee, the owner of the mare, would soon pass. As soon as Nabee appeared, Daher cried in a feeble voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to stir from this to get food; help me, and God will reward you." Nabee offered to carry him home; but Daher said, "I am not able to rise; I have not strength." Nabee then generously dismounted, brought his mare near, and helped the beggar to mount her. The moment he was mounted, Daher touched her with his heel and started, saying, "It is I, Daher, who have got her, and am carrying her off." Nabee called upon him to stop, which Daher did. Nabee then said, "Thou hast my mare; since it pleases God, I wish thee success; but I conjure thee tell no one how thou hast obtained her." "Why not?" said Daher. "Because some one really ill might remain without aid: you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, from the fear of being duped as I have been." This discriminating kindness subdued Daher; he immediately dismounted, and returned the mare to Nabee; and when they parted, they parted sworn friends.' Here Mr Montgomery remarks, 'Let a signal act of revenge, a cold unfeeling instance of retaliation, be known in our communities, and it excites horror, and even the deepest tones of indignation. On the contrary, let a broad act of benevolence, a noble and dignified instance of the forgiveness of enemies be exhibited, and it is at once admired and commended in the warmest terms. So true it is that the human heart dislikes the principle, "hate your enemies," and approves the practice of the law, "love your enemies."'

Nothing, we think, could more powerfully enforce this doctrine than the effect of such anecdotes as the following, which we fully believe could not be read to the most debased of our species, without raising such emotions as to form an ample proof of the superiority of generous over revengeful feeling. The brothers Cheerible of the novelist are, as is well known, scarcely overcharged portraits of two real English merchants, one of whom, we regret to know, is now no more. Of these men the following story was originally told in a Manchester paper. 'The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers (D) was designated as "Billy Button," and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chowbent, Bullock Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some "kind friend" had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly-libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws, except one.

'It seemed folly to hope that the firm of brothers would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public forget the wrong, and favour the wrong-doer! He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

'"You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed W. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination.

* A most respectable New Zealand settler thus writes to a friend in Edinburgh, in a letter which we have seen:—'The natives are a fine intelligent race, and are rapidly becoming civilised. Wars have almost ceased, and cannibalism is become very rare, and is only practised by two tribes. The late unfortunate massacre of Captain Wakefield and six gentlemen, of which you may have heard, entirely originated in an unjust aggression on the natives, and their retaliation; and, horrible as it was, the sufferers only met with their deserts.' We presume it is not here meant that Captain Wakefield or the other sufferers were specially guilty, but that the conduct of the English was, generally speaking, such as to make the loss on that side a natural consequence of their error.

W. took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see there "rogue, scoundrel, libeller" inscribed; but there was in fair round characters the signature of the firm! "We make it a rule," said W. "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tear started into the poor man's eyes.

'"Ah," said W. "my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man. "Well, well, my dear fellow," said W. "you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" And the answer was, that, having given up everything to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow," said W. "this will never do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head yet." The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.'

'I am almost convinced,' says the author, 'that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? and a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship.'

FACTORY LIFE.

It has become a sort of fashion to speak of factory life as something unusually dismal—attended by great and peculiar evils both to the body and mind—an unnatural scene of labour pursued in disagreeable circumstances, and without any of the pleasures which cheer human beings under toil. That these ideas are at least not universally true, we have long been convinced, for any factories which we have happened to see, conveyed entirely opposite impressions. To the like effect is the following letter, referring to the factories of Turton and Egerton in Lancashire, which appears in a newly published pamphlet by Dr W. C. Taylor.*

'My dear Ellen—Now that I am settled quietly at home, I will fulfil my promise, and try to give you some idea of the state of the factory population, as it appeared to me during my recent visit to the north of England. I need not remind you of the statements put forward in the newspapers relative to the miserable condition of the operatives, and the tyranny of their masters, for they made such an impression on me, that it was with reluctance I consented to go to Lancashire; indeed these misrepresentations are quite general, and people believe them without knowing why or wherefore. As an instance: just before starting, I was at a large dinner party at the west end of the town, and seated next a gentleman who is considered a very clever and intelligent man. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I was going to Lancashire. He stared, and asked, "What on earth could take me there? That he would as soon think of going to St Giles's; that it was a horrid place—factories all over; that the people, from starvation, oppression, and over-work, had almost lost the form of humanity; and that the mill-owners were a bloated, pampered race, feeding on the very vitals of their work-people." I answered, that this was a dreadful state of things; and asked in what part he had seen such misery? He replied, that "he had never *seen* it, but that he had been *told* that it existed; and that, for his part, he never *had been* in the manufacturing districts, and that he *never would*." This gentleman was one of the very numerous body of people who spread reports without ever taking the trouble of inquiring if they be true or false.

I will pass over my journey as having nothing to do with the subject of this letter, and ask you to accompany me on my first visit to a cotton-mill. Were I competent to the task, which I am not, it would be useless for me to describe to you the nature of factory-work; it is one of those things of which it is impossible to form any notion by explanation or description, and which requires a minute and personal examination to be at all able to comprehend. I found the mill a large building, with a wide stone staircase, easy of ascent, and very clean. The working-rooms are spacious, well ventilated, and lofty, kept at an equable temperature, and, like all parts of the factory, exceedingly clean. There are a number of windows in each room, indeed so many, that I wondered if they had any window-duty to pay. I particularly noticed that there was no crowding of the workpeople, for the machines occupy so much room as to make it impossible; each operative has his or her range to superintend, and there is rarely any occasion for them to come in contact with one another.

I spent some time looking at the machines, the motion and shape of which I can best give you my notion of calling graceful; one in particular delighted me: I believe it is called the "mule-carriage;" it recedes, and then returns so gracefully, that I was almost going to say that the effect was picturesque, but this I know you would laugh at; however, I can assure you that the brightness of the machinery, which looks like steel, and the regularity of its motions, produce a *tout ensemble* which has a novel and striking effect. It seems to me that the machines can do everything but speak. It has been asserted, and is generally believed, that the operatives, while at work, are obliged to assume painful and unnatural attitudes, and that these attitudes, from daily repetition, gradually settle into confirmed deformity. This is most untrue, for the heaviest part of the labour is executed by the steam-engine or water-wheel, and it is watchfulness and care, not bodily exertion, that is required from the operative: this care consists in seeing that the machinery acts, and in no instance did I see any one in a constrained or painful position. Although they have little or no bodily labour, yet the attention which they have to bestow on their employment prevents any conversation going on. This, I think, is an advantage where persons of both sexes work in the same room.

The propriety of demeanour and appearance of the operatives cannot fail to impress a visitor most favourably. I observed that great care had been bestowed upon the "boxing up" of dangerous machinery, and was told that accidents were very rare, and that, when they did occur, they were the "result of the greatest stupidity or negligence." After examining everything, I came to the conclusion that the nature of factory labour would have no deteriorating effect on those engaged in it; in which opinion I was confirmed by seeing the healthy appearance of the operatives about me. Many girls were at work, and all—I may say all, for I saw no exceptions—looked healthy and happy. Their ages, I should think, varied from fourteen to three or four-and-twenty; one I particularly noticed; she was of the middle height: I think it would be no easy matter to match her cheeks and arms; you never saw a milkmaid more ruddy. I spoke to her, and was answered with the utmost civility and propriety. She said that she "had been at the mill for nine years;" that she never had had a day's sickness, and that "most of the girls of her acquaintance had equally good health."

* Factories and the Factory System. London: Jeremiah How, 1844.

contribute, though indirectly, yet certainly and powerfully, to promote both health and cheerfulness: as the contrary state of things is generally found to produce discomfort, nervous irritation, and depression of spirits.

[The above maxims were composed by a teacher, for the purpose of being printed in a large type, and hung up in his school.]

POSTAGE-LABELS AND ENVELOPES.

The following facts relative to the manufacture of our present postage-labels and envelopes may not be uninteresting to the reader. They are gleaned from a paper, by the Rev. J. Barlow, on the Chemical and Mechanical Processes, and the Social Influences of the Penny Post, read at a recent meeting of the London Royal Institution. The adhesive labels, or 'queen's heads,' as they are commonly called, are executed by Messrs Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, on Mr Perkins' principle of steel-engraving by transfer. This process depends on the property of iron to become hard or soft as it receives or loses a small quantity of carbon—the soft plates receiving impressions of the original hardened engraving, and then being tempered to the necessary hardness for the purposes of the printer. Mr Barlow lays great stress on the absolute identity of every engraving, however numerous, produced by this method. The engine-work on the adhesive labels is of so close a pattern, that it cannot be taken off by lithography or any similar contrivance; while, on the other hand, the eye is so accustomed to notice slight differences between one face and another, that the most skilful imitators of a minute engraving of a human countenance (like that of the sovereign on the label) could not possibly avoid such a deviation from what he was copying as would insure the detection of forgery. With regard to the qualities of the coloured inks with which the labels are printed, Mr Barlow remarks, that though sufficiently permanent to withstand the effects of sun-light, rain, &c. they would be discharged by any fraudulent attempt to remove the obliterating stamp for the purpose of issuing the labels a second time. The gum used for fixing the labels to letters is chiefly derived from potato starch, and therefore perfectly innocuous.

The manufacture of the postage-envelope is effected by many powerful, yet accurate machines. The paper is pervaded by coloured threads, as a security against fraud; and when sent from the manufactory of Mr Dickinson, it is delivered to the firm of Messrs De La Rue. It is there cut into lozenges, by the engine of Mr Wilson, with the utmost precision, and at the rate of sixty or eighty thousand a minute. Previously to being stamped, each lozenge has a notch cut in each side for the convenience of folding: this is done by an angular chisel. The envelopes are then stamped at Somerset House, by a machine which combines the operations of printing and embossing—the invention of the late Sir W. Congreve. The last process, the folding and gumming, is performed by the Messrs De La Rue, who employ thirty-nine folders on an average; and a quick hand can fold 3500 in a day.

Mr Barlow next noticed some statistical conclusions:—One engraving on Mr Perkins' hard steel-roller will afford 1680 transfers to soft steel plates: these again will, when hardened, admit of 60,000 impressions being pulled from each, so that one original will afford 100,800,000 impressions of labels. Twelve years ago, common envelopes were sold at one shilling the dozen (now the postage envelope, with its medallion, may be bought wholesale at half a farthing, exclusive of the stamp); and yet, though the manufacture is peculiarly costly, it returns a small profit to the government. More than two hundred and twenty millions of chargeable letters were posted in 1843; so that, supposing all the letter-boxes in the United Kingdom to be open twelve hours in the day, and to communicate with one large spout, the letters would keep flowing through it at the mean rate of fourteen in a second.

CHINESE PUFFING.

The following, which is a verbal translation of an ink-maker's shop-bill at Canton, equals anything in the puffing art now brought to such astonishing perfection by our own countrymen:—

'At the shop Tae-shing (prosperous in the extreme)—very good ink; fine! fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self, make this ink; fine and hard, very hard; picked with care, selected with attention. I sell very good ink, prime cost is very. This ink is heavy; so is gold. The eye of the dragon glitters and dazzles, so does this ink. No one makes like it. Others who make ink, make it for the sake of accumulating base coin and cheat, while I make it only for a name. Plenty of A-kwan-tsaes (gentlemen) know my ink—my family never cheated—they have always borne a good name. I make ink for the "Son of Heaven," and all the mandarins in the empire. As the roar of the tiger extends to every place, so does the fame of the "dragon's jewel" (meaning his ink). Come, all A-kwan-tsaes, come to my shop and see the sign Tae-shing at the side of the door. It is Seaou-shwuy Street (Small Water Street), outside the south gate.'

The 'prosperous in the extreme' is equal at least to the 'one million capital' of any of our insurance offices; while 'great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self,' throws utterly into the shade the claim to antiquity and stability so often put forth in our home prospectuses under the captivating announcement of 'established in 1792.' The epithets 'fine, fine, hard, very hard,' &c. which the ink-maker bestows on his article, are quite as attractive, and certainly more definite, than the 'super-royals and extra-superfines' of our countrymen; the 'picked with care, selected with attention,' rivals any day the 'purchased by Mr Jones himself, who has just returned from the London, Manchester, and Glasgow markets;' while 'glittering and dazzling like the eye of the dragon,' is decidedly a poetical flourish to which none of our blacking-makers have yet had the hardihood to aspire. Again, the modest assertion, that others make ink for the sake of accumulating base coin and cheat, while our hero does it 'only for a name,' is what we need never expect from the self-sacrificing patriotism of John Bull, 'immense' as are the 'sacrifices' which he professes every season to offer to the purchasing public. 'I sell to live by my trade,' says John; 'if I didn't, wouldn't you call me a fool?' Smith and Co. profess to sell at the 'smallest remunerating profit;' the Canton ink-maker goes ahead, and tells his customers that 'prime cost is very.' 'The old-established firm of Brown and Brown' bears a most excellent character—nobody doubts it; but we question much if the modesty of the partners will allow them in their next handbill to assure the public that their family 'never cheated,' or that they themselves have 'always borne a good name.' 'I make ink for the "Son of Heaven," and all the mandarins in the empire,' is upsides any day with 'patronised by her most gracious majesty, the principal nobility and gentry;' while the 'everywhere fame' of the dragon's jewel extends undoubtedly over a much wider field than that occupied by the 'principal dealers in the United Kingdoms.'

SOUNDS AT SEA.

THE weary sea is tranquil, and the breeze
Hath sunk to sleep on its slow-heaving breast.
All sounds have passed away, save such as please
The ear of night, who loves that music best
The din of day would drown. The wanderer's song,
To whose sweet notes the mingled charms belong
Of sadness linked to joy; the breakers small
(Like pebbled rills) that round the vessel's bow
A dream-like murmur make—the splash and fall
Of waters crisp, as rolling calm and slow,
She laves alternately her shining sides—
The flap of sails that like white garments vast,
So idly hang on each gigantic mast—
The regular tread of him whose skill presides
O'er the night-watch, and whose brief fitful word
The ready helmsman echoes: these low sounds
Are all that break the stillness that surrounds
Our lonely dwelling on the dusky main.
But yet the visionary soul is stirred,
While fancy hears full many a far-off strain
Float o'er the conscious sea! The scene and hour
Control the spirit with mysterious power;
And wild unutterable thoughts arise,
That make us yearn to pierce the starry skies!

—*Literary Leaves, by D. L. Richardson.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 5, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, June 22 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 26. New Series. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE FIRST LUCIFER.

About this time an extraordinary event happened in the burgh, nothing less than the introduction of lucifer matches. You must know that Provost Dickison was a very funny man, always contriving some ploy or joke to get a laugh at amongst his companions, and turning mostly all sorts of things into a ridicule, so that the town was never well out of one piece of waggery of his till it was into another. The provost had been in Edinburgh one market-day, and had seen the things called instantaneous lights or lucifer matches at the inn where he put up. I daresay it must be fifteen years since; so you see it's not a story of yesterday that I am going to tell you. Well, the provost was uncommon taken up with the lucifers, which he thought the grandest thing he had ever seen, keeping off gas and steam; a great improvement they were surely upon the flint and tinder-box, which you might often hammer at for half an hour at a time, and not get a light after all. So the provost, what does he do but gives a friend, that was going to Edinburgh on business, eighteenpence to buy a box of lucifer matches—they were eighteenpence then, though every bare-legged bairn is now selling them for a penny. Well, no matter as to the price. The provost never regarded any expense when he had a joke in his head. His friend—it was William Thomson the merchant—brings out the box of lucifers next day, and hands it to the provost, who took him under a strict promise to keep all quiet for two or three days.

Now, you must understand, next door to the provost there was a man they called Sanders Niven, that kept a public-house, a decent quiet sort of a body as could be, with quarter boots and whings in them, and a wee gray head, and the hair aye stroked smooth over his brow. Sanders was tacksman of the customs of the burgh, and in that way was well known to the provost and the council. His house was principally for tradesmen; but there was one good back-room with a carpet in't, that answered very well for two or three of the burgesses who might be wanting to have a chat in the evening over a jug of toddy. So the provost, what does he devise but that he'll give Sanders Niven a fright with the lucifers. Why, you know, Sanders had never heard of lucifers all his days; and I daresay if you had named them to him, or given him an account of them, he would have been just as wise as before. So the provost asks Bailie Brydone, and the Dean of Guild—that's John Urquhart that was—and myself, and one or two more, into Sanders's house, where he said there was going to be a single glass of punch; and, accordingly, by eight o'clock that night we were most of us gathered round Sanders's parlour-table, where a single short-six gave us all the light we required. When Sanders brought in the jug and glasses, the provost asked him how he did, and requested that he would come in and sit down a while, which he blithely consented to, and in five minutes in comes Sanders with his better coat on, and a clean washed face, and his hair new combed.

'Come away in bye, Sanders,' says the provost, 'and dinna sit on the door, but go into the fire, for really it's a coldish kind of night, and the wind's unco sair in the east. Have ye brought a glass for yoursell, Sanders?'

'Ay, that I hae, provost—muckle obleeged to you.'

And so Sanders sat down, and the toddy was made real good by the dean, who was a grand hand at a jug. And we all began to converse on the topics of the day, the landlord taking his share of both the toddy and the chat as well as the rest. By and by we came to talk of two new improvements that the provost had a great hand in—namely, the new-seating of the kirk, and the new arrangements in the kirkyard. He had made both the living and the dead sit about most astonishingly. The provost was very great upon both subjects. It would have been nothing at all to make the living folk shift their places a little in the kirk where it was necessary; but when he began to meddle with the dead folk, there was a terrible storm raised about his ears. His object, you must know, was to make the burial-ground something neat, for it had got into strange disorder in the course of time, and there were no right walks through it. And so what does he do but makes every one of the old upright stones lie flat down upon the ground, as if they had got tired of standing so long, and were wishing for a rest; and he also had the whole surface smoothed down, and neat square stones stuck in, to mark every family's piece of ground; and then he behoved to have nice gravel walks laid out, with evergreen bushes along the sides of them; and that occasioned awful troubles, for this one came and said it cut in upon his grandfather, and that one spake up and said it went clear over the heads of his last two wives, and so on. Howsoever, our provost, who was a real clever through-going person, and a determined reformer of everything that would reform, fought his way out of all his perplexities, and made a real fine job of it at last, so that it's now said there is not a smarter or a more comfortable-looking kirkyard to be anywhere seen than ours. And so the talk went on, till we came to speak about the resurrection-men that used to be so busy in bypast years, robbing all the unsuspecting little kirkyards in the country side.

'Have a care of us!' said Bailie Brydone, 'they were dreadful folk these resurrection-men. I mind of a story that was told about them some years since. Two of them came one night to this town in a gig, and robbed the kirkyard of a corpse that was but newly put into it. It was a wright's wife they called Marshall, that lived in the Back Raw; I mind o' the woman well, for she

used to help in our house at the washings. The tollman had let the two men pass through his bar that night at ten o'clock, and taken a good look at them, for they were evidently folk that did not belong to hereabouts; but he thought no more about them, till a while after twelve, when he was wakened up again to let them pass through on their way back to Edinburgh. Out he came with a lantern in the rain, grudging very sore, no doubt, to be roused up at such an untimeous hour. Well, he looked up, half sleeping as he was, at the men, and was a good deal surprised to see that there was now a third person in the gig—a person like in a woman's cloak and bonnet, but seeming as if she were asleep, and not able on that account to keep up her head. However, they passed of course, and the tollman—it was a man they called Crichton—thought no more about it till a week after, when it was discovered that the figure sitting between the two men could be no other than Katy Marshall, that had been buried the day before, but was now missing out of her grave.'

'Od, that's a gruesome story, bailie,' said Sanders.

'That it is,' quoth the bailie; 'but everything connected with the doctors is fearsome. I understand they are dreadful places those lecture-rooms in Edinburgh where they teach the young doctors. There's a place called Surgeon Square that could tell many a tale of horror, for it's all composed of anatomical lecture-rooms together. There was a laddie belonging to this town that went to Edinburgh and became an artist. I'm sure you'll all remember him well. A son of Thamas Porteous, the baker—a fine laddie he was, but he did not live to come to any distinction as a painter. Well, I've heard the callant myself telling a strange adventure he had once in Surgeon Square among the doctors. There was a lecturer that wished to have some paintings made of a few beautiful cases of ulceration, as he called them, though how there could be any beauty there I cannot well see. So he brought young Porteous one afternoon to draw the ulcers for him. I believe he intended to have the pictures hung up in the lecture-room, by way of a great ornament, after they were done. The laddie had brought all the proper materials for the purpose, and he set to work immediately, though he by no means liked the job. By and by the lecturer went home to his tea, and then he came back again, and attended to some business of his own in the principal room, and in process of time he quite forgot the poor laddie that was painting the beautiful ulcers up stairs. So when it began to grow dark, he went away as he was accustomed to do at that hour, locking the door behind him. Little Porteous had no idea that he was left alone in the house, till it grew too dark for him to work any longer, and then he laid down his pencils, and thought he would go and speak to the doctor to let him out. He was rather eerie when he found that the house was all so quiet and dark, and particularly when he got his fingers entangled in a hanging skeleton in the passage, as he was groping his way along. However, he kept up his heart, thinking he would find the doctor in the theatre—that's what they call the lecture-room. And so he groped along and along till he did get into the theatre; but great was his alarm when he found all dark there, and no doctor. He then knew that he had been left by accident, and was the only living being there among so many relics of the dead; and you may be sure it was a very awful consideration to a young laddie scarcely a year away from school. There was just a wee glimmering from the sky-light, that enabled him to see here and there a skeleton, or a bottled preparation of something still more horrible, such as a girning chaft of a split-up head, or a wee monkey-like wean that had never come to life, and was now put up here to dance in a bottle o' speerits to all eternity. Oh—oh—terrible sights indeed!'

'Merciful Providence!' cried Sanders.

'Well, the laddie nevertheless, being in a kind of desperation, made his way to the door, but found it locked. He set to knocking at it with all his might; but the sound only made a great echo in the theatre, and frightened him the more. He listened for noises in the square, but not a footstep was to be heard. He then went back to the theatre, and sat down for a while, trying all he could to avoid seeing the fearsome things. Long he sat there, half-stupified with terror, yet aye thinking that surely the doctor would remember him, and that he would next minute hear a footstep or see a light coming to his deliverance——'

At that moment the provost snuffed out the candle, and put us into the same darkness that Porteous was in, for we had hardly any light from the fire. It gave us all a great start, having been wrought up by the bailie's story into a timorsome state of mind.

'I'll run to the passage to get it lighted again,' said Sanders; and he was bustling out with the short-six in his hand accordingly, when the provost, in an authoratative voice, cried—

'Stop! Sanders, set down the candle.' Which Sanders did, not knowing what to think of it.

'Rr-h-h-t! Fuff!' played something in the provost's hands, and immediately we saw a small but waxing light, blue at first, and bright afterwards, and then we were all sensible of a great smell of brimstone. And lo, in three seconds the provost had the candle lighted again.

'Aih! mercy on us!' cried Sanders in a desperate tone of voice; 'what's that? The Enemy's surely got amang us. Aih! pity on me, provost, what's this you've done?' And when we looked, we saw that Sanders's hair, which was usually clapped so close down on his brow, had got half way up into an erect position, while his eyes were staring as if they would jump out of his head.

'Sit down, Sanders!' cried the provost in the same commanding voice. 'What are ye glowring there at? What harm is there in lighting the candle again, when it's been snuffed out? What are you frightened at?'

'Ou, I'm no frightened,' said Sanders mechanically, and he then sat down on the farthest away chair from the provost, trembling from head to foot. 'But, guide us a', the like o' that saw I never. What wonderfu' things are taking place now-a-days! There's nae reality in naething noo.'

'Stuff!' said Dickison; 'such a work about re-lighting a snuffed-out candle! Bailie, go on with your story.'

'Oh, my story's just about done,' quoth the bailie; 'for I had only to tell you that after eleven o'clock, when the poor frightened laddie had been three hours in the dark theatre, wi' the fearsome things all round him, the doctor came and let him out. He had gone to his bed, but fortunately came in mind of the young painter before he fell asleep. So he rose immediately, and came with a lantern, in great concern lest the callant should have been the waur o't in his mind. However, he found him quite right in that respect, although there's no saying what a whole night spent in the dark in such a place might have done.'

'Heeh, but light's precious,' said Sanders, looking queerwise at the candle; 'if one only can be sure that it comes in a right way. Aih, provost, ye're surely no canny.'

'You're nothing but a fule, Sanders,' says the provost. 'Did ye never see a candle lighted before?'

'Ou ay, mony a time—but in sic a way! Have a care of us! I hope naething will come of it to harm my house, or the wife and bairns. I thought the black airt had been a' at an end; but I see wonders will never cease.'

And so the chat went on again, with a great deal of fun about Sanders's fright, which we all thought had been extremely well managed, the fearsome story of the young painter having wrought his nerves up finely for the start at the flash of the light. At last, after a great deal of joking and nonsense, when we were all on our feet to go away, the provost took out the box of lucifers and gave it as a present to Sanders, to make up for the

fright he had got. Sanders was not for touching it at first, but he soon came round when the provost showed him the way to light the matches. And then we all took our ways home, still laughing to ourselves at the rich treat of Sanders's frightened face, and thinking we never had had a funnier ploy in our born days.

It soon oozed out among the neighbours what a droll business there had been on Monday night at Sanders Niven's, and great was the curiosity to hear the story. So, night after night, parties of the town's folk met in Sanders's house to get it all from his own mouth over a jug of toddy, and see the lucifers lighted by way of illustration. It really turned out to be a grand business for Sanders, and the dean was not far wrong when he observed, in his pawky way, that Provost Dickison's lucifer match had keepit the town in het water for a fortnight.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BADGER.

This is one of those unhappy animals which have long met with disrespect and persecution through ignorance of their character, habits, and general relations to animated nature. These once known, prejudices discreditable alike to man's humanity and his intelligence, vanish; nothing in the scheme of creation appears unamiable or distorted, unless when viewed through the medium of an uninformed mind.

The badger (*Meles Taxus*) is arranged by naturalists under the ursine, or bear family, because, like these animals, it is *plantigrade;* that is, rests, in standing and walking, upon the whole length of that part of the hind limb extending between what in the horse, for example, is called the *hock*, to the toes; while other animals walk upon the toes (thence called *digitigrade*). It is separated, however, into a distinct genus, of which, according to many zoologists, it is the only species; while, according to others, there are three—namely, the common, American, and Indian—each distinguished by differences greater than what would warrant their being classed as mere varieties of a single species. Be this as it may, the type is exceedingly rare and peculiar; so peculiar, indeed, that one of the ablest illustrators of Cuvier remarks, 'We might imagine that it was withdrawn from the ordinary influences which operate on animal life by some particular and inexplicable power, had we not learned rather to distrust our own conjectures than to doubt of the power, the wisdom, and the infinite benevolence of the Creator.' Agreeing with those who regard the badger as forming a distinct genus, under which are comprehended the three species abovementioned, we shall confine our description to the common, or European species, merely remarking, that the others differ in some particulars of colour, size, length of snout, &c. more interesting to the professed zoologist than to the general reader.

The common badger (*M. Vulgaris*) is as large as a middle-sized dog, but stands much lower on the legs, and has a broader and flatter body. The head is long and pointed, like that of the bears, and the ears are almost concealed. The hair is uniformly long and coarse over the whole body, nearly touching the ground when the animal walks; and, being directed backwards, hides the greater part of the tail, which is only five or six inches in length. The body has a clumsy and shapeless appearance. In most animals, the darker shades of colour are found to predominate on the back and upper parts of the body, and the lighter shades below; but in the badgers this system is reversed. The head of the European species, for instance, is white, except the region of the chin, which is black, and two stripes of the same colour which rise on each side from the corners of the mouth, and after passing backwards, and enveloping the eye and ear, terminate at the junction of the head and neck. The throat, belly, and legs are covered with a short black hair, and the sides and back with long hair of an ash-gray. The hair on the upper parts, however, has three different colours—being yellowish-white next the skin, black at the middle, and ash-gray towards the tips which form the external or visible portion. The skin of the animal is amazingly thick and tough; the muscles of the legs and feet, which are armed with digging claws, possess vast strength; and the jaws, from their peculiar articulation, are capable of holding on with greater tenacity than those of any other animal of double the size. In the badger we find a structure not capable of much agility, but eminently calculated for resistance and endurance. To add to its powers of defence, it is furnished, like some other animals, with a mephitic sac, by which it is enabled to surround itself with an atmosphere calculated to repel many of its enemies.

Although scattered over the northern regions of Europe and Asia, the badger is everywhere a rare animal; and in countries such as Britain, rapidly disappearing before the progress of cultivation. It frequents woods and wilds, retiring to the most solitary places, and digging for itself a burrow in some dry knoll, or taking possession of any rocky crevice or cavern which may present itself. In general it loves to fashion its own burrow, which in sandy districts consists of several winding passages and recesses, apparently formed for greater security. During danger, it retires to some of these crossings, artfully choking up the entrance with earth; and thus we have seen two days spent in digging towards the end of a burrow, while the animal lay snugly secure in one of the side recesses, which had been passed undetected by its pursuers. The burrowing powers of the badger are of the first order, and should its hole be defiled by other animals during its absence, or be subject to wet, it instantly removes, and forms for itself another habitation. Its burrow is thus regarded as a model of cleanliness, and stories are told by naturalists of the fox intentionally defiling the badger's lair, in order that he might obtain possession of a dwelling without the labour of constructing it. We cannot vouch for the truth of such stories; but this we know, that few animals are more scrupulous with regard to the cleanliness and comfort of their dwellings, or labour at their construction with greater ardour and perseverance. On this head M. F. Cuvier gives the following anecdote of two young badgers which he kept in a moat surrounded by walls, and having a large mound of earth in the middle:—'On being transferred to the moat, they first sought all round the walls for a place in which they could dig. Having discovered an empty space between two stones, the upper of which was projecting, they tried to increase it; but as it was rather elevated, they were obliged to stand on their hind feet to reach it, and with much difficulty they tore away the plaster and stone which they wanted to get rid of. The male would then several times lie down at the foot of the wall, and the female mount upon his body to reach the hole more easily, which she was trying to augment. When they found all their efforts were useless, they recommenced operations under another large stone, the only one in the place beside the former which projected; but here they encountered a resistance they could not overcome. Tired of their vain attempts on the sides of the walls under projecting stones, they turned their attention to the mound of earth, and worked, the female especially, with uncommon assiduity. At first they made little trenches all about the mound, as if to intercept and lead off the rain that might fall upon it, and then fixed themselves exactly opposite the place where they had made their second attempt against the wall. They commenced by removing the earth with their nose, then they made use of their fore paws to dig and fling the earth backwards between their hind legs. When this was accumulated to a certain amount, they threw it still farther with their hind paws; and finally, when the most distant heap of earth impeded the clearance they were making from the hole, they would

is as if it proceeded from a heated furnace, and acts in so enervating a manner on the animal economy, that it becomes a trouble even to move a limb. All business ceases, everything is wrapped in a sleep of death, until the sun gradually sinks, and coolness recalls men and animals again into life and activity. The nights, on the other hand, are so sharp, that it is necessary to be more careful in guarding against the effects of cold in this country than in the northern parts of Europe during the severest winter, for the consequences frequently prove fatal. Throughout the year day and night are equally divided, and, as in all tropical countries, there is no twilight; for with sunset night begins. During the dry season, everything appears desolate and dismal: the plants are burned up; the trees lose their leaves and appear like broom; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps toward the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat; save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another.'

Droughts of more than usual severity, by ruining the harvest and destroying the vegetation, lead to great misery, in consequence of the inability of the people to meet the excessive taxation imposed by the government. 'In the year 1838 the inhabitants of several villages were forced, in consequence of an unsuccessful harvest, to take refuge in a forest, and to live upon fruits, and on milk; but the government knew very well where to find them, and took away all their cattle. When a village has nothing left wherewith to pay its taxes, it is obliged to find a certain number of slaves, who are drafted as recruits into the various regiments, or publicly sold; in the former case, the government receives these slaves at a value of 150 to 300 piastres (L.1, 10s. to L.3) each; children at 30 piastres, or more; but always below the market price, in order that Mehemet Ali, the great slave-merchant, may gain something by the bargain at the expense of his oppressed subjects. A great portion of the imposts is even now paid in slaves; and on these occasions truly revolting scenes frequently take place. It is, indeed, much easier in this country to find a slave than a dollar of ready money, and this state of things is on the increase. With what right, may I ask, is Mehemet Ali called by many Europeans the civiliser of his country, when we have ample proof of his forcing his people to steal slaves in order to be able to satisfy his claims as regent?' The author proceeds to show, that by properly bringing out the resources of the country, the seizure of slaves for revenue might be altogether avoided; but while the present ruler of Egypt exists, there can be no anticipations of any such change. Slave-hunting continues to this day in Senaar by his authority, and thousands of unhappy beings are annually carried off by violence to be sold in the market of Cairo, and sent to different parts of the Levant. We gladly turn from the description given by the author of these horrors to matters somewhat more pleasing.

Among some of the tribes in Kordofan travellers are received with great kindness; everything they can require is brought freely to them, and a hut is abandoned to their service. On one occasion M. Pallme experienced friendly treatment of this nature in the house of a sheikh of the Bakkara, where he had an opportunity of attending the toilet of an African lady. 'The women and girls are very talkative and friendly with those they know; they all shook hands with me, and made repeated inquiries about my health, and frequently asked me what I wished to eat or drink. Nor are they by any means shy, for I even had the opportunity of being present at the toilet of a sheikh's wife. The lady sat on a bedstead surrounded by a number of young and beautiful negro girls, upon each of whom a particular duty was incumbent. The one fanned away the flies with a handful of ostrich feathers, whilst the others arranged her hair, an occupation requiring several hours for its performance; for it is no easy task to open all the matted curls with a single pointed wooden peg. A third slave washed her feet; a fourth ground sulphur to a fine powder between two stones; another slave held a gourd filled with merissa in her hand, to offer her mistress a cooling draught whenever she might demand it; while another girl held a cup containing more than one pound of melted butter, which was poured over the lady's head as soon as the hair was undone. All the butter that dropped off her hair to her back was rubbed in over the whole body by an additional attendant. In conclusion, her head was powdered with the fine flour of sulphur, which was strewn by handfuls over her greasy hair, where every single grain remained adherent. A massive golden ring was now inserted in her nostrils, and two bracelets of ivory, about two inches in breadth, were put upon her arms. On her forehead three pieces of amber, about the size of a gold coin, were hung, and round her neck were put several strings of beads formed of Bohemian glass. A piece of cotton stuff was wound round her loins, the one end of which was thrown gracefully over her right shoulder, and thus the toilet of this black princess was completed. She now admired herself once more in the mirror, represented by half a gourd filled with water. * * The women are, without exception, handsome, and are treated very well by their husbands. Their occupation consists in cooking and attending to other domestic duties.'

Superstitions of various kinds prevail among this simple people, one being a belief in the power of charms and amulets, to which they resort for relief in cases of illness. On one occasion our traveller, when struck with a serious malady which would not yield to the medicines with which he was provided, was subjected to the imaginary influence of different charms, and these failing in their efficacy, a plan almost certain to kill or cure was resorted to. 'As soon as the prophetess had taken her departure, the women lifted me out of bed, seated me down on a bundle of straw with my back to the door, took off my shirt, and, as I was too weak to sit in an upright position, held me up by passing their arms under mine. I suddenly felt a shock through my whole frame, which deprived me of breath for a few moments, for they poured a whole basketful of cold spring water over my feverish body. Hundreds of others would have instantly expired, but my sound constitution enabled me to survive this douche. I was immediately dried, returned to bed, and covered with empty sacks and sheep-skins. I felt somewhat relieved, and fell asleep, a refreshment I had not enjoyed for a long time. On awaking, the women told me that I had perspired but very slightly, and that the douche must be repeated to put me into a thorough sweat. I allowed this hazardous proceeding to be repeated, because I had no other choice. The operation was performed in the same manner as on the former occasion, but it did not produce so violent a shock, because I was prepared for it. After this bath I perspired so freely, that, on waking, I believed myself to be in a second bath. This proceeding, however, broke through the chain of morbid symptoms, and I felt so much relieved, that I was able to rise from my bed and walk about for a short time in the shade of the palm-trees. As soon as the rumour spread in the village that I was recovering, the inhabitants all flocked around to greet me, and to congratulate me on my convalescence. A fire was lighted before my hut at night, round which the people danced at my recovery. I regaled them with merissa, and all were happy and merry. My convalescence proceeded now very rapidly, and I was in a short time able to resume my journey.'

In Kordofan, as in many countries in the East, beings of imbecile intellect are esteemed a species of saints, or as, says Pallme, 'direct apostles of God, to inform the children of man of their destiny. These poor wretches are all but idolized, every one being anxious to show them the utmost respect. When they walk out in the

streets, they are stopped by old and young, who kiss their face, hands, and even their feet, and offer them everything they wish for. Beings of this description are generally very apathetic, and accept little or nothing; they are, in fact, generally to be met dressed in the most disgusting clothes, in rags, or utterly naked, although they would be provided with the finest raiment if they merely expressed the slightest wish. Their parents, sisters, or other relations, on the other hand, know how to turn their misfortune to the best account, and accept considerable presents for their intercession with these saints, or for procuring others an opportunity of consulting this oracle. They give the most ridiculous answers to questions that are put to them, partly as a consequence of their fatuity, and partly because taught to do so; it is, indeed, scarcely possible at times to guess at their meaning. The more absurd the answer, the more contented is the party interested; and absolutely delighted if he can only make out a single word of the whole rhodomontade which in the slightest agrees with his wishes. Besides these saints, there are others, and Fakéers, who write amulets, which the women wear on their arms or heads. The latter profession is exceedingly lucrative, and I have seen several persons who had made a small fortune in this manner, and well understood the art of imposing on the people, and of persuading them to purchase a fresh charm, although experience must have convinced them of the futility of the last.'

At Lobeid the traveller visited the hospital set apart for the sick troops of Mehemet Ali, and presents a graphic picture of this miserable den, which, under the charge of an ignorant Arabian apothecary, is held in horror by the invalided soldiers who are forced within its walls. 'The apothecary, who performed the duty of the medical man in the infirmary, paid his visit once daily, and on his arrival there, it depended, properly speaking, on the nurses what medicines the patients should take. This apothecary usually commenced a categorical conversation with the nurse, without seeing the patients; the following dialogue took place during one of my visits to the establishment.

Apothecary. How is No. 1?

Nurse. He is still feverish.

Apoth. It cannot be helped, for I have not had a drachm of quinine for several months past, and I have no other febrifuge; he will get better in time without physic. How is No. 2?

Nurse. He died last night.

Apoth. And is No. 3 no better?

Nurse. He wants nothing further, for in two or three days he will be dead.

Apoth. How is No. 7?

Nurse. I don't understand his complaint. The patients tell me he has not been able to sleep for the last four nights; he has no appetite, and is continually vomiting.

Apoth. (Making up some tincture of opium, which he gives to the nurse.) There, that is to make him sleep; I know nothing about the other symptoms. What does No. 8 say for himself? Has his dysentery diminished?

Nurse. No, it has rather increased, and it will probably be all over with him this evening, so he wants nothing more; but No. 9 may be discharged to-day.

Apoth. How is No. 35?

Nurse. I think he ought to be bled, for the inflammation increases.

Apoth. I will have nothing at all to do with venesection, for I might be placed in the same unpleasant position as Dr Ali Effendi, from whose pay three hundred piastres were deducted because he divided the artery in performing the operation, and the soldier was invalided. Is there no increase?

Nurse. Three patients; two fevers, and I don't know what is the matter with the third, but my comrades think it is gout.'

Such is the form of medical practice in this place of misery, from which few inmates, as we are told, escape with life. The narrator observes, that 'if the other inhabitants of Lobeid died in the same ratio, the capital of Kordofan would be totally depopulated in less than fifty years.'

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

FRANCIS, DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

Although canals were in use in China and Egypt at a comparatively early date, and were adopted in Holland, Italy, and France in the beginning of the seventeenth century, yet this country was without any such means of transit until 1761. In that year the first English canal was opened, and for it we are indebted to the subject of these memoirs.

Francis Egerton, sixth Earl, and third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born on the 21st May 1736. He was the youngest of five sons, all of whom appear to have been sickly, and, except himself, short-lived. Before he had attained the age of eleven, his father and three of his brothers had died. His brother John, who succeeded to the title, only enjoyed it for a short time, and on the 26th of February 1747–8, Francis became Duke of Bridgewater at the early age of twelve. Various circumstances concurred to prevent his education from being well attended to. His mother married, in the first year of her widowhood, Sir Thomas Littleton, and consequently he had but a small share of her attention and guardianship. He was, moreover, so weak and sickly, that his mental capacity was at one time suspected, and steps were taken to set him aside in favour of the next heir to the title. These were not, however, persevered in, and his health improved with his growth. His guardians sent him at the age of seventeen to make the tour of Europe, selecting for his companion and tutor Robert Wood, an eminent traveller, and author of the well-known works on Troy, Baalbec, and Palmyra. It is supposed that the artificial watercourses which he saw in the south of France and in Italy left impressions which had an effect long afterwards in determining his mind to those works by which his name has become famous. Little, however, can be ascertained concerning this tour, and there is no reason to believe that the young duke visited Holland, which has always been the head quarters of canals and canal navigation. Neither is it clearly known how he employed himself from his return to England to the attainment of his majority. It is, however, certain that he went through the career of fashionable young men of that age and date. The Racing Calendar bears witness that in 1756 he began to keep race-horses. He occasionally rode races in person; for, although in afteryears a bulky man, he was at this period so extremely light and slender, that a bet was jestingly offered that he would be blown off his horse. One of his racing feats was performed in Trentham park against a jockey of royal blood, the Duke of Cumberland. As an illustration of the sort of amusements in which the aristocracy indulged at that period, we may add, that during his royal highness's visit, a building was hastily run up at Trentham for the playing of skittles. Prison-bars, and other village games, were also instituted for the recreation of the noble guests.

A romantic circumstance is said to have caused the young Duke of Bridgewater to banish himself from the fashionable world and its follies. The reigning beauties of the court at that time were two daughters of an Irish gentleman named Gunning, the elder of whom had married Lord Coventry, the other being the young widow of James, Duke of Hamilton. With the widowed beauty his grace of Bridgewater fell violently in love; his suit was accepted, and the preliminaries of the marriage were entered on. But some rumours detrimental to the reputation of Lady Coventry meanwhile reached his ears, and believing them, perhaps too hastily, he attempted to hamper the match with the condition, that the lady of his choice should

give up her intimacy with the object of suspicion. Sisterly affection, as might be expected, revolted at such a condition; but the duke persevered, and the negotiation was broken off. Not many months after, the Duchess of Hamilton married John Campbell, afterwards the Duke of Argyll. That prince of gossips, Horace Walpole thus alludes to the affair in his letter to Marshal Conway, dated January 28, 1759: 'You and M. de Boreil may give yourself what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours; everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry.'

So little did the duke like the match, so deep an impression had the lady made on his heart, that, says the Quarterly Review,* 'to a great extent he abandoned society, and is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry. A Roman Catholic,' continues the reviewer, 'might have built a monastery, tenanted a cell, and died a saint. The duke, at the age of twenty-two, betook himself to his Lancashire estates, made Brindley† his confessor, and died a benefactor to mankind.' Good reasons may, however, be adduced to prove that less morbid, certainly more manly motives, induced Duke Francis to retire from fashionable life, for the purpose of carrying out his great project. We have before had occasion to remark, that the historians of celebrated persons often display a propensity to impute the first impulses of genius to some striking incident, and this appears to be the case in the present instance. Firstly, we find that the young duke did *not* immediately betake himself to the bogs of Lancashire on breaking off the match with his mistress, for another of Horace Walpole's epistles (one dated March 9, 1759, and addressed to Sir Horace Mann) relates that Bridgewater gave a grand ball at his house in London, and this was at least three months after the Duchess of Hamilton's engagement to 'Jack Campbell' became publicly known. Again, all the time the Duke of Bridgewater was courting the beautiful widow, another and far less romantic business was going on in which he had a warm interest, namely, a bill in parliament to enable him to cut the very canal to which he afterwards devoted his exclusive attention. The royal assent was given to this bill in the same month in which the grand ball occurred. The ball, indeed, may have been given to celebrate the passing of the bill. It is clear, however, that immediately after he had armed himself with an act of parliament, he vigorously set to work to carry out its provisions.

Among other possessions which he inherited, the duke had extensive coal-fields at Worsley, about seven miles from Manchester. This valuable property lay unproductive and untouched, merely because the expense of land-carriage would have raised the remunerative price of the coals above their market value. It was to remedy this that the young duke obtained parliamentary authority to form a canal from Worsley to Salford, adjoining Manchester. To carry out the provisions of the act, with a resolution which, in a man only one year past his majority, was as rare as it was praiseworthy, he turned his back on all the fascinations and *eclât* of a London life, to fix his residence in the Worsley manor-house, insalubriously situated on the edge of Chat Moss. Possessed of large though somewhat encumbered estates, he confined his personal expenditure to within L.400 per annum, resolving to devote every remaining shilling of his income to his novel and arduous undertaking. Happily, in looking round for practical allies, his choice fell on two persons who, of all others, were best able to work out his design. These were James Brindley and John Gilbert. The former was a mill-wright, who, though he had obtained some reputation from improvements made in silk-weaving and in grinding flints for the Staffordshire potteries, was yet willing to engage himself to his noble employer at the low salary of half-a-crown per day, which was afterwards raised to one guinea per week. Gilbert (brother of Thomas Gilbert who originated the parochial unions which bear his name) was a land agent, and acted for the duke in the capacity of overseer, engineer, and general man of business. Round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village-inn, these two men of simple means and humble attire planned and contrived from time to time the practical details of the duke's undertaking.

During the early progress of the work, it was discovered that the line chosen and prescribed in the act of parliament would be less advantageous to the public than if it were carried into Manchester, with a branch to Longford bridge, Stretford. But to effect this, two formidable difficulties presented themselves: in the first place, a new act would have to be obtained; in the second, a river (the Irwell) was to be crossed. The interest and political connexions of the duke soon got over the first difficulty; but the idea of a canal being made to cross another water-course, never having entered the head of any engineer of the day, was deemed utterly impracticable. Brindley, however, was not so easily daunted. After a careful survey of the new line, he decided upon building an aqueduct over the Irwell near Barton bridge. The notion was looked upon by those who were made acquainted with it much in the same light as we now regard aërial navigation—as an insane project never to be realised. Even the duke was startled, and called in the advice of a second engineer eminent in his day, but rendered only eminent since by the unhappy reply he made to the duke when the site of the proposed aqueduct was shown to him. 'I have often heard,' he said, 'of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected.' Nothing daunted by this verdict, the duke ordered the aqueduct to be commenced. The works, begun in 1760, were carried on with so much energy and success, that on the 17th of July 1761 the aqueduct was ready for water to be admitted into it. This was an intensely anxious moment for all parties concerned. The duke and Gilbert remained cool and collected, to superintend the operation which was to confirm or confute the clamour with which the project had been assailed. Brindley, however, unequal to the crisis, ran away, and hid himself in Stretford. The water was admitted into the artificial channel, and instead of causing the arches to give way, as had been prognosticated, it passed over them without one drop oozing through; and has continued—necessary repairs excepted—to do so from that day to the present. This was a great triumph in many respects, for it proved at a glance the superiority of still water to running streams for navigation to whoever watched the contrast presented by the transit on the canal above to that on the river below. Nothing surprised spectators more than to see 'a boat loaded with forty tons drawn over the aqueduct with great ease by a mule or a couple of men, while below, against the stream of the Irwell, persons had the pain of beholding ten or twelve men tugging at an equal draught.'*

The vast expense incurred by these works often involved the Duke of Bridgewater in perplexing pecuniary struggles. It is well known that at one time his credit was so low, that his bill for L.500 could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties, Gilbert was employed to ride round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers small sums (some of them as low as L.10), which, when collected, were sufficient to meet the pressing demands for

* See Quarterly Review, vol. lxxiii. p. 305.

† For a life of this celebrated engineer, see vol. iii. page 141, of this Journal.

* The history of the Inland Navigations, particularly that of the Duke of Bridgewater. London, 1785.

Saturday night. On one of these occasions an adventure befell him of no very agreeable nature. While journeying on, he was joined by a horseman who, after some conversation, proposed that they should change horses, and as the stranger's may have been the better of the two, Gilbert consented, and the man rode off. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, who, addressing him as if he were perfectly cognisant of the object of his journey, 'hoped his saddle-bags were well filled.' The mystery was presently explained; for Gilbert discovered that he changed horses with a highwayman whose steed had become so notorious on the road, as to increase to a dangerous degree the danger of recognition and capture by the officers of justice.* Gilbert was seldom unsuccessful in these borrowing expeditions, so highly was his master respected all over the country, and the duke was enabled to struggle on to the completion of his project. The whole of the works, including eighteen miles of underground canal in the Worsley coal mines, are said to have cost L.168,000.

This enormous outlay must have brought a rapid return, for scarcely had the first project been completed, when the duke obtained from parliament (in 1762) the necessary powers to extend his canal to Liverpool by the river Mersey. Subsequent acts were granted, and the duke, with the assistance of his skilful ally, Brindley, finished this extended line in five years. It is twenty-seven miles long, and all on the same level, so that no more than one lock was necessary; but some of the embankments are very high, for the canal is carried over broad and deep valleys, and crosses the Mersey and the Bollon. Of course, the instant the greater work was completed, additional pecuniary returns poured in to repay the persevering duke for all his outlay and anxieties. Nor was he the only person benefited. To show what advantages the public reaped from his undertakings, it is only necessary to state, that, previous to the opening of the canal, the charge for carriage by water was 12s. per ton, and by land 40s., whilst by the mode of transit he had established, it was reduced to 6s., or exactly one-half less than the cheaper of the old modes of conveyance. The Worsley and Manchester Canal reduced the price of coals in the latter town by more than one-half; for the old charge was 7d. per cwt., while the duke's coal was sold for 3½d., and six score were given to the hundredweight.

These overwhelming advantages soon induced others to imitate the Duke of Bridgewater's example. In 1766 the Grand Trunk navigation was commenced, and finished in 1777. It joins the duke's canal at Preston Brook, uniting it with the river Trent, Birmingham, London, and Bristol. After this, artificial water-courses were cut in every part of this country—

> Till smooth canals, across the extended plain,
> Stretch their long arms to join the distant main. * *
> O'er the lone waste the silver urn they pour,
> And cheer the barren heath and sullen moor. * *
> Now meeting streams in artful mazes glide,
> While each unmingled pours a separate tide;
> Now through the hidden veins of earth they flow,
> And visit sulphurous mines and caves below;
> The ductile streams obey the guiding hand,
> And social plenty circles round the land.†

Thus, from the comparatively small beginning made by the Duke of Bridgewater's Worsley Canal, every district of Great Britain is now intersected with these convenient water-courses, of which we can trace on the map 110 lines, amounting in length to 2400 miles.

When the Grand Trunk Canal was finished, branching as it did into the Bridgewater line, it of course brought to the latter a vast accession of traffic; but the duke liberally forbore to raise the dues, as he well might have done. It is likely, however, that he could, even at that early period of his success, well afford to act with liberality. That he was no loser by his forbearance, may be inferred from the fact, that when Mr Pitt imposed an income tax in 1798, the return made by the man who had formerly been driven to the necessity of sending round to his neighbours to borrow small sums of money, was L.110,000 per annum; and to the loyalty loan, asked by the government some years later, he contributed L.100,000 at one time, and all in ready money!

It appears that, during the progress of his canals, the duke personally superintended the works with such assiduity, that he was familiarly known to almost every person in the neighbourhood, not only of Worsley, but of Manchester and Liverpool. 'His surviving contemporaries among this class mention his name with invariable affection and reverence. Something like his phantom presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighbourhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen shrink into comparative insignificance. "The duke's" horses still draw the duke's boats; the duke's coals still issue from the duke's levels; and when a question of price is under consideration—What will the duke say? is as constant an element of the proposition as if he were forthcoming in body to answer the question.'*

Whether his mind was too deeply absorbed in canals to allow him to think of matrimony, or his love affair with the Duchess of Hamilton had really left a lasting impression, cannot of course be decided; but the duke lived and died a bachelor. It would seem that, during the after-part of his life, he seldom resided in London; at all events he kept no establishment there, but adopted the singular expedient of allowing a friend (Mr Carvill) L.2000 a-year to be allowed to live with him when in town, and to invite what friends he pleased when he wished to entertain them. This engagement lasted till a late period of the duke's life, when the death of Mr Carvill ended the contract. The humble Worsley manor-house was most likely abandoned when his canals were completed. In 1797 we find him at Trentham, one of his great estates. Latterly, he acquired a taste for collecting pictures, which he did with such judgment and liberality, that, after his demise, his gallery was valued at L.150,000.

The Duke of Bridgewater having by some accident taken a cold, which rapidly became aggravated to influenza, died at his house in Cleveland Row on the 8th of March 1803, in his sixty-seventh year. The property he left behind was immense; that in Lancashire alone having been estimated to produce from fifty to eighty thousand pounds per annum. This estate he bequeathed to his nephew, the late Duke of Sutherland, whose son, Lord Francis Egerton, now enjoys it. The dukedom became extinct, but the earldom descended to a distant relative.

The person of Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, was in his later days large and unwieldy; and he seemed careless about his dress, which was uniformly a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr Johnson. His habits were temperate for those days of hard drinking; but he was greatly addicted to tobacco. He is said to have smoked more than he talked. The pleasures of the table, and, indeed, domestic enjoyments in general, had few attractions for him. What has been said of his coadjutor Gilbert, may with justice be applied to his manners and character—namely, that he was a 'practical, persevering, out-door man.' He preserved his love of riding to the last; and even in his reduced establishment at Worsley there were two horses and a groom. He was taciturn on all subjects except on his favourite one of canals, upon which he always had much to say. As a proof of his far-sighted shrewdness, it is mentioned that, in a conversation with Lord Kenyon, about the time he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, when the learned judge

* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxiii.
† Mrs Barbauld.

* Quarterly Review.

congratulated him on the result, 'Yes,' he replied, 'we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those (we omit his grace's habitual oath) tram-roads.' How completely has this fear been realised! Railroads, of which the trams used at the Northumberland coal-mines in the duke's time were the forerunners, threaten so materially to affect the canal interests, that a paragraph has recently been going the round of the papers, by which an intention is intimated of draining the Bridgewater Canal, and to convert it into a railroad.

JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

NIAGARA—HABITS OF CANADIAN FARMERS—CONCLUSION.

In spite of its coldness, the winter in America is more pleasant than in England; the air is more fresh, pure, and invigorating. In the middle of the day the firmament is all of a beautiful deep blue colour, and the sun, unveiled by a single cloud, shines down brightly and warmly. On a fine morning in the month of March I got up early to see the Falls of Niagara in their wintry aspect, having arrived at Drummondsville late on the preceding evening. The scene was much more magnificent than in summer. From between banks whose dazzling white ground was relieved by dark green pines, the cataract came thundering down, bearing on its bosom immense masses of ice, which, suddenly transferred from the broad stream to the comparatively narrow passage at the commencement of the rapids, met with a thundering crash, and ground one another into myriads of fragments. Through the foam—which, being very little heavier than the atmosphere, descends slowly, and gives the whole mass an unnaturally sluggish appearance—the dark water might be seen flashing like lightning as it rushed headlong into the abyss below; although its ultimate fate was hidden by a column of vapour, which rose straight up to an immense height, till it faded gradually away in the still cold air. At length the sun appeared, tinging at first only some small clouds around it; but, as it rose higher and higher above the visible horizon, changing gradually the colour of the column of vapour from the top downwards, till at length the whole mass was of the most beautiful rose colour imaginable. This effect could only compare with an American sunset, which on some occasions would silence, I think, those critics who complain of the fantastic colouring of Turner's skies.

I had just enough of money to pay my fare to New York, though a rather scanty allowance for living on the road during a pedestrian journey. Nevertheless, I chose the latter, and having first written home to England, set out on foot for Albany, a distance of rather more than three hundred miles. I stopped, for different reasons, two or three days at various times during my journey, but still I made up the average distance of twenty miles a-day. The cost at the ordinary taverns through the state was a New York shilling, or twelve and a-half cents, for each meal, and the same for a bed. In most cases, however, nothing is charged for lodging, if supper and breakfast are taken at the same place. The meals are generally composed of the same materials; namely, tea and coffee, fried ham swimming in grease, sometimes fowls or fish, potatoes baked and boiled, apple and peach sauce, wheat and corn bread, dough nuts and other kinds of cakes; while apple pies, made in a soup plate, and of which each guest is helped to a quarter, *invariably* wind up the entertainment. A pot pie is also a favourite dish, by which is understood a pudding formed of some aged 'rooster,' or of the remains of yesterday's dinner, and sometimes of squirrel. It is a curious fact, that I always arrived the day after there had been something good at dinner; the landlord generally informing me, that if I had only come yesterday, I should have eaten one of the finest geese that he ever set eyes upon; but still, who could complain, when there was only some sixpence or sevenpence to pay? Whenever an empty sleigh passed by, according to the custom here, I might have jumped on without asking the driver's consent; but in general I preferred walking, as riding is very cold, unless one is well wrapped up in furs. Sometimes I entered into conversation with the farmers, who frequently invited me to their houses, and which invitation I sometimes accepted, especially if given when I was looking about for a tavern in which to pass the evening. In the middle of the state they are generally a well-educated and religious people, many of them teetotallers, and possessing an odd mixture of the characteristics of Puritans and Indians. From the latter they have acquired an air of profound indifference, under which, however, is concealed strong curiosity, and no small penetration in discovering other people's affairs. On one occasion I entered a house by the invitation of the 'boss.' He said to his wife—'This gentleman is Mr a-a-Smith, didn't you say?' turning to me. I had not yet mentioned my name, but I took this opportunity of saying that it was one of equal distinction. 'He is goin' to Troy,' continued the host, 'and I have asked him to stop with us to-night;' upon which I could do no less than correct his mistake, and inform him that my destination was Albany.

When a stranger comes in, those members of the family who are not engaged in any work sit down, and assuming a grave and reflective countenance, as if they were musing on the depravity of mankind, leave the conversation at first entirely to the head of the family. The wife occasionally puts in a word, but only when her curiosity is excited beyond the bounds of discretion; for the women here are very quiet, and by no means so fond of hearing their own most sweet voices as travellers pretend they are in some countries. The habit of asking questions, however, is certainly a national characteristic; and although it has been much ridiculed by strangers, I cannot help thinking it to be both natural and proper. The custom descended, no doubt, from the first settlers of the country. Let the veriest cockney in all London, one who boasts that he lives in a street with five hundred other fellow-beings, of whom he neither knows nor cares who is well and who is ill, who is happy or who is wretched—let him live in the backwoods, in a place where perhaps from one month to another he sees no human being but the one or two neighbours who live within several miles of him, and when he meets with a stranger, he will be as eager as any one to inquire about the world he has left behind, and to ask questions such as he would be willing to answer himself. After I knew the country, I always endeavoured to reply to others in a civil good-humoured way, and if I wished information myself, was answered in the like manner; but when I had any reason for withholding a reply as to the point referred to, I told them so, and it was neither intended for, nor considered a cause of offence. Their mode, however, of pumping out information is certainly very ingenious; they set to work in a most systematic manner, pausing for a few minutes after each answer, as if employed in pointing the next question, so as to insure its bringing out as much matter as possible. The following is a specimen:—

'I expect you've travelled a goodish distance?'

'I have come from Canada last.'

'From Kingston, I guess?'

'Yes; I stopped at Kingston some time.'

'I reckon you live to London when you're hum?'

'No; I have been there; but I was raised in Manchester.'

Here one of the boys, finding himself seated next to an Englisher, one of the 'bloody tyrants,' as his schoolbooks tell him, involuntarily bursts out with the exclamation—'Only think!' upon which his father turns round sternly, and guesses that he 'had better go and fodder them horses.'

'Maybe the stranger is goin' to Palmyry,' observes the lady; but she repents it in a moment, for her husband turns round with a look of wrath at this infringement

on his prerogatives, and as punishment to the family in general for the sins thus committed by two of its members, and as a warning for the future, he remains silent and sulky for full ten minutes. However, he finds presently that I am quite willing to speak, and after answering his questions about the sea, the whales, the ship I came over in, and informing him how many times I was sick, and how I felt in that state; when I came to descriptions of England generally, and of London in particular, and of those objects so particularly interesting to Americans, the Tower of London and the Thames Tunnel, all his assumed apathy vanishes. Drawing his chair close to mine, he pours out his questions volley after volley in rapid succession, while the other members of the family, taking courage from his good humour, gradually one by one follow his example, until at length, though I work hard, and turn my head spasmodically from one to another, they get ahead of me in the questions in spite of my utmost. However, at the first pause I take my turn, and begin to retaliate. I ask the host how much land he has, and how much it cost; how many horses, and their value; and inquire the given names (so called because there are very few Christian names in America) and the ages of all his children; who Theodosia, or rather Theodosy, was called after; and whether Euphrosny had had the measles. I may here remark, that I, having old country prejudices strong upon me, took off my hat when sitting down in a private house; but it was a very unnecessary mark of politeness, and one that was not appreciated here.

This was the ordinary form of conversation; but I should have mentioned previously the ordinary introduction of the parties to each other, although this applies to the more western portions of my route. The traveller walks in without knocking, and takes his seat quietly by the fireside. The family look at him gravely, but accidentally, as it were, and without more appearance of interest than if he were a portion of the stool he occupied. His presence is not to be felt; he is to be regarded not as a person who has come in, but as one who is in. Should a meal happen presently to be set down, he in some cases draws in his chair as a matter of course; in others, he receives just such a hint as one of the family might expect. Not a word is said about the duration of the visit. The evening passes in conversation, and when the hour of retiring comes, the goodwife remarks carelessly to her guest, 'I guess you would like to go to bed?' In the morning the stranger gets up when he hears the family stir, and if industriously inclined, goes out with the boss, and puts his hand to any work that may be going on. In due time he returns to breakfast, and sits down to the meal with the independence of a man who has fairly earned his board and lodging.

But the uniformity of the traveller's life is sometimes broken in upon by the incidents which unsettle for a time the best regulated families, such as marriages and deaths, bees or frolics, and evening visitings. As for births, I could never learn that any impropriety of the kind takes place in America. If it does, the whole affair is kept quiet; and as for an announcement of the event in the newspapers, this is an indecorum so monstrous, that I was with difficulty believed when I mentioned it as being a custom in the old country.

There is also, as I hinted in another paper, a custom peculiar to America which is more interesting in idea than reality. One evening I arrived at a log-house, where I intended to pass the night, at so late an hour, that they were just locking up. I crept up to my loft so completely jaded by my long walk through the snow, that I undressed by instinct rather than design, and was more than half asleep before I lay down. My slumber, however, was more feverish than profound; every few minutes I awoke to the consciousness that a human voice was breaking at long intervals the stillness of the night, and at length I opened my weary eyes. A blaze of light came up through the chinks of the rude floor, and I started to my feet in the idea that the house was on fire. Presently, however, the voice, calm, slow, and monotonous, ascended with an assurance of safety in the formality of its tone, and it was followed by another, appearing to answer in a few monosyllables, and apparently belonging to the softer sex. My alarm was changed to surprise, and leaping out of the bed, I applied my eye to a chink in the floor. On one side of a blazing fire sat a young lady dressed in white muslin, and her hair nicely arranged and wreathed with flowers; on the other, at the distance of several yards, a young gentleman sat as stiff as a poker in his 'go-to-meetin's'—his locks as smart as oil and bristles could make them. Their hands were crossed on their laps, and their eyes fixed on the fire; and as they sat there, mute and motionless, the idea occurred to me of an old German romance, in which certain defunct personages of a bygone generation are represented as passing in this manner the silent watches of the night. At length the gentleman spoke, raising his chin with a jerk towards his companion, but without withdrawing his eyes from the fire, 'I guess it's comin' on to friz again,' said he.

'I guess it is,' was the reply, after several moments' reflection. Another pause took place, and continued so long, that I thought they must already have exhausted the topics of the midnight conference, when at length the deep silence was once more broken.

'Did you like Brother Snodgrass last Sabbath?' said the youth, jerking his chin. The maiden paused, pondered for a while, and then answered and said, 'Some.' By this time my curiosity was abundantly gratified. I had been the accidental witness of a *sparking* frolic; and thinking to myself that if this be the way they make love in America, I might as well go to sleep, I gathered up my wearied limbs, and re-composed my head on the pillow.

Since I have been in England, I have frequently been asked my opinion of the American character; but this is an absurd question to ask, and one impossible to answer, since America is a confederation of small independent states, many of them presenting aspects and manners as different as the nations of Europe. At any rate it would be difficult to generalise, farther than by mapping out the country into—1st, the Yankees, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring states; 2d, the slaveholders of the south; and, 3d, the inhabitants of the western states, who are a mixture of the other two branches with almost every nation in the world. The first class, who are mostly composed of the descendants of the Germanic family, is the only portion I respect. They possess the characteristics of the stock from which they sprung; namely, industry, enterprise, and perseverance. They are acute in bargaining, as well as in other things; but in spite of their proverbial reputation, cheating can be no more called one of their characteristics than of the inhabitants of Great Britain. The bad qualities of their neighbours have nevertheless been charged to them; and now, when we meet with an American, no matter from what part of the country, we button up our pockets, in the conviction that his countrymen generally are swindlers from the cradle. The best way, however, to judge of the morality of the country, is to read the newspapers, and study the statistics of each state; by which it will be seen that New England stands at the head of all countries in the world with regard to education and the means of obtaining justice; and that, consequently, she possesses a lower amount of crime; while, on the other hand, in the southern and western states, there is more crime, compared with the population, than in most countries in civilised Europe, and that a rich or otherwise powerful man is able to defy the law. The principal faults that we bring against the Yankees are, eating their dinners too fast, spitting, chewing, whittling, and some odd hypocrisy in religious matters; by which it is meant that they, from their early education, pay more attention to forms than we do. As to their religion, we

cannot judge farther than by the number of their churches, and the amount that each person voluntarily lays out for the advancement of the Christian religion, which exceeds that of any other country; and all those who have resided for any time among them can vouch that they are kind to one another, charitable to the afflicted, and a pattern to all mankind in the fulfilment of the domestic relations. When I first came over, I was imbued with certain romantic notions, which made me suppose it impossible that marriages could be happy that were made in such a sober matter-of-business manner as is here the custom. I fancied, at first, that there was either no such thing as love among the Yankees, or that the ladies, by a slight transposition of the words of the poet, have 'loved not well, but too wisely.' I can now, however, bear testimony that unhappy marriages are very rare in New England; although, perhaps, the principal reasons are, that the young men have great advantage in finding out the disposition of their intendeds, as more can be learnt of the character of a woman by watching her for half an hour while engaged in household duties, than by accompanying her to balls and parties for a dozen years together; and the other reason is, that both go to the same school, and are equally educated. There are only two faults that I can bring against the American women; and these are, that they spoil their children, and that they are most uncomfortably clean. They are always washing the floor, or polishing some article of furniture, or blacking the stone. If ever, through forgetfulness, I walked into a room without cleaning my boots, I made a deadly enemy of the lady of the house. Woman has a higher rank in America than in England. She is equal to her husband in education, and is considered by him equal in mind. I have often heard a farmer, when undecided as to some bargain or other matter of business, such as we would suppose woman knows nothing about, and has no right to know, say that he would ask his wife's advice before determining. If he were to do so in England, some facetiously-disposed individual would be sure to resuscitate the old jokes about petticoat government and wearing the breeches. The women never work out-of-doors; the men even milk the cows. Neither do they go down on their knees to scrub the floor, but use a machine on the principle of a mop; and when washing clothes, they spare their fingers by using a fluted board, against which they rub the linen; and some make a still farther improvement by churning the clothes. They have no such scenes here as we show in our collieries, or as I myself have seen even in highly-civilised Scotland, where mere girls labour hard in the fields loading dung-carts.

When I arrived at Albany, I resolved to continue my journey to Boston, which city I was most desirous to see. I walked across the state of Massachusetts; but this route has been already so much described, that I will not dwell upon it. In this state I saw and conversed with many of the Millerites, a sect which endeavoured to prove from the prophecies that the world was to be destroyed on the forthcoming April; and their faith was so great, that many of them did not harvest more corn than was sufficient to support them until the appointed time, and distributed all the money to the poor, doubtless considering it a virtue to do so, although it could be of no use to themselves. I attended two of their meetings; but to me, who had been used to the quiet serious services of the churches of England and Scotland, the sight was very disagreeable. The preacher stamped on the floor, waved his arms, and shouted out to the extent of his voice—the perspiration streaming down his face from the violent exercise. Many of the congregation seemed worked up to perfect frenzy; the young women especially, dressed up in their best clothes, were lying about on the floor, some of them in fits, and screaming for mercy, until even the stentorian voice of the preacher himself was drowned. This sect has done a great deal of harm; it has filled the mad-houses of the United States, and created dissensions and unhappiness among families. Boston has a very good appearance when approached from the Brighton side; it seems built upon a hill, and the houses, which, seen from this place, are all made with bright-red bricks, rise gradually terrace over terrace, until the whole is crowned by the state house. The city forms a peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. Boston is the handsomest and cleanest city in the union; Tremont Street and the Common, or Park, cannot be equalled in any town of its size in the world. It is the head quarters of the temperance and anti-slavery causes; and it is also from this 'old cradle of liberty' that missionary and other enterprises, having for their end the good of mankind, chiefly emanate. The chief amusements seem attending lectures on religious, literary, and scientific subjects.

While I was at Boston, the Bunker's Hill monument was opened in great style by the President. I was much pleased with the sight of the veterans of the revolution, who, riding in open carriages, formed part of the procession, and also with the eloquence of Mr Webster, who was orator on the occasion; but all the rest was very ridiculous. On the morning appointed, Mr Tyler rode into Boston in an open carriage, accompanied by his son—who, by the by, is a great genius, having written a five-act tragedy, or an epic poem, or something of the sort—with several carriages following, containing the government officers, and, as one of the newspapers said, the man who bought *the* copy of Mr Robert Tyler's work. Before the carriage marched one of the volunteer bands, playing the negro tune of 'Get out the Way, old Dan Tucker,' to the great delight of one of the President's slaves, who was seated on the rumble. At first I thought it was intended as an insult, as Mr Tyler is not at all popular; but afterwards I found that it was a tune very much in favour with the worthy citizens who like to play at soldiers.

It now became necessary for me to return to England, as I had received a remittance for that purpose; for although I liked the New England farmers after I began to know them, and would have been content to have spent my life among them, yet all my relations and friends were in 'the old country,' and I had duties to perform which, although forgotten in a moment of enthusiasm, were nevertheless not to be neglected. I accordingly went by the railroad and steamer to New York, and engaged a passage in a 'liner,' or regular emigrant ship, and which conveyance I would advise all who go to America in sailing vessels to choose. We took about twenty days in returning to Liverpool, the passage being always shorter in sailing east than west; the reason for which fact being, as an ingenious gentleman on board informed us, that the voyage is down-hill all the way. In this ship there was a great number of emigrants returning home, some of them not having been able to obtain employment, as many had not got farther in the interior than the city of New York, which is about as good a place for a stranger who is out of work as London is. Some of them were coming back for relations, wives, or sweethearts; and among the number were about a dozen girls who had been in service, and said that they were coming home to see their friends, most of them having saved sufficient money to pay their expenses at home, and carry them out again; but whatever may be the reason, I believe I am stating nothing more than the truth, when I say that the emigrant ships are almost as full on the return as on the outward voyage.

From the result of my own experience, I, however, should say that the western world offers immense advantages to the poor emigrant, especially if he have friends there to advise him. He may in a few years acquire a comfortable independence; and if he be ambitious and persevering, wealth and honours are as open to him as to the highest. Any person will succeed if he have good health, and is willing to put up with hardships for a short time; but, above all, those who have

large families cannot fail of getting on well, for in America children are more precious than gold.

In finishing this account of my ramble, I cannot help being struck with the meagreness of my acquisitions. I kept no diary, however; I was a hard-working pedestrian, and allowed the scenes of my travels to find their way into my mind as they could, and thoughts stowed in such hidden places are only brought to light by chance. Even now, as I am laying down my pen, a hundred persons and things rise up like spirits to reproach me for having omitted mention of them; and I can only hope that two or three more corners may be allotted me in these pages, for a sketch of some isolated scenes and characters peculiar to the humble life of America, and unlikely to present themselves to the book-making traveller.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

[Abridged from 'Literary Leaves,' by D. L. Richardson.]

THERE is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is perhaps rarely associated with practical wisdom; and we often find that men of no talent whatever contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a kind of instinct. These are the persons who seem to stumble by mere good luck upon the philosopher's stone. In the commerce of life, everything they touch seems to turn into gold.

We are apt to place the greatest confidence in the advice of the successful, and none at all in that of the unprosperous, as if fortune never favoured fools nor neglected the wise. A man may have more intellect than does him good, for it tempts him to meditate and to compare, when he should act with rapidity and decision; and by trusting too much to his own sagacity, and too little to fortune, he often loses many a golden opportunity, that is like a prize in the lottery to his less brilliant competitors. It is not the men of thought, but the men of action, who are best fitted to push their way upwards in the world. The Hamlets or philosophical speculators are out of their element in the crowd. They are wise enough as reflecting observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation, and mingle with the thick throng of their fellow-creatures, there is a sad discrepancy between their dignity as teachers and their conduct as actors; their wisdom in busy life evaporates in words; they talk like sages, but they act like fools. There is an essential difference between those qualities that are necessary for success in the world, and those that are required in the closet. Bacon was the wisest of human beings in his quiet study, but when he entered the wide and noisy theatre of life, he sometimes conducted himself in a way of which he could have admirably pointed out the impropriety in a moral essay. He knew as well as any man that honesty is the best policy, but he did not always act as if he thought so. The fine intellect of Addison could trace with subtlety and truth all the proprieties of social and of public life, but he was himself deplorably inefficient both as a companion and as a statesman. A more delicate and accurate observer of human life than the poet Cowper is not often met with, though he was absolutely incapable of turning his knowledge and good sense to a practical account, and when he came to act for himself, was as helpless and dependent as a child. The excellent author of the Wealth of Nations could not manage the economy of his own house.

People who have sought the advice of successful men of the world, have often experienced a feeling of surprise and disappointment when listening to their commonplace maxims and weak and barren observations. There is very frequently the same discrepancy, though in the opposite extreme, between the words and the actions of prosperous men of the world that I have noticed in the case of unsuccessful men of wisdom. The former talk like fools, but they act like men of sense; the reverse is the case with the latter. The thinkers may safely direct the movements of other men, but they do not seem peculiarly fitted to direct their own.

They who bask in the sunshine of prosperity are generally inclined to be so ungrateful to fortune as to attribute all their success to their own exertions, and to season their pity for their less successful friends with some degree of contempt. In the great majority of cases, nothing can be more ridiculous and unjust. In the list of the prosperous, there are very few indeed who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a combination of industry, prudence, and good fortune; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life than to their own character or conduct.

Perhaps not only the higher intellectual gifts, but even the finer moral emotions, are an encumbrance to the fortune-hunter. A gentle disposition and extreme frankness and generosity have been the ruin, in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world and secure his own interests. He cannot turn aside, and indulge in generous sympathies, without neglecting in some measure his own affairs. It is like a pedestrian's progress through a crowded street; he cannot pause for a moment, or look to the right or left, without increasing his own obstructions. When time and business press hard upon him, the cry of affliction on the road-side is unheeded and forgotten. He acquires a habit of indifference to all but the one thing needful—his own success.

I shall not here speak of those by-ways to success in life which require only a large share of hypocrisy and meanness; nor of those insinuating manners and frivolous accomplishments which are so often better rewarded than worth or genius; nor of the arts by which a brazen-faced adventurer sometimes throws a modest and meritorious rival into the shade. Nor shall I proceed to show how great a drawback is a noble sincerity in the commerce of the world. The memorable scene between Gil Blas and the archbishop of Toledo is daily and nightly re-acted on the great stage of life. I cannot enter upon minute particulars, or touch upon all the numerous branches of my subject, without exceeding the limits I have proposed to myself in the present essay.

Perhaps a knowledge of the world, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, may mean nothing more than a knowledge of conventionalisms, or a familiarity with the forms and ceremonials of society. This, of course, is of easy acquisition when the mind is once bent upon the task. The practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct. This is always the case when there is no sedentary labour by the midnight lamp to produce an ungainly stoop in the shoulders, and a conscious defect of grace and pliancy in the limbs; and when there is no abstract thought or poetic vision to dissipate the attention, and blind us to the trivial realities that are passing immediately around us. Some degree of vanity and a perfect self-possession are absolutely essential; but high intellect is only an obstruction. There are some who seem born for the boudoir and the ball-room, while others are as little fitted for fashionable society as a fish is for the open air and the dry land. They who are more familiar with books than with men, cannot look calm and pleased when their souls are inwardly perplexed. The almost venial hypocrisy of politeness is the more criminal and disgusting in their judgment, on account of its difficulty to themselves, and the provoking ease with which it appears to be adopted by others. The loquacity of the forward, the effeminate affectation of the foppish, and the sententiousness of shallow gravity, excite a feeling of contempt and weariness that they have neither the skill nor the inclination to conceal.

A recluse philosopher is unable to return a simple salutation without betraying his awkwardness and uneasiness to the quick eye of a man of the world. He exhibits a ludicrous mixture of humility and pride. He is indignant at the assurance of others, and is mortified at his own timidity. He is vexed that he should suffer those whom he feels to be his inferiors to enjoy a temporary superiority. He is troubled that they should be able to trouble him, and ashamed that they should make him ashamed. Such a man, when he enters into society, brings all his pride, but leaves his vanity behind him. Pride allows our wounds to remain exposed, and makes them doubly irritable; but vanity, as Sancho says of sleep, seems to cover a man all over as with a cloak. A contemplative spirit cannot concentrate its attention on minute and uninteresting ceremonials, and a sense of unfitness for society makes the most ordinary of its duties a painful task. There are some

authors who would rather write a quarto volume in praise of woman, than hand a fashionable lady to her chair.

The foolish and formal conversation of polite life is naturally uninteresting to the retired scholar; but it would, perhaps, be less objectionable if he thought he could take a share in it with any degree of credit. He has not the feeling of calm and unmixed contempt; there is envy and irritation in his heart. He cannot despise his fellow-creatures, nor be wholly indifferent to their good opinion. Whatever he may think of their manners and conversation, his uneasiness evinces that he does not feel altogether above or independent of them. No man likes to seem unfit for the company he is in. At Rome, every man would be a Roman. * * *

The axioms most familiar to men of the world are passed from one tongue to another without much reflection. They are merely *parroted*. Some critics have thought that the advice which Polonius, in the tragedy of Hamlet, gives his son on his going abroad, exhibits a degree of wisdom wholly inconsistent with the general character of that weak and foolish old man. But in this case, as in most others of a similar nature, we find, on closer consideration, that what may seem at the first glance an error or oversight of Shakspeare's, is only another illustration of his accurate knowledge of human life. The precepts which the old man desires to fix in the mind of Laertes are just such as he might have heard a hundred thousand times in his long passage through the world. They are not brought out from the depths of his own soul; they have only fastened themselves on his memory, and are much nearer to his tongue than to his heart. No one is surprised at the innumerable wise saws and proverbial phrases that issue from the lips of the most silly and ignorant old women in all ranks of life, in town and country, in cottages and in courts. In the conversation of the weakest-minded persons we often find, as in that of Polonius, both 'matter and impertinency mixed.' His advice is not that of a philosopher, but of a courtier and man of the world. He echoes the common wisdom of his associates:—

> 'Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
> Take each man's censure,* but reserve thy judgment.'

He is indebted to his court education for this mean and heartless maxim. To listen eagerly to the communications of others, and to conceal his own thoughts, is the first lesson that a courtier learns. Let us quote another specimen of his paternal admonitions:—

> 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'

Polonius might have picked up this marvellous scrap of prudence in some petty tradesman's shop; not, however, in a pawnbroker's, for the sign of which it would form a very forbidding motto. There are a few precepts in the parting advice of Polonius of a somewhat higher character; but they are only such as float about the world, and are repeated on occasion by all well-intentioned people. They are not of that high and original cast which Shakspeare would have put into the mouth of Hamlet, or any other thoughtful and noble-hearted personage.

It seems paradoxical to affirm that men who are out of the world know more of the philosophy of its movements than those who are in it; but it is nevertheless perfectly true, and easily accounted for. The busy man is so rapidly whirled about in the vast machine, that he has not leisure to observe its motion. An observer stationed on a hill that overlooks a battle can see more distinctly the operations of either army than the combatants themselves. They who have attained success by mere good fortune, are particularly ill-fitted to direct and counsel others who are struggling through the labyrinths of life. A shrewd observer who has touched the rocks, is a better pilot than he who has passed through a difficult channel in ignorance of its dangers.

The extent of a person's knowledge of mankind is not to be calculated by the number of his years. The old, indeed, are always wise in their own estimation, and eagerly volunteer advice, which is not in all cases as eagerly received. The stale preparatory sentence of, 'When you have come to my years,' &c. is occasionally a prologue to the wearisome farce of second childhood. A Latin proverb says that 'experience teacheth.' It sometimes does so, but not always. Experience cannot confer natural sagacity, and without that, it is nearly useless. It is said to be an axiom in natural history, that a cat will never tread again the road on which it has been beaten; but this has been disproved in a thousand experiments. It is the same with mankind. A weak-minded man, let his years be few or numerous, will no sooner be extricated from a silly scrape, than he will fall again into the same difficulty in the very same way. Nothing is more common than for old women (of either sex) to shake with a solemn gravity their thin gray hairs, as if they covered a repository of gathered wisdom, when perchance some clear and lively head upon younger shoulders has fifty times the knowledge with less than half the pretension. We are not always wise in proportion to our opportunites of acquiring wisdom, but according to the shrewdness and activity of our observation. Nor is a man's fortune in all cases an unequivocal criterion of the character of his intellect* or his knowledge of the world. Men in business acquire a habit of guarding themselves very carefully against the arts of those with whom they are brought in contact in their commercial transactions; but they are, perhaps, better versed in goods and securities than in the human heart. They wisely trust a great deal more to law papers than to 'the human face divine,' or any of those indications of character which are so unerringly perused by a profound observer. A great dramatic poet can lift the curtain of the human heart; but mere men of business must act always in the dark, and, taking it for granted that every individual, whatever his ostensible character, may be a secret villain, they will have no transactions with their fellow-creatures until they have made 'assurance doubly sure,' and secured themselves from the possibility of roguery and imposition. They carry this habit of caution and mistrustfulness to such a melancholy extreme, that they will hardly lend a guinea to a father or a brother without a regular receipt. They judge of all mankind by a few wretched exceptions. Lawyers have a similar tendency to form partial and unfavourable opinions of their fellow-creatures, because they come in contact with the worst specimens of humanity, and see more of the dark side of life than other men. Of all classes of men, perhaps the members of the medical profession have the best opportunity of forming a fair and accurate judgment of mankind in general, and it is gratifying to know that none have a higher opinion of human nature.

It is observable that men are very much disposed to 'make themselves the measure of mankind;' or, in other words, when they paint their fellow-creatures, to dip their brush in the colours of their own heart.

> 'All seems infected that the infected spy,
> As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.'

On the other hand, a frank and noble spirit observes the world by the light of its own nature; and indeed all who have studied mankind without prejudice or partiality, and with a wide and liberal observation, have felt that man is not altogether unworthy of being formed after the image of his Maker.

Though I have alluded to the tendency of some particular professions to indurate the heart and limit or warp the judgment, I should be sorry, indeed, if the remarks that I have ventured upon this subject should be regarded as an avowal of hostility towards any class whatever of my fellow-creatures. I should be guilty of a gross absurdity and injustice, if I did not readily admit that intellect and virtue are not confined to one class or excluded from another. Men are, generally speaking, very much the creatures of circumstance; but there is no condition of life in which the soul has not sometimes asserted her independence of all adventitious distinctions; and there is no trade or profession in which we do not meet with men who are an honour to human nature.

* Opinion.

THE RATIONALE OF RAILWAY CHARGES.

Another point in dispute is the treatment of third-class passengers. There is no one matter on which a greater display of pseudo-humanity is made than on this. Many persons do not like to confess that they travel in third-class coaches to save their money, and, moreover, they very naturally wish the third-class carriages should be made as comfortable as possible. Now, if people, by ma-

* There are some few professions, indeed, in which success is a pretty certain indication of learning or of genius.

nifesting great humanity to the poor, can at the same time save their own money, and make themselves more comfortable, the display of tenderness is likely to be abundant. Third-class carriages, which certainly are more comfortable than outside seats on coaches, are called 'pig-boxes,' in order to teach the poor man that he is 'insulted' by being told to get into one. Having carried his bundle a couple of miles (for poor people do not employ porters), he is 'contemptuously treated' when desired to put it into the wagon. At one time there had been several accidents from trains being run into from behind, and practical men entertained conflicting opinions as to whether there was most danger to be apprehended from this source or from the engine running off the rails. On those lines where the speed was very great and the gauge wide, accidents to slow trains from collision from behind seemed the most probable, and the passenger-carriage was therefore placed in front of the train. This was represented as a scheme for preventing people using that carriage at all, and was called 'a disgraceful and monstrous plan of intimidating the poorer class of passengers.' If the directors had really wished to compel passengers to use the dear instead of the cheap carriage, they would have easily attained it by the very simple expedient of taking off the third-class carriage altogether. But where authors are engaged in pandering to the passions of the multitude, they prefer imputing to individuals the most incredible and useless wickedness, rather than admit a commonplace explanation.

The coaches between London and Bristol were fourteen hours on the road, the stage wagons two and a half days; the much-abused slow trains on the Great Western perform the same journey in nine and a half hours. The injury and indignity shown by the railway company to the poor consists, then, in enabling them to perform this journey in two-thirds of the time formerly required by the rich, and one-sixth of the time they themselves would have spent. Yet, in defiance of these facts, we hear those who had neither sense nor enterprise to forward these great undertakings now turning round on their benefactors, and describing as an insult and injury one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the poorer classes.

As to the outside of a coach in bad weather, that is, nine times out of ten, it was one of the most disagreeable modes of locomotion ever devised, an American stage over a corduroy road being the worst. After some winters spent in Sweden, Mr Laing declared that he had never suffered so much from cold as when travelling in England on the tops of coaches. It is all very well for authors to describe in glowing terms the miseries and insults to which third-class passengers on railways are exposed. The reality is quite the reverse. Otherwise how should we hear at railway meetings the reiterated and piteous complaints of directors that the rich will persist in going into these vehicles; merchants, bankers, dignitaries of the church, members of parliament, gentlemen who have no predilection for being miserable, and no notion at all of exposing themselves to insult, button up their coats (and pockets), and ask for third-class tickets. There is nothing more impossible than to provide for the poor those comforts which the wealth of the rich enables them to command; there is a higher agency concerned in this than even railway directors. There are some gentlemen who advocate very strongly the propriety of covering over third-class carriages, and others who comment pretty severely on the inhumanity of directors in exposing the poor to the merciless severity of the blast of winter. If this reasoning is sound, why is it not applied to the proprietors of stage-coaches? Is Mr Purcell a wretch, because he does not provide a covering for his outside passengers? or is Mr Croal a brute, because he does not find inside places for those who pay outside fares? Deck passengers in a steamer on a rough night are worse off than third-class passengers on a railway. They are never invited into the cabin with cabin passengers, and yet the St George Steam-packet Company divide their gains, without fearing a leading article in the Times. There is nothing on railways different from this, that all the rules of trading should be reversed, and that people should argue that the poor man who pays 2s. 6d. should receive the same accommodation as the richer man who pays 3s. 6d. For civility, punctuality, and general regularity, the railway system is far beyond anything ever known.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

[This is a just and praiseworthy defence of the railway proprietors. The difference between railway and stage-coach travelling is nearly all the difference between civilisation and barbarism. In the one case, a passenger feels that he is under the care of the most enlightened class of his fellow-creatures; what he too often feels in the other case, it is needless to specify. And this is simply because railway travelling arrangements are on such a large and liberal scale, as to allow of a superior class of officials being employed. What is said here about third-class trains is perfectly true. The shabby rich, by the disposition they show to make use of these trains, are the sole cause of their being made less comfortable than they otherwise would need to be. We have been astounded to hear that men worth scores of thousands have not scrupled to use third-class carriages on the Greenock Railway: some have even purchased camp-stools on which to seat themselves in these carriages. It should be held up to universal contempt, as a practice not only mean in itself, but inhumane, as it tends to deprive the poor of comforts that otherwise would flow to them.]

METALLIZATION OF WOOD.

Of the several patented processes for rendering wood thoroughly impervious to rot, the ravages of insects, and the action of fire, that of Mr Payne is considered by competent judges as one of the most effectual. The merit of the invention—according to the Polytechnic Magazine, from which we take the substance of our notice—consists in the circumstance, that it does not merely impregnate timber with metallic preparations, but by means of chemical decomposition actually fossilizes, so to speak, the substance acted upon; and by a combination of agencies, all of them quite inconsiderable in point of cost, creates of the wood an entirely new insoluble, durable, and uninflammable matter. If these results can be obtained at a small expense and in a short period, and the metallized wood be rendered elastic or non-elastic as required, and be so granulated externally and internally as to adapt it with perfect safety for pavements and other purposes, a complete revolution may be reasonably anticipated in some of the most important branches of industry. For instance, it would be of immense utility in countries where houses are built of wood; it would greatly diminish casualties by fire, increase the value of timber-forests in the vicinity of railways and other similar undertakings, and indeed affect the *modus operandi* of every profession connected with engineering, ship-building, and carpentry.

The process consists in placing the timber to be operated upon first in a vacuum in a solution of sulphate of iron, which is made thoroughly to saturate it by exhaustion and pressure. A similar mode is then followed with a solution of the muriate of lime, and within the pores of the wood there is thus created, by decomposition, an insoluble sulphate of lime. It therefore appears that the principle acted upon by the inventor was, that the source of decay exists in the very nature and properties of the wood itself, and that a complete change must be effected in its structure by the permeation of a substance capable of resisting external influences and arresting internal decay. By previously-discovered processes, various metallic oxides (the expensive ones of mercury and copper) and alkalies had been, by means of exhaustion and pressure, introduced into the cells of the wood; but it was reserved for Mr Payne to overcome an objection common to all these processes; namely, the liability to a disunion of the solutions. This difficulty is met by the introduction of certain saline substances which prevent any such disunion taking place; and herein consists much of the merit of the patent.

The most porous, the softest, and consequently the cheapest woods, continues our authority, under this process, are rendered equal, in point of usefulness, durability, and strength, to the hardest and best descriptions of timber. Not only is the beech rendered equal to the oak, but made to partake of metallic qualities even more lasting than timber which at present is threefold its price. Wood so prepared—even deal—becomes susceptible of the finest polish; and moreover, by the use of certain solutions, can be stained throughout with any variety of colour. In ship-building and in house-building it would come into advantageous use, with the peculiar recommendation that the inferior woods of home and colonial growth would become at once more valuable in the market. Perhaps the most important fact connected with Paynized timber is its applicability not only for railway sleepers, but actually as a substitute for iron rails, for which purpose it is now being tested on several lines, and so far as experiment goes, promises to be preferable to iron, offering nearly as little friction, and presenting a better bite to the wheels, which

enables the engines to mount inclinations impossible on an iron railway. The discovery has also attracted the attention of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, under whose direction a set of experiments are now being made, with a view to the adoption of the metallized timber in the various works executed under government.

THE ARBORETUM AT DERBY.

Amidst the benefactors of the human race, none stand more conspicuous than the late Joseph Strutt, Esq. who, with an effective liberality and determined kindness, was spared to commence, carry on, and complete this (emphatically speaking) garden of the poor. I visited it on Sunday evening, the 21st of April last—the gardens being open only in the afternoon. I observed a happy seriousness on the countenances of the visitors—a subdued enjoyment which spoke volumes in favour of the judgment of the noble-minded man who had thus provided the means of bringing the works of the Almighty under the eye of those who all the week are busily engaged in earning their daily bread. Parents, with their children of various ages, might be seen quietly sitting on the many substantial seats provided for them under the shade of trees, or strolling on the walks admiring the early flowers on the shrubs; all the shrubs have a name attached to them, very conspicuous, yet not so as to be offensive to the fastidious eye. It was amusing to see the children of ten years trying to read, no doubt to them hard names, and puzzling their little heads to make them out. I remarked the good behaviour of those 'children of the poor,' as, amidst the many hundreds that were in the garden, I only observed one instance of rudeness, in two boys throwing stones at each other. It was instantly checked by the elder people, and the boys slunk away ashamed of their conduct. The garden was, as is generally known, laid out by the late Mr Loudon, and the execution of his task does credit even to him. Broad substantial walks lead down the centre, branching off diagonally, and returning up each side in a serpentine form. They are hid from each other by raised mounds of various forms, sufficiently high to prevent persons seeing over. The named specimens stand singly on the grass, at such a distance from each other as their various habits as to size and form will require when fully grown. They are, consequently, conspicuous objects, and draw attention even from the most heedless. In the ground, previously to its being laid out, there were some larger trees; these are judiciously preserved, and seats are placed under them. It is, I think, however, an oversight that these our common trees are not named. That the people pay attention to the names, was evident from the fact, that the early flowering shrubs, such as ribes, prunus, &c. were crowded by even well-dressed elderly persons, who were reading the names, and, in some instances, copying them. I would just observe, *en passant*, that the labels contain the botanical name, English name, native country, and year of introduction. As a means of refining the manners, elevating the taste, and subduing evil propensities, giving the lower orders an innocent and rational amusement, and even instruction, the Derby Arboretum is much to be admired. I came away delighted at the good effects it had produced even already, although it is scarcely three years since the gardens were completed. —*Correspondent of Gardeners' Chronicle.*

THE FOLLIES OF MANKIND.

I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—*Mackenzie.*

DOMESTIC GAS-APPARATUS.

Scientific journals notice, among their novelties, an apparatus for the production of gas from any fire which is kept in constant use, such as a common kitchen grate, a steam-engine or other large furnace. The invention is the property of Messrs Cordon and Smith of Nottingham, who have recently obtained a patent for the apparatus, which is described as exceedingly simple and manageable, and capable of generating an abundant supply of gas at little or no expense beyond the original cost. We have slight hopes, we must confess, of every household becoming its own gas manufacturer; but if the promise of the invention be fulfilled, there can be no doubt of its adoption in factories and other establishments having furnaces at their command, and requiring an almost constant supply of this now necessary article of illumination.

EFFECTS OF DRAINAGE ON HUMAN LIFE.

The Rev. Professor Buckland, at a public meeting lately held in Oxford, said that in the parish of St Margaret, Leicester, containing 22,000 inhabitants, it appeared that one portion of it was effectually drained, some parts but partially so, and others not at all. In the latter, the average duration of life is thirteen years and a half, while in the same parish where the drainage is only partial, the average is twenty-two years and a half, thereby showing the frightful effects of a bad atmosphere.

VALUE OF CEREMONY.

All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony, true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.—*Chesterfield.*

SONNET

TO A POETICAL YOUNG FRIEND.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

POETICAL and poor! Ah, hapless friend,
A bitter lot is thine, for scowling fate
Will hunt thee sore, albeit now elate.
Suffering with sensibility will blend,
And Fame's twin brother, Famine, with him wend.
Sorrow and Want, pale cup-bearers, will wait
Beside thy board, so scant and desolate,
And Disappointment still thy steps attend.
No bays may wreathe thy brow; but Folly's leer,
Envy's grudged praise, and Grandeur's withering scorn,
Will often wring the sigh and scalding tear,
And prove around thy heart a wreath of thorn.
God help thee, and from ill thy path secure!
Much, much thou wilt enjoy, but ah, how much endure!

NOTE.

In the brief article which appeared in No. 12, under the title of 'A Dishonesty in a High Walk,' the Metropolitan Life-Assurance Society, enumerated in the honourable list of offices which reject the depraved plan of giving commission as a means of obtaining business, was described as a *mixed proprietary*. This we find to be a mistake, for which the only ground was, that the Metropolitan, while substantially a mutual-assuring society, acts as a company in insuring such persons as prefer lower rates with no prospect of a division of profits. We are the more disposed to rectify this error, as public opinion has now—justly, we think—set in so strongly in favour of mutual assurance.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.

CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME II.

Nos. 27 to 52. JULY—DECEMBER, 1844.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1844.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS.

INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND MORAL ESSAYS.

	Page
A Day on the Banks of Doon,	129
Advertising Considered as an Art,	401
'Advice to the Poor Gratis,'	161
An Englishman's Privilege,	353
[British Association]—The Scientific Meeting at York,	321
[Burns' Festival, the]—A Day on the Banks of Doon,	129
Circumstantial, the,	209
Commonplace, the,	136
Dreaming,	113
Facts and Traditions Concerning Shakspeare,	369, 387
[French Prisoners in Edinburgh]—Warlike Talk,	305
From Boy to Man,	8
[Genius, Inventive]—Advertising Considered as an Art,	401
[Genius, Struggles of]—Too Late,	310
[Genius, Suffering]—National Reproaches about Unfortunate Men of Genius,	337
[Grouse-Shooting]—'The Moors,'	241
Is It to be Believed?	33
'It is always Circulating Money,'	65
Lingering Good-Byes,	121
[Meanness in Business Transactions]—Scrubs,	225
[Means, Waste of]—'It is always Circulating Money,'	65
[Mesmerism, Hydropathy, &c.]—Is It to be Believed?	33
[Misexpenditure of Good Counsel]—'Advice to the Poor Gratis,'	161
Molly Doodles—a Sketch of Irish Character, by Mrs S. C. Hall,	393
Moors, the,	241
My First Work,	254
National Reproaches about Unfortunate Men of Genius,	337
Newspapers,	296
Patronisers,	1
[Petty Grievances]—An Englishman's Privilege,	353
Pride and Temper,	247
Profession,	193
Relationship,	289
Remediable Evils,	385
Scientific Meeting at York, the,	321
Scrubs,	225
Self-Deniers,	145
Shakspeare, Facts and Traditions concerning,	369, 387
[Surtout, My First]—From Boy to Man,	8
Trifles,	378
Warlike Talk,	305

POETRY.

	Page
Advice to Dwellers in Towns,	304
An Exile's Address to his Distant Children,	384
Autumn,	224
Battle of Corrymuckloch,	244
Chinese Poetry,	282
Chorus, from the Jephthes of Buchanan,	416
Definition of a Long Visit,	288
Dreamings of the Bereaved,	176
Dying Girl, the,	128
Enigma, an,	192
Farewell,	272
Five Toasts, the,	16
Hairst,	80
Humorous Dialogue between two Brothers of the Charter House,	52
Hymn of the City,	64
I'll Love no More,	336
Little Teacher, the,	144
Love-Letter to My Wife, by S. C. Hall, Esq.,	368
Nightingale Flower, the,	96
Old Letters,	320
Passing Railway Train, the,	160
Portraits à la Mode,	111
Return from Exile, the,	48
River, the,	240
Sonnet,	288
Sorrow and Song,	352
To the Skylark,	400

TALES.

	Page
Baïa—a Tale Illustrative of Arabian Manners,	52
Bankrupt's Son, the,	390
Baptiste Brown—an Incident in the Rocky Mountains,	66
Bridget Pathlow,	105
Corcovado, Story of the,	366
Cousin Annette,	406
Cross of Santa Rosalia,	146
Faith,	166
Forlorn Hope, the,	12
Irish Story—A Medical Call,	229
Lace-Bordered Handkerchief,	91
Legacy, the,	297
Legends of the Loire—The Last Days of Catherine of Medicis,	10
Madame de Verre,	122
Jean Louis,	179
Mandan Indians, Tale of the,	197
Match-Making,	357
Medical Call—an Irish Story,	229
Mill and the Manor, the,	327, 338
Neglected Child, the,	257
Pride and Temper,	247
Riccaree War-Spear, the,	197
Simon Sawley's Shilling,	217
Substance and the Shadow,	17, 36
Thrift, or Nothing is Useless,	191
Verre, Madame de,	122
Village Heroine, the,	275
Yanez, Colonel—a Mexican Story of the Present Day,	373

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

	Page
Admiral the Earl St Vincent,	284
Bernadotte, King of Sweden and Norway,	380
Scott, John, Earl of Eldon,	88
Wakefield, Captain Arthur,	329

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

	Page
[Academy of Sciences]—Evenings at Ashly,	137
Accident, What to do in Cases of,	152, 279
Accidents in Mines,	414
Accidents on Railways,	24
Actino-Chemistry,	403
Addresses and Prefaces,	158
Adelaide, South Australia,	184
Agriculture, Schools of,	235
[Ambleside]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	162
American Annual, the Gift,	343
Anecdote of English Medical Practice,	121
Anecdote of Murat, King of Naples,	22
Anecdote of Sleight-of-Hand,	78
Anecdotes, Literary,	112
[Arab Steed]—Western Barbary, its Tribes and Animals,	118
Archæological Association, British,	266
Architecture of Nests,	331
Ashly, Evenings at,	137
Avignon,	412
Babylonian Princess [Maria Thérèse Asmar],	268
[Balnamoon, Story of]—A Story-Teller of the Last Age,	57
Barbary, Western, its Tribes and Animals,	118

	Page
Beckford and Fonthill,	101
Belted Will Howard,	215
Bennie Minorie — Anecdote of Sleight-of-Hand,	78
Beranger, a Visit to,	302
Bird-Architecture,	331
[Birmingham]—Mr Kohl in England,	194
Blood-Letting,	152
Books, Chinese,	280
Books, the First,	127
British Archæological Association,	266
[Brougham Castle]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	149
Buffalo-Hunting, Perils of,	223
[Canada]—The Gentleman Emigrant,	172, 204
Care and Condensation in Writing,	189
Carleton's Tales,	27
Cavern Wells of Yucatan,	21
Charter House, Visit to the,	49
Cheap Copyright Books,	103
Cheap Fares, Effects of,	334
Chemistry, as Exemplifying the Wisdom and Beneficence of God,	68
Chemistry, Liebig's Familar Letters on,	347
[Chester]—Mr Kohl in England,	194
[Children, Death of]—Remediable Evils,	385
[Children]—The Fairies not Lost,	126
Chinese, Literature of the—	
First Article, Chinese Writing,	250
Second Article, Books,	280
Third Article, The Drama and Fiction,	290
Colonies, Jottings of the—	
Adelaide, South Australia,	184
Competition of Highland Pipers,	86
Contrast, the,	186
Cork Regatta, the,	183
Cornish Mines and Miners,	245
[Creech, William]—A Story-Teller of the Last Age,	57
[Damascus]—The Library of Travel,	325
[Derwentwater Lake]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	228
Disbelief, Over-Confident,	94
Disinterred, the,	76
Domestic Life, Scientific Phenomena of,	170
Drama, the Chinese,	290
Early and Late Writers,	78
Eastbourne, a Visit to,	30
[Edinburgh]—Mr Kohl in Scotland,	214
England, Mr Kohl in,	194
English Poor, French Journalist among the,	236
Errors of the Press,	62
Etchings from Ordinary Life—	
Retired Engineer,	123
The Contrast,	186
[Etienne, St]—Loiterings in France,	375
Evenings at Ashly,	137
Excursion through the Slave States of North America,	5
Exposition in Paris, the,	73
Fairies not Lost,	126
Fares, Effects of Cheap,	334
Farm Cultivated by the Insane,	366
Featherstonhaugh's Excursion through the Slave States of North America,	5
Featherstonhaugh, a Parallel to,	29
Fonthill and Mr Beckford,	101
[Forbearance and Disinterested Kindness]—Two Texts Illustrated,	203
Fownes's Prize Essay—Chemistry, as Exemplifying the Wisdom and Beneficence of God,	68
Fractured Bones,	279
France, Loiterings in—1844,	273, 293, 314, 341, 412
French and English Proverbial Sayings,	395
French Journalist among the English Poor,	236
Gas and Water Companies, Competition in,	154
Gentleman Emigrant, the,	172, 204
Gergovia, Visit to,	341
Gift, the,	343
[Gilbert, Mrs Davies]—A Visit to Eastbourne,	30
[Glasgow]—Mr Kohl in Scotland,	213
Glasgow, Vital Statistics of,	110
Good-Byes, Lingering,	121
[Grasmere]—Saunterings Among the English Lakes,	227
Great Britain, Occupations of the People of,	282
[Hahndorf]—Jottings of the Colonies,	184
Hay's Western Barbary,	118
[Health and Cheerfulness]—A Fragment for the Young,	224
Health of Towns Commission,	263
Herring-Fishery in the Moray Firth,	317
Highland Pipers, Competition of,	86
Honesty, Muscovite,	351
Howard, Belted Will,	215
Human Knowledge and its Extension,	94
[Iakuts]—Wrangell's Expedition to the Polar Sea,	43
Ichaboe, the Island of,	238
India-Rubber, New Uses of,	104
India, Sport in, Recollections of,	97, 299
Industrial Schools, Self-Supporting,	15
Insane, Farm Cultivated by the,	366
Ireland, Notes on Things in,	261
[Irish Pigs, a Race of]—Mr Carleton's Tales,	27
[Jehoshaphat, Valley of]—The Library of Travel,	326
Johnston's Travels in Southern Abyssinia,	71
Kohl in England,	194
Kohl in Scotland,	213
Lakes, English, Saunterings among the,	149, 162, 226
[Leeds]—Mr Kohl in England,	196
[Legendary Story]—Rambling Reminiscences of Sir W. Scott,	153
Legends of the Loire,	10, 122, 179
Lewis, Mr Smith's Visit to,	398
Library—Old Books,	361
Library of Travel,	324
Liebig's Familiar Letters on Chemistry,	347
Life-Assurance, Mutual and Proprietary,	56
[Limagne, the]—Loiterings in France,	273
Lingering Good-Byes,	121
Literary Anecdotes,	112
Literature, Chinese,	250, 280, 290
Liverpool, the Docks of,	140
Living in Splendour without Apparent Means,	61
Loiterings in France—1844—	
London to the Limagne,	273
Ascent of the Pariou and Petit Puy de Dome,	293
Ascent of the Puy de Dome,	314
Visit to Gergovia,	341
Clermont to Lyons,	375
Lyons to Avignon,	412
London, the Streets of,	249
London, Sunday in,	81
London, the Suburbs of,	265
[Lowther Castle]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	150
Lyons,	375
Macbeth, the True Tale of,	40
Management of Silk-Worms,	207
Marine Life, Distribution of,	2
[Mathew, Father—his Pecuniary Difficulties]—Temperance Papers,	350
Mauritius, the,	219
Means, Living in Splendour without the,	61
Medicine-Taking,	121
Medicis, Catherine de, Last Days of,	10
Memorabilia of the Teeth,	271
Mental Exercise Conducive to Health and Happiness,	63
Meredith, Mrs, on New South Wales,	307
Milk, Adulterated,	363
Mines, Accidents in,	414
Mines and Miners, Cornish,	245
Missing the Post,	383
[Mohamed, the alleged Treasure-Finder]—Western Barbary, its Tribes and Animals,	119
Monkwearmouth Pit, Visit to the,	355
Moray Firth, Herring-Fishery in the,	317
[Mozart]—Too Late,	310
Murat, King of Naples, Anecdote of,	22
Muscovite Honesty,	351
Natural History, Errors in,	45
Natural History, Sketches in—	
The Nettle Order of Plants,	25
The Quail,	84
The Columbidæ—Pigeons,	133
[Naworth]—Belted Will Howard,	215
Neapolitan Festival Disturbed,	142
Nettle, the,	25
New South Wales,	307
Newspapers,	296
[Norman Antiquities]—The British Archæological Association,	268
Notes on Things in Ireland,	261
Occasional Notes—	
London, the Streets of,	249
New Uses of India-Rubber,	104
Periodical Works,	24
Railway Accidents,	24
Reading Aloud,	248
Self-Supporting Industrial Schools,	15
Spontaneous Combustion of Pictures,	105
Streets of London,	249
Wines of Palestine,	105, 256
Workmen's Singing Classes,	248
Occupations of the People of Great Britain,	282
Old Books—a Library,	361
Omnibuses, Speculations on,	313
Oriental Paradises,	201
[Orphan Asylum, New York]—Remediable Evils,	386
Papers, Small Country,	287
Paradises, Oriental,	201
Parallel to Mr Featherstonhaugh,	29
Pariou, Ascent of the,	293
Paris, the Exposition in,	73
[Paris Milk-Trade]—Adulterated Milk,	363
Paris, Police Courts of,	38
Peasants' School in Switzerland,	46
Perils of Buffalo-Hunting,	223
Periodical Works,	24
Periodicity of Vital Phenomena,	185
[Perrin, Abbé]—Loiterings in France,	377
[Personation, Singular]—A Romance of Real Life,	155
Petit Puy de Dome, Ascent of the,	293
Phonography,	211
Pictures, Spontaneous Combustion of,	105

	Page
Pigeons,	133
Pitman's System of Phonography,	211
[Plague in London]—A Library—Old Books,	361
[Plague, its Ravages]—Remediable Evils,	386
Plants, Dispersion of, by the Lower Animals,	181
Polar Sea, Wrangell's Expedition to the,	43, 59
Police Courts of Paris,	38
Poor in Scotland, the,	365
Poor in Scotland, Treatment of the,	200
Popular French Songs,	111
Popular Information on Science—Distribution of Marine Life,	2
Dispersion of Plants by the Lower Animals,	181
Actino-Chemistry,	403
[Port Louis]—The Mauritius,	221
Post, Missing the,	383
Prefaces and Addresses,	158
Press, Errors of the,	62
Printing, Chinese,	280
Proverbial Sayings—French and English,	395
Purloined Letter, the,	343
Quail, the,	84
Rag-Fair,	334
Railway Accidents,	24
Railways, Social Effects of,	177
Rambling Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott,	153
[Randell, John]—A Romance of Real Life,	155
Rapids, Run Down the,	397
Reading Aloud,	248
Reading Aloud in Workshops,	335
Recent Unlikelihood of now Acknowledged Truths,	94
Regatta, the Cork,	183
[Robin the Devil]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	164
Roman Roads and Railways,	177
Romance of Real Life,	155
Run Down the Rapids,	397
Rush-Bearing,	253
Russia, Spy System in,	316
[Rydal Mount]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	226
Sanitary Condition of Large Towns,	263
Saunterings among the English Lakes,	149, 162, 226
Saxon Antiquities,	267
Schools of Agriculture,	235
Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life,	170
[Scotland About the Year 1730]—A Parallel to Mr Featherstonhaugh,	29
Scotland, Mr Kohl in,	213
Scotland, the Poor in,	365
Scotland, Treatment of the Poor in,	200
Scott, Sir Walter, Rambling Reminiscences of,	153
Shoa, the Kingdom of,	71
[Siberia]—Wrangell's Expedition to the Polar Sea,	43, 59
[Silk Manufacture]—Loiterings in France,	376
Silk-Worms, Management of,	207
Singing Classes, Workmen's,	248
Slave States of North America, Excursion through the,	5
Small Country Papers,	287
Smith's Visit to Lewis,	398
[Snake-Charmers]—Western Barbary, its Tribes and Animals,	120
Social Effects of Railways,	177
Speculation, Defence of,	94
Speculations on Omnibuses,	313
Spontaneous Combustion of Pictures,	105
Sport in India, Recollections of,	97, 299
Spy System in Russia,	316
Story-Teller of the Last Age,	57
Suburbs of London,	265
Sunday in London,	81
Suretiship,	165
Switzerland, Peasants' School in,	46
[Tasso]—Too Late,	310
Teeth, Memorabilia of the,	271
Temperance Papers,	350
Too Late,	310
Travel, the Library of,	324
[Traveller, the]—Evenings at Ashly,	137
Two Texts Illustrated,	203
[Ulleswater]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	151
Value of Scientific Researches not to be estimated by their direct or immediate utility,	94
Verre, Madame de,	122
[Vichy]—Loiterings in France,	274
[Village Club-room]—Working-Man's Winter Evening,	382
Visit to Beranger,	302
Visit to the Charter House,	49
Visit to the Monkwearmouth Pit,	355
Vital Phenomena, Periodicity of,	185
[Wales]—Mr Kohl in England,	195
Water and Gas Companies, Competition in,	154
Watt's Vital Statistics of Glasgow,	110
Western Barbary,	118
What to do in Cases of Accident—Blood-Letting,	152
Fractured Bones,	279
What is Possible to be Known,	94
[Windermere]—Saunterings among the English Lakes,	163
Wines of Palestine,	105, 256
Working-Man's Winter Evening,	382
Workshops, Reading Aloud in,	335
Wrangell's Expedition to the Polar Sea,	43, 59
Writers, Early and Late,	78
Writing, Care and Condensation in,	189
Writing, Chinese,	250
Yucatan, the Cavern Wells of,	21

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

	Page
Abyssinia, Salt in,	320
Actions, Other Men's,	256
Agriculture, Progress of English,	352
Albatross, the,	32
Allotment System, Moral Reform by the,	303
Alpaca in Scotland, the,	176
American States, Origin of the Names of the,	95
Amusements,	239
Anger,	96
Anti-Bowing Society,	288
Aristocracy, Hint to the,	304
Arnott's (Dr) Four Necessaries for Health,	256
Bachelor Blackbird,	160
Birmingham, Proof-House at,	255
Black-Lead, Artificial Production of,	320
Blood-Fish, the,	400
Boy-Traders in Moscow,	367
Bulls of Genius,	32
Butter, Manufacture of,	176
Caspian Sea, Depression of the,	320
Cat, Sagacity of the,	144
Character of a True Friend,	159
Charity,	400
Cheap Publications in Naples,	208
Chinese Ice-Houses,	80
Cleanliness,	160
Comfort and Economy,	31
Common Life,	192
Common Use of Metals,	336
Confusion of Mind,	16
Contentment,	144
Courage,	96
Cunning and Discretion,	48
Curdling of Milk,	96
Cure of Idiots by Intellectual Means,	255
Death-Watch, the,	256
Depression of the Caspian Sea,	320
Detraction,	239
Digestion,	240
Dignity of Labour,	96
Diligence in Business,	80
Dispositions and Occupations,	31
Domestic Happiness,	304
Duties of Daily Life,	336
Economy and Comfort,	31
Employees,	128
False Humility,	160
Fine for Burying in Linen,	352
Fire-Flies,	399
Flowers,	159
Friend, Character of a True,	159
Genius, Bulls of,	32
Genius and Industry,	127
Germany, Love of Flowers in,	95
Gipsy Story,	239
Good Manners,	304
Green-Tea, Adulteration of,	143
Hand, the,	400
Health, Dr Arnott's Four Necessaries for,	256
Highland Garb, Proscription of the,	208
Hospital Ship,	144
Hot Springs of the Washita,	143
Humility, False,	160
Hyæna,	320
Iceland, Island of,	16
Idiots, Cure of, by Intellectual Means,	255
Idle Visits,	144
Industry and Genius,	127
Inferiors,	128
Kindness,	96
Legal Provision for the Poor not Preclusive of Private Charity,	48
Life, the Business of,	144
Life, Common,	192
Lilliputian Volumes,	208
Line we have Chosen, the,	272
Linen, Fine for Burying in,	352
Love of Country,	334
Love of Flowers in Germany,	95
Manners,	240
Mauritius, Washing in the,	208
Maxims of Bishop Middleton,	96
Mental Cultivation,	64
Mental Enjoyment,	160
Metals, Common Use of,	336
Mind, Confusion of,	16
Moral Reform by the Allotment System,	303
Moscow, Boy-Traders in,	367
Music,	416
Naples, Cheap Publications in,	208
New Recipe for an Old Dish,	303
Nutritious Food,	384
Old Age,	416
Old Age, Provide for,	48
Orange Groves of St Michael,	336
Otter in India,	144
Oysters,	80
Pearls, Welsh,	384
Pedantry,	368
Phosphorite,	31
Physical Science, Progress of,	384
Pitcher-Plant,	128
Porridge, New Recipe for,	303
Prediction of Rain and Storms by Falling Stars,	400
Procrastination,	304
Progress of Good,	368
Proof-House at Birmingham,	255
Proscription of the Highland Garb,	208

	Page
Provide for Old Age,	48
Purkises, the Last of the,	352
Quarrels,	272
Quick Travelling and Transmission of News,	176
Railway, the Atmospheric,	64
Rata of New South Wales,	32
Reason and Kindness,	400
Recreation,	160
Relative Decay of the Sexes,	319
Reproduction of Silk,	288
Salt in Abyssinia,	320
Seeing not Always Believing,	207
Self-Conceit,	128
Sexes, Relative Decay of the,	319
Shakspeare, a Complete Concordance to,	192
Shrimps,	96
Silk, Reproduction of,	288
Snowdrop, Daisy, and Dandelion,	159
Social Conversation,	303
Solitude and Society,	144
South America, Thistles of,	80
Starving, the Sensation of,	64
Stupendous Cave,	368
Surgical Puzzle,	303
[Tar and Oakum, Power of]—A Surgical Puzzle,	303
Tariff, Origin of the Word,	320
Taste for Reading,	399
Thinking,	384
Thistles of South America,	80
Time, Eastern Mode of Measuring,	96
Time, Importance of,	240
Time, Waste of,	336
Too Early School Tasks Discommended,	79
Traveller's Tree,	128
Truth,	32
Virtue and Vice,	207
Washita, Hot-Springs of the,	143
Welsh Pearls,	384
Whales, Capture of, in Faroe,	95
Woman's Fortitude,	416

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 27. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1844. Price 1½d.

PATRONISERS.

Patronising is not an act confined to those endowed with superior means or rank; it is a disposition of human nature, distributed without any regard to extraneous circumstances. Sometimes it is found in persons of comparatively humble condition, and not in them exercised on their inferiors alone, but occasionally upon their superiors also. For example, a country gentleman will sometimes find that a steward or land-agent, whom he has newly engaged, proves to be a remarkably patronising person. Almost every one will ascertain, on recollection, that he has two or three extremely condescending friends in grades considerably beneath his own; and all middle-aged and elderly persons, grave and reverend as they may be, must have their experiences of a patronising order of young men with beards as yet scarce conscious of a razor. I met with one a few years ago, who quite overcame me with the condescending compliments he paid to my writings. How often, too, do we see the patronising spirit exercised in cases where we are not parties! Poor authors, for instance, speaking encouragingly of the juvenile efforts of a Dickens—or politicians, with scarcely a vote, expressing an inclination to think well of the Duke of Wellington. Perhaps of all persons in the world, none are so much objects of the patronising spirit as statesmen. They are decried by many, but they are also patted on the back by many. When Mr Canning came into power, he met with much opposition among his old friends; but at that very time three shopkeepers in a particular street in Edinburgh, without the slightest reference to his own imaginary case of the three tailors of Tooley Street, met in a back shop, and agreed to give him their support. What stories could most 'members' tell of the patronage which they had met with amongst voters! It would put human nature into quite a new point of view. Well might Wordsworth, impressed with a sense of the universality of benevolence, exclaim that the poorest poor like to be the dispensers of some small blessings.

There is a particular class of patronisers in whom benevolence appears as so exclusively the guiding principle of their nature, that they are nothing unless condescending. They only can speak when doing so appears affable. If they cannot look at a friend with the downward regard of grace and favour, they will not look at him at all. These persons get into such a habit of patronising, that, where rank and other circumstances make it utterly impossible, they feel disappointed, and conceive an antipathy in consequence. When a person of superior grade or of brilliant and generally acknowledged merits is mentioned, you are sure to find them express an unfavourable opinion, or at least speak very distrustfully. You may think it unjust; but they cannot help it. It is all from an exclusiveness of sympathy towards the humble and meek. And is not this quite right? What need have high people, who are so well off, to be kindly or even justly considered? And where great merits exist, and are generally acknowledged, what use is there for a particular person admitting them? It is only where there are humble circumstances and poor deservings, that there is any gallantry in showing kindness. The poor need all the justice possible, and it is right to give it them; but the rich being such favourites of fortune, it is no less proper that they should be detracted from and depreciated, were it only to save them from being too much puffed up.

True to their instinct, this class of patronisers invariably desert their protegés when they cease to require encouragement. A man may have been a paragon of earthly excellences with them for twenty years, during which he was of mean estate, and one in whom the world at large saw no fine qualities; but let a large bequest suddenly enrich him, or let him by some brilliant act all at once become an object of general admiration, and the patronisers instantly dismiss him from favour. So, also, when any one is suddenly ruined in some blameless way, or sinks out of popular esteem, the patroniser is sure to become his friend, although he never before could endure him. So certain is this procedure, that you might play upon a patroniser's mind—bringing out all the expected effects—with as much precision as upon a musical instrument. Tell him some day, with regard to one of those he formerly disliked, that he has lost all his fortune save a trifle, or has five children ill at once, or is thought to be falling into a consumption; and at the same time, with regard to another of the opposite class, that his uncle is at length dead, and he has set up a curricle; and you will be sure to find all the wonted opinions reversed. Look, then, for kind words about the one, and sarcasm at the other! So, also, if you acquaint me with the exact amount of the natural and acquired gifts of the individual proposed to be brought into contact with a patroniser, I will tell you precisely the nature of the reception which may be expected. Is it a person of generally interesting qualities? then look for something very frigid. Is it merely one of the large family of the passable? then expect a reasonable amount of civility. But let it be a decidedly homely person, and the utmost kindness which it is in the nature of the patroniser to show, will be shown.

The spirit of this class of patronisers can be readily detected in our periodical criticism. Some reviewers think it right to speak as frankly of the merits of successful authors as of those whose fate has been opposite, and they will even make handsome acknowledgment of the deserts of peers and men of fortune when they happen to produce anything really good. The patronisers take

a very different course. They reserve all their cordiality for the poorer children of genius, and the persons who write amazingly well considering their circumstances. They are never without some particular protegé of this kind, whose productions they hold to be the wonder of the age, and whom they flourish in the faces of all other classes of the community, as if none of them could have brought forth such a miracle. Nor is the kindness of this conduct more to be admired than is the heroic constancy with which they will persist in praising one whom most of the world besides sets down as a clown or a pretender. The volumes of such an editor become a series of shelves filled with the bedusted busts of the Great Obscure. On the other hand, he wages relentless war against writers of good repute, or who have happened to hit the public taste, unless indeed they should have chanced, like Byron, to incur some more or less general odium from their personal conduct, in which case they become fit to be placed on the same bright platform with the prodigies aforesaid. The fact is, the sole quality required in the heroes of such an editor, is simply the negative one of being under a cloud. Good qualities universally esteemed are, with him, the sole disqualification. And thus it is, that, when it happens by a remarkable chance that one of the protegés of our editor advances into good fame, he is then sure to be taken to pieces. He has been spoiled by success. He has become one of the world's great men. Nature and our editor cast him off.

In following out his benevolent system, a patroniser is generally seen to be animated by a principle of extraordinary candour. There are many strangely shy or close people, who, when they see no particular occasion for expressing their opinion of persons or things introduced in conversation, allow these persons or things to pass uncharacterised accordingly. But this the patroniser never does. Let any man, woman, or child be spoken of in his presence, and he deems it a duty to stop the conversation instantly, that he may tell you what is his opinion of that person—the opinion being of course always favourable in proportion to the lowly estate or humility of merits of the individual alluded to. There may be no occasion whatever for the opinion, as far as others present are concerned; and they may feel it rather irksome to hear some one who takes no particularly illuminating or entertaining share in the conversation always coming out with—'Oh, yes, I think very well of that man;' or 'I have no good opinion of that other;' or 'The manners of that young lady please me very much;' or 'That old woman looks to me a very haughty disagreeable person;' but the patroniser is not to be restrained by any such considerations. It may be of great importance that *my* opinion is presented, and a regard to candour makes it necessary that *I* should conceal nothing which *I* think. Therefore *I* must tell what *I* think of everything. The merit of this boldness is of course the greater, in proportion as the patroniser is a person of comparative unimportance in the company, or as the subject is presumably above his comprehension. When he happens to be one whose opinion nobody would think of setting any store by, or wishing to hear at all even upon the most trivial subject, the magnanimity of the procedure is almost too much for common terms of praise. It becomes truly delightful, thus linked among a race where good breeding and tame common sense have nearly obliterated all the finer traits of human nature, to find one of the most unimportant persons present asserting the native right of all to pronounce fully and freely upon everything.

There is but one unfortunate circumstance connected with the patronising spirit and manner. It is apt to be felt by many persons as offensive. This of course arises entirely from the self-esteem of those parties—a feeling so absorbing on their part, that all consideration of the benevolence and candour which animate the patronisers is lost. Thus it ever is. The best sentiments of which our nature is capable, fail to receive appreciation from the corrupted and selfish; thus does our pride ever kick out against all that is designed for our benefit. Of course no true-spirited patroniser would allow himself to be affected by such marks of ingratitude on the part of his subjects. Placed by his own sensations on a pedestal so lofty, he can calmly look down and smile on the petulant recalcitrations of the poor emmets whom he desires to take under his protection.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

DISTRIBUTION OF MARINE LIFE.

As on land there is an obvious distribution of plants and animals according to conditions of temperature, light, soil, food, and the like, so under the waters of the ocean there seems to exist a similar arrangement of organic being. The ranges and habitats of terrestrial life have been ascertained with some degree of correctness, in consequence of the ground of investigation being of an accessible nature; but the difficulties attending submarine research have hitherto limited our knowledge in that direction to the scantiest results. Respecting land animals, we know that many—as the horse, ox, wolf, and dog—have a wide geographic range assigned them; that others—as the elephant, lion, and monkey—are confined to a comparatively narrow region; while some—as the kangaroo and ornithorhynchus of New Holland—are peculiar to the districts they inhabit. As with the Fauna, so with the terrestrial Flora: the palms, tree-ferns, and canes of the tropics could not flourish with the pines and oaks of temperate regions, any more than the latter could luxuriate amid the snows of Labrador or Nova Zembla. Notwithstanding this natural limit to terrestrial life and vegetation, there are certain tribes of plants and animals capable of being acclimatised; that is, of living and propagating their kind in regions not originally inhabited by them. If they find in these new situations all the conditions necessary to their growth and perfection, they will continue unchanged; if not, they will either undergo modifications to meet the altered circumstances under which they exist, or they will die out entirely. The habitats of land species may be extended either by natural or artificial means; but to the former process rivers, seas, and mountains oppose barriers which are wholly unknown in a uniform element like the ocean.

Turning now to marine life, a similar distribution seems to present itself; and it has been long known that many tribes—as the Greenland whale, the spermaceti whale, the shark, the cod, and herring—are found only in certain regions; that the shell-fish of temperate shores are widely different from those of tropical seas; and that some families, from their peculiar conformations, are restricted within the narrowest limits. Beyond some broad facts like these, we are unacquainted with the limits assigned to free-swimming animals, as there is no barrier to their passage from one part of the ocean to another, as the temperature of the water is not subject to extreme variations like that of the land, and as their choice of one locality in preference to another must depend upon food and other less perceptible causes. The case is somewhat different with shell-fish, many of which are destitute of locomotive powers, unless when in the larvous state. Thus, this division of marine life may be regarded as fixed or sedentary, and as bearing a close analogy to terrestrial plants whose dispersion can only take place by their seeds, which are borne about by winds, rivers, &c. just as the eggs or larvæ of shell-fish are often transported to new regions by oceanic currents. From the stationary and accessible character of the Mollusca, their distribution has received the greatest share of attention; and bearing in mind that they occupy the bed of the sea as plants occupy the surface of the land, the reader may be able to appreciate the conclusions arrived at by recent zoological research.

Besides conditions of soil, moisture, light, &c. plants are regulated in their distribution by *altitude*, or elevation above the ordinary sea-level. For every hundred feet of ascent, there is a proportional fall of the thermometer, so that degrees of altitude are equivalent in their effects upon vegetable life to a removal from a tropical to a temperate region, or from temperate latitudes to the arctic circle. Thus, at the height of 5000 feet in Britain, and 16,000 at the equator, we arrive at the region of perpetual snow; in other words, at grounds as destitute of vegetation as the frozen zone. This intimate relation between altitude and decrease of temperature accounts for the fact, that the base of a mountain may be clothed with the vegetation of tropical India, the sides with that of temperate England, and the summit with the mosses and lichens of icy Labrador. Many mountains exhibit such belts of vegetation; the most familiar instances being Mount Ætna, Teneriffe, and Ararat. Tournefort, in ascending the latter, had observed at its foot the plants of Western Asia; but a little way up he recognized the vegetable forms of Italy; at a still higher level those of central France; next, those of Sweden; and beyond them the Flora of Lapland. Now, precisely as *altitude* affects the distribution of plants, so does *depth* exercise an influence on the distribution of shell-fish along the bed of the ocean. This fact, first adverted to by certain Italian philosophers towards the end of last century, has recently been revived by Professor Edward Forbes of King's college, London,* who has brought to light several other interesting circumstances relative to the laws which govern the dispersion of molluscous animals.

According to Mr Forbes, '*certain species live in certain parts, according to the depth, so that the sea-bed presents a series of zones or regions, each peopled by its peculiar inhabitants.*' This he illustrates by the well-known fact, that the space between high and low water-marks on the British coasts—narrow as it may seem—is peopled by different tribes, which live at different distances from the shore. Thus the auricula, common whelk, and barnacle, are found at the very margin of high water, along with certain sea-weeds, as the *carigeen*, or Iceland moss, of the shops; a little farther seaward these disappear, and are succeeded by the silvery trochus, the sea-anemones, and other forms of plants and animals; while towards the margin of low water the razor-shells, ascidians, the dulse, and numerous zoophytes prevail. All over this tidal space, however, certain races, as the common limpit and edible mussel, abound, showing that they have what is termed a wider range of habitat than any of the individual genera above-mentioned. Now, precisely as in this space, which any one can examine for himself during the ebb tide, so along the inaccessible portions of the sea-bed different families of shell-fish are distributed. Some occupy comparatively narrow zones; others spread over spaces which include the zones occupied by several families; but the number of families always gradually decreases as we descend, till a depth is arrived at as thoroughly destitute of life as the tops of the snow-covered mountains are of terrestrial vegetation. In the British seas, the space alternately covered and exposed by the tide is termed the *littoral zone*, and is peopled by well-known races: it constitutes the first region in Mr Forbes's system of classification. The zone which succeeds is that of the laminariæ, or broad-leaved sea-weeds, among which live some of the most brilliantly-coloured and elegant inhabitants of the ocean. It is also the chosen habitat of the nudibranchous mollusca, or sea-slugs, and is that region in which the Flora of the sea appears to have its maximum development. Beyond the *laminarian zone* there is generally a belt of mud or gravel, inhabited by numerous bivalve mollusca; and this again is succeeded by the region of *corallines*, which, ranging from a depth of from twenty to forty fathoms, abounds in beautiful flexible zoophytes, and in numerous species of mollusca and crustacea, to be procured only by means of the dredge. Deeper still is a region as yet but little explored, from which are drawn up the more massive corals found on our shores, accompanied by the terebratula, orbicula, and other brachiopodous mollusca. As in the British seas, so in the eastern Mediterranean Mr Forbes has found the same characteristic distribution of species from the shore-margin to the depth of 230 fathoms—the lowest point he had the opportunity of examining. Thus it appears, that as on land different tribes of plants are found at different altitudes, so along the bottom of the sea various races of shell-fish and fuci are discovered at various depths; and as on land some vegetable families are fitted to flourish over a wider range of height, so under the waters certain mollusca are capable of adapting themselves to a wider zone of sea-bottom. For example, one class may be limited to a range of from two to six fathoms in depth, while another flourishes in equal abundance over a zone of from two to fifteen fathoms, though neither are to be met with in soundings of thirty.

The next conclusion arrived at is, that '*the number of species is much less in the lower zones than in the upper.*' Here, as in the former case, the fact is in strict accordance with what takes place among terrestrial vegetation. The genial warmth, moisture, and soil found at the base of a mountain, nourishes a more luxuriant and varied Flora than its sides or top; so also do the littoral and shallow zones of the sea-bottom support a greater number and variety of species than those of extreme depth. 'Sea-weeds,' says Mr Forbes, 'become fewer and fewer in the lower zones, and dwindle to a single species, a *nullipora*, at the depth of 200 fathoms. The lowest region sounded in the Mediterranean exceeds in extent all the other regions together; yet its Fauna is comparatively small: the number of testaceous species found was only eight. In the littoral zone there were above 150 species; hence we may fairly infer, that as there is a zero of vegetable life, so there is one of animal life.' The deductions to be drawn from this fact are of great interest, and bear most importantly on the conclusions of geology. As on land we have the greatest number and variety of vegetables flourishing around us in accessible positions, so in the ocean the greatest variety of life swarms along the shores and in the shallowest waters. The rarefaction of the atmosphere and other changes which arise from altitude, sensibly affect the number and kind of vegetable forms; and in like manner the decrease of temperature (1 degree of Fahrenheit for every 25 fathoms), diminution of light, pressure of water, &c. which arise from increase of depth, perceptibly lessen the numbers and variety of marine testacea, until, ultimately, a point of sea-bottom is reached unenlivened either by vegetable or animal forms. This depth will differ in different seas, according as they are tropical or polar; but over the greater portion of the ocean, it may safely be assumed that below a depth of 300 fathoms uniform deposits of fine mud are taking place without any admixture of organic exuviæ. Strata, therefore, which contain the remains of plants and animals, prove that such were the Flora and Fauna of the world at the time of their deposition; but it does not follow that strata utterly destitute of fossil organisms were formed at a time when plants and animals did not exist. Such beds as some of our non-fossiliferous slates may have been deposited in very deep water, beyond the limit of organized existence; and therefore geologists should not be too hasty in their inferences respecting the previous conditions of the globe, merely from the examination of any particular suite of strata.

Another fact ascertained in reference to the distribution of marine mollusca, is one precisely analogous to what occurs in the dispersion of vegetable races. It is well known that plants under the latitude of St Petersburg are different from those under the latitude of

* On the Light Thrown on Geology by Submarine Researches; being the substance of a communication made to the Royal Institution of Great Britain. February, 1844.

Calcutta; but sufficient altitude in the neighbourhood of the latter city would sustain plants the same in kind as those of St Petersburg. Thus, therefore, parallels in elevation are equivalent to parallels in latitude; that is, the Flora of the arctic regions will flourish in the tropics, provided there be altitude sufficient to reduce the temperature, &c. to an equality with that of their original habitat. Nevertheless each geographic region, at a given altitude, has its peculiar Flora; and in the same manner the shores of distant regions have each their characteristic mollusca. As we descend, however, the sea-bottom of southern regions begin to exhibit northern forms; and, just as it was possible to find the plants of St Petersburg at sufficient elevation in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, so at a certain depth in the Indian seas do we find the testaceous animals of the northern ocean. The proposition founded by Mr Forbes upon this fact is, that '*the number of northern forms of animals and plants is not the same in all the zones of depth, but increases either positively or by representation as we descend.*'

All varieties of sea-bottom are not equally capable of sustaining animal and vegetable life. In all the zones of depth there are occasionally more or less desert tracks, usually of sand or mud, on which few animals are found, or, if present, are only peculiar to these localities. Each species being adapted to live on certain sorts of sea-bottom only, *beds of marine mollusca do not increase to an indefinite extent—they may die out in consequence of their own increase changing the nature of the ground.* 'Thus,' says Mr Forbes, 'a bed of scallops (*pecten opercularis*) or of oysters having increased to such an extent that the ground is completely changed, in consequence of the accumulation of the remains of dead scallops or oysters, becomes unfitted for the further sustenance of the tribe. The young cease to be developed there, and the race dies out, and becomes silted up, or imbedded in sediment, when the ground being renewed, it may be succeeded either by a fresh colony of scallops, or by some other species or assemblage of species.' This—to recur to our vegetable analogy—is precisely what takes place among plants. The natural decay of an American pine forest is succeeded by trees of other kinds; the aquatic plants of a peat-marsh increase upon their own annual decay, until their accumulation has formed a dry basis incapable of their farther support, and which gives birth to heath and other non-aquatic tribes: a soil which has grown wheat for forty years may refuse to grow it any longer, until some change be effected upon its constitution either by the growth of other vegetables, or by the artificial addition of new ingredients; and exactly as this 'rotation of crops' is needed in the vegetable economy, so a similar rotation seems to take place among the testacea of the ocean. These facts bear importantly on the science of geology, as we are thereby enabled to account for the occurrence of shells in certain portions of any system, and for their absence in another, as also for the recurrence of fossil shell-beds at indefinite intervals—these intervals being the periods when the sea-bottom was not fitted for their development. The recurrence of certain fossil shell-beds, and the interstratification of beds containing species, may, however, be accounted for in another way, namely, by the alternate elevation and subsidence of the sea-bottom—a subsidence causing layers of deep-sea shells to be formed over those of littoral habits, and an elevation allowing those of shallow waters to be overlaid by those peculiar to greater depths. Thus, an elevation or depression of forty fathoms all along the shores of our island would entirely reverse the distribution of the present Fauna and Flora of the British seas—the former throwing several zones entirely out of water, and rendering the deeper habitats littoral; and the latter depressing the present deep-sea habitats beyond the limits of life, and causing the now littoral zones to be peopled by races who find their development only in forty or fifty-fathom water.

The next proposition laid down by Mr Forbes is, that '*animals having the greatest ranges in depth have usually a great geographical range, or else a great geological range, or both.*' To render this obvious: a plant that will flourish indifferently in the south of Spain or in the north of Scotland, has not only a wider range in latitude, but also in longitude, than one which can subsist in the former region only. This is self-evident; and if enjoying this wide geographic range, it must also possess a wide geological range, as catastrophes which may annihilate it in Spain would leave it intact in Scotland. So in the same manner with marine testacea; those species adapted to live under a depth varying from twenty to sixty fathoms have a wider geographic range than those capable of living in a narrow zone from ten to twenty fathoms, as southern forms inhabiting the greater depth would find suitable habitats in northern seas, whereas those limited to the smaller zone could not find beyond their native region the conditions necessary to their subsistence. A subsidence or elevation of thirty fathoms would be utterly destructive of those peculiar to the narrow zone, while it would only destroy in part those of the wider region; or a catastrophe which might annihilate both in a southern sea would still leave intact those of the latter species which inhabited a more northerly region. Thus it is that many families have outlived the tertiary, and passed into the current epoch, while thousands of their congeners have become extinct.

But, it may be asked, how are certain tribes of mollusca perpetuated, seeing that, destitute of locomotion, and that by their own accumulation, they render the sea-bed unfit for their further growth? This is answered by the proposition, that *mollusca migrate in their larva state, but cease to exist at a certain period of their metamorphosis, if they do not reach the particular zone of depth in which they are adapted to live as perfect animals.* 'Many proofs of this,' continues Mr Forbes, 'have come to my knowledge, and fishermen are familiar with what they call "shifting" of shell-beds, which they erroneously attribute to the moving away and swimming off of a whole body of shell-fish, such as mussels and oysters. Even the *pectens*, much less the testacea just named, have very little power of progressing to any distance when fully developed. The "shifting" or migration is accomplished by the young animals when in a larva state.* It is in this form that most species migrate, swimming with ease through the sea. Part of the journey may be performed sometimes by the strings of eggs which fill the sea at certain seasons, and are wafted by currents. If they reach the region and ground of which the perfect animal is a member, then they develope and flourish; but if the period of their development arrives before they have reached their destination, they perish, and their fragile shells sink into the depth of the sea. Millions and millions must thus perish; and every handful of the fine mud brought up from the eighth zone of depth (230 fathoms) in the Mediterranean, is literally filled with hundreds of these curious exuviæ of the larvæ of mollusca. Were it not for the law which permits of the development of these larvæ only in the region of which the adult is a true native, the zones of depth would long ago have been confounded with each other; and the very existence of the zones of depth is the strongest proof of the existence of the law.' This fact is also precisely analogous to that which obtains among vegetables. Their seeds may be dispersed by winds, by currents, or by birds; but unless they find in the region where they fall all the conditions necessary to their perfect development, they will not grow. They may

* *All mollusca undergo a metamorphosis*, either in the egg or out of the egg. The relations of the metamorphosis of the several tribes are not yet fully made out, but sufficient is now known to warrant the generalisation. In one great class of mollusca—the *gasteropoda* (those that move on the under surface of their body, as the snail and periwinkle)—all appear to commence life under the same form both of a shell and animal; namely, a very simple, spiral, helicoid shell, and an animal furnished with two ciliated wings or lobes, by which it can swim freely through the fluid in which it is contained.

germinate, or even struggle against the adverse conditions for a few seasons, but they never arrive at maturity. The cocoa-nuts of the Pacific may be wafted to our shores, but they will not produce cocoa-groves, any more than the cones of our mountain-pine would give birth to pine-forests on the islands of the Pacific.

Such are a few of the known laws which govern the life and distribution of marine molluscs. The subject is one as yet imperfectly investigated; but the researches of Professor Forbes constitute an important step in the right direction. To those who can appreciate its bearing on geological research, the investigation is one of extreme value; and a matter of interest to all who direct their attention to the manifold works of nature, and observe the simplicity and uniformity of the laws by which these are regulated.

EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.*

The work of Mr Featherstonhaugh is another contribution to the already numerous body of publications descriptive of the United States, the present differing chiefly from its predecessors, in referring to the less settled and polished parts of the union, and involving a variety of details on the geological features of the very extensive region through which the traveller, in the face of innumerable difficulties, contrived to force his way. Of an observant turn of mind, and possessing a considerable power of graphic description, the author presents the occurrences of his journey often in a humorous, and always in a striking point of view, though tinged too frequently with prejudices common to English gentlemen of the old school, and occasionally accompanied with ebullitions of temper anything but characteristic of a philosophic inquirer. With all its faults on this score, however, the work will be found interesting by the generality of readers, and productive of grave considerations respecting the social and political condition of the United States.

Mr Featherstonhaugh performed his tour in 1834–5, since which period various circumstances have prevented him from publishing the results of his observations. Setting out from Baltimore, he pursued a southerly course along the Alleghany range of mountains, visiting by the way several hot springs of fashionable American resort; then, confiding his wife to the care of some friends at one of these places, he proceeded with his son on foot, September 3, to pursue the main objects of his journey. At the distance of a day's march they reached New River, a tributary of the Ohio, and here the traveller encounters a scene calculated to rouse the best feelings of his nature.

'Just as we reached New River, in the early gray of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I have ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers just packing up to start. They had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night *in chains* in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchez, upon the Mississippi river, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine wagons and single-horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people, and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were some of them sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood in double files about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other*. I had never seen so revolting a sight before. Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well-dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars. * * I persuaded the driver to wait until we had witnessed the crossing of the river by the "gang," as it was called.

'It was an interesting but a melancholy spectacle to see them effect the passage of the river; first a man on horseback selected a shallow place in the ford for the male slaves; then followed a wagon and four horses, attended by another man on horseback. The other wagons contained the children and some that were lame, whilst the scows, or flat-boats, crossed the women and some of the people belonging to the caravan. There was much method and vigilance observed, for this was one of the situations where the gangs, always watchful to obtain their liberty, often show a disposition to mutiny, knowing that if one or two of them could wrench their manacles off, they could soon free the rest, and either disperse themselves, or overpower and slay their sordid keepers, and fly to the free states. The slave-drivers, aware of this disposition in the unfortunate negroes, endeavour to mitigate their discontent by feeding them well on the march, and by encouraging them to sing "Old Virginia never tire" to the banjo.'

After a toilsome journey on foot and by stage, the travellers reached Nashville, in Tennessee, a town which has made great advances of late years, and now possesses some important educational establishments. From Nashville they proceed northward to Louisville, on the Ohio, crossing the Barrens of Kentucky, and taking notes everywhere of the geological features. At Louisville they resolve on easing their fatigues by taking a passage in a steam-vessel, the Citizen, commanded by Captain Isaac Jack, to St Louis, thus avoiding a land journey across Indiana and Illinois. Proceeding to reconnoitre the steamer, 'I found,' says our author, 'a great many passengers who had slept in the boat; and knowing what monstrous lies the captains of these vessels tell to induce passengers to embark with them, I thought I would speak with Captain Jack before I engaged our berths. Captain Jack, who was breakfasting in his cabin, had "considerable" of that buccaneering look about him which is common to his class on the Mississippi. He seemed in a very great hurry, and was surrounded by a number of impatient passengers, some of whom had embarked merchandise with him with a view of being the first to get to St Louis with their goods. The truth was, that the captain had always been going "to-day" for several days past, but had not got off yet. His custom every morning and evening was to set "the *byler*," as he called the boiler, a-going to make decoy steam, and in this way he had managed to entice various passengers to send their luggage on board. They soon found out the trick after they had got there, but as the wharf was three miles from Louisville, and Captain Jack's blandishments had still some influence with them, they continued with him; and there he kept them *de die in diem* by all sorts of ingenious expedients and mendacious promises, not one of which had he the slightest idea of keeping. Inquiring of him when he intended to start, he answered, "At four in the afternoon precisely." "How many best berths have you to spare?" "There's jist two, and no more." "Will you show me the book?" On looking at it, I saw that not one-half of the berths were taken, and observed, "I did not suppose he would start with so many empty berths, but would wait for the

* Excursion through the Slave States, from Washington on the Potomac to the frontier of Mexico. By George Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., F.G.S. 2 vols. London: Murray, 1844.

eastern stages to-morrow, and that I should like it as well." Now, the captain and I should have agreed very well on this point if we had been alone, but with the fear of his passengers before his eyes, he answered, "No, if you ain't aboard at four, you'll not find me here; I ain't a-going to stop not a minute for no stages." The passengers, who were attending to our conversation, now seemed to take courage, and assured me that the boat would start punctually at four, for all the cargo was taken in. "Why," said Captain Jack, drawing up in an attitude of offended honour, "do you think I would tell you a lie about it for double the passage-money? If I would, I wish I may be eternally blown I know whare." I was now quite sure he did not intend to go; but hoping to outgeneral him, I said in a quiet way, "I am not a man of business; I am travelling for pleasure; two or three days are of no great consequence. They say the water is rising at Pittsburg, and it will be as comfortable for me to wait a day or two as to go now and run upon the shoals. If you had been going a couple of days hence, it might have suited some of us, for yours is a nice-looking boat;" which indeed it was. This rather "stumped" Captain Jack, and he left off swearing by four o'clock, knowing that another steamer was advertised to sail immediately after him, and fearing lest he should drive me to go to that. He looked piteously at me, as much as to say that if we were alone we could come to an understanding; but the passengers, alarmed at my proposition, now told him to a man they would all go ashore if he did not go at four. Uttering, therefore, the most astounding imprecations, and invoking the most absurd horrors upon himself and his steamer, which, if he did not keep his word, he first wished at the bottom of the Ohio, and then at the bottom of the Mississippi, not forgetting to wish himself at the bottom of a much worse place, he turned from his passengers, and in a low winning sort of way said, "Stranger, if I don't go at four, you can go back to Louisville; and that's fair, at any rate." I thought it was tolerably so, and we therefore embarked our luggage.

'A few minutes before four the "byler" took up its part, and produced a little steam, and for a few minutes there was an appearance of bustle on board. Amidst all this, nobody had seen the captain for several hours, and he was now missing at the most critical moment. All the answer we could get from the steward was, that "the captain was gone for the pilot." In the meantime carts kept coming with goods, which were laid on the beach, evidently intended to be shipped; amongst these were several small casks filled with gunpowder.' * * Finally convinced of the utter faithlessness of Captain Jack, Mr Featherstonhaugh next day left the boat, and took places in the stage. St Louis, which he next reaches, is found to be completely changed from its original French character, and is now a regular American town. 'I saw at once that the everlasting Jonathan had struck his roots deep into the ground, and that the La Sales had given way to Doolittle and Co. If anything was wanting to bring me to the complete practical state of mind I was approaching, nothing could have been more serviceable than the tavern I was directed to, which was in every sense inferior to that at Louisville. On arriving there I entered the bar-room, which was filled with vagabond idle-looking fellows drinking, smoking, and swearing *in American*; everything looked as if we had reached the terminus of civilisation; it seemed to be next door to the Rocky Mountains, and only one stage from where we should find nature in a perfect undress, and in the habit of eating her dinner without a knife and fork.' In the bar-room of the tavern where he lodges, our traveller meets with a personage naming himself 'Colonel Smith,' whose occupation, he learns, is a mixture of gambling and running negroes: the latter requires some explanation.

'It seems, that amongst other modes of getting a livelihood in the southern states, that of "running negroes" is practised by a class of fellows who are united in a fraternity for the purpose of carrying on the business, and for protecting each other in time of danger. If one of them falls under the notice of the law, and is committed to take his trial, some of the fraternity benevolently contrive, "somehow or other," to get upon the jury, or kindly become his bail. To "run a negro," it is necessary to have a good understanding with an intelligent male slave on some plantation, and if he is a mechanic, he is always the more valuable. At a time agreed upon the slave runs away from his master's premises and joins the man who has instigated him to do it; they then proceed to some quarter where they are not known, and the negro is sold for seven or eight hundred dollars or more to a new master. A few days after the money has been paid he runs away again, and is sold a second time; and as oft as the trick can be played with any hope of safety. The negro who does the harlequinade part of the manœuvre has an agreement with his friend, in virtue of which he supposes he is to receive part of the money; but the poor wretch in the end is sure to be cheated, and when he becomes dangerous to the fraternity, is, as I have been well assured, first cajoled and put off his guard, and then, on crossing some river or reaching a secret place, shot before he suspects their intention, or otherwise made away with.'

The other residents in the hotel were not of a class suitable to the taste of our traveller, and but for his introductions to some French families, whom he delighted by speaking in their native language, his stay at St Louis would have been far from agreeable. Having purchased a horse and wagon to continue their journey, the father and son departed from St Louis on the 26th of October; and now ensues an account of the most adventurous part of the excursion, which took a southerly direction through the states of Missouri and Arkansas to beyond Red River in Texas, crossing the river Arkansas at Little Rock. The account which he gives of the settlers in that territory is somewhat surprising, for, amidst abundant natural means, they live miserably; the secret is, that the energies of the people are prostrated by the effects of disease, arising from the dampness of the soil. At Little Red River the tourists came to the cabin of a settler, where a deplorable scene was exhibited. The family, eight or ten in number, 'had emigrated from Tennessee in the month of May last, and had been ever since so completely prostrated by the malaria, that at one time there was not, during two whole days, a single individual of them able even to draw water for the family. A more sickly unhappy set of creatures I never beheld; livid, emaciated, helpless, and all of them suffering extreme pains and nausea from an excessive use of calomel. On the floor were laid the father and five of the children, still confined to their beds; but the mother, a kind, good-hearted woman, finding that we were travellers, and were without anything to eat, ordered one of the boys, who was still excessively weak, to show us where we could get some Indian corn, and how we could *pound* it so as to make a hoe cake. He accordingly took us to a patch of maize, which was yet standing, and having provided ourselves with a sufficient number of ears, we began the operation of pounding it. They had no mill of any sort to go to, but had scooped out a cavity in the stump of a large tree, over which was a wooden pestle, eight feet long, suspended from a curved pole sixteen feet in length, with a heavy weight at the end of it. A cross stick was fixed in the pestle, about two feet from its base; so putting the grains of maize into the cavity, and laying hold of the cross stick, we pounded away with this primitive contrivance until we thought our grist was fine enough; when, taking it to kind Mrs Morse, she made it into a hoe cake, and baked it before the fire. This, with the important aid of a pitcher of good milk, and our own tea and sugar, for we had nothing else left, enabled us to make an excellent breakfast. These good people,

who were half broken-hearted, and who sighed after their dear native Tennessee as the Jews are said to have done after Jerusalem, would not receive any compensation until I forced it upon them; but when I further divided my remaining tea and sugar with her, believing that it would refresh their prostrated stomachs, she said, with tears in her eyes, "that if anything would set her old man up again, it would be that nice tea;" and that she was at one time going to ask me if they might take the leaves that we had left, "but that she did not like to do it." So strange are the vicissitudes of life! We had passed the night with a family in whose favour I could willingly have invoked all the blessings that the stoutest hemp that was growing could confer, and here, when we little dreamt of it, we had become most feelingly interested for the welfare of their nearest neighbours; such an impression does suffering goodness make upon the heart.'

Penetrating cane brakes, fording rivers, and sometimes 'camping out' at night, the travellers reach Little Rock, on the confines of the United States and Mexico, and the 'occasional residence of many timid and nervous persons against whom the laws of these respective countries had a grudge.' 'Mr Woodruff, the editor of the principal Gazette of the place, and post-master, was always obliging, and is one of the most indefatigably industrious men of the territory. At his store we used to call to hear the news of the day, which were various and exciting enough; for, with some honourable exceptions, perhaps there never was such another population assembled — broken tradesmen, refugees from justice, travelling gamblers, and some young bucks and bloods, who, never having had the advantage of good examples for imitation, had set up a standard of manners consisting of everything that was extravagantly and outrageously bad. Quarrelling seemed to be their principal occupation; and these puppies, without family, education, or refinement of any kind, were continually resorting to what they called the "laws of honour," a part of the code of which, in Little Rock, is to administer justice with your own hand the first convenient opportunity. A common practice with these fellows was to fire at each other with a rifle across the street, and then dodge behind a door. Every day groups were to be seen gathered round these wordy bullies, who were holding knives in their hands, and daring each other to strike, but cherishing the secret hope that the spectators would interfere. One of the most respectable inhabitants told me that he did not suppose there were *twelve* inhabitants of the place who ever went into the streets without, from some motive or other, being armed with pistols or large hunting knives about a foot long and an inch and a half broad, originally intended to skin and cut up animals, but which are now made and ornamented with great care, and kept exceedingly sharp, for the purpose of slashing and sticking human beings. So general is the propensity to gambling in this territory, that a very respectable person assured me he had seen the judges of their highest court playing publicly at faro at some races. The senators and members of the territorial legislature do the same thing; in fact, the greater part of these men get elected to the legislature not to assist in transacting public business, but to get the wages they are entitled to per diem, and to gratify their passion for gambling. A traveller whom I met with at Little Rock, told me that he was lodging at an indifferent tavern there, and had been put into a room with four beds in it. There he had slept quietly alone two nights, when, on the third, the day before the legislature convened, the house became suddenly filled with senators and members, several of whom, having come up into his room with their saddle-bags, got out a table, ordered some whisky, and produced cards they had brought with them. The most amusing part of the incident was, that they asked him to lend them five dollars until they could get some of their legislative "wages." Not liking this proposition very much, he told them that he was as hard-up as themselves. They therefore proceeded to play on tick; sat up almost the whole night smoking, spitting, drinking, swearing, and gambling; and at about five in the morning two of them threw off their clothes and came to bed to him.'

Proceeding onward from this hopeful town, our travellers come to a tavern, kept, as we are told, by a sort of 'she Caliban;' and here, from some other travellers sitting round the fire, a number of 'pleasant stories' are heard, characteristic of the raw state of society in this part of Arkansas. The 'best story of the evening' must be told in the words of the narrator. 'Four culprits had broken the jail at Little Rock, where they had been put preparatory to being sent to a distant part of the country to be tried in the district where they had committed their offences. Three of them were charged with murder, and the fourth with several cases of horse-stealing, a crime at the head of all offences there, since there is nothing manly in it, and nothing more inconvenient. Their counsel—for it was he who related the story to us—said that they had good friends, and that he was well paid for defending them. As soon as he ascertained from his clients that they were all guilty, he arranged his plan for their defence. The place where they were to be tried consisted of a single house in the wilderness, which represented the future county town; the witnesses were on the spot, and all the appliances to constitute a court. Twelve men had been with some difficulty got to leave home and come to this place to perform the part of a jury. At the critical moment, however, one of these men was not to be found; and as a panel could not be formed, the judge stated the fact, and asked what step the prosecuting attorney intended to take. The counsel of the accused, after many protestations of their innocence, and their strong desire to prove it without loss of time, now proposed to fill the panel de circumstantibus. It so happened that the only circumstantes were the three murderers and the horse-stealer, so they put one of the murderers into the jury, and first tried the horse-stealer and acquitted him, and then put the horse-stealer into the panel and acquitted the murderer; and by this sort of admirable contrivance the whole four were honourably acquitted, and returned perfectly whitewashed into the bosom of society; the jury and the rest of the court also, having got rid of a tedious and unpleasant business, returned without delay to their respective homes.'

We have not space to follow Mr Featherstonhaugh through the subsequent part of his journey, in which he proceeds by way of New Orleans and Mobile back to the place where his wife had been left in Virginia; but referring the reader to the work itself, which will amply repay perusal, we conclude with the following 'wolf story,' which the author picked up in his way through Texas:—'There had been a merry-making at new-year amongst some of the settlers, and a black man, who had a wife and children about three miles off, and who played on the fiddle, had been sent for to play "Virginia reels" to the young people. It was three in the morning when he took his kit under his arm to return home, and it had been snowing for some time, with a high cold wind raging that drifted the snow into heaps wherever he passed the clearings. He had got about half the distance, exceedingly fatigued, and wishing he was at home with his black pickaninnies, when, having just left an extensive swamp which ran far into the country, he heard a strong pack of wolves "sing out," as if they had scent of something. The wolf, when in a famished state, has a very keen scent, and can detect a change in the air at great distances. And in this particular instance it happened that they scented Mr Marcus Luffett (Marquis La Fayette)—for such was the name he was known by—who had rather a strong hide. He had very soon reason to believe that was the case: the wolves were to leeward of him, and were evidently coming in his direction; so, feeling assured of this, and despairing of reaching his home in time, he employed all his powers to reach a small abandoned cabin in a clearing by the

road-side, which was about a quarter of a mile off, the roof of which was partly destroyed, but the door of which was yet hung. On came the ferocious animals, barking and shrieking; they were upon his track, and great were his apprehensions of falling into their power; but on gaining the clearing, he fortunately found the snow was drifted away there, and did not impede him, so that he was just able to rush in season into the cabin, and clamber up the logs inside to a rafter that ran across. The door he did not attempt to shut, for the wolves were within ten yards of him when he entered, and he was afraid he could not keep it shut against the pressure of a large body of desperate animals. Great was the rage of the wolves when they entered at being balked of their prey. The cabin was at one time quite filled with them, and he said that they went in and out, and round the cabin, to see if there was any place by which they could get at so savoury a joint as that which was hanging up, but rather too high in the larder. Finding that he was safe, he began to acquire confidence, and watching his opportunity, he scrambled along until he got over the door; and there, with a little management, he contrived with his legs to shut a great number of them in the cabin. Those outside appearing to have gone away to look for other game, and those inside remaining silent with their glaring eyes fixed intently upon him, the marquis, who had no small idea of his skill, now thought he would treat them to a "Virginia reel," and forthwith commenced with his kit to astonish the lupine auditory with such a solo as they had never heard before. At first they howled, the performer not appearing to give universal satisfaction: but day beginning to dawn, and finding they could not get out, they crouched down on the floor of the cabin all together, and remained silent. As soon as he thought the morning was sufficiently advanced to remove all apprehension from those outside, he got through a hole in the roof, and hastened to his family. Immediately collecting a number of men armed with rifles and axes, he returned with them to the cabin, which they all entered by the hole from whence he had escaped. The wolves were crouched together as he had left them, and showed now as sneaking a disposition as it had before been furious. They shot no less than thirty-seven; all the skins were given to Mr Marcus Luffett, and the neighbours subscribed twenty-five dollars in cash as some return for the important service he had rendered them, by the destruction of so many depredators upon their calves and pigs.'

FROM BOY TO MAN.

My father is an attorney, with sufficient business for four clerks. One feels bound to be candid towards a father; so I will own that mine was a very kind-hearted worthy sort of person. I had recently completed my sixteenth year, when he thought proper to transfer me from school to a desk in the office, that I might become qualified for his own profession. My employments were for some months confined to going with messages, filling up subpœnas, and serving copies of writs; all which duties I performed to the entire satisfaction of my worthy parent and the senior clerk: at least I heard of no complaints. But my own feelings in the business were of a different kind. I found that, when out upon duty, I was not treated as I thought I ought to be. For example, taking a half-guinea motion to counsel one day, I was announced by the clerk as 'Mr Brompton's lad.' On another occasion, when engaged in the somewhat delicate business of serving a copy of a writ, the page who let me into the house told the footman to tell the valet that 'a little boy wanted to see master.' These appellatives and other similar traits of disrespect galled me sadly, and I was at a loss to account for it, till I reflected that, after all, since I was dressed only as a boy, with a round jacket and turned-over collar, I could not expect to be thought anything else. This disheartened me sadly, for I did not at first see my way out of the difficulty, and I felt, accordingly, disposed to fall back again amongst the playfellows whom I had just left. I was actually one day so far gone in self-humiliation as to get involved in a game at ring-taw with some of these old friends, when I ought to have been at the Hanaper Office filing a declaration. What was my consternation when my good father unexpectedly passed me, casting, as he went by, such a look of angry reproach, as I knew he only put on as the judge does his black cap;—when a very heavy punishment is to be inflicted. Happily, on reaching home, I was agreeably disappointed; all that that shrewd man of the world and politic father did was—to order me a surtout!

This puzzled me exceedingly at first; but I saw the wisdom of it in due time. Three mornings afterwards the garment came home; and when it, along with the tailor, was announced, there was quite a commotion at our orderly breakfast-table. My sisters were glad, for they longed to see how Tom would look in man's clothes; my mother expressed the usual hope that there would be 'room for growing;' and even my father showed how deeply he was interested by taking off his spectacles and laying down the newspaper in the middle, I do really believe, of the leading article. Nay more; he evinced, to my astonishment, an unprecedented interest in my wardrobe by leaving the room with me, determined, it would seem, to assist at the putting on—at the inauguration—of my first surtout.

The coat was tried on. My mother and sisters were admitted; and then the tailor went through that professional dumb-show with which tailors invariably accompany their best fits. He gave a pull at the skirts behind, made a skilful adjustment of the roll-collar in front, smoothed down the waist with both his palms, and finally took a few backward steps to indulge in an instant's admiration of his workmanship, like an artist who has put the finishing touches to his best picture. He looked round, evidently for applause; nor was he wholly disappointed; for although my mother found a few faults (to establish an after-plea for abatement in the price), my father pronounced a decisive verdict of acquittal on all counts of her indictment. My sisters giggled, and I—but I cannot describe my feelings, so I will not make the attempt.

The tailor was discharged, and so was his bill; but it was soon found that there were other expenses to be incurred. My first surtout was destined to become the great reformer of my outer, as it afterwards was of my inner, man. Like 'My Uncle's Dressing-Gown,' an account of which I gave in a former number of this Journal, my surtout required other things to match it. The broad collar had to be exchanged for a stand-up one; my neck was to be kept within the bounds of prim decorum by a black cravat. Straps were added to my boots, and gloves to my hands. Thus newly-equipped, I sallied forth into the 'garish eye of day.' I could feel that my style of walking was instinctively altered. I trod heavily on my iron heels, that so well-adorned a person might not pass quite unheeded by the public at large. I held my chin higher than heretofore by reason of the cravat. My chest protruded, that the fine roll of the collar might be displayed to the best advantage; and my back straightened, that there should not be a wrinkle in the finely-fitting waist. Ideas and aspirations also came into my mind to which it had been a stranger. The jewellers' shops, that hitherto displayed their brilliant wares unheeded, now excited my admiration and hopes. Visions of figured-satin stocks, ornamented by enormous gold pins, with heads stuck all over with turquoise, and joined to little ones by long chains, now occupied my glowing imagination. I even dared to aspire to a silver-tipped cane for street use, and actually asked the price of one at an umbrella

shop, but had not the courage to purchase it. My most heroic acts of self-denial were, however, performed on passing the looking-glass warehouses; for desperate were my efforts to prevent myself from stopping to view my own reflection. At length, in a court at the back of Furnival's Inn, human nature gave way! There a retired shop displayed an enormous mirror at the door; no one was near to detect me; I stood before it, and revelled in an admiring gaze of my whole person. What a change! The metamorphoses recorded by Ovid, which I had studied at school, and thought great nonsense, now appeared probable. I hardly believed in my own identity. Could I be the individual whom Rebutter's clerk had announced as 'Mr Brompton's lad?' Was I the 'little boy' spoken of by the baronet's page? Could I be he who, less than a week ago, played at shoot-in-the-ring, and knuckled down at taw in Gray's Inn? I looked at my kid gloves, and muttered 'Impossible!'

I reached the office. Hitherto, the change in my outward appearance had only taken its effect on myself. It was now to be seen how it would act upon others. The chancery clerk stepped nimbly down from his stool, and, with a polite bow, inquired my business, for at first he did not know me. When, however, he discovered his mistake, he burst into a loud laugh. The engrossing clerk, on the contrary, was absorbed for a time in my personal appearance, and neither spoke nor laughed, but having concluded his inspection, winked at his colleagues, and resumed his penmanship. 'Well,' exclaimed Mr Wright, who managed our common law, 'I have seen a few alterations in people in my time, but this beats them all! A surtout looks more business-like anyhow; that broad white collar of yours had such a female sort of look about it. Hadn't it, Neb?'

'It just had,' replied Mr Neb.

'And then,' continued Wright, 'at the public offices, when Mr Thomas was sent to take out a summons and so on, why, nobody used to notice him, and he was always served last. Of course — for who puts themselves out of their way for a boy; eh, Tom?—I mean Mr Thomas.'

There was sound philosophy in this, though I did not see the force of it at the time. One thing, however, I *did* see, which was, that my new surtout had inspired our common-law clerk with a little additional respect. This was the first time he had ever called me 'Mr Thomas,' except in the presence of my father. Previous to that memorable day, Mr Wright, whose manners were affable and condescending even to familiarity, was in the habit of conveying his wishes to me in such words as, 'I say, Tom, step off to the judge's chambers and see if that rule in Doe: Dem: Figgins versus Jones is ready.'

I had to meet my father in the court of Common Pleas that morning, and departed from Furnival's Inn at the proper time. Outside the Inn in Holborn there is a coach-stand, and for several weeks I had been tormented by a facetious cabman, who was in the habit of jeering at my schoolboy appearance by asking, amongst other facetious inquiries, if I 'knowed my spelling?' Now, however, I passed him fearlessly. I felt that my surtout, like a coat of mail, would render the shafts of his satire pointless. I was not deceived: the fellow actually touched his hat, and accompanied the act of respect with the usual solicitation of 'cab, sir?' This I felt to be extremely complimentary: it was evident I looked like a gentleman of sufficient age and affluence to ride about inside a cab. A week before, I used to think it a great treat to be ordered to call a vehicle for a client, that I might enjoy the fun of riding from the stand to our office-door on the box. Arrived at Westminster, I was surprised at the ease with which I got through the crowd. When inside my round jacket, I used to be pushed about and assailed with impertinent inquiries as to what *boys* wanted there? but now they made way for me, and I marched up to the attorney's table, where my father sat, with the most dignified calmness.

Having transacted the business that had brought me into court—which consisted simply of conveying in a blue bag the papers 'in' Doe: Dem: Figgins versus Jones, which was to come on that day—I experienced, in making my exit, the same deference from the crowd as it had shown me on entering. There was now an hour to spare, and I considered how I should pass it most agreeably. In my round jacket days I should in all probability have run off to the cloisters, to join in a game of whoop with some of my former schoolfellows of 'The Westminster,' or have lingered at the stairs of the bridge for the chance of a pull on the river in one of their boats. But such recreations for a young gentleman in a surtout-coat and kid gloves were not to be thought of. I felt that a walk in the Park would be far more worthy of my present personal appearance. Thither I accordingly bent my steps, and though, on passing the lodge where I had enjoyed many a pennyworth of curds-and-whey, the old yearnings vigorously attacked me, yet I manfully resisted them—determined to spend my money in a more respectable manner. On entering the Park enclosure, therefore, instead of lying down at full length on the grass as heretofore, I threw myself into a chair, and paid my penny for its use like a gentleman!

While thus seated, I had further opportunities of observing the rapid change which had come over me. When I looked at the swans and Muscovy ducks which swam before me in the ornamental water, I wondered how I could in my younger days (that is to say, about a fortnight before) have been so lost to all sense of propriety as to have pelted them with pebbles when the park-keeper wasn't looking. Now, so completely changed was I by my new apparel, inwardly as well as outwardly—so completely was I *endimanché*, as the French say, in feeling as well as in costume, that my ideas of amusement took a far higher range. A lady and gentleman near me were conversing most earnestly about the last evening's Italian opera, and somehow I took a degree of interest in their conversation I had never previously dreamt of. While listening with the gravest attention, the talkers got into a dispute about the time of day, for their watches did not agree. 'Perhaps,' said the lady, '*this* gentleman's watch may be more correct.' She pointed to me! I blushed, stammered, and presently walked away fuller of admiration of my surtout than ever; for it manifestly gave me the fashionable air of a gentleman who carries a watch! Dear me, what dreams of ambition occupied my mind during my return to the office! I actually coveted a gold repeater!

Every moment of that great era in the calendar of my life showed me how effectually the surtout had raised me to man's estate. When I met any of our friends in the street, they had to be reminded who I was, whereupon they all attested how much I was altered, some of them adding, 'and for the better too!' But nothing tended to convince me of the estimation to which my surtout had raised me in the eyes of other people so much, as a circumstance which happened when I got home to dinner. Jane Merryweather and her mother were there. Jane was about my own age, had for some years been a playmate of my sister's, and consequently now and then of mine. It was only on the Thursday in the last week that we all had a game of forfeits together, and romped and laughed to such a degree, that my mother was obliged to come into the room several times to check us. But now, on going up to her as usual to shake hands and have my joke, what a change came over her! Instead of her usual unrestrained greeting, she offered her hand slowly, looked timidly at her mamma, blushed, and in answer to my question, 'Well, Jenny, how are you?' replied, 'Very well, thank you, *sir*,' and retired to a chair at some distance. I could not understand this, and appealed to Mrs Merryweather for an explanation. 'Why, you know, Mr Thomas,' she answered, 'your joking and laughing were all very well when you were a little boy in a round jacket; but now you are getting up to be a man, and—and—perhaps, you know, Jane thinks you

are now too old for such childish amusement.' During the rest of the evening Mrs Merryweather kept a very strict eye on my movements, and Jane got more and more confused, and, as it were, frightened for me.

This was the climax to my day's adventures. When bedtime came, and our guests were gone, I retired to my room, took off my surtout, and wrapped myself up in the profoundest reflections. Some of them were not very flattering. 'I have,' I thought, 'been treated with more respect and consideration to-day than I ever experienced before. Has my merit so much increased that I really deserve it? Certainly not; for, except the vow I have made never again to play at marbles, I am not conscious of any reformation whatever in my conduct.' I looked at my new surtout, and found the solution of the problem there. 'The world, then,' I continued, 'has accorded its respect not to any superior merit of my own, but to the superior style of my coat. Why have I been treated so much like a man? Have I grown more manly since yesterday? Of course not; it is my coat which has made me *appear* older. The world, then, judges very much from appearances. Then let this be a lesson to me; let me in future endeavour to deepen the impression my first surtout has gained for me, by not only appearing, but *being* more manly than heretofore; more thoughtful, staid, and studious, that I may be better fitted for the great business of life upon which I have now entered.' I went to sleep; dreamt that I had sent all my marbles to my brother Bob at boarding-school; and that my father had promoted me from the rank of the 'lad' to that of his junior clerk. What is rather singular, before the next day had closed, every part of my dream came true!

After a few days' wear, the sudden rise from boy to man sat more easily on me; my new avocations in the office brought me business which drove all ideas of walking-canes and gold watches out of my head, and it was solely occupied by what Locke has designated 'the perfection of human reasoning'—the English law. People at the public offices, who, in my broad-collar days, scarcely deigned to notice me, now remarking the earnestness with which I applied myself to my duties, rendered me willing attention. 'Bless me,' exclaimed a respectable old gentleman of the six-clerk's office one morning as I was walking away with a vice-chancellor's decree—'bless me, how that young man has altered during the last three months; I cannot account for it.'

'*I* can,' replied my father, who had just entered the office. 'The fact is, Mr Preceps, the tailor has made a man of him.'

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

THE LAST DAYS OF CATHERINE OF MEDICIS.

THE life of Catherine de Medicis, widow of Henry II. of France, and mother of the three ensuing kings, affords one of the darkest pictures of human depravity with which history furnishes us. There was no treachery, no cruelty, which this woman would not commit for the purpose of promoting her ambitious ends; she corrupted her very children in order to make them follow out her wicked policy. It is most instructive to observe how all the wiles and bloody deeds of Catherine redounded only in misfortunes to her family and herself. Her eldest son, Francis II. (husband of Mary Queen of Scots), died in youth, in consequence of the anxiety in which her policy had involved him. The second, Charles IX., having been forced by her to order the celebrated Bartholomew massacre, sunk under his consequent remorse. Finally, her third son, Henry III., whom she had succeeded in corrupting to a greater degree than any of the rest, was driven from Paris, along with herself, by the son of that Duke of Guise whose murder she is believed to have instigated.

It was in 1588 that this last event took place. Catherine was now seventy years of age, broken down with infirmities and disappointment, yet still possessed of all her atrocious dispositions. She escaped from her newly-erected palace of the Tuilleries with some difficulty, and took refuge with her son in the castle of Blois, on the Loire, a magnificent old fortress, which still remains nearly in the same state in which it was at the end of the sixteenth century.* Neglected by her son and his courtiers, she was left on her bed of agony to the attendance of her inferior domestics, without a friend to cheer or comfort her in her hours of suffering and distress. The power of the Duke of Guise had at this time attained such a height, that the king possessed scarcely the shadow of authority: his person, his habits, his affections, were the objects of the blackest calumny and abuse; the preachers, in their sermons, represented him to the people as the worst of tyrants, and styled him the offspring of the devil.

The states-general were called together to seek a remedy for the disorders of the kingdom; but through the influence of their party, they were all selected from the adherents of the league, and every proposition made by the king was instantly rejected. Even in his personal intercourse, the Duke of Guise took upon him to speak with the authority of a master whose will was to be obeyed without a question; and it was publicly said that he intended to carry the king to Paris, and to act over again the scene of Charles Martel and Chilperic. The Duchess of Montpensier, the duke's sister, constantly carried at her side a pair of golden scissors, which she said were intended to make the tonsure of brother Henry of Valois; and it was expected that the king would be forced into a convent, and Henry of Guise proclaimed king of France. With these reports universally credited, what must have been the torturing reflections of Catherine of Medicis on her bed of sickness and approaching dissolution! Was it to such ends and purposes that she had waded through the blood of friend and foe? She felt herself powerless, from age and infirmity, and knew that her son was equally so from education and habit; but it seemed he had too much of his mother's nature within him not to seek for vengeance, cost what it would, and a direful scene was in preparation to mark the closing hours of Catherine's eventful life. In this scene, however, she had no participation, the king himself being the sole instigator of the plot, for his own deliverance from the bondage in which he was held, and from the dangers which he anticipated. He first consulted with the Marechal d'Aumont, and three other intimate friends, to whom he disclosed his sorrows and his fears, his resolution and his hopes. To attack the power of the Guises by open force, was agreed to be impossible; but the education which the queen-mother had given to her son made him little scrupulous as to any other means by which he might rid himself of his enemies: the only difficulty was to find a hand to strike the blow. At length Henry resolved to apply to Crillon, the colonel of his guards, who bore a personal hatred to the duke, and was sincerely devoted to the king; but, on application being made to him, his answer was such as was little to be expected from a courtier of his time: 'Sire,' he said, 'I am your majesty's servant, and am ready to do battle with the Duke of Guise to the death, if such be your will and pleasure; but to act as an assassin or an executioner, is neither the part of a gentleman nor a soldier.' To Henry's credit he took the reply in good part, and the brave Crillon lost nothing of his favour or affection; his secrecy was secured, and application made to Loignac, first gentleman of the bedchamber, who agreed to undertake the execution of the king's purpose. These measures took place on the 21st of December, and the 23d was fixed upon as the day of vengeance. The duke, in the meanwhile, trusting to the pusillanimity of the monarch, and confident in his own strength, acted with increased arrogance, and having objected to a person whom the latter

* For a particular description of this castle, see No. 622 of the Journal, first series.

had nominated commander of the royal archers, insultingly said that he should resign his post of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and seek some other office. The king understood the nature of the threat, but concealing his anger and his fears, assured his 'good cousin' that in two or three days they would arrange the affair between them without any dispute. In the interval no alarm was taken by the princes of Lorraine, though, after the deed was done, it was said that the great Nostradamus, who had been one of Catherine's favourite soothsayers, had predicted the event in the almanac for the year, and declared that a great murder would be perpetrated at Blois; but this and other vaticinations were treated with ridicule by him who was most deeply interested in their development. On the evening of the 22d, when he sat down to dinner, the duke found upon his plate a paper, by which he was warned to be on his guard, as a plot was on the point of execution against him: to this he contented himself by writing beneath the notice, 'they dare not,' and threw the paper carelessly under the table. His friends, however, began to feel vague alarms, and a secret council was held to consider if it would not be better for him to withdraw for a time from Blois; but Guise felt confident in his force, and thought that his retreat would compromise his party, and also be a tacit confession of treasonable designs: 'I am too far advanced,' he said, 'to draw back, and if I saw death coming in at the window, I would not open the door to escape.' During this time the king pretended to be wrapt in devout preparation for the festival of Christmas, and declared his intention to make a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame de Clery on the 23d, but, on the evening of the 22d, announced that he had changed his mind, and should spend the day at Noué, a small residence on the borders of the forest, sending the Sieur de Merle to request the Duke of Guise, his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Archbishop of Lyons, and others, to attend him in his cabinet at six o'clock in the morning, as he wished to expedite some weighty matters of business without disturbing his devotions during the rest of the week.

Notwithstanding the havoc made during the revolution with the interior as well as the exterior of the castle of Blois, and its subsequent conversion into a military barrack, the arrangements of the part of the building destined to be the scene of murder remains at the present day nearly the same as that which it exhibited on the 23d of December 1589; the demolition of some of the carved work, and placing a slight partition across the royal chamber, being all the change which has taken place. The room has a dark and gloomy character from its vast length, and from the windows being all placed on the north side; at the east end is a spacious chimney, and in the centre of the south side an alcove, in which was placed the king's bed; at the west end of the chamber is a door communicating with the apartment used as a council-room in the time of Henry III.; farther on was a corridor with various small cells, and a staircase descending to the bedroom of the queen-mother.

Loignac, who had (as has been said) accepted the office so honourably declined by Crillon, had procured the aid of Larchant, one of the captains of the royal guard, and by the king's command waited on the Duke of Guise in the evening at the head of some soldiers of his regiment, to request his support to a petition which they intended to present to the council next day to obtain the arrears of their pay. At nine o'clock Larchant returned, and received his final orders from his majesty, who retired to the queen's chamber at midnight, after giving orders to Du Halde, his first valet de chambre, to awake him at four o'clock.

At the appointed time the valet knocked at the door, which was opened by Louise de Piolans, the principal attendant on her majesty, who was desired to announce the hour to the king, upon which Henry arose instantly —not from sleep, for during the whole night he had been restless and uneasy. On passing into his own chamber, he found Bellegarde and Du Halde awaiting him, and was soon after joined by Loignac, who brought with him several of the body-guard, to make sure of whom the king himself locked them up in the cells he had fitted up in the adjoining corridor for the reception of the Capuchins who frequently attended his devotions. When the members of the council had arrived, he reconducted the guards into his chamber, ordering them to move as quietly as possible, not to disturb the queen-mother; and repeated his commands, promising large rewards if they were faithfully executed. He then gave directions to the huissier stationed in the ante-room to admit no one except by his own immediate order, and sent the Marechal D'Aumont, his confidant, into the council-chamber, to be in readiness to arrest the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Archbishop of Lyons the instant the duke should have fallen; directing at the same time Bellegarde to summon into his oratory two of his chaplains, Claude de Bullis and Etienne d'Arguyn, with orders that they should 'pray earnestly to God that the king might succeed in the undertaking he was about for repose of the kingdom.' These arrangements made, he awaited the arrival of the brothers of Lorraine in a state of agonizing excitement. Instead of his usual apathy and indifference, he now exhibited the most restless and nervous agitation, repeatedly addressing himself to the guards, and charging them to take care of themselves, for the duke, he said, was very strong and powerful. At length the cardinal arrived, but the duke was still absent. It was nearly eight o'clock before he was in readiness to attend the council, though a messenger had been sent to say that the king was waiting to depart. The morning was dull and gloomy, and a cold and piercing rain was falling in torrents. On arriving at the foot of the staircase leading to the council-chamber, Guise found Larchant at the head of his company with the petition they had requested the duke to present, and asking permission to wait till it was decided. This was easily granted; the prince promised his support, and entered the room where the council was assembled; when Larchant immediately placed his men in double rank upon the stairs, and sent his lieutenant with twenty men to occupy the passage leading to the king's chamber. In the meanwhile Crillon, according to the orders he had received, caused all the gates of the castle to be closed. This spread instantaneous alarm amongst the partisans of Guise, and Pericard, his secretary, who was in waiting below, endeavoured to convey a billet enclosed in a pocket handkerchief to his master, containing these words—'Save yourself, monseigneur, or you are lost.' The page charged with this warning gave it to a huissier of the council; but it was arrested by the guards, and there was no longer a hope of escape for the destined victim.

On entering the council, the duke found all the members assembled, with the exception of the Archbishop of Lyons, who arrived almost immediately. Seating himself by the fire, he complained of cold, was observed to turn very pale, and requested M. de St Prix to procure him some sweetmeats. St Prix offered him some dried prunes of Brignolles, which he accepted, and said he felt better. The secretary then proceeded to lay some papers before the assembly, when the door was opened, and it was announced that his majesty desired to see the duke in his chamber. The latter placed some of the prunes in a gold box, wrapped his cloak round his arm, saluted the members, and passed towards the royal apartment with the box in his hand. On entering, he bowed to the guards stationed near the door, and was advancing towards the upper end of the room, where Henry stood leaning against the side of the chimney: as he proceeded, he suddenly turned half round, thinking he heard some one behind him. At this instant one of the guards named Montery caught him by the arm and wounded him in the throat with a poniard, whilst another seized him round the legs, and a third struck him on the back of the head. 'My friends! my friends! treason!' cried

the duke; and with a violent blow from the box in his hand he felled one of the assailants to the ground, and dragged himself and those who clung to him half the length of the chamber, when he received a mortal wound from the hand of Loignac, and fell beside the king's bed in the alcove. 'My God! mercy!' were his last words. Henry, who had remained immoveable during the bloody scene, seeing the body motionless on the floor, advanced and ordered Bellegarde to search it. A gold chain, to which was attached a small key, was found fastened round one of his arms, and in his pocket a purse with some gold coin, and a billet, on which was written—'To carry on a civil war in France will require seven hundred thousand écus per month.' During the search, Bellegarde thought he perceived some movement in the body, and said, 'Monseigneur, whilst you have life, ask pardon of God and the king;' Guise gave a deep and heavy sigh, and expired. The body was then covered with a cloth, drawn into a closet, and two hours after delivered into the hands of the public executioner.

On the noise caused by the struggle being heard in the council-chamber, the members rose in great alarm; Marechal de Retz exclaimed that France was lost, and the cardinal cried out, 'They are murdering my brother,' whilst d'Espinac rushed to the door to endeavour to aid the duke; but the Marechal d'Aumont, drawing his sword, intercepted him, and said calmly, 'Gentlemen, remain where you are, and await his majesty's commands.' The room was then instantly filled with archers, and the two prelates placed in custody of an exempt of the guards. After a short interval Loignac, without his cloak and with his head bare, entered and announced the duke's death, summoning the members of the council to the royal presence. They found the king much excited; and in a tone of menace to which he was little accustomed, he told them 'that at length he was king, and would take care that from henceforth his power should be respected.' He then left them, and went to the apartment of his mother, who had heard the noise in the king's chamber, and the attempts which Pericard and other attendants of the duke had vainly made to gain admission to her presence, but remained in total ignorance of what was passing, till Henry himself announced the event which had taken place. And what was the effect of the dreadful tale upon this wretched woman, lying on the bed of death? Was it an additional pang added to the consciousness of many crimes? Was it compassion for one for whom she had at times professed the greatest friendship and affection? Was it anxiety for the difficulties in which her son had involved himself and the country? No! Her obdurate heart remained unsoftened by any of these considerations. Her pride and ambition were inflexible; and her first feelings were those of indignation at not having been made a confidant in the plot. After a time, being appeased, she observed that the work was well cut out, and that now it was necessary to sew it together. 'C'est bien coupé, mais il faut a present coudre, activité et vigneur, voila ce qu'il vous faut,' were her words before she sank exhausted by pain and weakness on her bed; and again the poniards of the assassins were called into play. The Cardinal of Lorraine, who had been arrested in the council-chamber, was conveyed into a lower room in a neighbouring tower, which communicated with the part of the castle where the recent tragedy had been enacted, and in the floor of which there is still a trap-door opening into the oubliettes beneath; but it was not in those dark recesses of crime and horror that the second victim was to expiate the ambitious projects of his party. After a night of anxiety and alarm spent with his fellow-prisoner, the Archbishop of Lyons, in prayer and watching, he still remained in ignorance of his approaching fate. Those who had been ready and willing to execute the royal commands against the duke, recoiled from the idea of staining their hands in the blood of a priest and a prince of the church; but at length a Captain du Guast was found, who at the king's desire undertook the dangerous office; and at the price of four hundred écus obtained the aid of three soldiers of his company. Attended by them and by a valet-de-chambre of the monarch, he entered the dungeon where the cardinal was confined, and informed him that the king required his presence. 'Are we both to attend his majesty?' asked the captive. 'I am charged to summon you only, monseigneur,' replied Du Guast; and as the unfortunate man left the chamber to follow him, the archbishop, who seemed to have anticipated his fate, desired him 'to think on God.' In a few moments the sounds without the door told him too clearly that his anticipations were correct. The cardinal was murdered in the passage outside between the Tour de Moulins and the rest of the building, and the spot where he fell is still pointed out to those who visit the castle. The bodies of the two brothers were afterwards burnt to ashes in a chamber under the staircase built by Louis XII., and the remains thrown into the Loire, to prevent their being regarded as relics by their adherents.

Eight days after this second murder, on the 5th of January, the guilty Catherine finished her mortal career; and as her hopes of earthly grandeur had fallen to nothing during her life, so also the gorgeous memorials she had prepared in her prosperity to continue her fame became vain and empty monuments. The magnificent tomb she had prepared to receive her mortal remains was left void and untenanted. Political affairs pressed too rapidly upon her son to allow him to attend to his mother's obsequies, and her body, says a cotemporary historian, was treated with as little regard as that of 'an old goat.' It was indeed ordered to be embalmed, in order to its transportation to St Dennis; but the operation was so imperfectly performed, that it became necessary to inter it on the spot, and it was thrown into the common cemetery with as little respect as that of any other malefactor. A few months saw the principal agents of the murders above recorded receive the reward of their crimes; the minor tools were abandoned by their employer to punishment or neglect; and the hand of a fanatic assassin cut off the last of the offspring of the guilty Catherine, and with him extinguished the race of Valois, for whose aggrandisement so many direful offences had been perpetrated. It is worthy of remark, that the identical motive which the Duke of Guise urged for the murder of the Admiral Coligny, was his own death warrant: he had vehemently pressed the necessity of that infamous act—'parce que l'amiral faisoit trop le roi' (for the admiral made himself too much a king).

THE FORLORN HOPE.

Sergeant-major Joyce was a veteran soldier, who had gained the respect and esteem of his whole regiment, officers and men. There was a bond between him and them which his withdrawal from active service could not cancel. So, after his wife's death, finding that a few of his old companions in arms were inmates of Chelsea college, he removed to its vicinity, passing his time between the lofty corridors of the palace hospital and the small sitting-room of his child; ever walking with and talking to 'the pensioners,' or that dear and delicate 'copy' of the wife he had so truly loved; and Lucy was a girl of whom any parent might have been proud. Delicacy of constitution had given refinement to her mind as well as to her appearance: she read, perhaps, more than was good for her, if she had been destined to live the usual term of life in her proper sphere. She thought, also, but she thought well; and this, happily for herself, made her humble.

Mr Joyce [who, in one of his rambles, had heard a comrade hint at his daughter's constitutional weakness] returned home in a disturbed state of feeling. 'Mary,' he inquired of an Irishwoman, the widow of a soldier who had nursed Lucy from her birth, and never left them—one

of those devotees, half-friend, half-servant, which are found only among the Irish—'Mary, did you ever perceive that Lucy pressed her hand upon her heart—as—as her mother used to do?'

'Is it her heart? Ah, then, masther dear, did ye ever know any girl, let alone such a purty one as Miss Lucy, count all out twenty years without feeling she had a heart sometimes?'

The sergeant-major turned upon the faithful woman with a scrutinising look; but the half-smile, the total absence of anxiety from her features, re-assured him: long as Mary had lived in his service, he had never grown accustomed to her national evasions.

'Who was it tould you about her heart bating, masther?' she inquired. 'It was old John Coyne, who said she pressed her hand thus,' answered Mr Joyce.

'Is it ould John?' repeated the woman; 'ould John that would swear the crosses off a donkey's back? Ah, sure, you're not going to believe what ould John says.'

'You think she is quite well, then?'

'She was singing like the first lark in spring after you went out, sir; and I never see her trip more lightly than she did down to the botanic garden not two minutes agone; unless you quick march, you'll not overtake her.' Mary returned to her work, and the old sergeant-major overtook his daughter just as she had lifted her hand to pull the great bell of the botanic garden. During their walk the old soldier narrowly watched his child, to ascertain if she placed her hand on her heart or her side: but she did not. She spoke kindly to the little children who crossed their path, and the dogs wagged their tails when they looked into her face. She walked, he thought, stoutly for a woman, and seemed so well, that he began talking to her about sieges, and marches, and his early adventures; and then they sat down and rested, Lucy getting in a word now and then about the freshness and beauty of the country, and the goodness of God, and looking so happy and so animated, that her father forgot all his fears on her account. In the evening, the sergeant-major smoked his long inlaid foreign pipe (which the little children as well as the 'big people' of Chelsea regarded with peculiar admiration) out of the parlour window. Lucy always got him his pipe; but he never smoked it in the room, thinking it made her cough. And then, after he had finished, he shut down the window, and she drew the white muslin curtain. Those who passed and repassed saw their shadows; the girl bending over a large book, and her father seated opposite to her, listening while she read, his elbow placed on the table, and his head resting on his hand. The drapery was so transparent, that they could see his sword and sash hanging on the wall below his hat, and the branch of laurel with which Lucy had adorned the looking-glass that morning, in commemoration of the battle of Toulouse. Before the sergeant-major went to bed that night he called old Mary, and whispered, 'You were quite right about old John Coyne. Lucy never marched better than she did to-day; and her voice, both in reading and the little hymn she sung, was as strong as a trumpet. I'll give it well to old John to-morrow;' but he never did. The sergeant-major was usually up the first in the house; yet the next morning, when Mary took hot water to his room, she stepped back, seeing he was kneeling, dressed, by his bedside; half an hour passed; she went again. Mr Joyce had never undressed, never lain upon the bed since it had been turned down; he was dead and cold, his hands clasped in prayer.

Lucy Joyce was now alone in the world; of her father's relatives she knew little or nothing; her mother was an only child, and her grandmother and grandfather were both dead. A generous and benevolent lady, who knew the circumstances under which she was placed, offered to provide Lucy with a situation—but what situation? She looked too delicate, too refined for service; and she was not sufficiently accomplished to undertake the duties of even a nursery governess. 'Have none of their slavery, dear,' exclaimed poor Mary, while weeping bitterly; 'take your pick of the things to furnish two little rooms, Miss Lucy, and sell the rest. I've a power of friends, and can get constant work; turn my hand to anything, from charing to clear-starching; or if the noise wouldn't bother you, sure I could have a mangle; it would exercise me of an evening when I'd be done work. Don't leave me, Miss; don't, darling, anyway, till you gather a little strength after all you've gone through: the voice of the stranger is harsh, and the look of the stranger is cold to those who have lived all their days in the light of a father's love. I took you from your mother's breast a weesome woesome babby, and sure, my jewel own, I have some right to you. I'll never gainsay you. And to please you, dear, I'll never let an ill word cross my lips.' But Lucy Joyce was too right-minded to live on the labour of an old servant. She retained enough, however, to furnish for Mary a comfortable room, and accepted, much to the faithful creature's mortification, a 'place' in a family—one of the hardest 'places' to endure, and yet as good, perhaps, as from her father's position she could have expected—as half-teacher, half-servant; a mingling of opposite duties, against the mingling of which reason revolts.

The duties incident to her new position [in a gentleman's family at Putney]; the exertion which children require, and which is *perpetual*, though parents are the only persons who do not feel it to be so; the exercise, the necessity for amusing and instructing the young, the high-spirited, and the active; these, added to the change of repose for inquietude, of being the one cared for, to the having to care for others; the entire loneliness of spirit; all combined to make her worse, to crush utterly the already bruised reed.

Lucy was fully sensible of the consoling power—the great *pleasure* of being useful—and her mind was both practically and theoretically Christian, so she never yielded to fretfulness or impatience; but her heart fluttered like an imprisoned bird as she toiled and panted up the high stairs, while the children laughed and sported with the spirit and energy of health, and called to her to 'come faster.' * * No one was cruel, no one even unkind to her; the cross cook (all good cooks are cross) would often make her lemonade, or reserve something she thought the young girl might eat; the lady's-maid, who had regarded her at first as a rival beauty, won by her cheerful patience, said that even when her eyes were full of tears, there was a smile upon her lip; all the servants felt for her; and at length her mistress requested her own physician to see what was the matter with 'poor Joyce.'

There are exceptions, no doubt; but, taken as a body, medical men are the very souls of kindness and generous humanity. How many have I known whose voices were as music in a sick chamber; who, instead of taking, gave; ever ready to alleviate and to sustain.

'Have you no friends?' he inquired.

'None, sir,' she replied; 'at least none to support me; and,' she added, 'I know I am unable to remain here.' While she said this she looked with her blue, truthful, earnest eyes into his face; then paused, hoping, without knowing what manner of hope was in her, that he would say—'she *was* able;' but he did not; 'and,' she continued, 'there is no one to whom I can go, except an old servant of my poor father's; so, if—' there came, perhaps, a flush of pride to her cheek, or it might be she was ashamed to ask a favour—'if, sir, you could get me into *an hospital*, I should be most grateful.'

'I wish I could,' he answered, 'with all my heart. We have hospitals enough; yet I fear—indeed I know—there is not one that would receive you when aware of the exact nature of your complaint. You must have a warm, mild atmosphere; perfect quiet, and a particular diet; and that for some considerable time.'

'My mother, sir,' said Lucy, 'died of consumption.'

'Well, but you are not going to die,' he replied smiling; 'only you must let your father's old servant take care of you, and you may soon get better.'

Lucy shook her head, and her eyes overflowed with tears; the physician cheered her after the usual fashion. 'I am not afraid of death, sir,' said the young woman; 'indeed I am not; but I fear, more than I ought, the passage which leads to it; the burden I must be to the poor faithful creature who nursed me from my birth. I thought there was an hospital for the cure of every disease; and this consumption is so general, so helpless, so tedious.'

'The very thing,' said the doctor, who, with all his kindness, was one of those who think 'so and so,' because 'all the faculty' thought 'so and so,' for such a number of

years—'its being tedious is the very thing; it is quite a *forlorn hope*.'

'But, sir,' answered the soldier's daughter, '*forlorn hopes* have sometimes led to *great victories*, when they have been *forlorn*, but not *forsaken*.'

The doctor pressed into her hand the latest fee he had received, and descended the stairs. 'That is a very extraordinary girl, madam, in the nursery,' he said to the lady; 'something very superior about her; but she will get worse and worse; nothing for her but a more genial climate, constant care, perfect rest, careful diet: if she lives through the winter, she must go in the spring. Lungs! chest! blisters will relieve her; and if we could produce the climate of Madeira here for a winter or so, she might revive; but, poor thing, in her situation——'

The lady shook her head, and repeated, 'Ay, in her situation.'

'It is really frightful,' he continued, 'the hundreds—thousands, I may say—who drop off in this dreadful disease—the flower of our maidens, the finest of our youths—no age, no sex, exempt from it. We have only casual practice to instruct us in it; we have no opportunity of watching and analysing it, *en masse*, as we have with other complaints; it is turned out of our hospitals before we do what we even fancy might be done; it is indeed, as she said just now, "*forlorn*" and "*forsaken*." Why I know not; I really wish some one would establish an hospital for the cure, or at least the investigation of this disease; many, if taken in time, would be saved. Suffering the most intense, but perhaps the best endured, from the very nature of the complaint, would be materially lessened, and a fresh and noble field opened for an almost new branch of our profession.'

The physician prescribed for Lucy. He saw her again, and would have seen her repeatedly, but the family left town suddenly, in consequence of the death of a near relative, and the very belief that nothing could be done for her, circumstanced as she was, contributed to her being forgotten. The human mind has a natural desire to blot out from memory objects that are hopeless. Lucy went to Mary's humble lodging, and fancied, for a day or two, she was much better. She had the repose which such illness so naturally seeks. Mary's room was on the ground-floor of a small house in a little street leading off Paradise-row. The old pensioners frequently passed the window; she could hear the beat of the Asylum drums; sometimes they awoke her out of her sleep in the morning, but she liked them none the less for that. Mary put away her poor master's hat (which she brushed every morning), his sword and sash, and his gloves, in her own box, when Lucy came, lest the sight of them should make her melancholy; but Lucy saw their marks upon the wall, and begged she would replace them there. She gave her little store, amounting to a few pounds, into the nurse's hands, who spent it scrupulously for her—and yet not prudently, for she ran after every nostrum, and insisted upon Lucy's swallowing them all. Sometimes the fading girl would creep along in the sunshine; and so changed was she in little more than a year, that no one recognized her, though some would look after her, and endeavour to call to mind who it was she so strongly resembled.

The little store was soon expended, though Mary would not confess it. Lucy, skilled in the womanly craft of needle-work, laboured unceasingly; and, as long as she was able to apply to it, Mary found a market for her industry. But as the disease gained ground, her efforts became more feeble, and then the faithful nurse put forth all her strength, all her ingenuity, to disguise the nature of their situation; the expense of the necessary medicine, inefficient as it was, would have procured her every alleviating comfort—*if there had been an institution to supply it.*

I have often borne testimony to that which I have more often witnessed—the deep, earnest, and steadfast fidelity of the humbler Irish! yet I have never been able to render half justice to the theme. If they be found wanting in all other good or great qualities, they are still true in this—ever faithful, enduring, unwearied, unmoved—past all telling is their fidelity! The woman whose character I am now describing was but one example of a most numerous class. Well she would have known, if she had given the matter a thought, that no chance or change could ever enable Lucy to repay her services, or recompense her for her sacrifices and cares; yet her devotion was a thousand times more fervent than if it had been purchased by all the bribes that a kingdom's wealth could yield. By the mere power of her zeal—her earnest and utterly unselfish love—she obtained a hearing from many governors of hospitals; stated the case of 'her young lady,' as she called her, the child of a brave man, who had served his country, who died before his time from the effects of that service; and she, his child, was dying now, from want of proper treatment. In all her statements Mary set forth everything to create sympathy for Lucy, but nothing that tended to show her own exertions; how she toiled for her night and day; how she was pledging, piece by piece, everything she had to support her; how her wedding-ring was gone from off her finger, and the cherished Waterloo medal of her dead husband (which, by some peculiarly Irish effort of the imagination, she said 'was his very picture') had disappeared from her box. She whispered nothing of all this, though she prayed and petitioned at almost every hospital for medicine and advice. Dismissed from one, Mary would go to another, urging that 'sure if they could cure one thing they could cure another; anyhow they might try;' and if she, the beloved of her heart, was raised up from a bed of sickness, 'God's fresh blessing' would be about them day and night. 'They got up hospitals,' she would add, 'for the suddenly struck for death, for the lame, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind; for the vicious! but there were none to comfort those who deserved and needed more than any! She did not want them to take her darling from her. She only asked advice and medicine.' She implored for nothing more. The Irish never seem to feel ashamed of obtaining assistance from any source, except the parish; and Mary would have imagined she heaped the bitterest wrong upon Lucy if she had consulted 'the parish doctor;' thus her national prejudice shut her out from the only relief, trifling as it might have been, which she could obtain for her she cherished.

And so the fell disease, pale and ghastly, stalked on, grasping its panting and unresisting victim closer and more close, wasting her form—infusing the thirsty fever into her veins—parching her quivering lips into whiteness—drawing her breath—steeping her in unwholesome dews—and, at times, with a most cruel mockery, painting her cheek and lighting an *ignis fatuus* in her eyes, to bewilder with false hopes of life while life was failing! Her perceptions, which had been for a time clouded, quickened as her end drew near; she saw the furniture departing piece by piece: at last she missed her father's sash and sword; and when poor Mary would have framed excuses, she placed her quivering fingers on her lips, and spoke more than she had done for many days. 'God will reward you for your steadfast love of a poor parentless girl; you spared *my treasure* as long as you could, caring nothing for yourself, working and starving, and all for me. Oh that the world could know, and have belief in the fervent enduring virtues that sanctify such rooms as this, that decorate bare walls, and make a bright and warming light when the coal is burnt to ashes, and the thin candle, despite our watching, flickers before the night is done. I have not thought it night when I felt your hand or heard you breathe.' Oh, what liberal charities are there of which the world knows nothing! How generous, and how mighty in extent and value, are the gifts given by the poor to the poor!

It is useless as well as painful to note what followed.

* * All was over.

'To die so, in her strength, her youth, her beauty; to be left to die, because they say there's no cure for it; *they never tried to cure her!*' exclaimed the nurse between her bursts of grief—'no place to shelter her—no one to see to her—no proper food, or air, or care—my heart's jewel—who cared for all, when she had it! Still, the Lord is merciful. Another week, and I should have had nothing but a drop of cold water to moisten her lips, and no bed for her to lie on. I kept *that* to the last, anyhow; and now it may go; it must go—small loss; what matter what comes of the likes of me, when such as her could have no help! I'll beg from door to door, 'til I raise enough to lay her by her father's side in the churchyard of Ould Chelsea.' But that effort, at all events, was not needed: the hospital was astir; the sergeant-major was remembered; and the church-bell tolled when Lucy was laid in her father's grave in *the churchyard of Old Chelsea*.

The foregoing simple piece is an abridgment from a story of our accomplished friend Mrs S. C. Hall, whose varied Irish tales have so frequently ornamented these pages. The story of 'The Forlorn Hope,' illustrated with wood-engravings, and handsomely bound, has appeared in

the novel and acceptable character of a free-will offering of its authoress towards the establishment of an hospital for the cure, or relief, of consumption, about to be erected at Brompton, in the western environs of the metropolis. We trust that the publication will prove as serviceable to the funds of this excellent institution as its benevolent writer could desire.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

SELF-SUPPORTING INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A GREAT deal has been said and written of late respecting the institution of agricultural schools and colleges, but as yet little has been done towards the accomplishment of so desirable an object. This has arisen partly from difference of opinion as to the best mode of conducting such establishments, but principally from the difficulty of obtaining funds sufficient for their maintenance. Agreeing with those who advocate the propriety of instructing the sons of farmers and the children of the labouring hind in the principles of their profession, and believing that immense advantage would thereby accrue to agriculture, we have from time to time directed attention to the various proposals put forth on the subject. We now bring under the notice of our readers a school which has been established by Mrs Davies Gilbert in the county of Sussex, in which the pupils not only obtain the usual elementary education, but are also trained in the principles and practice of the profession to which they are destined. Schools of this kind are termed 'Self-Supporting,' from the fact, that the master receives the labour of the pupils as an equivalent for the tuition he bestows upon them; the earlier part of the day, say from nine to twelve, being devoted to the school-room, and the latter, from two till five, to the field. Of course this system can only apply to boys somewhat advanced, or to those whose industrial occupation during a few hours in the afternoon will nearly or entirely discharge their school tuition. A visit to one of these institutions—that of Willingdon, near Eastborne—is thus described in the Sussex Advertiser:—

'The WILLINGDON SELF-SUPPORTING SCHOOL is a neat little cottage building, combining, in a very small compass, the attributes of dwelling-house, school, dairy, cow-house, with thrashing-floor above, and various conveniences attached. The roof is surrounded by gutters, which convey the rain-water into a large tank, so that it is not only not wasted, but prevented from running away on the land. The cow-house, piggeries, &c. are so constructed, that all the liquid manure runs into a large tank sunk in the ground, and carefully covered over, so as to allow no rain or water to enter. Our visit was made at half-past one, in ignorance of the hours of the school, which we afterwards found to be from nine till twelve, the afternoon work commencing at two, and continuing till five. We first entered the cow-house, where we discovered two little fellows, about seven years of age, waiting to go to work. Their proper hour was two o'clock, but there they were, spade in hand, ready for their afternoon's work. These children were the picture of strong and ruddy health, and of thorough cheerfulness, and certainly quite reversed the usual order of things by the evident alacrity with which they came to their work before their proper time. They were shortly joined by some more playmates; for though it was work in one sense, it certainly was not in another, and they proceeded in a body, and commenced digging on the ground allotted for their afternoon's employment. On questioning them, we found that there was only one boy above nine years old, and he was the eldest son of the master. There were about a dozen children in all, and they were chiefly under eight, one even being but four years of age. We were then joined by the master himself, who, after putting his little band to work, readily replied to several inquiries which we put as to the rent he paid, the proceeds of his little farm, and the various circumstances connected with it. He stated his position to be as follows:—He rents five acres of land, for which, including the house, he has paid L.25 a-year, and which latter he reckons at L.10. He cultivates this land by the help of his little scholars, who barter their labour of three hours in the afternoon for three hours of his instruction in the morning, they paying him in addition one penny a-week. He finds himself able to cultivate these five acres thoroughly, and to a good profit; to prove which, he took us into the schoolroom, where he produced his accounts for the previous year. He has no other source of income than that which he derives from this and from the weekly pence of his scholars. He is perfectly happy, and is able to earn a good living off these five acres for himself, wife, and children. These are his comforts; and now let us see how his little scholars fare as to their share of the bargain, and whether they get efficient instruction in return for their labour. We examined their writing and their arithmetic books, and we may honestly state that some of their work would shame the attainments of many children of the same age in a much higher walk of life. It seems that these children are rarely with him after eleven or twelve years of age, for they have been so well trained in agricultural matters, that they very readily find situations at that age with the farmers in the neighbourhood. They appear fond of their master, and their fondness for their employment is sufficiently evidenced by their alacrity in coming to their work before, instead of at the time appointed.'

Such a system as this is certainly worthy of imitation in many rural districts, especially with boys from eight to thirteen years of age. Supposing they have previously learned to read, write, and cipher a little, they might be farther improved in these branches, instructed in mensuration and the keeping of accounts, and taught to know something of the nature of soils, manures, and the cultivated plants. Under a conscientious and well-informed master, a limited number of pupils might make considerable progress in this species of knowledge; while, on the other hand, if their labour was well directed, it would materially assist in the cultivation of the teacher's farm. Aided and countenanced by the proprietors of rural parishes, these schools might be productive of vast advantage; they would lessen the burdens of parents, inasmuch as their older boys might be said to pay for their own education; and they would disseminate through the district a more orderly and intelligent race of labourers. Opposed as we are to every species of 'infant labour,' in the usual acceptation of the term, we see nothing objectionable in the system under review, but think its principles might be advantageously extended to many educational establishments of higher pretensions. Most of our 'charitable institutions,' as they are called, are lamentably deficient in this matter; and though boys of ten, twelve, or even fourteen years of age be apt enough scholars, and though it is known that they must depend in after-life upon their bodily labour, yet they leave school as ignorant of the world and all that appertains to it, as if they had never been beyond the confines of the nursery. A boy of fourteen, who has been taught to clean his own clothes and apartments, who can handle a spade or pick-axe, a saw or hammer, is a much superior being in every respect to one whose sphere of action has never extended beyond the school-room and playground; and this is precisely what the advocates of industrial schools are aiming at. They would stint the tuition of the pupil in nothing necessary to his intended profession, the while they would initiate him into the practice and application of those processes upon which he has to depend in after-life. But, taking the lowest view of schools like that of Willingdon, it is certainly better that children should purchase even a scanty education by their own labour, than that they should remain utterly ignorant through the poverty or neglect of their parents.

CONFUSION OF MIND.

A particular friend of my own, who is fonder of the study than the drawing-room, when he enters a social circle in which there are faces not thoroughly familiar to him, is like a wanderer in a foreign scene. His strange blunders are often exceedingly offensive to the feelings and prejudices of those whom he is most desirous to oblige. He fails in exact proportion to his anxiety for success. If he were walking in his own garden, or sitting in his own domestic circle, he could be as self-possessed and commonplace a person as any in the world. He might remain for hours in a state of mental ease or inaction, and even 'whistle for want of thought;' but the moment that he enters a new scene, and feels a little out of his element, his intellectual faculties commence a rapid chaotic dance. It is in vain that he attempts to control or guide a single thought; the reason has no longer sovereign sway and masterdom. When he was preparing to leave England for this country, he called at the India House for a 'shipping order' for himself and family. He found himself suddenly in a crowd of gay young clerks, in whose presence he was somewhat abruptly questioned as to the number and names of his children. He had only three of those inestimable treasures; but there was such an instantaneous anarchy in his brain, that he was obliged to confess he could not answer the question. Every one stared at him with astonishment, and set him down for a madman. He sneaked painfully out of the room, and had scarcely closed the door, when his memory was as clear and precise as ever. I shall venture upon another anecdote, equally characteristic. He received some time ago a pair of marriage tickets. He was eager to acknowledge the compliment, and pay his grateful respects to the young bride; but bad health, official duties, obliviousness, and a spirit of procrastination, all combined to occasion the postponement of his visit. He called at last, and experienced his usual stultification. In the presence of a number of visitors, all of whose eyes were intently fixed on him, he observed that he was glad to see so many persons present, as it convinced him that the honeymoon was over, and that he had not called earlier than delicacy and custom permitted. He had forgotten that a whole year had slipped away since he had received the tickets. There was a general laugh, and the lady good-humouredly sent for a fine thriving baby, as a still stronger proof that his visit was perfectly well-timed. I cannot resist the temptation to add one more example of his occasional perplexities. He was acquainted with two brothers, of whom the one was a literary man, and the other a merchant. The latter died, and a few months after that event my friend met the survivor. He at once confounded the dead man with the living, and in the course of conversation embraced an opportunity to express his regret to the supposed merchant at the deplorably bad success of his poor brother's published poems, adding, in the freedom and plenitude of his confidence, a candid opinion (which could not now, he observed, reach the ears of the person referred to, or give him a moment's pain) that, in devoting himself to literature, he had sadly mistaken the nature of his own powers. My unhappy friend had hardly let fall the last word of his unconscious jest, when a light flashed across his brain, and he saw his error. The scene that ensued baffles all description. It would be difficult to say which of the two was the most severely vexed—the vain and irritable poetaster, or the dreaming blunderer. I could easily multiply instances of my friend's excessive abstraction and laughable forgetfulness; but these are enough for my purpose. I will only add, that he hardly ever addresses any person by his right name, and if suddenly called upon to introduce a friend to a strange circle, would be sure to make some extraordinary blunder, the absurdity of which would stare him in the face the moment after. He is sometimes so vexed by his almost incredible mistakes, that he vows in his despair he will never again attempt any intercourse with general society, however numerous or pressing may be the invitations of his friends. He knows too well, he says, that if any subject is especially unpleasing to his hearers, he is sure, by some horrible fatality, to bring it prominently forward; and if he attempts a compliment, he is ruined for ever. With the strongest ambition to be thought both sensible and good-natured, he often acts as if he were either a perfect idiot, or one of the most malicious of human beings.—*Richardson's Literary Leaves, Calcutta*, 1840.

ISLAND OF ICELAND.

A survey of the interior of the island of Iceland is at present in progress; but the engineers have great difficulties to contend with, besides the want of roads, and of fodder for their horses, three months and a half annually; from the middle of June to the end of September is all the time which can be employed on the work, and of that scarcely one-fifth is clear enough to show the mountain tops.

THE FIVE TOASTS.

[The Norwegians have a song called *Ger Fem Skooler* (The Five Toasts), with which they generally close their festive entertainments, using the violin energetically between the verses. Of this song the following is a translation, which we have been permitted to publish.]

As by five senses we are directed
In all the bus'ness and joys of life,
So let five toasts be now selected,
Five glasses quaffed without care or strife.

First, fill your glass, and pledge sincerely
To Her who's all the world to you;
To her you love, and who loves you dearly,
Who 'mid life's sorrows will still be true.

Next to the Friend who has proved unshrinking
In hours of trial when Fortune frowned;
Who, 'mid the cold, proud, and unthinking,
With ready hand and warm heart was found.

Third to your Country, the house of childhood,
Pledge round the goblet with right good will;
To foamy river and lofty wild wood,
To busy city, lone glen, and hill.

Fourth to the Generous and Open-hearted,
Whose liberal hand relieves distress,
Who feels for those by sorrow smarted,
Whose name the poor delight to bless.

Now give my fifth toast a welcome greeting,
Fill up each glass till it sparkles bright;
Here's to the Host of this merry meeting,
To him and his a kind good night.

The present number of the Journal is the first of the second volume of the new series. For the first volume there is prepared a title-page and index, which may be had from the publishers and their agents.

The publishers take this opportunity of expressing their grateful satisfaction with the expressive marks of approbation which have been bestowed by the public on the experiment of a reduced form of sheet and commencement of a new series. The press appears to have been unanimous in favour of the new form, and the rest of the community may be presumed to be of the same mind, from the extraordinary access of patronage which the work has received since the beginning of the year. From somewhat under 60,000, which was the amount latterly printed of the old series, the first impression has advanced to above 90,000, being an addition of more than one-half. Nor can even this be considered as the entire present circulation, for so great is the sale of past numbers of the work, that reprints are constantly required; and of the January numbers, for example, the aggregate impressions have amounted to 115,000, being about double the circulation of the old series. The publishers, who, however strange it may appear, contemplated no such result, but only thought to make their work more agreeable in appearance and more convenient in use to the readers they already had acquired, cannot but be much gratified by so striking an illustration of the maxim, only now beginning to be appreciated, that all true interests are one. As editors, they of course feel, in the extended usefulness of their little work, reason for, if possible, an increased anxiety to make it all which the friends of literature and popular instruction could wish.

*** Complete sets of the *Journal*, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, July 6, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 28. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

A TALE.

BY MRS JAMES GRAY.

PART FIRST.

The story which I am about to commit to paper is substantially true. I shall not call its persons by their real names, nor shall I describe the spot of their residence so minutely as to render it easily identified. It is enough that it was on the outskirts of Liverpool, that mighty town so often erroneously called a city, which, like a rapidly-spreading tree, is continually shooting out fresh branches in every direction. The principal actor in this history I shall call by the name of Grainger.

William Grainger was book-keeper in the office of a merchant named Gibbs, and though his salary was but one hundred per annum, many of his class looked upon him with envy; for 'old Gibbs,' though somewhat stiff and stern in his manners, stood high in the mercantile world, and was substantially kind to his clerks, seldom overworking them, or detaining them beyond one appointed hour, though he required them to be at their posts punctually, and to remain to the last allotted moment. Grainger, at the time our story commences, had been married a few months to an amiable and prudent young woman of some personal beauty; but she had brought him no fortune, except her innate good qualities. They now resided at some distance from the centre of the town, in a small house not remarkable for beauty either as to appearance or situation, but neat and comfortable, and possessing the advantage of better air than the dwellers nearer 'business' could enjoy. It was a tall thin tenement, newly built of ruddy brick, showing by the small dimensions allotted to the ground-floor, and the tiny garden before and yard behind, how valuable land has become in that thriving neighbourhood; a kitchen in the sunk storey, a small parlour, with a smaller room or rather closet behind it, and two bedrooms above; that was all. The furniture, though exceedingly clean and neatly arranged, was as plain and unexpensive as furniture could well be; and yet there were few mansions in Liverpool that contained such a happy couple as William and Mary Grainger.

It was a beautiful July evening, succeeding to a sultry day, when Mrs Grainger sat alone in her little parlour. She had been busy all day with her household duties; for she kept no servant, except a little girl, who went home every evening; and she had just dressed herself with great neatness, and sat down to needlework. Her spotless muslin dress and smoothly-braided hair, together with the appearance of the tea-table, which, besides the usual tea things, displayed a plate of sliced ham and another of salad, might have indicated that she expected a visitor. But Mary Grainger only waited for her husband; and she would not have dressed for the most splendid ball with half the satisfaction with which she had made these simple preparations for his reception. And as she plied her needle, she wondered in her heart if the whole wide world contained another creature so happy as herself; for Mary, with all her simplicity, was a thoughtful woman, gentle, and contented, and pious. Her husband was her world, the centre round which all her earthly hopes and affections revolved; the being to the promotion of whose happiness and comfort all her employments were directed. Her life was full of gentle happiness even in his absence; for from the moment of his bidding her farewell in the morning, till his return at night, she was looking forward to that return, and busying herself in employments of which he was to reap the benefit.

The clock struck six, and Mary laid down her work and prepared the tea, that her husband might not have to wait for his refreshment after his walk through the dusty streets. Five, or at farthest ten minutes after six was the time at which experience taught her she might depend on his arrival; but on this occasion the ten minutes extended to twenty, the twenty to half an hour, and still he did not make his appearance. Mary went to the gate of the little garden, and looked anxiously along the road; but though several persons were there, the figure she would have known amongst a thousand had not yet appeared.

Seven o'clock! Since their marriage, such a delay as this had never happened, and Mary grew uneasy; and with mingled thoughts of possible accidents, and tea spoiled by long standing, the young wife fidgeted from the parlour to the gate and back again for another half hour. Then her heart leaped joyfully up as her straining eyes descried him afar off coming hurriedly on; and in a few minutes they were seated together at the tea-table, and Mary Grainger was happy again.

But long before tea was over, Mary discovered that her husband was more silent and absent than usual, and was convinced that, to use a common phrase, he had 'something on his mind.' Coupling his demeanour with his long absence, her fears were alive again; and after a little cross-questioning, such as the fair sex know so well how to apply, she succeeded in drawing his secret from him.

'I did not intend to tell you at present, love,' he said, 'in case there should be any disappointment, but I see you are frightening yourself about nothing, so I had better let you into the secret. In the first place, I believe I am going to leave Mr Gibbs.'

'Leave Mr Gibbs!' exclaimed Mary in alarm. 'Oh William, what have you done to offend him?—what on earth will become of us?'

'Do not be so easily terrified, Mary,' replied Grain-

ger; 'I have no quarrel with Mr Gibbs, or he with me; if I leave, it will be at my own wish, and for my own advantage. In fact, he mentioned the thing to me at first, and said he had no wish to part with me, but thought it a pity to stand in the way of my getting a better situation. Now, only listen, Mary; only think of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year! Patchett and Adams have just lost their principal clerk, and, with Mr Gibbs's good word, it will be my own fault, I believe, if I do not fill his place.'

'My dear William!'

'My darling Mary!'—and then came the hearty embrace and the tears of joy; and then, as their emotion somewhat subsided, they sat hand in hand by the little flower-blinded window, and talked delightedly over their brightening prospects.

'There is one drawback, however,' said Grainger, when they were reckoning up the advantages of the new situation; 'the hours are longer, and I am not so sure of always getting away at half-past five. Of course we shall have to live further in town, which will scarcely be so pleasant.'

'Then we must leave our little home!' exclaimed Mary regretfully; and as with rapid memory she recalled the happy months she had passed there, and the various little improvements and embellishments which her own hands had executed, the splendour of Messrs Patchett and Adams's offer seemed shorn of half its beams. But the feeling passed away as rapidly as it had arisen, and she listened to Grainger's anticipations of a larger house, and a more efficient servant, and various additions in the way of furniture, with highly complacent feelings.

There was no check or hindrance in the way of Grainger's expected preferment; and as he was required to enter on his new duties at once, Mary set herself seriously to work to find a suitable house. She was so fortunate as to meet with one immediately in a street which, whilst it was tolerably airy and quiet, was much nearer the office of Messrs Patchett and Adams than their former dwelling. It was, indeed, a very good house, and at a moderate rent for its size, though more than twice as expensive as the one they quitted. It was in one of those many streets once fashionable, but now deserted by the aristocracy of trade for 'villas' and 'terraces' in the suburbs. Mary could not quite subdue a pang at her heart when she saw her little cottage home dismantled of its furniture, which looked poor and scanty enough in the apartments of their new dwelling. But a few days sufficed to put things in order; and new curtains, new carpets, and a handsome bookcase, went far towards reconciling Mary to the change. One thing, indeed, annoyed her: most of these articles were unpaid for at present, and she could not but remember that, during the days of their poverty, they had scrupulously abstained from taking even the most trifling article on credit. But Grainger had combated her scruples, by reminding her that they should soon be able to pay all these debts, and that, though whilst they were 'buried' in the small house they could do as they pleased, it was now politic to make a respectable appearance. Mary tried to be convinced, and argued with herself that they were surely justified in obtaining any thing for which they were certain of paying by and by, especially as it had been explained to the tradesmen who supplied these articles that their demands could not be satisfied till a certain time should have elapsed. But still there was a lurking feeling in her mind that they were beginning on a wrong principle, and that lurking feeling had more truth in it than the most specious argument. All beginnings of evil habits are dangerous, and the habit of going into debt most so—the most likely to gather strength as it grows. The fatal facility thus afforded for supplying not only the real, but fancied want or whim of the moment, rivets link after link to its enslaving chain, until care and anxiety, and mental and bodily disease, at length begin to make their fatal inroads on the self-doomed victim. A faint phantasm of such misery arose for a moment in Mrs Grainger's mind, but on her husband's it cast no shadow; new hopes had awakened new ambitions in his heart, and, strong in the consciousness of his own cleverness, and the good opinion of those with whom he was connected in business, he had no fears for the future. The cloud had been lifted up from his path; he considered that he had patiently abided his time; and, now the gate of worldly prosperity was opening to him, he looked eagerly forward for better prospects still. It was in vain that Mary gently attempted to check the growth of the golden visions that floated too vividly before the sanguine mind of her once contented husband. He was fully persuaded that he was born to be a rich and great merchant, and, in his fondness for gazing on that distant prospect, he overlooked in a great degree the present means of happiness around him. It is the common history of life; we are ever looking forward, and neglecting the attainable enjoyments around us. Thus through youth and manhood; and in age, a regretful looking back to times and opportunities when we might have been happier and more useful. Do we not all, more or less, pursue the shadow at the expense of the substance?

The birth of a son only increased William Grainger's desire for riches and advancement. Immediately after this event, a legacy of five hundred pounds was most unexpectedly bequeathed to Mrs Grainger by a distant relation, of whose earthly existence she had scarcely been aware until it had terminated. She was but just recovering from her confinement, and was bathed in tears of gratitude at these glad tidings, while in her simplicity she thanked the good God who, in sending her helpless babe into the world, had given her something to assist him in his struggle through it; for her affectionate and motherly heart at once dedicated this acquisition to the purposes of his education, should he live to require it, and without hesitation she named her wish to her husband. He did not reply to her for some moments, and when he did, it was not with the ready sympathy in her feelings on the subject which she had expected. He thought the money could be better applied. The command of a few hundreds just then would afford him the opportunity of embarking in a concern in which he was convinced money might be made rapidly. He did not require to resign his situation—only to advance a small sum; and would it not be foolish to lose such an excellent opportunity? There was something plausible enough in the statement, and though Mary felt it rather hard to give up her first intention, she did not hesitate long; for what will not woman do to gratify the man she loves? The money, therefore, was placed at his disposal, though Mary much wished that, before risking it in business, they should be freed from their lately-contracted debts. Great was her disappointment when she found her earnest intreaty had not been complied with. 'The bills I have given for these things,' Grainger said, 'are not yet due, and where is the good of paying beforehand, and losing the use of the money for so long? Do, dearest Mary, leave all these things to my judgment; you know I always act for the best, and what do women know of business?' Mary thought in her heart that, if she knew nothing of business, she at least knew something of justice and prudence; but she was timid in spirit, and said no more, trying to comfort herself with the hope that all would be well. From that time she asked no questions; but as the time drew on when the first bill for fifty pounds would fall due, she grew anxious and uneasy, and her delicate cheek grew paler and thinner than ever. Two days, however, before the payment must be made, Grainger entered the dining-room so much flushed and excited, that all her fears would have been aroused afresh, had not his countenance been so redolent of joy.

'Now, Mary,' he cried, 'now own that I was right! Your five hundred pounds has been a lucky legacy, for it has produced almost fifteen hundred. I was rather

alarmed for the result of my speculation a week ago; but "all's well that ends well," and there is nothing more to fear. I've lodged the amount of the bill that I know you have been thinking of; so come to Bold Street, and choose the best silk in W——'s shop; you want a new dress, I know, and now is your time to get it.'

'But, William,' said Mary anxiously, 'there is something I must say to you before we go. My five hundred pounds, it *was* mine, darling, was it not?' She faltered as she saw the smile fading from his face.

'Of course it was yours,' he replied hastily; 'what more have you to say about it?'

'Why, dear, don't be displeased, but only that I would like five hundred pounds put into some bank or safe place to pay for little Clement's education; won't you oblige me, love?' she continued more timidly, as she observed a cloud gathering on his brow.

'Indeed, Mary,' he answered, 'I would try to do as you wish, if I did not know it is better for you that I should not. If five hundred pounds can be multiplied in a short time, as you must be convinced it can, would it not be a pity to let so much lie idle at a miserable bank interest, for a purpose for which it cannot be wanted for years to come, if at all?'

The quick tears gushed into Mary's eyes at the conclusion of this speech. Was he, then, already calculating the chances of that dear child's life or death as a matter of business? He perceived her emotion, and hastened to amend his error.

'I did not mean, my love, to fret you, believe me,' said he; 'but you *must* know there *are* such chances as that I alluded to, and should our beloved boy be spared to us, I hope we shall not lack a paltry five hundred pounds to educate him.'

'You thought it a *large* sum just now, William.'

'And so it is, Mary, to us at present; I do but speak comparatively. A few healthy grains of wheat are important at seed-time, but how do they stand when the barns are full after harvest?' And Mary once more suffered herself to be persuaded, if not convinced, so that William Grainger could now commence business with a capital of more than fourteen hundred pounds. It seemed an auspicious beginning, but more than this —more even than natural cleverness and industry—is required to make a prosperous ending. Mary comforted herself with the idea that he still retained his situation, which, producing them a certain income, promised the supply of their actual wants whatever might be the fate of her husband's speculations. But Grainger was an altered man. With his attention divided between his own affairs and those of his employers, he became less punctual, less cheerful, and less respectful in his manners; and Messrs Patchett and Adams at length felt themselves obliged to intimate that they thought it better that their business should be conducted by some one who had fewer private matters to attend to. The hint was sufficient; Grainger immediately threw up his situation, took an office of his own, and did not inform his wife of the step he had taken until the arrangement was completed. The announcement of this change smote upon Mary's heart like the knell of peace and comfort. Whilst her husband was rejoicing in his *independence*, she had lost all sense of liberty. It was in vain that he gave her permission to order what she would in the way of dress and furniture; and when she declined to obtain such things on credit, poured money into her purse for that purpose. She felt as if she had no longer a right to spend a shilling without an absolute necessity, as if the *uncertainty* of their fortunes ought to check them in all needless expenditure. At her earnest intreaty, however, the debts contracted when they first came to reside in their new house were paid off, and her mind was relieved from one great anxiety; though Grainger said something about the folly of paying away money which might be better employed, and laughed at her fears, which he imputed to her utter ignorance of business. A few months went by, and William Grainger began to be spoken of as a man of some note in the commercial world. A few years passed, and he rated amongst the wealthiest merchants in Liverpool. He had removed long since to a more fashionable part of the town, and latterly to a beautiful villa three or four miles from it, where, surrounded by every luxury that could be devised, Mary Grainger lived a quiet and secluded life. There were many reasons for this. Her health was not robust, she had no love for show and company, and seldom appeared at the magnificent dinner parties which her husband frequently gave, and she had a continued tie to home in the care required by her second child, a beautiful but very delicate girl of thirteen. Feeble from her infancy, and possessing at once the beauty and the fragility of a flower, Ellen Grainger had lived in a perpetual atmosphere of tender cares and gentle nursing, without which her sickly constitution must long since have failed. She was now threatened with disease of the spine, and needed a double portion of the unfailing attention her mother bestowed on her. Mrs Grainger's thoughts, indeed, seldom ranged beyond that sick-room, except when they took flight to the public school, where her other treasure, her darling Clement, was already winning such laurels as may there be gathered. Business was a subject on which she now seldom spoke or thought. Years of continued prosperity had given her a sort of quiet confidence that all was well; and her husband never troubled her with details of his affairs. She did not know anything of his gains and losses, his daring speculations, his hair-breadth escapes, or her mind would have been in a perpetual fever of apprehension. She was like one who, travelling in the dark, passes fearlessly by precipices and pitfalls, which, had the journey been performed by day, would have produced extreme terror. But there was one day in the year when her thoughts returned again and again to a contemplation of worldly things, though perhaps less vividly than in former years; it was on the anniversary of the day when her husband first brought to their little cottage the news of his hoped-for promotion. She had ever considered this day sacred, and kept it so; and she could have no more forgotten it, than she could have ceased to recall to mind the anniversary of her marriage or the dates of her children's births. The 17th of July always witnessed her devoting some hours in the retirement of her own chamber to reflection, to prayer, and sometimes to tears. And there were regrets too—not painful, but gentle and pensive ones—mingling with her memory of the past. Prosperous as their course had been, it ever seemed to her that all the long years of rising wealth and importance had brought her no such pure and unmixed happiness as the few short months immediately succeeding to her marriage which she had spent in that small cottage. It was difficult to believe that she was the same wife who had gone so meekly and cheerfully about her household toils, and felt so contented in her comparative poverty. It was even more difficult to identify her husband with the young open-hearted man who came home so regularly to that little dwelling, and, casting by the cares of the day, as things he could throw aside at will, was ready to sing, or talk, or walk with her, making her the spring of all his simple pleasures. Now, he was a careful cautious man, hoarding up secrets which were not for her, but which, if his lips were silent about them, spoke of their nature in the firmly-closed mouth, the lines furrowing the once smooth brow, and the gray already sprinkling the dark hair. So that anniversary ever brought with it a strange mingling of pleasure and pain; and never did she so completely feel the force of the beautiful petition, 'In all *time of our wealth*, Good Lord deliver us!' as on these occasions.

It was on the sixteenth of these anniversaries that Mary was sitting alone, according to her wont, having stolen an hour from her attendance on her invalid child, that her custom might not be broken. Her husband returned home somewhat earlier than usual, and knocking at the door of her dressing-room, requested admis-

sion. She had that morning reminded him that this was 'the memorable day;' but she had scarcely expected that he would remember it for a moment after quitting the house, still less that he would recur to it in the evening. But he entered on the subject at once, and kissing her affectionately, told her, that having this day concluded a strict examination of his affairs, he found that, free of every engagement, he was master of fifty thousand pounds. 'The few grains, Mary, the five hundred you were so afraid to risk, have indeed produced a golden harvest,' said he; 'if so small a sum has been thus fruitful, what may not be done with a large one? Who can say what shall be the limit of the future wealth and consequence of William Grainger!' But Mary had less extensive views for the future. She earnestly wished that her husband should secure this well-won wealth from future risk, and, withdrawing from business, or only following it on a moderate scale, allow them to enjoy as much happiness as they might for the remainder of their days. Grainger scouted the very idea of such a theory. 'What! in the prime of my life turn clod-hopper! In the very flush of success shut myself out from all active employment, or drone along in a beaten path, whilst those who are now leagues behind me shall outstrip me on the wings of enterprise!'

'But, my dearest William, you need *not* be idle. Think how much you might improve this place if you would attend to it, and what good you might do with your wealth and influence in a neighbourhood like this.'

'Time enough for that, my dear, in another twenty years, or when the fifty thousand is trebled. You women have such queer notions about happiness.'

'Oh, William! surely you cannot have forgotten the cottage, and how *very* happy we were there?'

'The cottage! oh yes; it was all very well *then*, but scarcely good enough for our pig-stye now; people must live according to their means, my dear. I don't think, Mary, you would like such a mean little hole yourself *now*.'

Mary did not reply, but a flood of strange feeling rushed over her mind—a loving regret for that little cottage—a feeling as if a friend had been lightly spoken of who should have been had in reverence.

Another year passed away, and not without many changes. Mary's suffering child, her beloved Ellen, had been removed to a better world, and Clement was preparing for college, being by his own desire designed for the church. He was a gentle thoughtful youth, with more of the temper of his mother than his father, partaking, too, of her delicacy of constitution; and though Grainger sighed over the disappointment of the hopes he had formed respecting his son—who, he had trusted, would be his assistant and successor—he yielded to the boy's earnest desire, from a conviction that he was not fitted for business. He had now embarked in some speculations which less daring spirits would have deemed extremely perilous; but his gains, and those of the adventurous few who had joined him, would be immense in the event of success, and Grainger could not, dared not think of any other end to his experiment. His brow grew gloomy, his manner, especially to Mary, not harsh, but reserved; and she, poor thing, after one or two ineffectual attempts to penetrate the secret that was evidently pressing on his mind, was compelled to wait patiently for such revelations as the course of events might make to her. They came at last, and came with tremendous, almost crushing power. The speculation on which he had risked so much had completely failed, and William Grainger was a ruined man. Not only had he to bear the loss of the all which he had been so many years toiling for, but to listen to the reproaches of those who had cast in their lot with him, led by his advice and example. William Grainger had wished to acquire wealth, but still he was not a merely avaricious man. He had a proud high spirit and deep feelings, and these were keenly wounded by the imputations which many failed not to cast on him. He was made a bankrupt; but long before his affairs were settled, he was lying helplessly on his bed, the victim of brain fever.

For weeks poor Mary watched over him with the tenderest solicitude, too much absorbed in grief for his illness to think much on their losses, or to speculate as to what was to become of them for the remainder of their days. One of Grainger's creditors was a Mr Fulwood, an elderly man of good property, and a member of the medical profession. He had some years ago assisted Grainger with money, which had never yet been repaid, nor, considering it safely invested, had he urged the repayment. For Mary he had ever entertained a high regard. Her gentleness, her freedom from pride, her motherly devotion to her invalid child, whom he had attended, had all won on his esteem, and he represented her case to the other creditors so feelingly, that he obtained a promise that the five hundred pounds which had originally been hers should be returned to her from the assets, and that she should be permitted to take what furniture she pleased from the villa before the sale took place. These tidings fell gratefully on Mary's ears, for that day had already been marked with joyful news. The doctors had told her that her husband might, probably would recover; and in the light of the happiness this announcement had diffused around her, the comparatively small sum allotted to her seemed like a direct gift from Heaven. They had, however, forborn to name one circumstance, which would have formed a dreadful drawback to her delight—the fact that the restoration of his body to health was not likely to be accompanied by that of his mind. Very soon, alas! that sorrowful truth dawned on her. William Grainger was himself no more. He sat up, he walked about, he regained his strength, he even seemed to recognize his wife, but on all other points his memory was a blank. He still spoke fondly to her, and smiled on her with a kind of childish smile, but

> 'She saw in the dim and fitful ray,
> That the light of the soul had gone away.'

Vainly did she hope and pray, and use every effort to arouse his mental energies. Mr Fulwood told her that it was useless; and as weeks went by, and brought no change, she was obliged to believe him. One plan was still dear to her almost broken heart, and she rested not till it was executed. She had ascertained that the cottage where she had spent the first months of her married life was vacant, and she wished to reside there again. She consulted with Mr Fulwood, and he approved of her wish. He had already applied to some distant relations both of her and her husband, and had wrung from them a promise of such a moderate weekly allowance as should protect her and that unfortunate husband from want. The five hundred pounds, at her earnest request, were kept apart for the purpose for which she had originally wished her legacy to be reserved—the education of her son; and tears of gratitude rolled down her pale cheeks as she reflected on the mercy of Providence in providing for that purpose. She availed herself no further of the kindness of the creditors respecting the furniture, than by taking away those articles which had formerly belonged to her little cottage. Though they had long been for the most part banished to the lumber-room, she had them still, for she cherished an individual affection for every chair and table, and had always declined parting with them; and now when they were arranged in her *new old* dwelling, as nearly as possible in their former order, she felt as if a heavy feverish dream had passed away, and that, but for one sad circumstance, she could almost return to old times and old happiness.

Another year had rolled by, and again a change. William Grainger, the enterprising trader, the great merchant, the last year's bankrupt, the fever-stricken idiot, had been carried to his lowly grave, the victim of a paralytic attack; and she, whose heart had clung to him so faithfully in joy and sorrow, dared not do otherwise than thank God for his release. 'How happy we

might be,' she would often say, 'if we would enjoy the blessings around us, instead of looking forward so anxiously to the future. If my poor William had done so—if he had been content in this cottage, all would have been well; yet no one could blame him when he took the first opportunity of getting into a superior situation. It had been well still if he had been contented with that excellent employment—well even when he left it and became rich and influential, if he had stopped in time; but the fever of speculation came upon him, and that brought ruin. Yet I do not murmur. All has been wisely ordered: and I have much to be thankful for—most, that my dear child has chosen a profession where he will not enter into the temptation that beset his poor father. Thank God that my Clement will have nothing to allure him to quit the Substance of happiness and pursue its Shadow!'

THE CAVERN WELLS OF YUCATAN.

YUCATAN, in Central America, so remarkable for the remains of ancient cities and temples, is singularly deficient in natural supplies of water. In former ages, when a civilised people occupied the country, embankments and wells seem to have been formed to compensate as far as possible for the deficiency; but now the inhabitants, enervated by conquest and bad government, have no such resources. When the rainy season is past, during which they obtain the needful element from natural hollows and a few artificial tanks, they would be altogether destitute of water, were it not for the reservoirs which nature has formed in the recesses of certain profound caverns which occur here and there throughout the country, and from which a scanty supply can be drawn at a vast expense of human toil. A description of these cavern wells gives a striking idea of the difference there may be, with regard to so simple a matter as the supply of water, between a country in a rude state, and one in which civilisation and good institutions have allowed of combined efforts being made to promote general conveniency.

Mr Stephens describes the village of Telchaquillo as wholly supplied from a cave in the centre of a square, round which the houses of the inhabitants have been built, the cave being probably the original cause of the village, as towns have originated round castles and at the mouths of rivers in our own country. The place at a little distance appears level and unbroken, and the stranger is surprised to observe women, as they walk across it, suddenly disappear as if they had sunk into the earth. A near approach brings in view a great orifice, like the mouth of a cave, from which ragged steps lead five hundred feet under an immense rocky roof to the water, where the cave rises clear twenty yards, the whole lit up from above. There is no current in the well; it rises a little during rain, but never falls below a certain point. Women are for ever ascending and descending, it being the sole means of supply to six hundred souls. At the ruins of Xcoch, however, is a well of still more singular character, evidently the sole supply of a large and populous city. In the centre of a grove of trees, so thick as to be close and sultry, and without a breath of air, is a circular cavity some thirty feet deep, at the bottom of which is a rude natural opening in a thick bed of limestone, narrow and low, and with a strong current of air rushing forth. This is the entrance to the well, and so violent is the wind as to cause the incautious intruder, who is unprepared, to be driven back gasping for breath. The opening is three feet high and four wide, descending at an angle of about fifteen degrees, and it must be entered on your hands and knees, with this strong current of air against you. A track in the floor, worn several inches deep by the treading of thousands and thousands of the denizens of this ruined city, and the blackened roof consequent on the necessary use of torches, are confirmations in themselves of the well having been the only watering-place of ancient Xcoch, if, indeed, the total absence of the water elsewhere were not proof sufficient. At the end of about two hundred feet the passage widens considerably, and rises to twice the height of a man, the air being no longer agitated, and the temperature warmer. A great vaulted chamber, with vast stalactite pillars, succeeds. Climbing a high broken piece of rock, you again crawl through a long, narrow fissure, leading to a rugged perpendicular hole three or four feet in diameter, with steps worn in the rock. Descending this, you come out upon a ledge, with a yawning chasm on the left. One or two rude logs, laid along the edge, with a pole for a railing, serves as a bridge; crossing which, the passage turns to the right, narrowing to three feet in both height and width, and descending rapidly. The labour, fatigue, and exertion required to get through this is immense. At the end of sixty feet it doubles on itself, contracts, and still leads downwards to a more spacious cavern, containing another perpendicular hole, through which you descend, by means of a rude and rickety ladder, to a steep, low, and crooked passage, opening into a large rugged chamber, in which is the well. This is now unused, there being nothing save ruins in its vicinity; but two similar caverns, at present the sole watering-places of existing towns, show what seeming incredible things are of daily occurrence. The first is that of Chack. Women, in general, are in Yucatan the drawers of water, the men being the hewers of wood; but at Chack, the labour is too great for the tender sex. A perpendicular ladder down a hole, a great cavern, a second perpendicular hole, a resting-place, then a hole two hundred feet deep, a low narrow passage varying in height and width, a fourth hole, lead to another low passage, at the end of which is a basin of water, being the well. The toiling Indians bearing their torches, some above, some below in the long shafts, make a wild and unearthly scene. The whole length from the mouth to the well is fifteen hundred feet, and the water-carriers having to crawl a great part of the way, do not carry the calabashes on their shoulders, as in that case they would strike against the roof; the straps are passed across the forehead, and left so long, that the calabashes rest below the hips, and thus form no obstruction. From this cave the whole population of Chack derive their water, except in the dry season, when they resort to the rancho of Schawill, three miles distant.

At Bolonchen, during the rainy season, the people are supplied from nine circular openings of no great depth in the rock, which have evidently been the cause of the settlement of population at that place. But these drying up at the conclusion of the rainy season, the inhabitants are forced to resort to a cave about a mile distant, which is perhaps the most extraordinary of all these singular wells. The entrance to this cavern is through a magnificent opening, beneath a bold ledge of rock, following which for about sixty feet by the glimmer of a torch, you come to a ladder that descends some twenty feet. All light from the entrance is here lost, but the brink of a vast perpendicular descent is soon reached, to the very bottom of which a strong body of light is thrown from a hole in the surface. An enormous ladder, of the most rudely-primitive description, leads to the bottom of this shaft. It is seventy feet long, twelve wide, and made of the trunks of young pines lashed together lengthways, and supported all the way down by horizontal trunks fastened against the face of the precipitous rock. The ladder is double, having two sets or flights of rounds, divided by a middle partition; and the whole fabric is lashed together by withes. It is very steep, and seems dangerous. 'Our Indians,' says Mr Stephens, who visited it, 'began the descent, but the foremost had scarcely got his head below the surface before one of the rounds slipped, and he only saved himself by clinging to another. The ladder having been made when the withes were green, these were now dry, cracked, and some of them broken. We attempted a descent, with some little misgivings; but by

keeping each hand and foot on a different round, with an occasional crack and slide, we all reached the foot of the ladder.' Mr Stephens was unluckily there during the wet season, ere the ladders were repaired for their five months' duty. M. Fontanier, who was on the spot during the active period, describes them as solid and safe. We are as yet but at the mouth of the well, which is called Xtacumbi Xunan, or the lady hidden away. And here we must pause to explain these words. Every year, just as the nine wells are at their last gasp, the ladders undergo a thorough renewal, which done, a great fête is held in the cavern at the foot of this ladder. The walls of a lofty chamber, with overhanging roof and level floor, on the side leading to the wells, are ornamented with branches, and hung with lights; and the whole village comes out with refreshments and music. Now, be it told, that in the town of Bolonchen dwelt many years ago an Indian lady of great wealth and many possessions, who had, however, above all, a pretty and interesting daughter. Of course many fell in love with the young lady, and, equally a matter of regular occurrence, the most ardent lover, and the only favoured suitor on the part of the damsel, was a poor fellow of the name of Sacbey, who had nought save a handsome face to trade with. The mother would not even speak to him, and forbade her daughter holding any communication with Sacbey. The village fête of the cueva came round; Sacbey and his fair mistress were of course present; at the close of the day, these persons were nowhere to be found. For a whole month they were sought in vain, at the end of which period Sacbey presented himself very demurely before the angry mother, and asked permission to marry her daughter. It was given, and at Sacbey's request, the lady and the cura went with him to the cave. In a secret chamber which Sacbey had discovered they found the bride, with just enough provision left for one day. They were married on the spot, and hence the name of La Senora Escondida. On the side of the cavern is an opening in the rock leading to an abrupt descent down another long and trying ladder. This past, moving on by a slight ascent over the rocks, at the distance of about seventy-five feet, ladders, one nine, and the other five feet high, are ascended, and then one of eighteen feet is descended. A fifth, sixth, and a seventh—this one long and precipitous—are descended, when a broken and ascending passage is reached, two hundred feet long. An eighth ladder leads to a low stifling corridor three hundred feet long; creeping through which on the hands and knees, the water is before you in its rocky basin fourteen hundred feet from the mouth of the cave, and four hundred and fifty perpendicular in the bowels of the earth. This is the Chacka, or red-water basin. From the open chamber above alluded to, other passages lead to other basins. The first, reached by wearisome corridors, is called Puduelha, meaning that it ebbs and flows like the sea. The Indians, who testify to this fact, also say that forty women once fainted in the passage to it, which is the reason why men have since performed the task. The third basin is called Sallab, which means a spring; the fourth Akabha, on account of its darkness; the fifth Cnocoha, or warm; the sixth Odiha, from being of a milky colour; and the seventh Chimaisa, because it has insects called *ais*. Seven thousand souls supply themselves during five months with water from these deep and singular wells.

In another part of Yucatan a scarcity of water caused a curious discovery, which further evinces the great industry and perseverance of the ancient inhabitants of Maya. A Senor Trego in 1835, failing to find water in a local well, obtained permission to clear out an aguada or pond of muddy water. Four feet deep of mud had to be removed, when the bottom was expected to be found, as Senor Trego was firmly convinced that the place was artificial. Fifteen hundred Indians were set to work, and on clearing out the mud, an artificial bottom of large flat stones lapping one over the other, and the interstices filled with a clay foreign to the neighbourhood, was found. The stones were many layers deep. In the centre were four wells, five feet in diameter, faced with smooth stones, and eight yards deep; on the margin were upwards of four hundred casimbas, or pits: when the pond was exhausted, the holes and wells remained, lasting the inhabitants until next rainy season. The renovation of this aguada, as may readily be understood, caused the neighbourhood to flourish; and one year of unusual scarcity, more than a thousand horses and mules came to this place, even from the rancho of Santa Rosa, eighteen miles distant, and carried away water in barrels. 'Families,' says Stephens, 'established themselves along the banks, small shops for the sale of necessaries were opened, and the butcher had his shambles with meat.'

The aguada of Jalal, a pond to all appearance, being dry about ten years since, the Indians, in digging pits, struck upon an ancient well, which, on being cleared, was found of singular form and construction. It had a square platform at the top, and beneath was a round well, faced with smooth stones, and from twenty to five-and-twenty feet deep. Below this was another square platform, and under the latter a well of less diameter, and about the same depth. About forty wells were afterwards found, some of the ordinary construction, and others of the shape of cones, the narrow part being uppermost; others of bee-hive form. The whole aguada was then cleared out, and it affords a never-failing supply. These constructions were the result of the labours of the same Maya population which is now so helpless. Conquest, and three hundred years of subjection, have divested them of all spirit. The men whose ancestors reared mighty palaces of hewn stone, temples, pyramids splendid in structure, formed paved roads, dug wells, and executed works of art Egyptian in their vastness, now dwell in poor bark huts, and live on tortillas and frigoles, or slap-jacks and beans.

One running stream is recorded by modern travellers, which has given name to a village, Becanchen, the running well. On the declivity of a hill, water gushes from the rocks, filling a clear basin beneath. 'To our Indian carriers,' says Stephens, 'and the muleteers, it was like the fountain to the Arab in the desert, or the rivers of sweet water promised to the faithful in the paradise of Mohammed.' Twenty years before, the country was a wilderness of forest. A wandering Indian came upon it, and made a clearing for his milpa, or maize field. In doing so, he found the running water. Indians gathered together, and the village now contains six thousand inhabitants. Water in Yucatan always makes a town.

AN ANECDOTE OF MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

Joachim Murat, if not the best-informed man, was undoubtedly the most gallant and intrepid soldier in the Imperial army of France. Having risen from the ranks to the high station of general, every part of a soldier's duty was familiar to him, and in all the details of the military art he had no rival. Napoleon designated him the best cavalry officer in Europe. His person was as manly as his manners were effeminate—his noble features and powerful limbs contrasting strangely with the eccentric frivolity of some of his actions. His best characteristics were, however, a strong natural sagacity, and an almost unbounded generosity both in public and private life. These qualities were frequently called forth when he was placed by Bonaparte on the throne of Naples.

When Napoleon, blindly imagining that his army could successfully contend with the severity of a northern winter, formed the gigantic project of subjugating Russia, Murat was summoned from the Neapolitan throne to Dresden, to take the command of the cavalry of the Imperial army. Previous to his departure, Murat, who had married Napoleon's sister, Caroline Bonaparte, established a regency, at the head of which he placed his queen. This lady, though not the handsomest, was cer-

tainly the most interesting and best-informed of all Napoleon's sisters. Besides many feminine accomplishments, she possessed great personal courage and tact in the management of political and administrative affairs. Unfortunately, however, she was, like her eldest brother, inclined to be despotic—a disposition which manifested itself as soon as the regency of the kingdom fell chiefly into her hands. This was unfortunate; for, under the mildest rule of a foreign power, a conquered nation seldom sits quietly; and the Neapolitans already bore with impatience the sway of a French king. Caroline's arbitrary character was known, and on Murat's departure, the discontent of the Neapolitans increased; they redoubled their efforts to overthrow the French dynasty, and to re-establish the exiled Bourbons on the throne.

The most powerful of the conspirators were the monks of the several religious orders which Murat had suppressed, and whose revenues he had made the property of the nation. These men possessed great influence over the Italian aristocracy, as well as over the lower orders, especially in the provinces, and exercised their sacred ministry to exasperate their flocks to rebellion. The moment the establishment of the regency was officially announced, the monks redoubled their efforts in favour of the expelled Bourbons, and enrolled in the conspiracy every class of the people, from the disaffected nobility down to military deserters and banditti. The most influential of the monkish agitators was Giusto Capezzuti, formerly of the order of St Martin, and for many years the manager and treasurer of all the estates and revenues left for the benefit of the poor. Not having been quite faithful in the discharge of his offices, Giusto amassed great wealth, and lived in splendid affluence at San Marcallino, a pretty village of Terra di Lavoro, about ten miles from the capital. All the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and especially the brigands who infested the marshes of Patria and Capua, held him in great estimation, and were so much under his influence, that they were ever ready to obey whatever he should command. His villa became the head quarters of the principal partisans of Ferdinand, the exiled monarch, then residing in Sicily, and he freely appropriated a portion of his vast wealth to the purchase of arms and munitions for his willing followers, all of whom were ready to commence the insurrection at any moment Fra Giusto might command. At length it was agreed that the grand explosion should take place on the anniversary of Napoleon's birth—the 15th of August 1812. It happened, however, that the measures of the conspirators were not taken so secretly as to prevent their proceedings from reaching the ears of the minister of police, and before the appointed day, Fra Giusto Capezzuti and the other chiefs of the rebellion were arrested and thrown into the state prison of Naples. The friar bore this reverse with the utmost fortitude; and although promises of pardon were repeatedly made on the condition that he should betray the secrets of the conspiracy, he indignantly rejected them. Some of his fellow-prisoners were not so honourable. Having been falsely persuaded that Capezzuti had become their accuser, they not only avowed their own guilt, but gave to the minister such information as enabled him to arrest a great portion of those conspirators who had hitherto escaped; and in a few days no fewer than three hundred and fifty individuals were lodged in prison. Preliminary examinations were instantly commenced, and the result was, that one hundred and forty-three persons were committed to take their trial; amongst whom were some of the first nobles of the land, besides military officers, and even chiefs of the police or *Sbirri*. To try these culprits, all the judges of the criminal courts were ordered by the regent to sit three times a-week, and the trials lasted from the 3d to the 22d of December 1812. Meanwhile the chief conspirators endeavoured, through their friends, to corrupt not only the juries, but the judges, by a lavish expenditure of money in bribery. They also retained the most subtle and eloquent counsel in the kingdom for their defence. But these efforts were useless; all were found guilty of high treason: the least culpable were sentenced to imprisonment for life; others were condemned to the galleys; whilst Giusto Capezzuti and forty-seven more of the leaders were ordered to be guillotined.

All hope was not, however, given up. By the French law—then in force in Naples—the right exists in criminal cases of appealing to a court of cassation. To this court the friends and counsel of the convicted conspirators applied for a new trial, on the ground of informalities said to have occurred during the examination of witnesses. As the appeal was founded on a mere legal quibble, little good was expected to result from it, the chief object of the applicants being to obtain such a delay as would allow of Murat's return from Russia; for nothing in the shape of mercy could be expected from his queen. Caroline, indeed, exerted all her influence on the court of cassation to hasten on the proceedings, so as to bring the culprits speedily to execution. In a few days, therefore, the appeal was rejected, and Fra Giusto and his forty-seven associates were ordered to be beheaded on the 15th of January 1813. The monk, with three of his relations, were to be executed before his own villa at San Marcallino, and as it was feared that the brigands and peasants of the neighbourhood would make a desperate attempt to rescue the popular friar, that village was completely garrisoned with troops.

At this critical juncture Murat appeared in Naples. The disastrous retreat from Moscow, and a quarrel with Napoleon, had driven him back to his kingdom quite unexpectedly. Of course his mere presence in Naples at once annulled the powers of the regency, and before the conspirators could be put to death, his signature was by law necessary to the warrants. The Marquis Guicciardi, minister of justice, with a rueful countenance submitted them to the king for perusal. Murat examined the instruments with attention, and was evidently shocked at being required to sign away the lives of so many of his subjects. 'How is it possible,' he inquired, 'they could have hoped to succeed in so daring and difficult an enterprise?'

The minister replied that the conspirators were numerous, wealthy, and influential—were well supplied with arms—were supported by the enemies of the state from without, and by the lower classes from within.

'Can it be,' rejoined the king, 'that a few inexperienced rebels, backed by unmanageable brigands, could ever dream of overturning a government supported by a hundred thousand faithful and well-disciplined soldiers, and having in its secure possession all the military strongholds and all the civil and financial resources of the country? The truth is, Marquis, these unfortunate men must be insane. No one shall convince me that people in their right senses could have engaged in such a wild adventure. I am convinced they are mad, and shall therefore revise their sentence. Let them be confined in the lunatic asylum of Aversa, and kept there until they recover their senses!'

The will of Murat was law. The culprits, instead of being dragged to the scaffold, were transferred to the state mad-house. In a few months the merciful king affected to believe that their insanity had sufficiently abated to admit of their being allowed at large without danger to the public, and they were one and all liberated. The effect of this clemency was to convert them from conspirators into the most devoted subjects of whom Murat could boast. Amongst them, however, there were a few miserable exceptions.

At the final downfall of the French empire in 1815, Murat was driven from his kingdom, and, as is well known, made soon after an attempt to regain the throne far more insane than that of Capezzuti and his followers; though, alas! his offence was not so leniently dealt with as he had treated theirs. He landed on the shores of Calabria with a few companions, in the hope of being joined by the oppressed people. In this he was disappointed; was captured, and shot by the base sentence

of a Neapolitan court-martial. What renders this proceeding the more revolting is the circumstance, that amongst those who condemned Murat to death, were several of the conspirators whom he had so generously pardoned. He was in the first place arrested by a Captain de Conciliis, was condemned under the presidency of General Nunziante, and by the vote of Prince Canosa, whose father, brothers, and other relations were amongst the condemned of the 15th January 1813.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

From a report of the officers of the railway department, Board of Trade, laid a short time ago before parliament, we gather some certain information respecting railway accidents and their causes. The report, which purports to be for 1843, establishes the important fact, that in railway travelling accidents would seldom if ever occur provided reasonable care were taken by the passengers, the attendants on the trains, and others. Railway accidents are divided by the writers of the report into three classes. First, those of a public nature, attended by personal injury to the public; that is to say, individuals injured by circumstances connected with the administration of the companies. Second, accidents attended with personal injury to individuals, owing to their own inadvertence or negligence. Third, accidents attended with personal injury to servants of the company, in circumstances involving no danger to the public.

In the first class of accidents three were killed and three injured in 1843; but of this number *only one* case of death occurred from circumstances not under the control of the sufferer. This death was occasioned by a collision of trains, owing to the fault of an engine driver. The other two deaths were partly ascribable to the parties themselves. The number of passengers travelling by railway in the course of the year was not less than 24,000,000, who were conveyed, on an average, about fifteen miles each. The announcement of the fact, therefore, that out of this vast number only one death occurred from a cause not imputable to the party injured, shows the high degree of security which has been attained in railway travelling, and demonstrates in a forcible manner the advantages that have resulted from the progress of scientific improvement in point of safety as well as of speed.

Of the second class of accidents, the report records twenty-four persons killed and seventeen injured; a ratio nearly the same as that of the previous year. As a general result, it may be stated that about twenty-four persons are killed annually on railways by their own imprudence. Their deaths cannot, properly speaking, be termed accidents. This will be best understood by a glance at the following causes of death:—'Fell across the rails in a state of intoxication. Boy riding without leave. Run over at night, trespassing on the rails. Passenger reaching imprudently out of the carriage, struck on the head by a wall. Passenger attempting to get in after the train started. Passenger jumping out before the train stopped. Jumping on wagons in motion. Run over, crossing imprudently before a train.' And so on with the others.

The third class of accidents refers, as has been said, to servants of the companies, and shows a list of forty killed and twenty-eight injured; also nearly what it had been the preceding year. A number of these accidents likewise arose from imprudence, or imperfect management on the part of the sufferer. As, for example—'Time-keeper attempting to jump on. Guard fell off. Fireman fell off. Labourer run over, crossing before wagons. Struck by a bridge,' &c. Heedlessness of companions, particularly in the dark, was a prevalent cause of injury.

A consideration of the whole cases, and the circumstances connected with them, leaves the impression, that railway travelling is on the whole greatly safer, both to life and limb, than travelling by stage-coach, steamboat, or any other conveyance. Nor is this more than might be reasonably expected, seeing that the whole mecanique of a railway train, its velocity, stoppages, &c. are strictly under physical control, and not necessarily liable to those irregularities arising from inattention, caprice, exhaustion, and the like, which must ever more or less attend all modes of transit that are chiefly dependent upon animal power. The arrangements of the companies, being now under the control of a public board, may be regarded as upon the soundest footing which the case admits of, and the interest of all parties being to prevent accidents, the public may rest assured that, with reasonable care on their own part, they scarcely run any risk, entitled to the name, in this kind of travelling.

PERIODICAL WORKS.

We daily see periodical works commenced with an extremely narrow chance of success, or rather with a certainty of speedy extinction written in legible characters upon them. They struggle on for a time, are a source of loss to their conductors, and after all have to slink out of life ingloriously, or, at the best, get themselves incorporated with other works, which is but a shabby apology for an honest death. We have generally remarked that these unfortunate enterprises might have been prevented if the persons concerned had been in possession of a few principles which more experienced individuals have ascertained as governing this branch of literary business, and, knowing these principles, had been disposed to observe and act by them.

A vast number of periodical works are devoted to special objects, as religion, science, art, temperance, and so forth; and many are the organs of particular religious parties. These come not within the present inquiry, as they all exist by virtue of definite and easily-ascertainable means of support. It is with regard to such periodicals as reviews, magazines, and smaller miscellanies, which appeal to the whole public with literary matter more or less general in its nature, that any difficulty of calculation exists. Here it appears that success will only be attained through the efficacy of one or other of three principles. In the first case, the work must be mainly the medium of the productions of some particular writer possessing remarkable gifts, and whose writings have consequently in a high degree that peculiar though almost indefinable quality, acceptability with the public. In this case the public buy, in order that they may obtain the works of one of their favourites. They would purchase the same author's writings in any other convenient form: this periodical, being the medium of these writings, is purchased accordingly. In the second case, the work must bear a very decided and special character in respect of politics, or some other line of speculation, and thus appeal to the sympathies of a particular class in the community, whose thoughts and feelings it may be said to represent. In this case, too, it may be all the better that some master spirit animates and harmonises the mass; indeed this object cannot well be accomplished otherwise. Thus, it will be seen, the two first principles in a great measure resolve themselves into one: the work must have a strong individuality of character, whether this may be conferred by a dogma, or by a peculiarly-endowed contributor. It must be a distinct and uniform character, which the reader expects to meet with every time he opens a new number, and in which he finds so much to gratify him, that he never thinks of giving up the work, but receives it continually, as a friend whose visits have worked themselves into his habits, and become indispensable to the comfort of his life. The third principle is one which is seen to operate with or without either or both of the other two: it consists in the work serving, by its general character, as well as its form and price, some important useful end; as where, for instance, it supplies a certain description of literary mat-

ter required by a section of the public. Great caution is necessary in the formation of plans, for by some trivial external peculiarity—in its periods, its form, or its price—a work may fail to meet the desired reception, even although possessed of considerable internal merit. So also it may fail from a pre-occupation of the ground.

If the reader casts his mind back upon all the distinguished periodical works known in England during the last century, he will find that they each depended upon one or other of the three principles above-described, or upon two or all of them together. Watch narrowly, on the other hand, for the causes of the failure of periodical works, and they will be found in the absence of these principles. We often see a new venture of this kind, where the external appearance, the arrangements for publication, and the means of engaging public attention, have all been duly attended to. The work looks well; its writers are even respectable; yet it does not succeed, and this simply because there was no leading wit, no special doctrine or aim, and therefore no individuality. Being a mere congeries, chance-assembled, of tolerable papers—a miscellany which might have as well been formed by a selection from former numbers of contemporary works—motive for purchase is wanting; no special regard is inspired into any portion of the public; the work therefore acquires no hold, and its extinction becomes inevitable.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE NETTLE ORDER OF PLANTS.

The nettle, as it grows beneath a wall in some neglected spot, appears a plant sufficiently insignificant. And in the esteem of mankind at large, there are few which stand lower. Our readers will nevertheless be prepared to hear of something interesting under this head, when they learn how the nettle stands with the naturalist. With him, it is the chief or type of one of the most extensive of all the natural orders, comprehending not fewer than twenty-four genera, of which there are above two hundred species. This great assemblage of plants takes a general name, *Urticaceæ*, from the Latin name of the common nettle. And what are the plants thus described? We find amongst them some that are most interesting, even in the eyes of uninstructed persons. The hop, so extensively cultivated in southern England, is ranked under the nettle order. The bread-fruit-tree and cow-tree, which furnish a ready-made meal in some favoured climes, take their places among the urticaceæ. To this order belongs the India-rubber-tree, from which we now derive a comfort so important in our rainy climate; also the upas-tree, of which so many strange tales are told. Under this head are likewise classed the sycamore and fig of Scripture, besides the hemp, the pellitory of the wall, the banyan-tree, and the mulberry. An order comprehending plants, many of which are at first sight so dissimilar, is apt to confound the uninitiated; but the difficulty is greatly removed by dividing it into two distinct tribes—the *Urticaceæ* proper, and the *Artocarpeæ*, or bread-fruits; the former embracing the herbaceous species with watery juice, and the latter the ligneous species, whose juice is milky. 'The botanical construction of the flowers,' says Loudon, 'is, however, strikingly alike in all, from the nettle and humble pellitory of the wall, to the fig and bread-fruit-tree. In all the genera, the male and female flowers are distinct; that is, some of the flowers have only stamens, and others only a pistil; the latter, of course, being the only ones which produce seed. None of the flowers have any corolla; and in all the male flowers, the stamens which are erect at first spring back with elasticity, and discharge their pollen, and afterwards remain extended. The seeds are all enclosed in nuts, though the edible part varies—being in some, as the bread-fruit and the fig, the dilated receptacle; and in others, as the mulberry, the metamorphosed calyx. Many of the genera have one or two species which produce eatable fruit, though the fruit of the other species of the same genus is unwholesome, an anomaly rarely to be met with in any other order except the *Solanaceæ* (nightshades); and though the milky juice of most urticaceous plants is poisonous, it affords in one species, the cow-tree, a wholesome beverage.' Besides these, there are other peculiarities characteristic of the order. The leaves, for example, are alternate, and usually covered with asperities, or with hairs furnished with a stinging secretion; and this stinging property, so well exemplified in the common nettle, is participated in by many others whose acridity is intense. A narcotic principle is highly developed in the hemp, and the toughness of the fibre of that plant is common to numerous others of the order; while many species furnish caoutchouc of the finest quality. Such are the general features of urticaceous plants, the peculiar characteristics of which will be more clearly shown by treating respectively the two great tribes into which botanists have divided them.

The first tribe, *Urticaceæ proper*, contains all those plants—as the nettle, hop, hemp, and pellitory—which possess the common characteristics of the order, but agree with the stinging nettle in yielding a watery juice when broken. Most of them also agree in having rough leaves and angular stalks, the fibres of which are so tough as to be capable of being spun. At the head of the tribe stands the genus *Urtica*, which embraces those plants known under the common name of *nettle*, a term the same with the Anglo-Saxon word *netel* or *nædl* (a needle), and evidently applied on account of the stinging properties of the hairs or prickles. Urtica, it may be remarked, is also a descriptive name, but alludes to the sensation which the sting produces, being from the Latin *uro*, I burn. There are about forty species of true nettles, most of which are herbaceous plants or under-shrubs, growing extensively in Europe, Asia, and America; three of the species are British, namely, *U. pilulifera*, the Roman nettle; *U. dioica*, the great nettle; and *U. urens*, the small nettle—all of which are well known for their stinging qualities, and are found abundantly under hedge banks, amongst rubbish, and in other neglected places. None of the three species are ever found far from the habitations of man; indeed, let the traveller meet with a clump of nettles, and he may decide with certainty that man has, or has had, his abode not far distant. Of our native sorts, the *U. pilulifera* is regarded as the most virulent; but the sting of the small species is for the moment equally severe and painful. Why the nettle stings, is easily explained. Besides the hairs which cover the leaves, there are numerous bristles, somewhat longer, of a horny consistence, and most acutely pointed. These bristles are not, however, solid throughout, like a pin or needle, but are hollow, and have at their base a minute gland filled with an acrid fluid. So soon, therefore, as the point is touched, the sting pressing upon the gland forces the fluid through the tube; and if the bristle has penetrated the skin, the poison is injected into the wound, where it irritates, inflames, and causes the well-known pain alluded to. All the stinging-nettles act upon the same principle, which is precisely analogous to the mode in which the fang of the serpent wounds and injects the poison at the same instant.

The stinging properties of the British nettles are feeble, however, when compared with those of some Indian species, which are so virulent as to cause the most excruciating pain, and even sometimes death. Leschenault de la Tour gives the following account of the effects of touching the *Urtica crenulata*, a specimen of which was growing in the Botanic Garden at Calcutta:—'One of the leaves slightly touched the first three fingers of my left hand; at the time, I only perceived a slight pricking, to which I paid no attention. This was at seven in the morning. The pain continued to increase; in an hour it became intolerable; it seemed as if some one was rubbing my fingers with a hot iron.

Nevertheless there was no remarkable appearance; neither swelling, nor pustule, nor inflammation. The pain rapidly spread along the arm as far as the armpit. I was then seized with a frequent sneezing, and with a copious running at the nose, as if I had caught a violent cold in the head. About noon I experienced a painful contraction of the back of the jaws, which made me fear an attack of tetanus. I then went to bed, hoping that repose would alleviate my suffering; but it did not abate: on the contrary, it continued nearly the whole of the following night; but I lost the contraction of the jaws about seven in the evening. The next morning the pain began to leave me, and I fell asleep. I continued to suffer for two days; and the pain returned in full force when I put my hand into water. I did not finally get clear of it for nine days.' Violent as were these effects, they are not so severe as those produced by another Eastern nettle known by the name of devil's leaf, whose sting is said occasionally to cause death. The irritation produced by the common nettle of our hedges has a blistering effect on the skin like that arising from the application of ground mustard; and in old herbals we find nettle switches recommended for that purpose.

Notwithstanding the acrid properties of the nettle, the tops or young shoots in spring form an excellent pot-herb, and were at one time pretty extensively used by the humbler classes in the north of England and in Scotland. It was even cultivated by the higher classes for that purpose, being regarded as a purifier of the blood, and an alterative at a season when few other pot-herbs could be obtained. Sir Walter Scott alludes to the practice when he makes Andrew Fairservice say, 'Nae doubt I should understand my ain trade, seeing I was bred in the parish of Dreepdaily, near Glasco', where they raise lang kail under glass, and force the early nettles for spring kail.' The custom of making nettle-broth is still more characteristically alluded to in the following popular rhymes:—

Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cow the nettle, stoo' the nettle;
Gin ye be for lang kail,
Cow the nettle early.

Cow it laigh, cow it sune,
Cow it in the month of June,
Stoo' it e'er it's in the blume;
Cow the nettle early.

Cow it by the auld wa's,
Cow it where the sun ne'er fa's,
Stoo' it whan the day daws;
Cow the nettle early.

Whatever value our ancestors may have set on 'nettle-kail,' it is clear their tastes have not descended to their offspring—the pigs of the peasantry having by modern usage the sole and undisputed right to the dainty. The nettle, however, retains its place as a medicinal agent, and 'nettle-tea' is still a popular remedy for many diseases.

The stalk of the true nettles, like the hop, hemp, and others of the same natural family, yields a strong woody fibre, which is capable of being manufactured into cloth, ropes, paper, &c. For this purpose the cultivation of various species of nettles has been attempted; but, so far as we are aware, has not been persevered in, owing to the difficulty of separating the fibre. Could this be done readily and cheaply, there is little doubt of its superseding the hemp and flax for certain purposes, as, according to Dr Roxburgh, the produce of the *U. tenacissima* was the strongest of all the vegetable fibres which he subjected to experiment. This species is the *caloee* of the East Indies and adjacent countries, so highly valued for the beauty, fineness, and softness of its fibre. It is readily propagated, as the willow, from cuttings, grows luxuriantly in the northern as in the southern parts of India, and throws up numerous shoots as soon as cut down, which may be done about five times a-year. It is used by the Malays and others for sewing-thread and twine, and for making fishing-nets—a circumstance rendered more worthy of notice, seeing that the natives of Kamtschatka, as well as the American Indians, also make their cordage and fishing-tackle from the ligneous fibres of nettles. Besides these properties, some Indian species, as *U. tuberosa*, furnish root-stocks, which are eaten by the natives either raw, boiled, or roasted. This plant, it is said, was introduced into Britain, and bore its tuber-like root-stocks, and might have furnished a cheap food for pigs and cattle, as it could have grown in waste places; but the winter was too severe, and destroyed the plants. The root of the common nettle, when boiled with alum, yields a durable yellow dye; and a decoction of the plant, when salted, curdles milk without communicating to it any disagreeable flavour, and is therefore used in some dairies in preference to rennet. Among other properties of the true nettles, botanists mention their adaptation for ornamental purposes; for although our own sorts stand merely as humble and neglected weeds, some foreign species are remarkable for the grace and elegance of their foliage.

The nettle, however, is not the only genus worthy of notice in the first tribe of this natural order: the hop and hemp are of much higher importance in an economical point of view. The hop (*Humulus lupulus*), the female flowers of which are so extensively used for imparting a bitter flavour to malt liquors, and for the purpose of preserving them from fermentation, is, like the common nettle, indigenous to Britain and to many other parts of Europe. Its leaves and stems are, like many of the tribe, covered with hairs and bristles, but these are innocuous. The efficacious principle of the hop is contained in the scales which cover the seed-vessels, and consists of a substance called *lupuline*, which occasions the fragrance of the plant, and produces the bitter astringent so highly valued by the maltster. Lupuline is a gentle narcotic; but though the fragrance of hops is said to produce sleep when inhaled in small quantities, an excess of it causes headache and vertigo, especially in nervous persons. The fibres of the stem, when separated by maceration, are found to possess the same tenacity as those of the nettle and hemp, and may be made into coarse cloth and cordage. The young shoots of the hop, like those of the nettle, are edible, and when boiled, are said to make a tolerable substitute for asparagus. The great importance of this member of the urticaceæ consists in its value to the maltster; and an idea of the extent to which it is cultivated may be formed from the fact, that between three hundred and four hundred thousand pounds are annually paid in hop-duties to government. The hemp (*Cannabis sativa*) presents many points of resemblance to its congeners, the hop and nettle. The smell of hemp, when growing, produces the same effects as that of hops in excess; and in hot countries is followed by a kind of stupor like that caused by opium. The fibres of the stem constitute the well-known hemp of commerce, and are extensively used in the manufacture of ropes, sail-cloth, &c. This plant is a native of India, but is now widely cultivated in various European countries.

The second tribe of the order, namely, the *Artocarpeæ*, or bread-fruits, differ so widely from those of the preceding, that it is necessary to possess considerable botanical knowledge to perceive the resemblance between them. When examined, however, they are found to agree in almost every natural character, except in their juice, which is milky and glutinous, instead of watery. The members of this division are very numerous, and are chiefly inhabitants of tropical or warm regions. Many of them, as the bread-fruit-tree (*Artocarpus incisa*), which gives the name to the tribe, the banyan, the upas and cow-tree, have been long regarded as vegetable wonders, in consequence of the marvellous stories related by our earlier navigators. Our space will allow us to mention only a few of the more striking peculiarities of this subdivision. 'Their milk, which is always acrid, renders some of them intensely poisonous, as the upas-tree of Java, and certain Indian species of fig; nevertheless, if the milk is naturally absent from any particular part of an artocarpeous plant, that part be-

comes eatable, and even wholesome. Thus the fruit of the cultivated fig, up to a short time before its maturity, remains milky, and at that time it would prove exceedingly dangerous; but when ripe, the milk disappears, is replaced by sugar, and the fruit becomes, as we all know, extremely wholesome. The same explanation is probably applicable to the case of the bread-fruit, which forms an article of food with the South-Sea islanders.'* The bread-fruit is a native of the South-Sea islands and many parts of the Indian Archipelago, inhabiting only such parts where it can obtain sufficient heat and moisture. It forms a moderately-sized tree, about forty feet in height, with large leathery leaves, which are deeply lobed, and having the male and female flowers on different receptacles. The male flower is arranged on a sort of catkin, the female on a round fleshy globe, which gradually enlarges and forms the edible bread-fruit. The edible portion is therefore not the seeds, which are few and small, but the fleshy receptacle in which they are imbedded. When ripe, this receptacle is green, and about the size of a large melon, having its surface roughened by the withered calyxes which remain attached. In using it, the fruit is generally placed in an oven or before a fire, and allowed to remain till the rind turns black. This is then scraped off, and the pulp is found to be 'soft, tender, and white, resembling the crumb of a newly-baked loaf,' though others compare the flavour to that of a roasted potato. In Anson's voyages it is said to be delicious when ripe; and when mixed with lime or orange-juice, to have a grateful tart flavour not unlike apple-sauce. Besides the *Artocarpus incisa*, there are several other species, the most remarkable of which is the *A. integrifolia*, or jack-tree, also a native of the Indian Archipelago, and in its general appearance closely resembling the common bread-fruit. Its leaves are larger, and entire (hence the name); its fruit is also larger, weighing so much as sixty or seventy pounds; but though used by the natives, it is not in great repute among Europeans, who dislike its harsh dry crumb and offensive odour. Its nuts or seeds, however, are highly prized, being more delicious, when roasted, than the best chestnuts.

The cow-tree (*Galactodendron utile*) appears to be nearly allied to the bread-fruit-tree, and is mentioned by Humboldt as 'growing on the sides of the rocks, its thick roots scarcely penetrating the stony soil, and unmoistened during many months of the year by a drop of rain or dew. But dry and dead as the branches appear, if you pierce the trunk, a sweet and nutritive milk flows forth, which is in the greatest profusion at daybreak. At this time the blacks and other natives of the neighbourhood hasten from all quarters, furnished with large jugs to catch the milk, which thickens and turns yellow on the surface. Some drink it on the spot, others carry it home to their children; and you might fancy you saw the family of a cowherd gathering around him, and receiving from him the produce of his kine.' The upas, or poison-tree of Java (*Antiaris toxicaria*), has hitherto been described as a large tree, growing in that island, in the midst of a desert caused by its own pestiferous qualities; its exhalations were reported to be so unwholesome, that not only did they cause death to all animals which approached it, but even destroyed vegetation for a considerable distance around; and lastly, the juice which flowed from its wounded stem was said to be the most deadly of poisons. Much of this is pure fable; for not only may individuals approach it, but even sleep under its shade with impunity. Its juice, however, is a virulent poison when insinuated into any part of the animal system, and is speedily followed by excruciating tortures and death. There is now a specimen growing in the Chiswick Gardens at London, which parties may daily approach and sit under without suffering any inconvenience; though any part of the tree requires to be handled with extreme caution. Besides the above illustrations of the tribe *Artocarpeæ*, there are the Osage orange, found in the country of the Osage Indians, near Red River, and celebrated for its fine-grained elastic wood, the spreading banyan, the fig, the sycamore of Scripture, various species of mulberry, and the India-rubber-tree—all of which are more or less valued for their fruit, their wood, or milky juice, which is that from which caoutchouc is derived, and from which the silk-worm derives its peculiar food in the leaves of the mulberry.

The *nettle-trees*, *dead-nettles*, and *sea-nettles* which we so commonly hear of, are in no ways related to the order urticaceæ. The *celtis*, or nettle-tree, of which there are many varieties, belongs to the order ulmaceæ, of which the elm is the type, and only takes its name from the similarity which its leaves bear to some kinds of nettle. The dead-nettles (*lamium album*, and *purpureum*) belong to the order Labiatæ, and have no connexion in any of their botanical characters with urticaceous plants. They take their name from the sharp prickles which arm their ripened or *dead* seed-vessels, the stings of which are often attended with considerable danger to the part of the body afflicted. These prickles are doubly serrated on the sides, so that when they have pierced the skin, the jagged edges prevent their extraction, and aid their further insertion whenever the part is rubbed, precisely as a beard of barley will move forward in one direction only. Sea-nettles, again, are the *medusæ*, or sea-blubbers of our coasts, and are so named because some of them sting and inflame the hand that touches them: the cause of this property is unknown. They have, it will be seen, like the tree-nettles and dead-nettles, no natural relation whatever to the *Urticaceæ*, which the reader may now perceive are a much more interesting class of vegetables than many are apt to imagine, considering the general worthlessness of the common stinging weed which botanists have taken as the type of the order.

* Penny Cyclopædia, article Artocarpeæ.

MR CARLETON'S TALES.

The lesser tales of Mr Carleton are now in course of republication in a cheap form, with embellishments, by Messrs Curry, Junior, and Company, and are amply deserving of public patronage. No late illustrator of Irish life excels this author, either in the fidelity of his pictures, or in general powers of creating amusement, while in fairness towards the various questions agitating Irish society he is superior to all. From a biographical memoir of Mr Carleton, we learn that he is about forty-six years of age, a native of the county of Tyrone, born of poor parents, but educated above his original position, having been intended for the priesthood. When a youth, without friends, and without money, he migrated to Dublin in search of whatever fortune might be open to him, and there he has since pursued a literary career, in which the lights and shades have been strangely mingled. As a specimen, not of Mr Carleton's powers in fictitious writing, for these we cannot well exemplify in our narrow space, but of his general powers of droll and descriptive writing, the reader may take the following account of a race of Irish pigs:—

'There was in Ireland an old breed of swine, which is now nearly extinct, except in some remote parts of the country, where they are still useful in the hunting season, particularly if dogs happen to be scarce. They were a tall loose species, with legs of an unusual length, with no flesh, short ears, as if they had been cropped for sedition, and with long faces of a highly intellectual cast. They were also of such activity, that few greyhounds could clear a ditch or cross a field with more agility or speed. Their backs formed a rainbow arch, capable of being contracted or extended to an inconceivable degree; and their usual rate of travelling in droves was at mail-coach speed, or eight Irish miles an hour, preceded by an out-rider to clear the way, whilst their rear was brought up by another horseman going at a three-quarter gallop.

In the middle of summer, when all nature reposed under the united influence of heat and dust, it was an interesting sight to witness a drove of them sweeping past like a whirlwind in a cloud of their own raising, their sharp and lengthy outlines dimly visible through the shining haze, like a flock of antelopes crossing the deserts of the East.

But alas for those happy days! This breed is now a curiosity—few specimens of it remaining, except in the mountainous parts of the country, whither these lovers of liberty, like the free natives of the back settlements of America, have retired to avoid the encroachments of civilisation, and exhibit their Irish antipathy to the slavish comforts of steamboat navigation and the relaxing luxuries of English feeding.

Indeed their patriotism, as evinced in an attachment to Ireland and Irish habits, was scarcely more remarkable than their sagacity. There is not an antiquary among the members of that learned and useful body, the Irish Academy, who can boast such an intimate knowledge of the Irish language in all its shades of meaning and idiomatic beauty, as did this once flourishing class of animals. Nor were they confined to the Irish tongue alone; many of them understood English too; and it was said of those that belonged to a convent, the members of which, in their intercourse with each other, spoke only in Latin, that they were tolerable masters of that language, and refused to leave a potato-field or plot of cabbages, except when addressed in it. To the English tongue, however, they had a deep-rooted antipathy; whether it proceeded from the national feeling, or the fact of its not being sufficiently guttural, I cannot say: but be this as it may, it must be admitted that they were excellent Irish scholars, and paid a surprising degree of deference and obedience to whatever was addressed to them in their own language. In Munster, too, such of them as belonged to the hedge-schoolmasters were good proficients in Latin; but it is on a critical knowledge of their native tongue that I take my stand. On this point they were unrivalled by the most learned pigs or antiquaries of their day; none of either class possessing at that period such a knowledge of Irish manners, nor so keen a sagacity in tracing out Irish *roots*.

Their education, it is true, was not neglected, and their instructors had the satisfaction of seeing that it was not lost. Nothing could present a finer display of true friendship founded upon a sense of equality, mutual interest, and good-will, than the Irishman and his pig. The Arabian and his horse are proverbial; but had our English neighbours known as much of Ireland as they did of Arabia, they would have found as signal instances of attachment subsisting between the former as between the latter; and, perhaps, when the superior comforts of an Arabian hut are contrasted with the squalid poverty of an Irish cabin, they would have perceived a heroism and a disinterestedness evinced by the Irish parties, that would have struck them with greater admiration.

The education of an Irish pig, at the time of which we write, was an important consideration to an Irishman. He and his family, and his pig, like the Arabian and his horse, all slept in the same bed; the pig, generally for the sake of convenience, next the "stock."* At meals, the pig usually was stationed at the *scrahag*, or potato-basket; where the only instances of bad temper he ever displayed broke out in petty and unbecoming squabbles with the younger branches of the family. Indeed, if he ever descended from his high station as a member of the domestic circle, it was upon these occasions when, with a want of dignity, accounted for only by the grovelling motive of self-interest, he embroiled himself in a series of miserable feuds and contentions about scraping the pot, or carrying off from the jealous urchins about him more than came to his share. In these heart-burnings about the good things of this world he was treated with uncommon forbearance: in his owner he always had a friend, from whom, when he grunted out his appeal to him, he was certain of receiving redress: "Barney, behave, avick: lay down the potstick, an' don't be batin' the pig, the crathur."

In fact, the pig was never mentioned but with this endearing epithet of "crathur" annexed. "Barney, go an' call home the pig, the crathur, to his dinner, before it gets cowld an him." "Barney, go an' see if you can see the pig, the crathur; his buckwhist will soon be ready." "Barney, run an' dhrive the pig, the crathur, out of Larry Neil's phatie-field: an', Barney, whisper, a bouchal bawn, don't run *too* hard, Barney, for fraid you'd lose your breath. What if the crathur *does* get a taste o' the new phaties—small blame to him for the same!"

In short, whatever might have been the habits of the family, such were those of the pig. The latter was usually out early in the morning to take exercise, and the unerring regularity with which he returned at meal-time, gave sufficient proof that procuring an appetite was a work of supererogation on his part. If he came before the meal was prepared, his station was at the door, which they usually shut to keep him out of the way until it should be ready. In the meantime, so far as a forenoon serenade and an indifferent voice could go, his powers of melody were freely exercised on the outside. But he did not stop here; every stretch of ingenuity was tried by which a possibility of gaining admittance could be established. The hat and rags were repeatedly driven in from the windows, which from practice and habit he was enabled to approach on his hind legs; a cavity was also worn by the frequent grubbings of his snout under the door, the lower part of which was broken away by the sheer strength of his tusks, so that he was enabled, by thrusting himself between the bottom of it and the ground, to make a most unexpected appearance on the hearth, before his presence was at all convenient or acceptable.

But independently of these two modes of entrance, namely, the door and window, there was also a third, by which he sometimes scrupled not to make a descent upon the family. This was by the chimney. There are many of the Irish cabins built for economy's sake against slopes in the ground, so that the labour of erecting either a gable or side-wall is saved by the perpendicular bank that remains after the site of the house is scooped away. Of the facilities presented by this peculiar structure the pig never failed to avail himself. He immediately mounted the roof (through which, however, he sometimes took an unexpected flight), and traversing it with caution, reached the chimney, into which he deliberately *backed* himself, and with no small share of courage went down precisely as the northern bears are said to descend the trunks of trees during the winter, but with far different motives.

In this manner he cautiously retrograded downwards with a hardihood which set furze bushes, brooms, tongs, and all other available weapons of the cabin at defiance. We are bound, however, to declare that this mode of entrance, which was only resorted to when every other failed, was usually received by the cottager and his family with a degree of mirth and good-humour that were not lost upon the sagacity of the pig. In order to save him from being scorched, which he deserved for his temerity, they usually received him in a creel, often in a quilt, and sometimes in the tattered blanket, or large pot, out of which he looked with a humorous conception of his own enterprise that was highly diverting. We must admit, however, that he was sometimes received with the comforts of a hot poker, which Paddy pleasantly called, "givin' him a *warm* welcome."

Another trait in the character of these animals was the utter scorn with which they treated all attempts to fatten them. In fact, the usual consequences of good feeding were almost inverted in their case; and although I might assert that they became leaner in proportion to what they received, yet I must confine myself to truth, by stating candidly that this was not the fact; that there was a certain state of fleshlessness to which they

* That is, at the outside.

arrived, but from which they neither advanced nor receded by good feeding or bad.

At this point, despite of all human ingenuity, they remained stationary for life, receiving the bounty afforded them with a greatness of appetite resembling the fortitude of a brave man, which rises in energy according to the magnitude of that which it has to encounter. The truth is, they were scandalous hypocrites; for with the most prodigious capacity for food, they were spare as philosophers, and fitted evidently more for the chase than the stye; rather to run down a buck or a hare for the larder, than to have a place in it themselves. If you starved them, they defied you to diminish their flesh; and if you stuffed them like aldermen, they took all they got, but disdained to carry a single ounce more than if you gave them whey thickened with water. In short, they gloried in maceration and liberty; were good Irish scholars, sometimes acquainted with Latin; and their flesh, after the trouble of separating it from a superfluity of tough skin, was excellent *venison* so far as it went.'

A PARALLEL TO MR FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

The picture which Mr Featherstonhaugh and other travellers give of the state of society in the north-western states of America—the slave-dealing, the lawlessness, the open unpunished assassinations, and the wretched state of filthiness in which a large portion of the people live—appears very appalling; but that it is only incidental to the rude and unsettled state of the country, must be evident to all who have any knowledge of the former state of our own favoured land. There is a book called *Letters from the North of Scotland*, which gives exactly such an account of that region, as it existed about the year 1730, during a king's reign which many living persons yet remember. This work was written by a gentleman named Burt, and its truthfulness has never been questioned.* It is written in a manner which makes it all the more valuable for the present purpose; for while our English travellers in America generally seem more than willing to find all the fault they can, Burt appears throughout in the character of a mild and good-humoured observer, who would rather speak favourably than otherwise of the people among whom he temporarily sojourned.

After a description of his journey northward, during which he found much reason for disgust at the Lowland inns, he enters upon a lengthened and minute account of all he observed in and around the town of Inverness, which duty obliged him, it is believed, to make his residence for a considerable time. He finds here that the jail holds no criminal of the same clan with the provost, or whose liberation is desired by any person of influence in the neighbourhood. At the same time, the Highland gentlemen made a regular practice of transporting to the colonies any of their dependents who offended them, though it might be only by asking what was their own. 'When any ship in these parts is bound for the West Indies, to be sure a neighbouring chief, of whom none dares openly to complain, has several thieves to send prisoners to town. It has been whispered, their crimes were only asking their dues, and such-like offences; and I have been well assured they have been threatened with hanging, or at least perpetual imprisonment, to intimidate and force them to sign a contract for their banishment, which they seldom refused to do, as knowing there would be no want of witnesses against them, however innocent they were; and then they were put on board the ship, the master paying so much a-head for them. Thus two purposes were served at once—namely, the getting rid of troublesome fellows, and making money of them at the same time: but these poor wretches never escaped out of prison.

'All this I am apt to believe, because I met with an example, at his own house, which leaves me no room to doubt it. As this chief was walking alone in his garden, with his dirk and pistol by his side, and a gun in his hand (as if he feared to be assassinated), and as I was reading in his parlour, there came to me by stealth (as I soon perceived) a young fellow, who accosted me with such an accent as made me conclude he was a native of Middlesex; and every now and then he turned about, as if he feared to be observed by any of the family. He told me that when his master was in London, he had made him promises of great advantage, if he would serve him as his gentleman; but though he had been there two years, he could not obtain either his wages or discharge. And, says he, when I ask for either of them, he tells me I know I have robbed him, and nothing is more easy for him than to find among these Highlanders abundant evidence against me (innocent as I am); and then my fate must be a perpetual jail or transportation: and there is no means for me to make my escape, being here in the midst of his clan, and never suffered to go far from home.

'You will believe I was much affected with the melancholy circumstances of the poor young man; but told him that my speaking for him would discover his complaint to me, which might enrage his master; and in that case I did not know what might be the consequence to him. Then with a sorrowful look he left me, and (as it happened) in very good time.' This gentleman, it will be observed, wore arms even in his own garden, and his arms included a dirk, which, as is well known, was then part of the ordinary habiliments of every Highlander. Burt afterwards describes the weapon. 'The blade is straight, and generally above a foot long; the point goes off like a tuck, and the handle is something like that of a sickle. They pretend they cannot do well without it, as being useful to them in cutting wood, and upon many other occasions; but it is a concealed mischief, hid under the plaid, ready for secret stabbing; and, in a close encounter, there is no defence against it.' In what respect does this deadly instrument differ from the Bowie knife of the Arkansas gentleman?

Of the disposition to use these weapons in private life in recent times, Mr Burt gives many anecdotes, out of which we select one. 'Some few years ago a company of Liverpool merchants contracted with the chieftain of this tribe [Glengary], at a great advantage to him, for the use of his woods and other conveniences for the smelting of iron; and soon after, they put their project in execution, by building of furnaces, sending ore from Lancashire, &c. By the way, I should tell you that those works were set up in this country merely for the sake of the woods, because iron cannot be made from the ore with sea or pit coal, to be malleable and fit for ordinary uses.

'The dwelling-house of this chieftain had been burnt by the troops in the year 1715; but the walls, which were of stone, remained; and therefore the director of the above-mentioned works thought it convenient to fit it up with new timber, for the use of himself or his successors during the term of the lease. This being effectually done, a certain number of gentlemen of the tribe came to him one evening on a seeming friendly visit, whom he treated in a generous manner, by giving them his best wines and provisions. Among other things (though a quaker by his religious principles, yet is he a man of polite behaviour), he said to them something to this purpose (for he told me himself how he had been used): "Gentlemen, you have given me a great deal of pleasure in this visit; and when you all, or any of you, will take the trouble to repeat it, let it be when it will, you shall be welcome to anything that is in *my house*."

'Upon those two last words one of them cried out—[Here a dreadful oath]—"Your house? I thought it had been Glengary's house!" And upon those watchwords they knocked out the candles, fell upon him,

* There has been a doubt if Burt was the name of the author; but that it really was so, seems tolerably well evidenced by the following obituary notice from the Gentleman's Magazine:—'Feb. 4 [1755], Edmund Burt, Esq. author of a late Description of Scotland.'

wounded him, and got him down among them; but he being strong and active, and the darkness putting them in confusion lest they should wound one another, he made a shift to slip from them in the bustle, and to gain another room. This he immediately barricaded, and cried out at the window to his workmen that were not far off, who, running to arm themselves and hasten to his assistance, those gentlemen made off.'

Some traits of the inns may now be adverted to. The filthiness of the hotels of the new states, and the personal obtrusiveness and hauteur of the American innkeepers generally, are both curiously paralleled in the Scotland of 1730. At Kelso, which is within ten miles of the English border, Burt was received at the inn by 'a handsome genteel man, well dressed,' who gave him a kindly welcome to the house. 'This induced me to ask him what I could have to eat: to which he civilly answered, The goodwife will be careful nothing shall be wanting, but that he never concerned himself about anything relating to the *public* (as he called it); that is, he would have me know he was a *gentleman*, and did not employ himself in anything so low as attendance, but left it to his wife. Thus he took his leave of me; and soon after came up my landlady, whose dress and appearance seemed to me to be so unfit for the wife of that gentleman, that I could hardly believe she was any other than a servant; but she soon took care in her turn, by some airs she gave herself, to let me know she was mistress of the house. I asked what was to be had, and she told me potted pigeons; and nothing, I thought, could be more agreeable, as requiring no waiting, after a fatiguing day's journey in which I had eaten nothing. The cloth was laid, but I was too unwilling to grease my fingers to touch it; and presently after, the pot of pigeons was set on the table. When I came to examine my cates, there were two or three of the pigeons lay mangled in the pot, and behind were the furrows, in the butter, of those fingers that had raked them out of it, and the butter itself needed no close application to discover its quality. My disgust at this sight was so great, and being a brand-new traveller in this country, I ate a crust of bread, and drank about a pint of good claret; and although the night was approaching, I called for my horses, and marched off, thinking to meet with something better.'

At a Highland inn, 'my landlady sat, with a parcel of children about her, some quite, and others almost naked, by a little peat-fire in the middle of the hut, and over the fireplace was a small hole in the roof for a chimney.' 'At a little distance was another hut, where preparations were making for my reception. It was somewhat less, but contained two beds, or boxes to lie in, and was kept as an apartment for people of distinction. * * The landlord not only sits down with you, as in the northern Lowlands, but in some little time asks leave (and sometimes not) to introduce his brother, cousin, or more, who are all to drink your honour's health in usky, which, though a strong spirit, is to them like water. And this I have often seen them drink out of a scallop-shell. And in other journeys, notwithstanding their great familiarity with me, I have several times seen my servant at a loss how to behave when the Highlander has turned about and very formally drank to him; and when I have baited, and eaten two or three eggs, and nothing else to be had, when I asked the question, "What is there for eating?" the answer has been, "Nothing for you, sir, but sixpence for your man."

'The host, who is rarely other than a gentleman, is interpreter between you and those who do not speak English, so that you lose nothing of what any one has to say relating to the antiquity of their family, or the heroic actions of their ancestors in war with some other clan. If the guest be a stranger, not seen before by the man of the house, he takes the first opportunity to inquire of the servant from whence his master came, who he is, whither he is going, and what his business in that country? And if the fellow happens to be surly, as thinking the inquiry impertinent, perhaps chiefly from the Highlander's poor appearance, then the master is sure to be subtilly sifted (if not asked) for the secret; and if obtained, it is a help to conversation with his future guests.'

Finally, as to the strange judicial proceedings of the back states, and the curious conduct of some of the judges, hear what Burt says of the administration of justice in a part of Great Britain under the government of the second George. 'I happened to be at the house of a certain chief when the chieftain of a tribe belonging to another clan came to make a visit; after talking of indifferent matters, I told him I thought some of his people had not behaved toward me, in a particular affair, with that civility I might have expected from the clan. He started; and immediately, with an air of fierceness, clapped his hand on his broadsword, and told me, if I required it, he would send me two or three of their heads. But I, really thinking he had been in jest, and had acted it well (as jesting is not their talent), laughed out, by way of approbation of his capacity for a joke; upon which he assumed, if possible, a yet more serious look, and told me peremptorily *he was a man of his word*; and the chief who sat by made no manner of objection to what he said.

'The heritable power of *pit and gallows*, as they call it, which still is exercised by some within their proper districts, is, I think, too much for any particular subject to be intrusted withal. But it is said that any partiality or revenge of the chief, in his own cause, is obviated by the law, which does not allow himself to sit judicially, but obliges him to appoint a substitute as judge in his courts, who is called the *bailie of regality*. I fear this is but a shadow of safety to the accused, if it may not appear to increase the danger of injustice and oppression; for to the orders and instructions of the chief may be added the private resentment of the bailie, which may make up a double weight against the supposed criminal.

'I have not, I must own, been accustomed to hear trials in these courts, but have been often told that one of these bailies, in particular, seldom examines any but with raging words and rancour; and if the answers made are not to his mind, he *contradicts them by blows*, and at one time *even to the knocking down of the poor wretch who was examined*. Nay, further, I have heard say of him, by a very credible person, that a Highlander of a neighbouring clan, with whom his own had been long at variance, being to be brought before him, he declared upon the accusation, before he had seen the party accused, *that the very name should hang him*.'

The general effect of these particulars respecting Scotland in 1730, taken in connexion with what is stated respecting the newer states of America, is to show that all countries, at a particular stage of social progress, are alike. To the England of Sir Robert Walpole, the northern parts of Scotland were exactly what Arkansas and Tennessee now are to the New England of President Tyler—an outlying district over which central institutions had not yet had time to assert their sway.

A VISIT TO EASTBOURNE.

THE public is already partly aware of the benevolent proceedings of Mrs Davies Gilbert upon her estate in Sussex, where she has now a large population settled comfortably upon small allotments of land, and has instituted a self-supporting industrial school; thus giving the means of an honourable self-support to people who would otherwise be paupers, and at the same time not in any way diminishing her own revenue.

The editor of the Norwich Mercury lately visited the scene of this interesting experiment, and gave an account of it in his paper. He begins with a description of the school, which is here omitted, as having been anticipated in these pages, and then goes on to speak of a plot of five acres occupied by a man, his wife, and seven children, who were in 1840 in the Eastbourne Union-house at an annual

expense of £70, 4s. in food and clothing, besides the Union expenses, which must have made it equal to the interest of £3000, 3 per cents. 'He was at work with several of his pigmy labourers, who set to with heart and good-will. He spoke with delight of the exchange he had undergone, and indeed it was almost needless to make inquiry. His vigorous frame and healthy look, his apparel, and manner, all gave the most manifest proofs of satisfaction. He said he had grown fourteen coombs and a bushel of wheat per acre, and twenty-four coombs of oats. He had two cows, paid a full rent, and maintained his family in comfort.

'A third location exhibited a more curious scene. Here the possessor was a cripple, which he said taught him to train his cow to do the work he was unable to perform. His cow was harnessed to a small cart, which two boys had filled with manure, and she dragged the cart up hill to the spot where the manure was deposited for use. He spoke even in stronger terms of his various crops, and his entire satisfaction. He was obviously a man of shrewd capacity, which he had directed to make good his misfortune of lameness. The clergyman of the village met and accompanied us over this little farm, and added his cordial testimony to that of the man himself.

'In addition to these benefits, Mrs Gilbert has apportioned no fewer than four hundred allotments of different quantities of land, from half an acre to two acres each, to the labouring class of her village of Eastbourne. Some of them lie near Beachy Head, and all exhibit the clearest proofs of successful culture. The rent is fully equal to that paid by the neighbouring farmers—in some cases larger. There have been only three defaulters in thirteen years, though the tenants were taken without reference to character, and told that the rent would not be demanded if not tendered —a sufficient proof of their desire to possess the land on the terms it is held.

'After we had inspected those grounds, we conversed with one of the most intelligent agriculturists in the neighbourhood, who was thoroughly conversant with the project and its workings. He said there could be no question as to its success, which was attributable to the superior interest and attention of individual culture; in a word, it was garden, not field culture. Another piece of curious information given us by this good lady was the exhibition of a moderate-sized hand-basin filled to the brim with wheat, the produce of one single grain, to which was added the following statement:—

'Wheat from Fullard's Prize White, brought by Mr T. Hurst from Oxford, all raised from one grain in one season. It was put in on July 22, 1841. The shoots were divided twice before Christmas, and once after, and consisted of—roots, 173; ears, 3272; grains, 97,028; and weighed 7lbs. 15½ oz. September 1842. Half an ounce of this wheat, carefully weighed, contained 382 grains.

'Here, then, we repeat, are given irrefragable proofs of the efficacy of the principle, if carried out judiciously. Pray, reader, bear in mind that a pauper, whose previous maintenance was equal to the interest of a capital of L.3000 at 3 per cent., was taken from a workhouse and converted into an active, able, and productive labourer, and what is even better, into a moral and contented man. His family were brought into training, and he was placed as an instructor to give education, secular, religious, and industrial, to twelve little boys, at the cost of only one shilling per week to all their parents. The process which effected all this good brought also a better rent than could be otherwise made of the land to the owner of the soil. When we consider that all this has been achieved by an elderly lady, we cannot but wish others would give themselves the pleasure it evidently affords her. We know what will be urged in abatement of our plea for the pauper—"You will convert England into the same state of division under which Ireland has been placed." We deny the necessity of any such consequence. Ireland has been portioned out by middlemen, and liable to pay the middle-men's rent as well as their own, if the tenant be behind-hand; and with such insecurity, sufficient labour is not given to the soil; and if landlords understood the injury this insecurity does them, they would avoid it.

'One only point remains to be observed. The advantage would be greatly increased could the land thus allotted be taken from that which is now unproductive; for it is clear that, although the garden-culture may, and does increase the quantity produced, such increase is mostly the difference between the former and the improved tillage. Were the production drawn from land newly broken up, the whole would be an addition to the fund for the maintenance of labour.

'We have thus brought this case, as comprehensive in its extent as noble in its intention, fairly and without exaggeration under the cognizance of the opulent inhabitants of the wide district through which our Journal circulates, and should Mrs Gilbert's example find any imitators amongst them, we are sure nothing would so cordially gratify that lady, whose exertions are prompted entirely by a sense of justice to those who have not land, and expediency to those who have, which land is of no value to them without labour—of which the Russians are so sensible, that when an English gentleman was questioned about his property, and stated the number of his acres, they laughed, and said—You tell us nothing, without stating the number of your workmen on it.'

DISPOSITIONS AND OCCUPATIONS.

It is the great wisdom and providence of the Almighty so to order the dispositions and inclinations of men, that they affect divers and different works and pleasures: some are for manuary trades, others for intellectual employments; one is for the land, another for the sea; one for husbandry, another for merchandise; one is for architecture, another for vestiary services; one is for fishing, another for pasturage; and in the learned trades, one is for the mistress of the sciences—divinity, another for the law, whether civil or municipal; a third is for the search of the secrets of nature, and the skill and practice of physic; and each one of these divides itself into many differing varieties. Neither is it otherwise in matters of pleasure: one places his delight in following his hawk and hound, another in the harmony of music; one makes his garden his paradise, and enjoys the flourishing of his fair tulips, another finds contentment in a choice library; one loves his bowl or his bow, another pleases himself in the patient pastime of his angle. For, surely, if all men affected one and the same trade of life, or pleasure of recreation, it were not possible that they could live one by another; neither could there be any use of commerce, whereby man's life is maintained; neither could it be avoided, but that the envy of the inevitable rivality would cut each other's throats. It is good reason we should make a right use of this gracious and provident dispensation of the Almighty; and, therefore, that we should improve our several dispositions and faculties to the advancing of the common stock; and, withal, that we should neither encroach upon each other's profession, nor be apt to censure each other's recreations.—*Bishop Hall.*

ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

The necessary wants of man are easily supplied; even moderate comforts and rational pleasures demand no great outlay of money. A man may enjoy all the real pleasures of life without overstepping the bounds of prudence or economy; because those pleasures are determined by the habits and income of the individual. There is no such thing as positive pleasure; all pleasure is relative to the person; and he who commands a moderate income may enjoy as much happiness as the rich and great. The amount of happiness to be enjoyed depends upon himself, and not upon any abstract or definitive idea. One glass of small may be as full as one of large dimensions, says one of our moralists. The wants of man may be few or many, according to the individual; and as they are regulated, so shall be his happiness. He who has fewest wants, says an ancient sage, comes nearest to the gods.—*Book of Symbols.*

PHOSPHORITE.

This rare and curious mineral, proposed to be used as a manure, is thus adverted to by Professor Daubeny in a verbal account of the Natural History of Spain, which he recently submitted to the Ashmolean Society of Oxford. The clayslate at Lagrossan, near Truxillo, contains a vein of phosphorite, first noticed from its phosphorescent property by Bowles, and afterwards determined to consist of phosphate of lime by Proust. The latter chemist reported that entire hills were composed of it, and this erroneous statement becoming current, gave rise to the idea that it might be made available for manure, as a substitute for bones—the chief fertilising principle in which is the phosphate of lime. The mineral occurs, however, only in one solitary vein, which is indeed often as much as ten feet

wide, and may be traced along the surface for nearly two miles. The vein is by no means a pure phosphate, but is largely intermingled with quartz and other rocky substances. Besides the phosphate of lime, it contains about 14 per cent. of fluoride of calcium, as if it were intended to provide a material which enters as a constituent into the bones of animals both of this and of a former age. The bones of the cow contain 55, of the horse 67, and of the sheep 70 per cent. of phosphate of lime, and as this material is derived from the food on which the animals live, it is indispensable that it be present in the soil in which the vegetables grow. Bone-dust, and other manures that yield phosphate of lime, are both expensive and limited in supply; hence the importance originally attached to the discovery of 'entire hills' of phosphorite.

BULLS OF GENIUS.

'And forced a man *to sing* a sang,
That *ne'er could sing* a sang ava.'

Ettrick Shepherd.

'The feet of the rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled *down* a great *height*. When he recovered, he found that his companion had *fallen* also, and *stood* by his side.'—*Dr Maginn.*

'Or rose of sweet Provence,
All flung their *odours* on the *listening* sense.'

Derwent Conway.

'Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with *melodious* DISCORD.'—*Derwent Conway* (*Forget-Me-Not:* 1829).

'I *feel* the *fragrance* of the thorns,
Where lovers love to meet.'

Allan Cunningham (*Amulet*, 1830).

''Tis the trowel *to finish* his work when *'tis done.*'—*Juvenile Souvenir*, 1831. *Chapter on Tails.*

'It was a *decent little residence* in its own way, and *so was Nancy herself*, for that matter.'—*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*

'I *hear* the vain *shadows glide.*'—*Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

'The *naked part* of the hanger is *now covered with thistles* of various kinds.'—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

'The earth was rent asunder in several places, *one or two islands sunk for ever*, and the *inhabitants fled in dismay* towards the eastern shores.'—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

'When Clarendon was employed in writing his History, he was in a constant study of Livy and Tacitus.'—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

'Gloomed o'er his brow the infernal diadem,
Like a *black* crag projected o'er a cliff,
White as the surge, the barrier of the main;
And, like a blasted orb once over-bright,
His eye a ruin burned; and on his cheek
Immortal beauty HIDEOUSLY shone.'

Heraud's Epic Poem—The Judgment of the Flood.

THE RATA OF NEW ZEALAND.

'One of the most extraordinary trees in a New Zealand forest,' says Simmond's Colonial Magazine, 'is the *Rata*, which, originating in a parasite, grows to such a size as to rank amongst the giants of the forest. It first makes its appearance in the form of a tender vine, clasping the trunk of some huge tree with its long tendrils, and growing both upwards and downwards, and increasing in bulk at the same time. After a while, the parasite, having killed the parent trunk, establishes itself upon its roots, sends forth numerous branches aloft, which again send forth aërial roots clasping the neighbouring trees—and ultimately the Rata occupies a larger space than any tree of the forest. It is under this tree that the curiosity so well known as the vegetating caterpillar is found. Instances have occurred of natives lying down to sleep under the Rata having been found dead, and, in consequence, it is now always carefully avoided by them.' Well-informed botanists, on the other hand, describe this singular plant as perfectly innocuous, and maintain that if natives have been found dead beneath it, their death was owing to any other cause rather than the Rata.

From this description, it would appear that the Rata is botanically the same with the 'Bush-rope' mentioned by Waterton in his *Wanderings in South America*:—'A vine,' says he, 'called by the woodcutters the bush-rope, on account of its use in hauling out the heaviest timber, has a singular appearance in the forests of Demerara. Sometimes you see it nearly as thick as a man's body, twisted like a cork-screw round the tallest trees, and rearing its head high above their tops. At other times three or four of them, like strands in a cable, join tree and tree, and branch and branch together. Others, descending from on high, take root as soon as their extremity touches the ground, and appear like shrouds and stays supporting the main-mast of a line-of-battle ship; while others, sending out parallel, oblique, horizontal, and perpendicular shoots in all directions, put you in mind of what travellers call a matted forest. Oftentimes a tree, above a hundred feet in height, uprooted by the whirlwind, is stopped in its fall by these amazing cables of nature; and hence it is that you account for the phenomenon of seeing trees not only vegetating, but sending forth vigorous shoots, though far from their perpendicular, and their trunks inclined to every degree from the meridian to the horizon.'

THE ALBATROSS.

This noble bird, which may be said to constitute the head of the gull family, is in body about the size of a common goose; but, to enable it to undertake the extraordinary flights which often carry it hundreds of leagues from any resting-place, except the billows foaming under its rapid course, it is provided with wings of immense length and power. With these, which often measure as much as twelve feet from tip to tip, it glides in search of prey over boundless tracts, often, it is said, sleeping even while soaring over the waters. Insatiable and voracious in appetite, it is always craving, and never satisfied. Not content with feeding on the inhabitants of the deep, it preys indiscriminately on everything which it comes across. The smaller aquatic birds are not free from its great voracity, which is not unfrequently the means of its capture and destruction. A piece of pork or suet, fixed on a small hook, and allowed to drag by a long line in the wake of the vessel, often proves a temptation too strong to be resisted: the greedy bird stoops on his prey, swallows the bait, and then, with distended wings, is towed on board, and soon stands tottering on deck amidst his exulting captors; who frequently employ, with similar success, the same device to ensnare the smaller pintado, or Cape pigeon. The immense power of wing of the albatross enables it to cleave the air with the greatest facility and a motion peculiar to itself. Its widely-extended pinions, without any perceptible volition, carry it rapidly past from the extreme verge of the horizon; whilst its gliding and graceful movements appear to be extended with perfect ease, and to be under the most complete control, whether quietly floating in the calmest atmosphere, or riding the furious blast of the hurricane. Another peculiarity of the albatross is the shape of the bill, which has many of the characteristics belonging to a bird of prey. It is six inches in length, extending at first in a straight line, and then, suddenly sweeping into a curve, terminates in a most formidable hooked point. With this peculiarity of the eagle and falcon, it has the webbed feet, divested of claws, so clearly an attribute of the aquatic tribe, and which, with its enormous breadth of wing, appear to mark it as the exclusive occupant of the cloud and the wave, of the raging blast or heaving billow; for no sooner does it set foot on the vessel's deck, than it loses all majesty of appearance and grace of motion, staggers awkwardly, like a lubberly landsman, into the lee-scuppers, and, similar to the latter under identical circumstances, seeks relief by the same means that follow the application of an emetic.—*Colonel Napier's Wild Sports.*

TRUTH.

Truth is naturally so acceptable to man, so charming in herself, that to make falsehood be received, we are compelled to dress it up in the snow-white robes of Truth; as in passing base coin, it must have the impress of the good ere it will pass current. Deception, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, are, when practised, direct compliments to the power of Truth; and the common custom of passing off Truth's counterfeit for herself, is strong testimony in behalf of her intrinsic beauty and excellence.—*Book of Symbols.*

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, July 13, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 29. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1844. Price 1½d.

IS IT TO BE BELIEVED?

One of the most curious features of our age is the multitude of novel systems which go about claiming faith, each showing a tolerably imposing list of testimonies and evidences, but which the bulk of the community show no inclination to receive. This has become a matter of so much importance with regard to both the comfort of individuals and the interests of truth, that a few remarks upon it, in which I shall aim at perfect candour, may not be superfluous.

I shall suppose a simple member of the public, without prejudices on either side, to hear of hydropathy as one of the quack delusions of the day, cunningly devised for the purpose of extracting money from the purses of the unwary. Having received this impression, he meets an elderly gentleman at a dinner party, who makes himself remarkable by taking no beverage save water. This unusual circumstance leads to a conversation, in which the stranger informs him that he is under hydropathic treatment. 'Oh, indeed; how very strange! Pray, what do you do?' 'Why,' says the other, 'I drink two goblets of water every night, and as much every morning. In the morning also I rise about five, wrap myself in a thoroughly-soaked sheet, and lie down again with a great load of bed-clothes over me. This throws me into a violent perspiration, in the height of which I start up and plunge into a cold bath; after this I dress, take a walk, and come in to breakfast with the appetite of an ogre.' 'And what is all this for?' 'Why, I was long in a very bad state of health, and got no good from any doctor. I was travelling on the continent, when by chance, walking on the boulevards at Frankfort, I met Mr ——, the well-known English convert to the system of Priessnitz. A conversation with him induced me to accompany him to the establishment of that extraordinary man in Silesia. I there put myself under the hydropathic treatment, and was soon completely cured.' 'And do you now put entire faith in hydropathy?' 'Of course I do,' responds the elderly gentleman in an animated tone; 'I should be sadly ungrateful if I did not, for it has certainly been the immediate means of giving me health and prolonging my life.' 'How strange!' So much for hydropathy.

The simple member of the public—for convenience let us call him Mr Smith—soon after steps up to the drawing-room, where he falls into conversation with a lady of somewhat delicate appearance sitting upon a retired sofa. He soon hears something which induces him to ask if she believes in homœopathy. 'Oh yes; and with good reason too.' 'Indeed! I have been told by many medical men that it is the greatest possible absurdity.' 'Well, they may think so; but I judge only from my own experience, which tells me a very different tale.' 'Pray, ma'am, be so good as state some particulars.' 'I had lived in the country in bad health for a considerable number of years, never receiving the least benefit from ordinary medical practice. Hearing of a friend who had consulted a homœopathic doctor with advantage, I went to do so also. He carefully inquired into the case, and said he would send me some medicines. Soon after, I received a letter from him, accompanied by a paper of advices and instructions, and also a series of powders, the whole being under one penny postage label. I followed my instructions implicitly, and in a fortnight began to feel myself better; nor did the improvement stop till I was entirely restored to health.' 'But might not the cure be owing to other causes, or to the mere faith you put in the new treatment?' 'I cannot think so,' rejoins the lady; 'for all other circumstances were as they had been for several years, and I rather doubted than believed in the efficacy of the homœopathic system.' There is no more to be said by Mr Smith, who only can wonder that individuals should be under such impressions when the public at large are so differently disposed.

The other gentlemen by and by come to the drawing-room, and Mr Smith gets engaged with a small party composed of both sexes, who have chanced to seat themselves in a recess favourable for conversation. Some one introduces the subject of mesmerism, at which two or three break out into a laugh of scornful scepticism, while others look rather grave. A respectable, this-world-looking person says, 'Well, you may laugh, but I am a believer in mesmerism.' At which those who laughed before laugh again, but in a style not calculated to offend. Mr Smith sits in maiden meditation fancy-free. He knows nothing for or against mesmerism; he only feels a little interest in it as a mere matter of curiosity. 'Well,' says he, 'let me hear what has made you a believer in mesmerism.' 'I shall willingly do so,' answers the convert. 'At the time when the science, if it be one, was first exciting curiosity in the town near which I live, I was tempted to try it upon a boy in my employment, whom I supposed extremely unlikely to know anything about it. He was quickly thrown into the sleep, and I then proceeded to touch his head in various places. The manifestations which followed were precisely those which I had understood were witnessed elsewhere. Conceiving that the whole question depended upon the probity of the boy, I took pains to ascertain if he had ever shown himself as possessed of any knowledge such as might enable him to deceive me, if so inclined, when I found the most satisfactory reasons for a contrary conclusion. Since then, I have heard of many cases where deception on either side was as much shut out as in this case of mine; so I humbly conceive that mesmerism must be a truth of nature, though not observed as such till recent times.' 'I also,' says another

gentleman, 'can give testimony in favour of one of the alleged wonders of mesmerism. I was asked one day to the lodgings of a dentist, who had come to our town in the course of a professional tour. It was to witness the extraction of a tooth while the patient, a boy, was under the mesmeric sleep. I willingly went, though extremely sceptical. Before the operation, I inspected and felt the tooth which was to be operated upon. It was unquestionably firmly fixed in the jaw, and, what was worthy of note, it was a strong eye-tooth—a kind which, it is well known, are usually somewhat more hard to extract than others. Well, this usually painful operation took place, and I certainly, with all my care, failed to see the slightest symptom of a feeling of pain in the countenance of the patient, who, on awaking, expressed a very natural-looking surprise that his tooth was gone. I may add that the boy was the son of a person of character living in our town, and no way to be suspected of collusion with the operator for any deceptious purpose.' These things make Mr Smith wonder very much, and he begins to think there *must* be more things in the earth than had hitherto been dreamt of in his philosophy.

In this mood he rises to walk home, and as another gentleman has to go the same way, they propose proceeding together. Of this Mr Smith is very glad, as he had remarked that his companion appeared one of the most intelligent and agreeable men in the company. They enter into conversation on the subject of mesmerism, and Mr Smith makes the remark, that what adds to his difficulties in that case, is the sanction which it seems to give to another of the follies of the age, phrenology. 'For of course,' says he, 'the supposition that there can be any connexion between a bump on the skull and a particular mental disposition or power, is the greatest folly imaginable.' 'I am afraid,' remarks the other, 'that I must differ from you there, though not exactly upon the grounds which you state. The presumed connexion is not between a mental disposition and an external feature of the head, but between the disposition and a mass of brain within, which is in reality the organ of the disposition, and the volume of which, other circumstances being equal, indicates the degree of energy of that mental affection.' 'Oh, then, you are a phrenologist. I beg your pardon for my remark. But may I inquire what evidence you have yourself had for this system, that you are so confident in professing it?' 'Why, I have on so many occasions found a correspondence between large development of certain organs and the ordinary unconscious manifestations of the individual, that I cannot doubt of the system being in the main true. For example, I have been in a public room in a city where I was a stranger, but where I have been attended by a friend to whom the company were generally known. I have marked uncommon developments in individuals, and, on inquiry, found that the leading features of their character corresponded. Every day I hear of silly people going to a trading phrenologist, and coming away surprised at his detections of their character; whereas this seems to me no more a wonder than would be his telling them, from the form and volume of their muscular system, whether they were strong or weak.' 'I must own, however,' says Mr Smith, 'that these head-inspectors have rather added to my prejudice against the science: it makes it look so like palmistry and divination.' 'I do not wonder at such being your sentiments, for they quite agree with my own. Indeed I think phrenology is damaged more by a class of its own professors, than by any opposition it meets with. In my opinion, the whole system of the organology is mainly of importance, not as a means of telling the characters of individuals, but as a basis for a system of mental philosophy, telling us, first, that the mind is connected with the brain (though how, we cannot say), and second, what are the various faculties of the mind—a point not determined by the metaphysical inquirers. Thus, we have the satisfaction of seeing mind brought, as it were, within the circle of nature, and speculated on as something clear and distinct, instead of the unsatisfactory volatile IDEA it has hitherto been. With such conceptions respecting the mind, and viewing it as a thing under law, like all other departments of nature, we come to see in it the traces of an Almighty hand, as in the more obvious parts of our organization. We also acquire definite and serviceable ideas as to the means of training, improving, and regulating it—the practice to be followed where it is diseased—the duty of sound society towards the criminal—and many other questions upon which we have hitherto felt as men wandering in the dark. These I conceive to be amongst the uses of this much-despised system. To the world at large I know my words would be foolishness; but this cannot prevent me from being sensible of the merits of the system, from which I every day am deriving some practical benefit.' Smith is surprised to hear so much that is plausible said by a sensible-looking person in behalf of what he had always been accustomed to regard as a tissue of mere whim and absurdity, and takes leave of his companion with a declaration that, for his part, he scarcely knows what to think of it.

I have here supposed an individual coming in contact with a few of the more conspicuous hypotheses of the day, and reported only such testimonies about them as I have myself actually heard from the lips of respectable persons. Go where one will, he finds individuals under these and similar convictions, while the bulk of the community either give no attention at all, or only occasionally indulge in a complacent laugh. It cannot be said that any of the systems have a recognized existence, and yet there are multitudes to whom they are a form of faith, and who are consequently actuated by them in much of their thoughts and actions. Of this we have a striking and unequivocal proof in the multitude of publications to which the various systems give rise: certainly, the books on the two last would form of themselves a bulky library. As to homœopathy, we hear of four thousand patients treated in one year on this system in the town of Liverpool alone. An equal number of copies of a small book on homœopathy are stated to have been sold. There is a hydropathic society, I observe, in our own city. All of these, I repeat, are curious features of our age. Errors they may be to the last extent required by their opponents, but they are also, in themselves, remarkable facts, and it seems desirable that some distinct ideas should be arrived at as to the view which ought to be taken of them.

We hear it repeatedly proclaimed by the partisans of these new systems, that the opposition they meet with is no more than what has been experienced by the circulation of the blood, Newton's physical laws, and many other truths now generally accepted. And this is very true, and it may be that these systems are also well-founded, and therefore are now unjustly opposed. But unfortunately the same argument might be adduced in behalf of the most ridiculous dream that ever proceeded from a visionary's brain. And it is necessary to remember, that for every one of the new ideas which have asserted their soundness, and gained a deserved place in our philosophy, there have been multitudes which perished by the wayside, and deserved to perish. Clearly, this argument can only have weight to a certain degree. Say that there have been five hundred new hypotheses within the last two centuries, and that five of these have proved true. This only would allow one chance in a hundred for the probability of a good issue to any new hypothesis. Were it otherwise, and four hundred out of the five had proved true, then the chances in favour would have been four to one. Now, it is impossible to say exactly how many theories, out of all that have been suggested within the last two centuries, have come to be established; but certainly the

number of the rejected greatly exceeds that of the accepted. We are not, therefore, to wonder that mankind in general are incredulous, and say, Who shall show us any good? They act on the strength of a vast experience of disappointments. It is here exactly as in the simplest affairs of life: duped often, we come to look on all as deceivers. It may be said, But why not examine, and condemn only on special grounds? The answer is, There is no time to examine. Men must be content, in the multiplicity of their avocations, to judge by general appearances, and by references from one thing to another. If many novelties in medicine have in the long-run proved mere crotchets, or worse, all such novelties must unavoidably be looked on in the same light by the bulk of the community. The difficulty, as far as the mass is concerned, seems insurmountable; but there is still a chance for all such doctrines that have any truth in them, in the protection which they are sure to find from a few who either have happened to enjoy opportunities of acquiring special knowledge, or are naturally disposed to take up with novelties. By favour of such persons, they are usually enabled to maintain a struggle till the time of general favour arrives.

Another difficulty lies in the uncertain nature of all evidence. A man says, I'll believe my own eyes, and thinks himself a very knowing person; but let him go to Herr Dobler or the Northern Wizard, and then say how far his eyes are to be trusted. He feels disposed to put trust in competent eye-witnesses; but the simplest fact is generally found reported differently by different witnesses. For example, the circumstances attending the escape of the Count de Provençe (afterwards Louis XVIII.) from Paris, have been stated with a violent discrepancy by himself and another person; and the only cause for the difference that can be detected, lies in the fact of their having come up to the coach by different sides. And not only do men see things differently, and therefore take up diverse impressions of them, but it is next to impossible to report rigidly what is seen: we unconsciously theorise about the most trivial facts, and state them with a mixture of imagination. Perhaps nothing is so well calculated to moderate our ideas of the value of human testimony, as a recollection of the many impossible things which have been well attested. For example, at the Hertford assizes, in 1629, a clergyman came before Sir John Maynard, and deposed with regard to a murder which had been committed in his parish, 'That the body, being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants (suspected of murdering her) being required, each of them touched the dead body; whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew or gentle sweat on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down in drops on the face; the brow turned to a lively and fresh colour; and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again three several times: she likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass.' All this was confirmed by the testimony of the minister of the adjoining parish. Another example. There are few things more amply evidenced, as far as the testimony of travellers will go, than that, every year at a place near Cairo, there was a resurrection of a number of people, who had been killed there at an early period while met for Christian worship. The dead bodies are described as being partially thrust up from their graves, some to the extent of an arm or leg, others of half the body, and this used to last for two or three days, after which all sank back once more into the ground. Several books published during the sixteenth century state these particulars with the greatest gravity. In one called *Meditations Historiques*, by Philip Camerarius, it is set down by the author, 'that one Stephen Duplais, a goldsmith, a very intelligent man, about five-and-forty years old, who had, when he was much younger, travelled in Egypt, told him that he had seen the same thing about fifteen years previous to their then conversation, in company with an apothecary from Chablis of the name of Claude Rocard, and several other Christians, the party being headed and conducted by another goldsmith of the name of Maniotti. He declared to me,' says Camerarius, 'that he and several of his companions actually touched the limbs of the revivified corpses, and that he was on the point of laying hold of a child's head, which was rising out of the ground, when an Egyptian who was there called out, "Kali, kali; ante matafardè," which means, Leave it alone, leave it alone; you do not know what it is you touch.'* When we consider how much room for doubt is left where we think we see most clearly, or have a testimony the most indubitable, it is evidently well that new systems, professedly depending upon facts, should be received with coolness. Then, again, as to those which may be considered as speculative questions, how often do they prove, after a few years, unworthy of the partial support they have received! For example, the doctrine of Mr Malthus. Twenty years ago, none of the more active and forward-going intellects thought of doubting that theory, and those who did doubt it, were usually set down as men under the influence of prejudice. But time has passed, and this doctrine is now generally seen to be destitute of a sound foundation. Of course it is to be presumed that, if this strange theory had been admitted at once, and used as the basis of legislative measures, extensive error might have been committed, and serious consequences might have ensued. The heart of man has here been wiser than his head. The natural feelings always revolted from the Malthusian doctrine, though they could not well say why, and now they are seen to have been in the right.

There is, on the other hand, a scepticism which does not strictly follow reason, but depends in a great measure upon ignorance, prejudice, self-conceit, and other unworthy feelings. We are apt to pronounce an unfavourable opinion of a new hypothesis without any examination, merely because it does not agree with ideas already established in our minds, when, if these ideas were rigidly tested, they might be found either erroneous, or far short of the full measure of the truth. It has been remarked by Adam Smith, as the cause of the feeling of wonder, that we lack something to connect our ordinary ideas with the new one presented to us: not seeing the whole chain of natural causes, we marvel. Now, marvelling is so agreeable to some minds as to form an inducement to their believing in novelties; while with others, of a more rigorous or cautious character, it presents only a ground of suspicion. Thus to treat novel doctrines may be well so far; but if it be allowed to operate beyond the extent of a salutary caution, if we invariably shut our ears against new hypotheses, and persist in refusing them all opportunity of showing evidence in their own favour, merely because some weaker, wonder-loving persons receive them too readily, we obviously incur the risk of repressing the advance of truth. And it cannot be doubted that if those who receive all without discrimination are reprehensible, so also are those who reject all without discrimination. When their doing so is partly, as often happens, a result of mean personal feelings, it is certainly worthy of the strongest reprobation. It is impossible to imagine a sincere lover of truth acting in such a manner.

Viewing the liabilities to error on both sides, what is the duty of the simple member of the public with respect to the various new systems which meet him when he goes into the world? In one word, caution. Let him hear much, and say little. Let him receive with politeness, but a perfectly unimpassioned mind, all the statements and arguments of the partisans of these doc-

* A fuller account of this extraordinary delusion occurs in a work where one would little expect it; namely, Hook's novel of *Gurney Married*, vol. i. 265–269.

trines; and at the same time let him hear with equal coolness the merely prejudiced objections and thoughtless ridicule of those who choose to condemn in ignorance. By and by the time for a definite judgment will arrive, and when it does so, he will be prepared for a verdict, without having to take any shame to himself, either on the score of the encouragement of falsehood or the repression of truth.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

A TALE.

BY MRS JAMES GRAY.

PART SECOND.

'How is Clement to-day, Esther?' inquired Mr Fulwood, as he entered the small flower-plot before Mrs Grainger's door, and kindly shook hands with the young girl who came forth to meet him. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old, tall and graceful in figure, and with a face, though not pretty, yet very pleasing. Her eyes, however, were soft and expressive, and the paleness of her cheek was rendered more visible by the contrast of her dark, braided hair. A slight blush mounted to her temples as she replied, 'I hope better—much better. The cough is subsiding, and he has had fewer of those terrible flushings. I think he will soon be strong again; do not you, sir?'—and she looked up anxiously in his face.

'I think there is much in his own power, Esther,' was the reply. 'Clement is a fine creature, but too dreamy, too excitable, and, I must also say, too obstinate. So naturally delicate as his constitution is, it is almost too much for him to pursue his studies so as to enable him to take orders at all, and yet he will persist in striving for attainments which require strength and nerve far beyond what he possesses. But I shall say no more to him; I saw he was displeased with me the last time I spoke to him, and even his mother thought I was too severe.'

'She alluded, I think, to your saying that such exertions as Clement was making were no better than suicide. She is proud of him, as is very natural; but she is uneasy about him many a time, and by no means wishes him to work so hard.'

'Listen to me, Esther, whilst I tell you the truth. You know how Clement's father brought worldly ruin on himself and his family by his wild speculations, and I can tell you that, in another form, the spirit of the father lives in the son.'

'Surely, my dear sir, you cannot think for a moment that Clement is covetous, or that he is so overstraining mind and body in the hope of acquiring riches?'

'Indeed I do not. Nevertheless he is speculating; and the capital he is risking is his health, perhaps his life. Believe me, Esther, health is a talent as well as money, for which we must hereafter give an account. He is following after a shadowy fame, an unsubstantial triumph. I doubt much if he will ever overtake it.' But by this time poor Esther's eyes were full of tears, and Mr Fulwood, changing his tone, entered the house, saying, 'Come, we will go and see our patient. I am truly glad you can tell me he is better.'

Esther Corbett was a niece of Mrs Grainger, who had been for the last few months residing at the cottage. She had been early deprived of her mother. Her father was captain of a merchantman; and her two young brothers, for whom she had kept house until lately, were already following their father's profession. She had always been a favourite with Mrs Grainger, and on being thus left alone, it had been arranged that she should board with her aunt. And truly, Esther Corbett was as a daughter to the lonely widow, lightening her household toils, attending to her comforts, and performing all those little offices which are only well performed when the heart is in them.

Clement Grainger had lately come home for the vacation, and his name stood high amongst his comrades, over most of whom, by excessive assiduity, he had obtained a decided superiority. But what to another might have been comparatively easy, to him was difficult. His intellect was, like his person, more graceful than vigorous, his mind more imaginative than deep or reflective; the drudgery he submitted to, in order to acquire the character of a first-rate scholar, told terribly on both his mind and body. He could not be satisfied with the superficial knowledge which by happy chance might serve to drag him through an examination. He dared not be questioned on any subject of which he was not thoroughly master in every part, for the very knowledge that failure was possible, might of itself have produced failure. He had no boldness, no dash in his manner of answering. He would have given the world for the careless confidence, and trust in good luck, with which he saw many below him both in talent and acquirements force their way on. But with all this, he was not satisfied with ordinary success. He aimed at prizes and honours, and had already carried them off, on more occasions than one, from confessedly clever competitors. It was just after a hard struggle of this nature that he had returned home, and the tears of pride with which his mother hailed the news of his victory were chased away by less happy drops as she remarked his flushed cheeks and attenuated form. Days passed by, and though seriously ill, Clement persisted in spending several hours of each in study; and long after the widow and her young inmate had retired to rest, his candle, secretly relighted, was shedding its faint lustre on his high pale forehead and the thin hands that turned page after page of the Greek or Latin book with which he was engaged. But soon an attack of feverish cold and inflammation came on with such violence, that Clement was obliged, though reluctantly, to surrender himself to the care of doctor and nurse, and under their judicious treatment he was gradually recovering, when Mr Fulwood reached the cottage, and held the conversation with Esther which has been just recorded. As they entered the little parlour, Clement, who was as usual surrounded by books and papers, arose to greet Mr Fulwood, who could not but admit that he was greatly improved in appearance since he had last seen him. The young man's satisfaction at finding himself better, seemed, however, sadly damped by regrets for the loss of time which his illness had caused. 'But I must make up for it now,' he said, more as if he were thinking aloud than addressing himself to any one. 'If it had not been for this, I should have been sure of honours; but now it will be a hard struggle. I must not fail—I could not bear to fail!' Although Mr Fulwood had vowed on a former occasion to argue with Clement Grainger no more, he found it impossible to forbear; and in firm but kind language he endeavoured to convince his patient of the folly, nay, the actual wickedness, of continuing to make efforts so far beyond his strength. 'If you would only be content, Clement,' he said, 'to walk in the plain path that is before you—to prepare yourself simply for what you have so often wished to be—a useful country clergyman, depend upon it you would be performing your duty far better than in running after the name of being "a great scholar." I am not, remember, decrying the usefulness of great learning in some persons; but let every one fill his proper place. Had Providence designed you for the course you will persist in forcing yourself into, depend upon it more bodily strength and healthier nerves would have been allotted to you. In following a phantom, you are taking the surest means to prevent your future usefulness, and to destroy your own health and your mother's happiness.' Mr Fulwood did not then know how deeply the happiness of another was concerned in Clement's welfare, nor was Clement himself at all aware of the circumstance.

Clement Grainger returned to college, bearing his anxious mother's fervent blessings, and unconsciously removing the object that was dearest to Esther Corbett's heart. But his mother was quicker in discerning the truth; she had not been blinded by the splendid dreams

of the future that rendered her son all but insensible to what was passing in the actual world around him, and she rejoiced in the discovery of the state of Esther's affections. She already cherished a half-formed vision of a pretty parsonage, her own place by the cheerful fireside, the happy laughter of children ringing through the little mansion, and Esther, no longer Corbett, with her light step and noiseless activity moving here and there on her household duties—her daughter in very deed and truth. The picture was so soothing and delightful, that she turned to contemplate it again and again, until the coinage of her own hopes and dreams seemed like a real prospect, and she came to regard the future marriage of Clement with Esther as a thing that must at some time take place as inevitably as her own death.

Another vacation came round, and again Clement was at home; still delicate in health, but apparently not worse than before. And so he came and went three or four times; and now he was at home for the last vacation that would occur before his necessary college course would be completed. Then his mother, in the fulness of her heart, spoke to him of all her hopes and wishes, and was both surprised and disappointed at the quiet manner in which he listened to her.

'Indeed, mother,' he said calmly, 'I have no thoughts of marrying; and I have never looked upon Esther except as a friend and sister. I hope you have not spoken to her on this subject?'

'My darling Clement! my dear son! do you suppose for one moment I would act so improperly? But can you not see yourself that she loves you? Do you think her intense anxiety, her earnest wishes for your welfare, could proceed from any other cause?'

'It never struck me before in that light, dear mother. If it be really as you say——but it would be absurd in me to speak to her about it at present, as I intend to read for a fellowship.'

Now, poor Mrs Grainger scarcely knew what a fellowship meant, except that it was a post of some honour and dignity. She was quite unaware that the course of study necessary to obtain one is almost murderous, as also that it excludes from marriage during the time that it is held. So she simply replied, that she hoped, as soon as he got the fellowship, he would have time to think about what she had said; and the matter ended for the present.

Clement was awakened by Mrs Grainger's hint, to observe the various symptoms of affection which poor Esther unwittingly manifested towards him. Gentle and kind in all his feelings, to love him was the surest way of obtaining his love; and before he left home again, he was the affianced husband of Esther Corbett. But he told her of the ambition that was in his heart. He might at once have been ordained to a small living, which, small as it was, would have been wealth to them.

'But I must win this fellowship, Esther,' he said; 'I cannot bear to stand on the ladder without reaching the top, even though I should descend again at once. And —dear Esther, I am growing worldly for your sake—I can, probably, on giving up my fellowship, obtain a better living than that which offers now.'

Study, study, study; little rest even during the brief time he allotted to himself for sleep; hasty meals, to which he brought no appetite; a perpetual bending over books; a continual struggle to bear up against the insidious approaches of creeping illness; such is an epitome of the next few months of Clement Grainger's life. Very anxious were those two hearts who loved him best on earth, though they strove to cheer each other with words of hope and comfort, and were less unhappy than they would have been had they known the ruinous extent of his exertions. Their chief distress was the infrequency and brevity of his letters. 'I am well, but very busy,' was the substance of them all; and it would have added to Esther's grief, could she have known that her long affectionate letters were now merely glanced over, and then laid aside for the leisure hour which never came.

The time of trial arrived at last. There were only three candidates for the vacant fellowship who appeared to have any chance of obtaining it, and of these Clement was one. He slept not on the previous night; and ere he left his chamber, he flung himself on his knees, and prayed, long and passionately, that the triumph might be his. Something fortified with the internal courage inspired by this act of devotion, he entered the examination hall.

It was over; and Clement Grainger returned to his chamber an altered man. A hundred years seemed to have passed over his head in a few hours. The proud dream of his hopes had dispersed into empty air; his privations, his prayers, his labours, had been all for nought: another won the prize. But he walked with quiet step and calm demeanour; he even replied tranquilly to the greetings of some, who, knowing the tremendous efforts he had made to succeed, sincerely pitied him for his failure. He closed the door of his apartment; wrote a few lines to Esther, simply stating his defeat, and that a few days would find him at home again; and then he bowed down his head, and gave himself up to such an agony of anguish, as can only be felt by one whose whole hope has been risked on one unsuccessful cast. Burning tears forced themselves from his eyes; heavy sobs laboured from his heart; his whole frame seemed writhing in convulsive torture. He grew calmer. He remembered that, by this behaviour, he was showing a terrible want of submission to the will of Providence. He tried to rally his mind, to think it possible that some future success might yet be his. But no; his mind actually seemed to fall back from the very idea of such a hill of difficulty as he had lately climbed; and, utterly weak and exhausted, he sunk down again, and wept like a child.

In a few days he left the seat of learning where he had known such high hopes and such bitter disappointment, resolving never to enter it more. The first arrival at home was a severe trial to him, though the warmth of the welcome he met there, and the joy his presence seemed to diffuse, could scarcely have been greater had he returned triumphant. But their consolations, kindly as they were meant, were daggers to his soul. He could bear no allusion to his failure. 'Let us never name it again, mother,' he said. 'Do not strive to comfort me, dear Esther. Try, both of you, to forget it as soon as you can. The die is cast.'

From the time of his return home, Clement appeared to have abandoned all the pursuits that had once been his delight. He was now never seen with a book or a pen, but spent all his days in sauntering through the fields and lanes, or gazing through the window, or sitting in silent melancholy abstraction. An old college friend, of superior rank to his own, called to see him, and endeavoured to rouse him from his lethargy, kindly inviting him to join him in a tour, which he imagined would be serviceable to his health. But Clement declined the offer; nor could all the persuasion of his friend, his mother, and his betrothed, induce him to accept it. He next tried to re-awaken Clement's hopes by promising him a considerable living which would probably soon be vacant, the incumbent being old and infirm. The colour deepened in Esther's cheeks as she heard that promise, but her heart sunk as she perceived it produce no corresponding emotion in Clement. He thanked his friend for his kindness, but expressed no pleasure in the prospect.

Summer passed away, and before winter set in it was evident to all that serious illness had fastened on the unfortunate student. His strength was gradually declining, the cough of former years had returned with aggravated vehemence, his cheek was now flushed, now white as snow, and the thinned hair and the burning emaciated hand, all told a tale that there was no mistaking. It was in vain that Mrs Grainger and Esther

tried to speak words of comfort to each other, and looked into each other's eyes for hope. The fact that the days of this beloved one were numbered, would ever and anon glare through the false veil of hope which they endeavoured to wrap around the truth. Mr Fulwood came regularly to see the invalid, but his opinion was only expressed in an ominous shake of the head, more terrible than words. He did not once allude to the cause of Clement's illness, though 'I saw how it would end' was plainly written in his countenance. Mrs Grainger had never asked him his opinion of the state of her son, but his silence was enough, and she soon perceived that the medicines he administered were merely palliatives, resorted to when there was no hope of cure. To Clement's mind the conviction of the reality of his danger came more slowly, and, strange to say, it brought with it a contradictory longing for life. He who had seemed so desponding, so wearied of the world, so careless for the future, now evinced a wish to live; an affection for the loveliness of nature, and a consciousness of the enjoyments of life, that he had never displayed before, as if his eyes were now first opened to the beauty and the value of the things he had formerly slighted. He now gave himself up to the guidance of those around him with the docility of a child, and the hopes of Esther rose again. 'Even yet he may be saved by care,' sobbed she, as she conferred with her aged friend apart. 'Oh, God! spare my son, for it is thou alone who canst heal!' ejaculated the mother with something like reviving hope. But the hot days of a peculiarly sultry May supervened, and produced increased languor and weakness. No longer could Clement Grainger traverse the green fields that lay behind their house, even with the help of Esther's arm. Fits of sudden slumber, occasional failure of memory, and dulness of hearing, all these things proclaimed that the end was nigh.

Yet was there another strange revival. For several successive days the patient appeared gradually gaining strength, and his mind was clearer and calmer than it had been for weeks. He had been raised from his bed one morning, and was sitting by the window enjoying the summer air as it breathed over a vase of sweet scented flowers which Esther had placed on a little table near him. Just then a letter was brought in for Clement, who desired Esther to open it. She did so, and found it was from the noble friend who, a few months before, had promised Clement a living. It was now vacant, and this letter requested him to come at once to W——, and receive it from his friend. For a moment the blood rushed tumultuously through Clement's heart—for a moment he forgot the sad circumstances of his case, and starting up with supernatural energy, he flung his arms round Esther's neck, exclaiming, 'Now, now we shall all be happy.' He buried his face in her bosom, and as she wound her supporting arms around him, she hoped that a relieving gush of tears was the cause of that hiding of his countenance. But she was soon undeceived. He leaned heavily upon her, and in spite of her efforts to support him, she found he was sliding from her clasp. Mrs Grainger hastened to her assistance, and they placed Clement again in his chair; but the eyes, though still open, were fast fixing for ever—the parted lips were white and dumb. The dream of life was over.

Mrs Grainger, immediately after the first shock from his death, returned, though with a saddened heart, to her habits of meek submission. She even thanked God that her beloved son had been removed before her. 'I was thankful,' she often said, 'for a child on earth; should I not be still *more* thankful for a child in heaven?' She did not survive Clement many months.

Esther Corbett remained single for several years, but she at length married a person who was fully worthy of her, and spent with him a long life, chequered with some trials, but bringing forth a counterpoise of happiness.

It has not been the wish of the writer of this tale to depreciate the value of useful exertion or honourable ambition. She has only desired to show the evils attendant on a wish to grasp at more, either in the world of wealth or of intellect, than there is a reasonable chance of obtaining. She writes from cases which have occurred in her own experience, and where it was evident that affluence might have been kept, and health preserved, but for the *spirit of speculation*. Whoever risks the fortunes of himself and his family on a speculation where failure must bring ruin, in her opinion speculates unlawfully. Whoever devotes himself to higher and more intellectual pursuits with such perseverance as to injure his health, can scarcely be said to be performing a duty. Alas that avarice and ambition should have such power to lead from the true road to happiness! that men, and women too, will still prefer the SHADOW to the SUBSTANCE!

THE POLICE COURTS OF PARIS.

In a former number of the Journal* we gave a sketch of the organization of the Parisian police; we now proceed to add to it a view of the interior of the courts to which criminal offenders are first brought to be examined, and in which punishment for trifling offences is awarded.

The name given to this department of police is 'Correctional,' which conveys as false an idea of its real effects as is implied by the houses of correction in England. It neither produces amendment in individuals, nor reduces the pressure from what in France are called the Dangerous Classes. We shall not, however, enter into any discussion here with regard to the great and rapid increase of crime in Paris, but proceed to give some description of the scenes usually presented in the police courts of that capital. They are three in number, all opening into one hall, but the central and original is the only one worthy of particular attention. About nine in the morning a municipal guard will be seen pacing before its door; around it, a crowd of the curious and the idle generally congregate. A stranger who endeavours to penetrate this crowd, will in all probability be assailed with orders to 'go behind!' in support of the equitable principle of 'first come, first served.' If, however, he possess energy and confidence enough to fight his way to the front rank near the door, the municipal guard will, most likely, seize him by the collar, and demand by what right he dares penetrate into the midst of the public auditory in waiting? 'Are you a witness?' he asks; 'if so, show your summons.' 'I have not one.' 'In that case you cannot go in.' 'But I am waiting.' The officer interrupts with, 'You cannot stay here; go behind!' Further reply is useless; policemen are enemies to colloquy. The only argument he deigns to use in continuation is a no very gentle push, to assist you in returning to your proper place at the back of the crowd.

But the initiated know of an easier mode of entrance. At the foot of the grand stone staircase, in a dark angle at the end of the hall, is a sort of niche, at the back of which is a smaller flight of steps. These are spiral, and shrouded in darkness till about half-way up, when a kind of doubtful twilight is reached. Here is felt for, rather than seen, a small door, at which it is necessary to ring gently. A porter in a white cravat and blue coat, with manners as soft and polite as those of the policeman below were coarse and abrupt, half opens the little door, and asks what the applicant wants? To answer this question a little tact is necessary. If you own that your business is nothing but curiosity, the civil porter will, with an appropriate expression of regret, shut the door gently in your face. To gain admission, therefore, you must either be a client of some well-known counsel, the intimate friend of a complainant, or the first cousin of a principal witness. There is another plea which, in polite France, is sure not to be rejected; that is,

* No. 576 (volume 12th).

being a foreigner, especially when this plea is backed by showing a passport.

We must suppose that when the visitor enters, the business of the day has not yet commenced. The judges have not taken their places on their leather-covered seats; but the body of the court is filled with the public auditory, witnesses, advocates, and law-students. The crowd of spectators is generally kept in a constant hubbub by the restlessness of some among them more ambitious than the others for front places; to which they fight their way, preserving their coveted position by right of conquest. In the witness-box little better order is preserved. Those amongst the witnesses who are concerned in the same case always manage to group themselves together, and persist in volunteering their version of the affair which has brought them there, pronouncing by anticipation the condemnation or acquittal of the individual whom they have come to accuse or to defend by their testimony. Though the hour of attendance mentioned in their summonses is ten, yet the court is seldom opened till eleven.

Before business begins, the stranger will do well to make up to an old gentleman whom he will be sure to find among the auditory of the police court. He is neither a witness, a complainant, nor a defendant, yet he is as punctual in his attendance as the judges, the criers, the municipal police, or the reporters. The moment the doors are opened he takes his seat, and, supporting his chin on his hands and the head of his cane, patiently awaits the entrance of the judges. This worthy is simply an amateur of police cases. A small tradesman, retired from business, moreover a bachelor, without relations, having nothing at home to amuse him but his cat and his canary-bird — too poor to frequent cafés and join in the hazardous amusement of dominoes or tric-trac, too virtuous to sponge upon his neighbours, too good a citizen to take an interest in political discussions — he finds that the most suitable mode of passing his days is to spend them in listening to the proceedings of the police courts. To a stranger he is invaluable, for it is his peculiar delight to impart all the information concerning the official routine of the court which he possesses. 'You perceive, sir,' he will commence when questioned, 'to the right of the judges' bench—that is to say, to your left—that the floor is raised, and the space railed off by a partition breast-high—that is the prisoners' bar.'

'But, sir,' says the stranger, 'no one occupies the place but a municipal guard. Where are the prisoners?'

'I will tell you, sir. Do you not remark that at the back of the small enclosure the wall is pierced by a small yellow door? Well, sir, that door leads by a narrow staircase to a small chamber, scarcely lighted or ventilated, where the prisoners remain till it is their turn to be called into court. This small dungeon they call the "Little Mouse-trap;" but before being introduced into it, the accused have had to wait in a large reception vault, situated at about sixteen feet below the hall of the Palace of Justice. This is called the "Great Mouse-trap." It is here that the prisoners who are to appear in the course of the day in one of the three correctional chambers are collected every morning from the various prisons in the metropolis. This transfer is made under a guard of mounted gens-d'armes in a police carriage, called the "Sallad Pannier."'

'What a singular name!' exclaims the stranger.

'These carriages, sir, were so named because they were originally made of basket work, and were similar in appearance to the vehicles in which vegetables are brought to market. At present, they are constructed of stronger materials, and their form is that of a covered cart (*cariole*), in spite of which they still retain their old name.'

By this time the venerable informant is cut short by the entrance of the officials and the voice of the tipstaff, who exclaims, 'L'Audience! Gentlemen, take off your hats!' At these words the barristers rise and remove their caps, while the judges and their subordinates take their seats. The registrar tries his pen, the reporters of the legal newspapers repair to their allotted places. The old *habitué*, with a pleased and satisfied air, takes a huge pinch of snuff, silence is established, and the president pronounces the formulary—'The court is opened. Crier, call the first case.'

The cases usually commenced with are those of vagrants and mendicants. The first batch is always children, amongst whom are chiefly found little chimney-sweeps, cymbal-players, exhibiters of monkeys, white-mice, &c. and, lastly, urchins—not regular mendicants—who are either badly taken care of by their parents, or not cared for by anybody; and a melancholy spectacle they present. The parents, obliged, perhaps, to leave home early in the morning to follow their avocations, abandon the children, who frequently beg or steal to procure for themselves the necessaries of life. Frequently detected, they fall into the hands of the police. In such cases the magistrate demands the presence of the parents, among whom are too often found fathers abandoned to drunkenness, and unnatural mothers who appear glad that the care and expense of keeping their children should pass from their own hands into those of justice. They refuse to claim their children, and often say to the bench, 'Do what you like; *we* are able to do nothing; send them to the house of correction!' It is in vain that the child bursts into tears, and promises to be wiser for the future; it is in vain that the president endeavours to awaken in these bad parents sentiments of nature and duty. They are immoveable; and the tribunal is forced to send the little sinner to the house of correction. Sometimes one of the auditory—a benevolent witness or a charitable stranger—offers to take charge of the child, and to bring him up at his own expense. These examples are by no means of unfrequent occurrence in the correctional police courts, and form a consoling compensation for the wretched scenes which so often take place.

'After childhood, age takes its turn,' the friendly habitué remarks. The juvenile vagrants make way for adults in rags, whom the agents of police have caught in the act of begging. The misery, great age, and infirmities of some, are pleas of excuse which the judges comprehend and admit; but others, with whom mendicancy is not an accident, but a profession, are differently dealt with. Many of this class pretend to be blind, but the dog they have to guide them, with a wonderful instinct, turns into another street at the sight of the policeman, be he ever so far off. Another feigns paralysis, and seems to drag his limbs painfully along on crutches; but in case of arrest, he has been known quite active enough to throw his crutches at the legs of the officer, and to make very rapid use of his own.

The offenders next brought into court are those who, having been previously condemned to the surveillance of the police for a certain time, had broken the rules their punishment imposes. When a culprit is placed under this ban, his liberty is much restricted, by his being constantly under the eye of the police. He cannot pass the barriers of the city without its especial permission. A card is presented to him, which he is bound to get renewed about every fortnight, to insure his presence at the police-office of the district in which he resides at least once during that short period. When this duty is neglected, the offender is arrested, brought before the correctional tribunal, and condemned to close imprisonment. It is thus that a great number pass their lives in a continual alternation of close captivity and partial liberty. Lately, a man appeared before the tribunal with the shocking stigma of seventeen previous convictions attached to his name. His age was forty-two, out of which he had passed twenty-five years in prison, and on this occasion the court sent him thither again for five years longer. This is an example of the *corrective* effect of the correctional police.

When the cases of simple vagabondage and mendicancy have been disposed of, the countenance of the amateur brightens. He takes a pinch of snuff with the greatest relish, exclaiming, 'Now we shall have

the amusing cases!' Alas! the poverty and wretchedness existing in Paris, as in other great cities, send these batches of the houseless and the idle before the tribunal at each of its sittings as a regular matter of course; and such cases, from their frequency, cease to interest the habituè; his taste lies among the thieves, who come next.

A criminal statist has declared that in Paris there are twenty thousand individuals who begin the day without knowing how to procure a dinner by honest means. Now, if, when evening arrives, these twenty thousand persons have dined, it clearly follows that a very large number of thefts must have been committed during the day. The vast number of robbers, the consequent competition in dishonest industry, and the efficiency and skill of the detective police, render thieving a science in Paris; it is there carried to a higher perfection than in any other community in the world. One or two specimens of this misapplied ingenuity now come before the tribunal, to fulfil the hope of amusement which the attentive habituè has expressed.

The first case is one in which a gentleman from the provinces appears as plaintiff. 'Gentlemen,' said he, addressing the president and his colleagues, 'I was quietly crossing the court of the Louvre, when the individual at the bar, who was walking in an opposite direction, suddenly embraced me. While clutching me in his embrace, he exclaimed, "My dear friend, what a happy meeting! How delighted am I to see you once more!" Whereupon I replied mechanically that I was equally delighted, for his frantic hug prevented me at first from examining his features. Presently, however, I perceived that I had no knowledge whatever of the fellow, and told him so. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I beg a thousand pardons; I have made a mistake; but really you resemble a friend of mine most wonderfully." With that he walked away, and it was not until he had gone to a great distance, that I perceived this very dear friend had managed, during the throes of his affectionate embrace, to snatch from me my watch and appendages.' The prisoner was unable to deny the charge, for he had been arrested while attempting to sell the watch to a broker. The prosecutor, who seemed much shocked that the sacred feeling of friendship should have been so vilely abused, demanded a severe punishment on the culprit, which the president thought fit to inflict. This species of robbery is called, in the thieves' slang, 'the snatching theft' (*le vol à la tire*).

Another delinquent had to answer at the bar of the correctional police for the 'good day' theft (*le vol au bonjour*). The houses in Paris let off in furnished lodgings are very accessible. Early in the morning the thief ascended the stairs of one of these houses, trying each of the chamber doors as he passed, until he found one which opened. He entered the room, and noiselessly collected all the clothes, trinkets, and other moveables he could find, while their possessor was snugly asleep in his bed. But an accident occurred to awaken the sleeper, and he naturally exclaimed, 'Who's there?' upon which the thief answered with the utmost politeness, '*Bonjour, Monsieur*. Excuse me for interrupting your rest. It is I, the tailor whom you ordered to be here at this hour.' 'Pshaw,' cried the other, 'you have made a mistake;' and quietly turned to finish his nap. The thief bowed and made off with his booty, but was captured—like his predecessor at the bar—while trying to sell it.

The most elaborate trick exposed by the investigations of the tribunal is called the American theft (*le vol à l'Americane*). It is a little comedy performed by three characters, consisting of two confederates and a dupe. The case was as follows:—A glazier of Auvergne had travelled to Paris in the hope of making his fortune; but finding, after a few months' sojourn, that there were too many glaziers established in the capital to afford him a chance of earning his daily bread, he determined to return before he had spent all his money, now reduced to one hundred and fifty francs, or little more than six pounds. On quitting the office of the coach in which he had taken his place, he was accosted by a person whom he took for an Englishman, and who asked to be directed to the Luxor obelisk, promising him five francs if he would show him the way. The glazier was delighted, for he would have walked five miles for as many halfpence. On they trudged, till they were joined by a stranger, with whom they entered into conversation, during which the American—for such he declared he was—boasted of his riches, and exhibited several roleaux of gold. While crossing the garden of the Tuilleries, he expressed a desire to visit the exhibition of arts and manufactures; but dreaded being robbed in the crowd, and wished to conceal some part of his money for safety. It was presently arranged that the glazier should dig a hole at the foot of a tree, in which to hide the treasure. This was done, and they left the place to enter a café. Here a new fear seized the American. 'Supposing,' he exclaimed, 'that any one saw us, and should go and exhume my money?' The glazier readily offered to go and see that it was in safety. 'Yes,' said the other, 'that is all very well; but how can I be assured that *you* will not run off with my property? You had better leave me some guarantee.' The Auvergnat immediately laid down his six pounds, his watch, his umbrella, and his blouse, and ran to the Tuilleries. He sought the hole, and found it—empty! He returned to the café—the American and his companion were gone! Astounded, ruined, and in despair, he sought in the evening the diligence, to quit Paris, in which such ill fortune had befallen him. The coach started; but in crossing a neighbouring square, the dupe set up a loud cry, insisted on the driver stopping, descended from his seat, and scampered after some one, bawling out lustily, 'Stop thief!' A policeman joined in the pursuit, and the false American was captured. He turned out to be a native of St Omer, and was sentenced by the court to five years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance.

A volume might be filled with details of the numberless expedients which are put in force to break the eighth commandment; but the above will be sufficient to show the nature of an average day's business in a Parisian police court. At its close the president, with the rest of the officials, retire; the counsel at the bar respectfully rise; the prisoners are taken to their penal destinations; the habituè returns to his lodgings, his canary-bird, and his cat; and the philosophic auditor retires to reflect on the utter inadequacy of the present system of *correction* to prevent and repress crime, and to alleviate its consequent miseries.*

THE TRUE TALE OF MACBETH.

THE marvellous genius of Shakspeare may be said to have *made* Macbeth, for without that illustration, of what interest or value would have been the name of a semi-barbarian Scottish monarch of the eleventh century? But it has also destroyed him, for it has fixed the misrepresentations of his character on such a basis, that nothing can ever annul them: Macbeth must be the moral of murder and usurpation in his rank unto all time. Nevertheless, our curiosity is interested to know who and what this man really was, and perhaps all the more so, that our poetical conception of him is so different from the reality. It chances that on this point some new historical light has of late been thrown, which may be presumed to give an additional interest to the subject; we shall therefore, without any apology or further remark, proceed to give a brief account of the Macbeth of fact.

The true history of this period is for the first time related in Mr William Skene's work on *the Highlanders of Scotland* (2 vols. Murray, 1836), being compiled

* We are indebted for much that is contained in this article to 'L'Illustration'—the pictorial French newspaper, which we have previously quoted.

mainly from the Irish and Norwegian annalists. It is surprising how much it differs from the meagre and semi-fabulous accounts which descended, becoming more fabulous as they went along, from our early native historians to Hollinshed, who finally gave the full-blown tissue of marvels to Shakspeare. It appears that, in the year 1034, the Scottish monarchy came to a sort of pause on the overthrow and slaughter of a King Malcolm by a powerful Norwegian chief or Earl of Orkney named Thorfinn. By this great warrior the northern and eastern parts of Scotland were subdued, as far as the Firth of Tay, but leaving, apparently, certain districts still under their native chiefs. And this division of the country by a Norwegian sway lasted thirty years, though it is a fact hitherto totally unknown amongst us. The rest of the people of Scotland raised up a monarch in the person of Duncan, whose mother was a daughter of the deceased Malcolm, his father being Crinan, nominally Abbot of Dunkeld, but in reality a powerful chief in the district of Athole. To pursue Mr Skene's intelligent narration: 'In personal character Duncan was far from being well-fitted for the difficult situation in which he was placed, but being the only chief of the northern Picts who remained unsubdued by the Norwegians, he was the most likely person to preserve the rest of Scotland from their grasp; and during the whole of his reign, he appears to have been unmolested by Thorfinn in his circumscribed dominions. The Scots having thus enjoyed, during Duncan's reign, six years of repose, began to consider their strength sufficiently recruited to attempt the recovery of the extensive territories in the north which Thorfinn had conquered. Taking advantage, accordingly, of the temporary absence of Thorfinn, who was engaged with the greater part of his Norwegian force in an English expedition, Duncan advanced towards the north of Scotland, and succeeded in penetrating as far as the district of Moray, without encountering apparently any resistance. The Gaelic inhabitants of the north, however, who preferred remaining under the Norwegian yoke rather than submit to a chief of their own race whose title to the throne they could not admit, opposed his farther progress, and Macbeth, the maormor of Moray, attacked him near Elgin, defeated his army, and slew the king himself. Macbeth immediately took advantage of this success, and, assisted by the Norwegian force which still remained in the country, he overran the whole of Scotland, and speedily made himself master of all that had remained unconquered by the Norwegians. The sons of Duncan were obliged to fly; the eldest took refuge at the court of England, while the second fled from the vengeance of Macbeth to the Hebrides, and surrendered to Thorfinn himself. Macbeth, with the sanction, probably, of the Earl of Orkney, assumed the title of king of Scotland, which he claimed in right of his cousin Malcolm, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Scots, he maintained possession of the crown for a period of eighteen years.

'Although Macbeth was a native chief, and one of the Gaelic maormors of the north, yet his conquest can only be considered with regard to its effects as a Norwegian conquest. He had previously been tributary to that people, and it was by their assistance principally that he became king of Scotland; so that at this period we may consider the whole country as having been virtually under the dominion of the Norwegians; Thorfinn himself ruling over the northern districts, while with his concurrence Macbeth reigned in the southern half.

'During the reign of Macbeth, the adherents of the Atholl family made two several attempts to recover possession of the throne, but they were both equally unsuccessful. The first occurred in the year 1045, when Crinan, the father of Duncan, attacked Macbeth at the head of all the adherents of the family in Scotland. Crinan's defeat was total, and the slaughter very great; for, in the concise words of the Irish annalists, "In that battle was slain Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and many with him; namely, nine times twenty heroes." This defeat seems for the time to have completely extinguished Duncan's party in Scotland, and it was not till nine years afterwards that the second attempt was made. Malcolm, Duncan's eldest son, who had taken refuge in England, obtained from the English king the assistance of a Saxon army, under the command of Siward, the Earl of Northumberland; but although Siward succeeded in wresting Lothian from Macbeth, and in placing Malcolm as king over it, he was unable to obtain any further advantage, and Macbeth still retained the kingdom of Scotland proper, while Malcolm ruled as king over Lothian, until, four years afterwards, a more favourable opportunity occurred for renewing the enterprise. The son of the king of Norway, in the course of one of the numerous piratical expeditions which were still undertaken by the Norwegians, had arrived at the Orkneys, and on finding the great state of power to which Thorfinn had raised himself, he proposed that they should join in undertaking an expedition having no less an object than the subjugation of the kingdom of England. To this proposal the enterprising Earl of Orkney at once acceded, and the two sea-kings departed for the south with the whole Norwegian force which they could collect. It was not destined, however, that they should even land on the English coast, for their fleet appears to have been dispersed and almost destroyed in a tempest; such was probably at least the calamity which befell the expedition, as the words of the Irish annalist, who alone records the event, are simply, "But God was against them in that affair."

'It appears that the king of England had no sooner become aware of the discomfiture of the threatened invasion of his territories, than he sent an English army into Scotland for the purpose of overthrowing the power of the Norwegians in that country, and of establishing Malcolm Kenmore on his father's throne; and in the absence of the Norwegians, the Saxon army was too powerful for the Gaelic force of Macbeth to withstand. The English accordingly made themselves masters of the south of Scotland, and drove Macbeth as far north as Lumphanan, where he was overtaken and slain in battle. Upon the death of Macbeth, Lulach, the son of his cousin Gillcomgain, succeeded him; but after maintaining a struggle with Malcolm for the short space of three months, he was also defeated and slain at Esse, in Strathbogie. In consequence of this defeat, Malcolm Kenmore obtained, by the assistance of the English, quiet possession of the throne of Scotland, which his own power and talents enabled him to preserve during the remainder of his life. He was prevented, apparently by the return of Thorfinn, from attempting to recover any part of the northern districts which the Norwegian earl had subjugated, and consequently his territories consisted only of those southern districts which Macbeth had acquired by the defeat of his father Duncan.

'From the accession of Malcolm Kenmore to the death of Thorfinn, which took place six years after, the state of Scotland remained unaltered, and the country exhibited the remarkable spectacle of a Gaelic population, one-half of which obeyed the rule of a Norwegian earl, while the other half was subdued by a prince of their own race at the head of a Saxon army.'

This narrative puts the idea of murder and usurpation entirely out of the question. Duncan was only an adventurer himself, slain in battle by another, who, it now appears, had pretensions to the throne according to the Celtic mode of succession, by which the ablest collateral relative of the deceased king was always selected, passing over all hereditary claimants. Macbeth, as we learn from George Chalmers, who investigated his history with great diligence, was by birth maormor, or chief* of Cromarty and Ross, and by marriage enjoyed the same dignity over the more important region of Moray, which is described by Mr Skene as almost a kingdom itself, extending from sea to sea. His wife

* Maormor signifies literally *great man*.

Gruoch, the widow of the former maormor of Moray, and whose progeny actually succeeded in that character, was granddaughter of a former king of Scots who had been slain by Duncan's grandfather. Macbeth was a sort of pacha or hereditary sheriff; but, it will be observed, in a district over which Duncan only aimed at establishing a government, so that he never was, properly speaking, a subject of that monarch. He is rather to be considered as the representative of an opposite interest in the country, that of the northern Highlanders and the Norwegians; and his warfare with the gracious Duncan seems therefore to have been as fair as any warfare of that age ever was.

Taking the poetical story in its details, the rencontre with the witches shrinks into a very simple matter. The earlier writers speak of it as only a dream, in which Macbeth imagined himself as addressed by the Three Fates. The incident is thus related by honest Andrew Wyntown of Lochleven, who wrote about 1390:—

> 'Ae night he thought in his dreaming,
> That sitting he was beside the king
> At a seat in hunting; sae
> Intil his leish had grewhounds twae.
> He thought, while he was sae sittand,
> He saw three women by gangand;*
> And thae women than thought he
> Three weird sisters maist like to be.
> The first he heard say, gangand by,
> "Lo, yonder the Thane of Crombachty!"
> The tother woman said again,
> "Of Moray yonder I see the Thane."
> The third than said, "I see the king."
> All this he heard in his dreaming.'

Thane, it will be understood, is a Saxon term for the Gaelic maormor; and it may further be explained, that the maormorship of Moray is what is implied in the term 'Thane of Cawdor,' the seat of the Moray chief being at Calder, in the county of Nairn.† We can easily believe that the above story had a foundation in truth, and that such a dream really did help to impel Macbeth to attempt gaining the kingdom, for incidents of this kind were amongst the motives of great actions in that and subsequent ages. But this admission certainly fixes no culpability upon Macbeth. The story has, however, been greatly exaggerated in the course of time; and, for one thing, the whole portion of it referring to Banquo is a fiction. There was no such person; therefore he never was murdered. And at the time when he is represented as learning that he was to be the progenitor of the house of Stuart, the actual ancestor of that family was living in Normandy, under the name of Fitzallan, not even dreaming of ever possessing a foot of land in Britain.

The death of Duncan, instead of a private murder, was, we have seen, the overthrow of a rival in battle. The scene of this fight is not precisely known. The old chronicles say it took place at Bothgowanan, which George Chalmers fixes near Elgin; but it was as probably near Inverness, where there actually is a cairn, or heap of stones, called Clachan Donaichie (that is, Duncan's Cairn), implying probably the scene of his death.‡ The whole story of the reception of Duncan by Macbeth at his castle, the killing of the king during the night, and the concealment of the murder by the slaughter of the two servants, which Shakspeare derived from Hollinshed, is a transposition from a different period of history, being a recital of the actual circumstances attending the death of a King Duff, in the castle of Forres, about a century before, the governor of the castle being the murderer. Thus the greatest stain of all which rest on the memory of Macbeth vanishes in a moment. That such stains should have ever attached to the memory of an innocent man, may create surprise; but we should remember that he was immediately succeeded by a hostile dynasty, whose interest it would be to blacken him as much as possible, and whom writers would of course be disposed to flatter by saying all the evil they could of the deceased monarch.

This influence, however, has not been able to suppress the fact that Macbeth was a successful ruler, and, for the greater part of his reign, extremely popular. Buchanan describes him as 'a man of penetrating genius, of an exalted spirit, and delighting in great affairs.' Perhaps this character was partly owing to a set of wise laws which he was then believed to have framed, but the authenticity of which has long been given up. Yet that he was a sagacious and vigorous ruler for his time, there is no room to doubt. It is curious that the only certain document proceeding from this supposed murderer and his 'fiend-queen,' should be a deed in which they are associated in conferring a piece of territory upon the peaceful Culdee clergy of Lochleven. Such, however, is the progress of error, that, three hundred years later, a priest of this very establishment, probably deriving his support in part from the gift of Macbeth, gravely records a story which makes out the devil to have been the natural father of that prince.

The circumstances attending the conclusion of Macbeth's career are given by Shakspeare as he found them in the chronicles. The story of the rearing of a castle on Dunsinnan hill, the flight of Macduff, and slaughter of his family, the conversation of Macduff with Malcolm in England, the march of the English army to Birnam, the moving wood, and the attack on Dunsinnan, are all stated by Andrew Wyntown, who, however, represents Macbeth as retreating to the north, and being slain at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, which, there can be no doubt, was the true scene of his death. Wyntown speaks of Macbeth as one who

> ——— aye
> In fanton freits had great fay.

That is, had great faith in fantastic superstitions. And he describes him as at the last defying the knight by whom he was first overtaken with the taunt, that no man born of woman could harm him, to which the assailant makes the answer which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Macduff. It must be admitted that all these particulars, which Shakspeare has fixed in our minds like the tenets of a creed, are at the best doubtful. It is, however, ascertained that Macbeth met his enemies in a great battle near Dunsinnan,* where Osbert the son of Siward fell, but which ended in the defeat of the Scottish monarch, who then withdrew northward. The war was protracted about two years, but at length ended in the everthrow and death of Macbeth (December 5, 1056) at Lumphanan, where a son of his also fell. Macbeth's cairn, a memorial of his fall, is still seen about a mile from Lumphanan kirk, on the brow of a hill: and a few miles northward is a huge stone, which the country people believe to mark the spot where the son was slain. Even this last defeat did not entirely destroy

* Going past.

† Of Angus or Glammis Macbeth never was maormor.

‡ Near this there actually was, thirty years ago, a *smith's house*, which in Gaelic would be called *Bothgowan*. As smith's shops or booths are usually of very old standing in the Highlands, it is not impossible that this particular spot may have been the site of such an establishment for several centuries.

* 'Dunsinnan [etymologically, a hill like a nipple] is one of the Sidlaw chain, and is separated from the neighbouring hills by a deep valley, and about eight miles north-east from Perth. It towers in an oval form to the height of 1024 feet above the level of the sea. The summit was surrounded by a strong rampart of stones. It had the additional defence of a fosse and a ledge of rocks. The original height of the rampart is uncertain; as the part of it which remains entire is six feet high, and is covered with an immense mass of ruins, the height of which must have once been considerable. A road, which takes the hill on the north-east, ascends in a slanting direction, crosses the esplanade, and enters the rampart and area on the south-south-west. Another road, which was cut through the rock, went up from the Long Man's Grave, in a straight direction, and enters the centre of the esplanade. The interior area of the fortress was of an oval form, 210 feet in length and 130 in breadth. A section was made across the top of the hill by Dr Playfair, and flags, charcoal, and bones of several species of animals were discovered, but no appearance of any building. Having penetrated seven yards horizontally into the mass of stones and rubbish which had composed the rampart, part of the wall was discovered quite entire, nicely built of large stones bedded in clay or mortar.'—*Chalmers's Caledonia.*

the strength which had rallied round Macbeth; for his step-son, Lulach (by birth maormor of Moray), was made king in his stead, and reigned for four months. This prince fell, April 1057, at Esse, in Strathbogie, in a battle which finally gave the crown to Malcolm Kenmore.

Such is the real history of Macbeth. Inquiring antiquaries find in him merely a Highland chief contending for, and temporarily holding, empire on the strength of the ancient Celtic right of succession, and representing the Highland or Celtic portion of the people against similar adventurers who represented the Lowland interests, and an English mode of succession. He was, for his day and generation, a wise and good king; but he failed to maintain his ground, and, like other representatives of suppressed systems, he has been traduced. Here, however, good has most assuredly come out of evil; for from these obscure calumnies and ridiculous monkish fables, genius has ultimately formed a grand tale of human passion, which must remain to evoke sublime sensations of pity and terror for all time.

WRANGELL'S EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA.

FIRST ARTICLE.

A NEW and considerably improved edition of Wrangell's narrative of an expedition to Siberia and the Polar Sea, performed from twenty to twenty-four years ago at the command of the Russian government,* is the means of attracting our attention to a work which cannot be read without the deepest interest; and which, as illustrating very forcibly the condition, social and physical, of the extreme north-eastern part of the Russian empire, will form a useful accession to all libraries of a popular kind. The objects of the enterprise were to settle certain points connected with the geography and hydrography of the region visited; in particular, to ascertain whether an isthmus connected the Asiatic and American continents, and if there was any truth in the report that there was a district of country to the north of Kotelnoi and New Siberia. To remove these obscurities, the Emperor of Russia ordered two divisions of an expedition to be fitted out—one, under Lieutenant Anjou, to commence operations from the mouth of the Iana; the other, under command of the present writer, from the mouth of the Kolyma. Both divisions left St Petersburg for Moscow on the 23d of March (this and subsequent dates, old style) 1820.

The early part of Von Wrangell's work is devoted to an account of his overland journey from the capital of Russia to the point on the river Kolyma, where his principal operations commenced. To make the journey as rapid as possible, the small party of travellers took only portmanteaus, and proceeded by the ordinary post in light carriages, changed at every station, and adapted in every case to the nature of the road. Thus accommodated, they sped across a vast district of northern Russia, including the Ural chain of mountains—passing in a few days from the magnificent palaces of St Petersburg and Moscow, to the tents of the wandering Tunguses; from the vast oak and lime-tree forests of Kasan, to the desert and snow-covered banks of the Alaseia and the Kolyma. On the 18th of May they reached Katschuga, a distance of 5317 wersts from Moscow.† At this town Wrangell was joined early in June by Lieutenant Anjou and other members of the expedition, with the instruments for scientific investigation. On the 25th of that month the party left Katschuga, full of gratitude for the kindness, friendship, and sympathy which they had there enjoyed; and which they prized the more, from a knowledge that they were now in a great measure taking leave of the civilised world, and of all the enjoyments of social life. From Katschuga they descended the river Lena by means of boats of different kinds to Iakutsk, which they reached on the 25th of July. The Lena is described by Wrangell as one of the largest rivers in the Old World; passing through a mountainous country covered in many places with impenetrable forest, its banks offer a succession of views of picturesque and varied beauty. As they descended, this beauty in appearance gradually gave place to savage sterility. 'We had seen at Olekma,' says our author, 'the last traces of either field or garden cultivation: beyond it, the natives subsist entirely on the produce of their cattle, hunting, and fishing. There are scarcely any settlements, except the post stations, and the few inhabitants appear miserably off. Those who came to us were in rags, and bowed down by want and sickness. This is especially the case with the Russian settlers, who are found as far north as within 50 wersts of Iakutsk. Further north, the population consists entirely of Iakuts; who, as the true aborigines, know how to encounter the climate better, and suffer less from its severity and privations.'

Iakutsk, a miserable town of about 4000 inhabitants, is a centre point of the interior trade of Siberia. 'All the most costly furs, as well as the more common kinds, walrus teeth, and mammoth bones, those curious remains of an earlier world, are brought here for sale or barter during the ten weeks of summer, from Anabor and Behring's Straits, from the coasts of the Polar Sea, and from the mountains near Olekma, and even from Ochotsk and Kamtschatka; the whole value often exceeding two and a half millions of roubles.' Crossing the Lena from Iakutsk, the expedition now left that river, and proceeded by means of horses through a desolate tract in a north-easterly direction towards the head waters of the Iana, and thence for some days down the valley of that stream. The yourtes, or huts of the Iakuts, being scarcely endurable, the travellers were fain to bivouac at night in the open air, on a bear-skin mattress, and wrapt in a covering of furs; although in the month of August the cold had become unpleasantly perceptible. One morning the temperature was 28 degrees Fahrenheit, which was rather sharp for dressing in the open air; 'and I thought,' says the traveller, 'with something of a shudder of the approaching winter, when several degrees below freezing would be called by the natives warm weather. However, man is a creature formed for all climates, and necessity and determination soon reconcile him to anything. A few weeks later, I had learned to think eighteen or twenty-two degrees below the freezing point mild weather.'

A superstition of the natives is thus referred to:—'Our way led over a hill covered with pines, and I noticed that several old trees near the path had tufts of horse-hair fastened to their branches, and that a number of sticks were stuck in the ground near them. Our leading postilion got off his horse, plucked a few hairs from the mane, and fastened them to the tree with much solemnity of manner. He told us that this was a customary offering to the spirit of the mountain, to obtain his protection during the journey, and that foot passengers placed a stick in the ground with the same intention. This is a general practice amongst the Iakuts, and is even persevered in by many of those who have professed Christianity. My Iakuts sung almost incessantly. Their style of singing is monotonous, and rather melancholy, and is characteristic of this gloomy and superstitious people: their songs describe the beauties of the landscape in terms which appeared to me to be exaggerated, and which I attributed at first to a poetic imagination; but my sergeant told me it was usual to try to propitiate the spirit of the mountain by this flattering description of his territory.'

The expedition having reached the valley of the Iana, on crossing a mountain range, 64 degrees 20 minutes north, began to experience the hardships of a

* Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823. Commanded by Lieutenant (now admiral) Ferdinand Von Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy. Second edition. Edited by Lieutenant Colonel Sabine. London: Madden and Co. 1844. (A cheap small octavo volume.

† A werst is about two-thirds of an English mile.

domestica.' More learnedly! when *blatta* means a cock-roach, not a house-fly. The editor of a similar work tells his readers that 'the chetah is an animal between a tiger and a leopard.' The fact is, it is no hybrid, but a separate species. Under the head of 'Ball,' the editor of the *Encyclopædia Londinensis* says, 'Balls of silk-worms and spiders are little cases of silk wherein those insects deposit their eggs.' This is the first time that we have heard of silk-worms' eggs being deposited in balls of silk. The chrysalis is enveloped in a silky cocoon; but the eggs have no such covering. Hanmer, one of the editors of Shakspeare, says 'the sparrow-hawk is the female of the musket-hawk.' So, then, it follows that sparrow-hawks are all females. Absurd as this is, it is repeated in Dr Johnson's *Dictionary*, in which learned work a weasel is defined as 'a little animal that eats corn.' We should be rather surprised to see a weasel eating corn. The author of the pleasant book called *Philosophy in Sport*, terms limpets *sea-insects*. Strange insects they would be indeed; they belong to a totally different class. Then as to *sea*-insects, although the sea abounds with minute creatures, it is well known to naturalists that no insects, properly so termed, are found in marine waters. A popular scientific magazine now before us contains the following:—'A student in natural history informs us that this year (1837) is singular for the want of brilliancy in the colours of butterflies; also for the weakness of the gnats that feed on reeds, and inhabit ponds on which willows grow, and the length of the proboscis of those which are found near marshes. He inquires whether these facts have attracted the attention of other naturalists.' Certainly not; for the colours of butterflies, and the length of a gnat's proboscis, are not regulated by the weather. This gentleman's gnats that 'feed on reeds' cannot, we think, be much more plentiful than Johnson's weasel that eats corn. Nature is full of wonders, but much more so when she is seen in books. The mis-statements that are so common in children's books are more especially to be regretted, for it is very difficult to eradicate early-sown error. In Mrs Sigourney's *Essays for Children*, the queen-bee is described as 'ruling and governing' the hive; each thread of a spider as composed of finer threads 'twisted together:' ants are stated to 'show a prudent care for the future by storing up grains of corn.' Now, however popular may be the notion that the queen-bee rules and governs the hive, it is perfectly devoid of truth; for although bees will not work without a female bee in the hive, yet she is rather a prisoner to be ruled, than a queen permitted to rule. The queen-bee is merely the individual appointed in her particular community to be the mother of the new generation. On no subject has so much fable and fancy been put forth as on that of bees, both in popular works and in treatises on the management of them. The spiders' thread is composed of several finer threads longitudinally adhering to each other, but not 'twisted together.' Ants do not store up grains of corn; and what hasty observers suppose to be corn, are in reality only the white pupæ or chrysalides of their own species. Mrs Sigourney repeats Plutarch's story, that hive-bees during strong winds carry 'a particle of stone or gravel, to give weight to their bodies, that they may not so easily be blown away.' The bees which Plutarch saw do this were probably not hive-bees, but mason-bees, such as *anthrophora retusa*, *megachile muraria*, *osmia bicornis*, or some other species which, like them, constructs a nest with particles of sand, chalk, and other hard materials. Lastly, Mrs Sigourney states that 'the pinna, being entirely blind, lodges in its shell a small quick-sighted crab, which goes out to find it food. When it returns with provisions, it taps gently on the shell of its blind friend, who opens the door to receive it. But this crab performs a higher office of friendship; for it gives notice to the sightless pinna when the cuttle-fish, its mortal foe, is near, and thus often saves the life of its defenceless companion.' Surely this fable from Aristotle and Pliny ought not to be admitted as a fact into a book for children of the nineteenth century. The soldier-crab is a predacious and parasitic crustacean, and just the very reverse of being the friend, provider, and watchman of the pinna. Neither the pinna nor any other shell mollusc would desire the acquaintance of the soldier-crab for half an hour or less.

Professors themselves, who will write correctly on some favourite branch of zoology, frequently commit strange mistakes when they allude to another department. Thus a distinguished living writer on ornithology says the rock-dove is very fond of slugs, 'particularly of that which inhabits the *helix virgata*.' The latter is inhabited by no slug at all, but by a snail. In the *Linnæan Transactions*, vol. xvi., Mr Jeffreys tries to explain the circumstance of heaps of empty snail-shells being found, by supposing that they have afforded a meal to small birds of the finch tribe. The fact is, that the finch tribe, strictly so called, feed exclusively on seeds; and it is the thrush tribe and the ox-eye tit which feeds so largely upon snails. The editor of the *Naturalist's Poetical Companion* says, 'the glow-worm is not the larva of an insect, but the perfect female of a beetle.' We can as positively state, in correction, that the glow-worm is the larva as well as the female of a species of beetle, the male of which is also luminous, but in a less degree. This insect, in fact, is luminous in every stage of its transformation, and even its egg is so.

Poets play rare vagaries with natural history. The habits of so common a bird as the skylark are misrepresented in the following quotation from a series of *Sonnets* published within the last few years:—

> 'His only mate is now the minstrel *lark*,
> Who chants *her* morning music *on* his bed.'

Thus, a hen lark is represented singing on the grave, not over it. Another modern poet speaks of male gnats stinging, whereas the fact is, that only female gnats sting; and he attributes great powers of memory to bees, when their want of that faculty is pretty well proved by their frequently flying in search of honey to the very flowers which they had already visited and exhausted. This poet also speaks of the 'song divine' of the humming-bird.

PEASANTS' SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE is much to interest the feelings, as well as to instruct, in the following account of a Swiss school, which we extract from the first report, by Dr Kay Shuttleworth and Mr E. C. Tufnell, of the Training school at Battersea, presented in a volume just published under the title of *Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education*, 1842-3. Dr Kay Shuttleworth and Mr Tufnell are describing a tour which they made in Switzerland for their information in school matters, previous to commencing their seminary at Battersea for the training of teachers for the pauper children of England:—

The normal school at Kruitzlingen is in the summer palace of the former abbot of the convent of that name, on the shore of the Lake of Constance, about one mile from the gate of the city. The pupils are sent thither, from the several communes of the canton, to be trained three years by Vehrli, before they take charge of the communal schools. Their expenses are borne in part by the commune, and partly by the council of the canton. We found ninety young men, apparently from eighteen to twenty-four or twenty-six years of age, in the school. Vehrli welcomed us with frankness and simplicity, which at once won our confidence. We joined him at his frugal meal. He pointed to the viands, which were coarse, and said, 'I am a peasant's son. I wish to be no other than I am, the teacher of the sons of the peasantry. You are welcome to my meal; it is coarse and homely, but it is offered cordially.'

We sat down with him. 'These potatoes,' he said, 'are our own; we won them from the earth, and therefore we need no dainties, for our appetite is gained by labour, and the fruit of our toil is always savoury.' This introduced the subject of industry. He told us all the pupils of the normal school laboured daily some hours in a garden of several acres attached to the house, and that they per-

formed all the domestic duties of the household. When we walked out with Vehrli, we found them in the garden digging, and carrying on other garden operations, with great assiduity. Others were sawing wood into logs, and chopping it into billets in the courtyard. Some brought in sacks of potatoes on their back, or baskets of recently-gathered vegetables. Others laboured in the domestic duties of the household.

After a while the bell rang, and immediately their out-door labours terminated, and they returned in an orderly manner, with all their implements, to the courtyard, where, having deposited them, thrown off their frocks, and washed, they reassembled in their respective class-rooms.

We soon followed them. Here we listened to lessons in mathematics, proving that they were well grounded in the elementary parts of that science. We saw them drawing from models with considerable skill and precision, and heard them instructed in the laws of perspective. We listened to a lecture on the code of the canton, and to instruction in the geography of Europe. We were informed that their instruction extended to the language of the canton, its construction and grammar, and especially to the history of Switzerland; arithmetic; mensuration; such a knowledge of natural philosophy and mechanics as might enable them to explain the chief phenomena of nature and the mechanical forces; some acquaintance with astronomy. They had continual lessons in pedagogy, or the theory of the art of teaching, which they practised in the neighbouring village school. We were assured that their instruction in the Holy Scriptures, and other religious knowledge, was a constant subject of solicitude.

The following extract from Vehrli's address at the first examination of the pupils in 1837, will best explain the spirit that governs the seminary, and the attention paid there to what we believe has been too often neglected in this country—the education of the heart and feelings, as distinct from the cultivation of the intellect. It may appear strange to English habits to assign so prominent a place in an educational institution to the following points, but the indication here given of the superior care bestowed in the formation of the character to what is given to the acquisition of knowledge, forms in our view the chief charm and merit in this and several other Swiss seminaries, and is what we have laboured to impress on the institution we have founded. To those who can enter into its spirit, the following extract will not appear tinctured with too sanguine views:—

'The course of life in this seminary is threefold.

'1st. Life in the home circle, or family life.

'2d. Life in the school-room.

'3d. Life beyond the walls in the cultivation of the soil.

'I place the family life first, for here the truest education is imparted; here the future teacher can best receive that cultivation of the character and feelings which will fit him to direct those who are intrusted to his care in the ways of piety and truth.

'A well-arranged family circle is the place where each member, by participating in the other's joys and sorrows, pleasures and misfortunes, by teaching, advice, consolation, and example, is inspired with sentiments of single-mindedness, of charity, of mutual confidence, of noble thoughts, of high feelings, and of virtue.

'In such a circle can a true religious sense take the firmest and the deepest root. Here it is that the principles of Christian feeling can best be laid, where opportunity is continually given for the exercise of affection and charity, which are the first virtues that should distinguish a teacher's mind. Here it is that kindness and earnestness can most surely form the young members to be good and intelligent men, and that each is most willing to learn and receive an impress from his fellow. He who is brought up in such a circle, who thus recognises all his fellow-men as brothers, serves them with willingness whenever he can, treats all his race as one family, loves them, and God their father above all, how richly does such a one scatter blessings around! What earnestness does he show in all his doings and conduct! what devotion especially does he display in the business of a teacher! How differently from him does that master enter and leave his school whose feelings are dead to a sense of piety, and whose heart never beats in unison with the joys of family life!

'Where is such a teacher as I have described most pleasantly occupied? In his school amongst his children, with them in the house of God or in the family circle, and wherever he can be giving or receiving instruction. A great man has expressed, perhaps too strongly, "I never wish to see a teacher who cannot sing." With more reason I would maintain that a teacher to whom a sense of the pleasures of a well-arranged family is wanting, and who fails to recognise in it a well-grounded religious influence, should never enter a school-room.'

As we returned from the garden with the pupils on the evening of the first day, we stood for a few minutes with Vehrli in the courtyard by the shore of the lake. The pupils had ascended into the class-rooms, and the evening being tranquil and warm, the windows were thrown up, and we shortly afterwards heard them sing in excellent harmony. As soon as this song had ceased, we sent a message to request another with which we had become familiar in our visits to the Swiss schools; and thus, in succession, we called for song after song of Nageli, imagining that we were only directing them at their usual hour of instruction in vocal music. There was a great charm in this simple but excellent harmony. When we had listened nearly an hour, Vehrli invited us to ascend into the room where the pupils were assembled. We followed him, and on entering the apartment, great was our surprise to discover the whole school, during the period we had listened, had been cheering with songs their evening employment of peeling potatoes and cutting the stalks from the green vegetables and beans which they had gathered in the garden. As we stood there, they renewed their choruses till prayers were announced; supper had been previously taken. After prayers, Vehrli, walking about the apartment, conversed with them familiarly on the occurrences of the day, mingling with his conversation such friendly admonition as sprang from the incidents, and then, lifting his hands, he recommended them to the protection of Heaven, and dismissed them to rest.

We spent two days with great interest in this establishment. Vehrli had ever on his lips, 'We are peasants' sons; we would not be ignorant of our duties, but God forbid that knowledge should make us despise the simplicity of our lives. The earth is our mother, and we gather our food from her breast; but while we peasants labour for our daily food, we may learn many lessons from our mother earth. There is no knowledge in books like an immediate converse with nature, and those that dig the soil have nearest communion with her. Believe me, or believe me not, this is the thought that can make a peasant's life sweet, and his toil a luxury. I know it, for see, my hands are horny with toil. The lot of men is very equal, and wisdom consists in the discovery of the truth, that what is *without* is not the source of sorrow, but that which is within. A peasant may be happier than a prince, if his conscience be pure before God, and he learn not only contentment, but joy in the life of labour which is to prepare him for the life of heaven.'

This was the theme always on Vehrli's lips. Expressed with more or less perspicuity, his main thought seemed to be that poverty, rightly understood, was no misfortune. He regarded it as a sphere of human exertion and human trial preparatory to the change of existence, but offering its own sources of enjoyment as abundantly as any other. 'We are all equal,' he said, 'before God; why should the son of a peasant envy a prince, or the lily an oak? are they not both God's creatures?'

We were greatly charmed in this school by the union of comparatively high intellectual attainments among the scholars with the utmost simplicity of life, and cheerfulness in the humblest menial labour. Their food was of the coarsest character, consisting chiefly of vegetables, soups, and very brown bread. They rose between four and five, took three meals in the day, the last about six, and retired to rest at nine. They seemed happy in their lot.

Some of the other normal schools of Switzerland are remarkable for the same simplicity in their domestic arrangements, though the students exceed in their intellectual attainments all notions prevalent in England of what should be taught in such schools. Thus, in the normal school of the canton of Berne, the pupils worked in the fields during eight hours of the day, and spent the rest in intellectual labour. They were clad in the coarsest dresses of the peasantry, wore wooden shoes, and were without stockings. Their intellectual attainments, however, would have enabled them to put to shame the masters of most of our best elementary schools.

Such men, we felt assured, would go forth cheerfully to their humble village homes to spread the doctrine which

Vehrli taught of peace and contentment in virtuous exertion; and men similarly trained appeared to us best fitted for the labour of reclaiming the pauper youth of England to the virtues, and restoring them to the happiness, of her best instructed peasantry.

LEGAL PROVISION FOR THE POOR NOT PRECLUSIVE OF PRIVATE CHARITY.

Mr William Palmer, barrister-at-law, in an able pamphlet on the 'Principles of the Legal Provision for the Relief of the Poor,' recently published (Butterworth, London), thus meets 'the common objection that there is no charity in the legal provision for the poor, because it wants the voluntary character of charity; exciting no charitable feeling in the dispensers, and no gratitude in the receivers of relief, but rather placing the two classes in a state of contention and mutual ill-will, one seeking to pay as little, the other to get as much as they can.' 'This objection,' says Mr Palmer, 'seems grounded on a wrong understanding of the law. The charity of the legal provision is not the charity of the individual rate-payers or poor-law officers, but the charity of the nation, or of its rulers in their public capacities. So far as the rate-payers are concerned, in order to be certain, it must be compulsory; and poor-law commissioners, guardians, and relieving officers, are merely the instruments of its administration. So far as these parties are concerned, it wants the voluntary character of charity; and the poor may reasonably feel under no special obligation to the individuals for the relief to which they are entitled by the law. But on the part of the nation and its rulers, the legal provision is clearly voluntary; and where founded, as was the poor-law of Elizabeth, on a principle of charity, calls for the gratitude of the poor to the nation, and to the public authority by which it was ordered. Every individual also of the nation is a sharer in the national virtue; and if the rate-payer pays cheerfully, considering the charitable purposes of the rate, and the poor-law officer similarly administers the charitable law in a charitable spirit, they will win for themselves some further share in the charity of the nation, and will deserve, and, I trust, generally obtain, the gratitude of the poor. * * It is said that the legal provision destroys private charity; in which case, indeed, it would do more harm than good. For the law can scarcely do more than uniformly provide the means of subsistence; while private charity, expanding according to the circumstances of the case, should be limited only by the extent of the necessities of the poor or the ability of the rich. And if private charity was destroyed, there would be no security for the continuance of the law. The people, by desuetude, would lose the charitable habit; and the legal provision would soon be condemned by public opinion. But the legal provision has no such general operation. It may usefully remove the necessity for *indiscriminate* alms-giving; which wastes the means of the charitable, who are not always the wealthiest, to encourage idleness and mendicity, while honest want is unrelieved. Indiscriminate alms-giving appears necessary in its absence; for few have both leisure and ability to inquire into the cases of the poor, or the means of finding employment, the legitimate test of destitution. Hence, if the relief of the poor were left to private charity, the majority would often give indiscriminately, or suffer want to be unrelieved. But the legal provision for the poor supplies a ready test of destitution, and should be a guarantee to the private individual who would not encourage the idle beggar, that the necessities of the really destitute will certainly be relieved. * * It has been justly observed, that "the municipal law, which enforces an annual rate for the support of the poor in every parish, *presents no obstacle* to the exercise of charity in every department, public or private." The charity of individuals should rather be stimulated by the public charity of the law, which should never supersede, but only be supplementary to private charity. Such, unquestionably, was the intention of the legislature in the reign of Elizabeth, who, while the church put forth her homilies to move compassion to the poor and needy, at the same time perfected the law for the relief of the poor, and passed other excellent statutes for the encouragement of private charitable foundations. And such, I apprehend, has been the operation of the law. The stream of charity flowed no less copiously in the succeeding century; and though latterly its supply may have fallen short of the demand, I know not the nation more rich in charitable foundations, or more ready than the English to relieve suffering, whether at home or abroad.'

CUNNING AND DISCRETION.

Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—*Addison.*

PROVIDE FOR OLD AGE!

It is not well that a man should always labour. His temporal as well as spiritual interests demand a cessation in the decline of life. Some years of quiet and reflection are necessary after a life of industry and activity. There is more to concern him in life than incessant occupation, and its product—wealth. He who has been a slave all his days to one monotonous mechanical pursuit, can hardly be fit for another world. The release from toil in old age most men have the prospective pleasure of; and in the reality, it is as pleasing as it is useful and salutary to the mind. Such advantages, however, can only be gained by prudence in economy in youth; we must save, like the ant, before we can hope to have any rest in the winter of our days.—*Book of Symbols.*

THE RETURN FROM EXILE.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

As memory pictured happier hours, home-sickness seized my heart;
I never thought of English land but burning tears would start;
The faces of familiar friends would haunt me in my sleep,
I clasped their thrilling hands in mine, then woke again to weep!

At last my spirit's fevered dreams so wrought upon my frame,
That life itself uncertain seemed as some worn taper's flame;
Till o'er the wide blue waters borne, from regions strange and far,
I saw dear Albion's bright cliffs gleam beneath the morning's star.

That radiant sight redeemed the past, and, stirred with transport wild,
I trod the swift bark's bounding deck light-hearted as a child;
And when among my native fields I wandered in the sun,
It seemed as if my morn of life had only just begun.

The shining golden butter-cup—the daisy's silver crest—
The living gems of every hue on nature's verdant breast—
The cheerful songs of British birds that rose from British trees—
The fragrance from the blossomed hedge that came on every breeze—

The white cot peeping through the grove, its blue smoke in the sky—
The rural group of ruddy boys that gaily loitered nigh—
The silent sheep-besprinkled hill—the rivulet-watered vale—
The lonely lake where brightly shone the fisher's sun-lit sail;

Awhile these seemed illusions brief of beauty and delight,
A dear but transitory dream—a mockery of the night—
For often in my slumbering hours, on India's sultry strand,
In visions scarce less palpable I hailed my native land.

But when upon my wildering doubts reflection flashed the truth,
Oh! never in my childhood years, nor in my fervid youth,
So deep a rapture thrilled my breast as while I gazed around,
And recognised the thousand charms that hallow English ground!

—*Literary Leaves.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, July 20, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 30. New Series. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1844. Price 1½d.

A VISIT TO THE CHARTER HOUSE.

On a late occasion I had the satisfaction of fulfilling a long-expressed desire to visit the Charter House. Rich as the metropolis is in beneficent institutions, I doubt if any can be compared in point of gracious munificence to this venerable establishment. Originating in the philanthropy of a wealthy English commoner, it is English throughout in its character and arrangements —English in its old-established respectability—English in its bounteous management—English in the domestic comforts of its 'ancient gentlemen'—English from the neat and antique chapel to the roaring kitchen, with its jolly row of spits, its dining-hall and 'buttery-hatch.' It can scarcely be that the world contains the equal, or anything nearly the equal, of this cozy establishment, where a man would be sharp-sighted indeed who could detect a vestige of scraping economy, shabbiness, or mean indifference to feelings. The Charter House is a 'Foundation:' a 'Charity' would clearly be a misapplication of terms.

We get to the Charter House by going through Smithfield market. Having passed this pleasant zoological resort, we hold on by a thoroughfare towards the north, and then turning up a short street to the right, find ourselves at an old-fashioned-looking archway. This gives entrance to a quadrangle, through which we are led to another of similar appearance—the whole being an assemblage of buildings in the Elizabethan style, enclosing green and sunny squares, and forming, as one can fancy, a regular fortalice of good living and tranquil enjoyment—an eddy corner into which any of us would be thankful to find ourselves drifted after a life of expedients, misfortunes, and all sorts of annoyances. With the murmur of city sounds dying away in our ears, do we enter the inner quadrangle, where the spectacle of silence and repose—the casements thrown open to admit the fresh air into the neat apartments, and groups of the aged brethren sunning themselves on seats out-of-doors—presents a pleasing antithesis to the struggle going on at a short distance without.

Covering, one way and another, as much as fifteen acres, and situated beyond the walls of London, the Charter House was at one time surrounded by fields, and formed a convent of Carthusian monks—a 'domus Salutationis Matris Dei Ordinis Cartusiensis'—and hence its modern name, which is but a variation of the term Chartreuse. The establishment, including a place of sepulture for the poor, was founded on a complete and ample basis by that 'Valiant soldier and gentleman, Sir Walter de Manny,' a retainer of Edward III., and who, at his death in 1371, was solemnly entombed in the chapel of the monastery in presence of the king and 'his royal family of heroes.' The monastery of Carthusians, like all monasteries in these times, continued in the enjoyment of its endowments and privileges till the 'fatal reign of King Henry VIII.,' when it perished in the general havoc of the religious houses.*

Cleared out, and with revenues confiscated, the monastery and its site were granted to Edward Lord North, a lawyer and courtier, who had the happy knack of squaring his religious opinions with whatever chanced to be uppermost through the perilous reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; and accordingly had the good fortune of always preserving the royal favour. Elizabeth, shortly after her accession,

* Bearcroft, the historian of the Charter House, gives the following straightforward account of this barbarous affair:—

'This monastery continued to flourish, and was endowed with great privileges, till the fatal reign of King Henry VIII.; in the beginning of the 26th year of which John Howgton, prior of this monastery, and Humphrey Midylmore, the procurator, were imprisoned in the Tower of London for refusing to swear to the succession, as then settled by act of parliament, and to acknowledge King Henry VIII. head of the church of England, expressly renouncing the pope. But after a month's imprisonment they complied, and both, with some others of the monastery, swore what was required of them, and gave an authentic certificate thereof under their hands the same day, namely, the 29th of May 1534. However, the major part of the convent then refused, 'till, after a very mature deliberation, they likewise swore, and subscribed what was required of them on the 6th of June following. But Prior Howgton could not hold his tongue, and was convicted of speaking against the king and his supremacy, when it was now, by a particular act of parliament, made treason to do it, and together with two other Carthusian priors, originally monks of this convent, and a monk of Sion-house, condemned on the same account, hanged, drawn, and quartered on the 4th of May 1535: Stow placeth this on the 29th of April, but I choose rather to follow Maurice Chauney or Chancy, who was then a monk of the convent, and hath wrote a treatise entitled *Passio Octodecim Carthusianorum* [The Sufferings of Eighteen Carthusians], on purpose to celebrate Prior Howgton and the suffering monks of this convent as martyrs for truth; for it is most probable he is right in the particular dates. The heads and quarters of these unhappy sufferers were fixed up in the most proper places, to strike terror into the monks; and particularly one of the fore-quarters of Prior Howgton was put over the great gate of the Charter House, as a warning to the convent. But notwithstanding this, Humphrey Midylmore—who had been the year before imprisoned with the prior—William Exmen, and Sebastian Nudigate, three of the chief monks of the convent, were soon after apprehended, condemned, and executed for the same crime—namely, on the 19th of June 1535.'

In a similarly cool and precise way Bearcroft proceeds to narrate how other ten monks, having refused to renounce their opinions in terms of the 'new statutes enacted,' were thrown into close confinement in Newgate, and there nine of them sickened and died: the tenth alone recovered; but he, also, had better have sunk under the horrors of the foul den in which he and his companions had been immured; 'for he was left to languish in prison above four years, and was at length executed on the 4th of November 1541.' The remaining members of the convent, terrified by these atrocious cruelties, and more accommodating in their doctrines, gladly resigned the monastery and its endowments, amounting to L.642, 4s. 6d. yearly, to the crown, and on small annuities for life retired from the exercise of their vocation.

did Lord North the honour of visiting him at the Charter House, where she was courteously entertained for several days. Roger, son of Lord North, sold Charter House to the Duke of Norfolk for L.2500, and this nobleman made it his place of residence in town, till committed to the Tower in 1569 for his projected marriage with Mary Queen of Scots. Liberated in 1570, on his promise 'never to think more of that match,' he again resided in Charter House till his recommitment on accusation of the same offence, for which he finally suffered with the loss of his head. Queen Elizabeth, considering the state safe by his death, 'was pleased to restore the family in blood and to the estate,' and Charter House came to the share of Lord Thomas Howard, the unfortunate duke's second son. We must allow old Bearcroft to tell what happened next in his own way.

'King James, on his succession to the throne of England, was pleased to show a very remarkable regard to the family of the Howards, as having been sufferers for his mother the Queen of Scots. And out of an especial respect to Lord Thomas Howard (and at the same time to imitate the steps of Queen Elizabeth), when the lord mayor and aldermen and five hundred of the chief citizens, all in velvet gowns and gold chains, met his majesty on horseback at Stamford Hill, near Highgate, on the king's approach towards London from Scotland, on the 7th of May 1603, his majesty was pleased to be conducted in a grand procession to Charter House, and to keep his court there four days, and before his departure on the 11th of May, to make more than eighty knights, to do this lord more abundant honour, whom he soon after created Earl of Suffolk.

'Of this Earl of Suffolk, Mr Sutton bought Charter House, and disposed of it in the foundation of the *present most noble hospital*. And thus the soil which of ancient time was given by Sir Walter de Manny, a knight and a soldier, for the sepulchre of poor men when they were dead, is now by Thomas Sutton, an esquire and a soldier, converted and consecrated to the sustenance of the poor and impotent whilst they live. And therefore a man may truly apply to this place the saying of the Royal Prophet:—"Thou, Lord, of thy goodness, hast prepared it for the poor, for the honour of our religion, that hath produced such a work of piety and charity as never was in the Christian world; nay, the eye of time itself did never see the like."'

From this right excellent and pious flight of Bearcroft (the worthy preacher at the Charter House somewhat upwards of a century ago), we come down to a few plain particulars respecting the founder, Mr Sutton. This gentleman, a descendant of the Suttons in Lincolnshire, was born in the year 1532, and having received 'a genteel education,' entered himself a student of law at Lincoln's Inn. Becoming tired of this sedentary life, he went abroad, spent some years as a soldier, and ultimately became a merchant in London, where, 'if tradition will be allowed of any force, it is strong,' that he was the wealthiest tradesman and ship-owner in the city. Like many great men, however, before and since, he experienced no great degree of happiness from the wonderful success of his undertakings. 'And now [1590] advancing in years, being himself without issue, he grew sick of the great multiplicity of his affairs, and began seriously to reflect that he walked in a vain shadow, and disquieted himself in vain, while he heaped up riches, and could not tell who should gather them; and therefore contracting his great dealings, he brought them into so narrow a compass as permitted him to quit London, and to reside at one or other of his country seats, for he had purchased several good estates'—including the Charter House, which, with the orchards and gardens belonging to it, cost him L.13,000. This truly pious and benevolent man died in 1611, having previously by will endowed the Charter House as an hospital for the reception of decayed merchants and others, and the education of poor children, the foundation being incorporated by letters patent of James I. At first the yearly value of the lands conveyed for the maintenance of the establishment was £3500; from which, a century ago, it had increased to £6000, and now it is understood to amount to about £25,000—a revenue, as I have said, munificently distributed according to the intentions of the founder.

The Charter House presents a remarkable instance of a reformed monastic establishment standing almost in the heart of the metropolis. Comprising an entire community within itself, and strictly exclusive in its rules and regulations, its history and transactions are best known to its members, as was not unusually the case with large religious establishments in former times. As most of the brothers, previously to their becoming so, have been more or less intimately mixed up with the great world of business without—not a few having, by misfortunes, been reduced from the greatest affluence to a state of comparative poverty—the collegiate and conventual character which the establishment has preserved is somewhat singular. There is a recluse silence which must strike every one on entering the exterior court; it breathes of retirement from the world, and absence from care and bustle; and the spectacle of aged men flitting about at the hours of prayer or dinner, in their monkish-looking cloaks, carries one in imagination back to the days of the Carthusians and their patron, Walter de Manny. The very porter, qualified by a thirty years' service under the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, has a penitential air about him; and you cannot but admire the quiet and decorous manner in which he marshals you through the establishment, pointing in veneration to any object of particular interest or unknown antiquity.

After looking through and admiring a few of the dwellings of the brethren, each of whom has a separate apartment with his name inscribed on the door, we proceeded across the inner court to a passage or cloister which, amidst some of the older parts of the structure, leads to the chapel. This edifice, from a date on the roof, appears to have been erected in 1612, though then most likely a re-creation of the chapel formerly on the spot. Of a square form, divided in the middle by four pillars of the Tuscan order, the interior is handsomely fitted up with pews, desks, and stalls of oak, tastefully ornamented. At the corner of the aisle on our left is the tomb of the founder, a fine piece of workmanship, extending from the floor to nearly the roof. On the wall of the aisle opposite is a figure of the late Lord Ellenborough, who was buried in the vaults beneath; his early education in the Charter House having raised a desire in his mind to be buried within its precincts. A number of other memorials of the dead are seen on the walls around, chiefly, however, of aged functionaries of the establishment.

From the chapel cloister we are conducted into a pile of ancient building, formerly a portion of the palace of the Duke of Norfolk, and containing some apartments of great interest to the visitor. Ascending a broad old-fashioned staircase of oak, decorated with carving, we are led into a large room, in the progress of restoration from decay, hung with tableaus of old tapestry, and ornamented in an appropriate style on the roof. From the royal arms over the huge fireplace, we learn that the embellishments are of an era subsequent to the union of the crowns. The walls, unless where tapestried, have been lately covered with modern paper-hangings—an instance of bad taste somewhat unexpected in such a scene. In the same building, and on the ground-floor, is shown the Grand Hall, a lofty and spacious apartment, more like a church than a hall, used for the purposes of a dining-room. At the north end of this noble apartment there is a music-gallery, which communicates with a similar gallery on the east side over the fireplace, for spectators. On the south or upper end of the hall is a fine portrait of Mr Sutton, dressed in a black robe, seated in a chair, and holding in his right hand the ground-plan of the Charter House. This

fine apartment, which appears to have been the banquetting-hall of the Duke of Norfolk, is now used by the officers of the house and the brethren: the former take their repast under Mr Sutton's portrait, at a table placed crosswise upon an elevated part of the floor, and the latter sit at tables arranged longitudinally on each side of it. An adjoining and low-roofed apartment is pointed out as having been the refectory for the lay-brothers and assistants of the Carthusian monks. By a door at an angle in this room you descend into an ancient cloister of great length, facing a wide and open area, now used as a playground for the boys at the Charter House school. It was the period of vacation at the time of my visit, and therefore having seen nothing of the educational part of the institution, I am unable to offer any opinion of its character.

A few particulars respecting the internal arrangements of the general establishment will probably not be unacceptable. The brotherhood, eighty in number, is governed by a master, who is generally resident, and who has all the power formerly vested in an abbot or prior by the ancient rule of St Benedict. The brothers, for example, are enjoined to pay him implicit obedience, and always to stand bare-headed in his presence. No brother must absent himself without his permission; he has the power to punish the refractory by fine as well as by suspension from commons; and if necessary, with consent of the other governors, he can proceed to the length of expulsion. He is assisted in his administration by various authorities, all resident within the walls of the foundation. Among these may be mentioned the preacher, the reader, the registrar, the medical officer, the manciple, or house steward, and, within the last fifteen years, a matron. Formerly, with the exception of the nurses, who clean the rooms of the members, and otherwise attend upon them, females were excluded from the establishment: this injunction has, however, been most properly abated, and among the general improvements, the institution of matron has been not the least beneficial to the members.

The church service is performed regularly twice a-day, morning and evening, in the beautiful chapel of the establishment, and on one of these occasions at least, the brothers are expected to give attendance. On Sundays and saints' days the scholars on the foundation, and pupils, attend and assist in the services. The greatest liberality is exercised with respect to the out-door recreation of the members, who are no way restrained in going out or paying visits to friends daily within reasonable hours; and they are permitted to be absent for a certain number of weeks annually, during which they are entitled to a pecuniary allowance. A bell is regularly rung at eight o'clock in winter, and nine in summer, to summon such of the brothers home as may be absent. An hour after this long-established warning, the gates are closed, and those who make their appearance later are reported to the master, who, however, kindly overlooks an occasional trespass in this respect. There is one peculiarity attending the ringing of the evening bell calculated to excite pious reflections among the aged brethren. It tolls as many times as there are brothers on the foundation; and if one dies, his demise is made known by the bell tolling one less, until his place is filled up by a new appointment. A veteran dramatist and poet, over whom the Charter House has beneficently thrown its mantle, put into our hands the following stanzas composed in reference to this touching indication that a brother had taken his departure:—

How oft at close of parting day,
When light has bid the sky farewell,
The traveller pauses on his way,
To list the Charter's evening bell!

Which, from prayer's shrine proclaims around,
In Heaven's own voice, with cheerful bome,
That eighty wanderers there have found
Rest, plenty, and a kindly home!

Blest sound! the breast with gladness swells,
That hears—we but feel heavy hearted
When one knell *less* in silence tells—
A brother hath in peace departed!

Yet death is robbed of half its sting,
And e'en the grave gains calmer rest—
To think, when heavenward, one takes wing,
'Twill make some other lone heart blest!

In agreement with that tenacity of old usages, whether right or wrong, which distinguishes most English institutions, the brethren, till within the last fifteen years, continued to eat their meals off the same species of awkward wooden discs that had been in use since the foundation of the Hospitium. Modern plates are now substituted, with the luxury of clean knives and forks, and all other appliances of a respectable table. Thanks, likewise, to the judicious arrangements of the present manciple, the dietary is of the best and most ample description. He would, indeed, be a fastidious gourmand, and no true Englishman, who would quarrel with the following routine of dinners. On Sundays throughout the year, roast beef and plumpudding—the plums stoned, and the meat with bread and vegetables of the finest quality, and no limit placed to the exercise of the brothers' appetites. (N. B. The fire in the kitchen can roast fifteen sirloins.) Mondays, roast legs of mutton, cold meat, and other trifles. Tuesdays, boiled beef and cold meat, with puddings. Wednesdays, same as Mondays. Thursdays, roast beef and cold meat, with fruit pies according to season. Fridays, from Michaelmas to Lady Day, excellent pea-soup, and roast and boiled pork alternately; from Lady Day to Whitsuntide, pea-soup, roast veal, and bacon; and from Whitsuntide to Michaelmas, pea-soup, and lamb and peas. Saturdays, boiled or roast legs of mutton alternately. Sallads during the summer months three times a-week, with cucumbers, and the different vegetables as they come in season. Roast goose on Michaelmas day, and poultry and wine on the founder's day, the 12th of December; a gallon of ale at Christmas. Besides all this, which constitutes the commons in the hall, each brother has a daily supply of bread, fresh butter, milk, and table-beer. They are also supplied with coal, candles, and clean linen; leaving nothing to be bought but tea and sugar—articles not in vogue in the days of the pious Sutton—but to purchase these and general clothing, an allowance is made to each member of L.26, 12s. annually, which they receive in quarterly instalments. The only garment furnished by the house is a black cloth cloak, which every brother must wear at dinner in the hall, and in chapel, or when coming before the master. It is but justice to the very reverend Archdeacon, the present master of the Charter House, to say, that, while attentive to discipline—which is absolutely necessary—he is kind, impartial, and considerate, and ever ready to make any improvement he may think will contribute to the comforts of the brothers. The governors are likewise to be praised for the firmness with which they have resisted every attempt that has been made to diminish the number and privileges of the brotherhood for the purpose of extending those of other branches of the foundation, thus preserving intact the original intentions of the founder.

I might enlarge on the utility of this excellent foundation, and perhaps, as a statist, make out some remarkable facts to show the advantages of tranquillity in lengthening days beyond the usually allotted span. I need, however, only say, that, like annuitants generally, the ancient gentlemen of the Charter House apparently enter on a new lease of life on coming into the establishment, and in general drop off only when they attain an extreme old age. In illustration of this happy spirit of cheerfulness and vitality, I cannot do better than close my visit to the Charter House with the following humorous dialogue, overheard between two brothers in the chapel before service, and thrown into verse by the aforesaid dramatist and poet—poet-laureate, as he may be called, of the Charter House:—

'How find you yourself, brother Balding, to-day?'
Of a fellow poor brother asked poor brother Grey.
'Why, many thanks, brother; I can't say I'm ill,
Yet I cannot, exactly, somehow, say I'm well.'

'Do you sleep well at night, sir?' inquired brother Grey.
'Yes, I sleep pretty well, that I cannot but say;
I usually go to my bed about ten,
And don't wake till the same hour next morning again!'

'Well, that's a great blessing,' said poor brother Grey;
'I'm not quite so *lucky*, I'm sorry to say;
When I wake in the night, 'tis a full hour or more
Ere again I can sleep.' 'Bless me, that's a great bore!'

'But how is your appetite?' asked brother Grey;
'Do you find, sir, your appetite falling away?'
'Why, no; I can eat, and drink too, for that matter;
There's no one more quickly can empty a platter.

And yet, I, somehow, though I cannot tell why,
Feel at times just as if I was *going to die*.
And then I am not quite so *strong* as I was;
My sight fails me sadly.' 'You don't say so? poz!'

'It can't be from *age*, for there's poor brother Bell
Is my senior three years, and he's perfectly well;
I was *but* eighty-one on my last natal day.'
'Eighty-one! you're a *boy*, sir,' said old brother Grey.

'A positive boy! Why, sir, I'm eighty-seven.
[*Here the clergyman enters.*
But stop; let's be thinking of going to heaven;
When we eat, drink, and sleep, well yet ain't the thing *quite*,
Depend on it, sir, that there's *something not right!*'

BAÏA.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF ARABIAN MANNERS.

During a temporary pause in the warfare of the French against the people of Algeria, an Arab encampment was pitched on the borders of the Isser. Apart from the rest of the tents was one set up on the slope of a hill, at whose foot flowed a small stream. Within this temporary resting-place were seated three Arabs; the eldest, though well stricken in years, was evidently one of those men privileged by nature to escape the infirmities of old age. His name was Brahim-ben-Zaragout—a man universally respected by the tribes, as much on account of his courage in war as for his wisdom in council. Of the two younger men seated in the patriarch's tent, the first was Kaddour, a rich member of the Geafera tribe; the second, Hassan, a kinsman of his host, who had already proved himself a brave soldier in many battles against the French. Seated in a circle around a brazier filled with fire, the Arabs maintained a profound silence. The two younger men cast now and then a furtive glance at a corner of the tent, where, half-concealed by the fast dimming twilight, lay an object of peculiar interest to them both. In fact, the tent covered a fourth being. Seated languidly on a lion's skin, and watching the graceful forms assumed by the blue smoke of her *narguilé* as it escaped from her beautiful lips, was Baïa, daughter of Brahim. It was manifest that she had endeavoured to render herself more captivating than usual: a necklace of coral intermixed with sequins adorned her neck; large rings of gold encircled her wrists and ankles; an ample robe of white cashmere, open at the neck, and confined at the waist by a silken tissue, enveloped her figure, whilst a light gold-embroidered *haïk* was placed upon her head so as to allow her beautiful black hair to fall in tresses over her shoulders. Her eyebrows and nails were newly tinged with henna, and the little star tatooed on her forehead had been fresh dyed with the juice of the *echnan*. Baïa, in her turn, failed not to cast a look of deep interest on the faces of her companions, illumined as they were by the dull fire in the brazier. The situation of the whole group was painful, the more so from the deep silence which prevailed. The truth is, Hassan and Kaddour were rival suitors for the hand of Baïa, and that night they had met to have their claims determined by her father and herself. A subject so deeply interesting to all, was naturally slow in being opened, but, the silence increasing the agitation of the whole party, at length Brahim determined to break it. He threw into a vase in which water was already heated some coffee ground extremely fine, poured out the favourite beverage, and offered it to his guests. He also placed before them some tobacco, with which they filled the bowls of their pipes. Having arranged these preliminaries, he broke the irksome quiet by words. 'Baïa,' said he, 'sing that song which you used to sing when I lay on the mat of suffering from the wounds I received from the fire of the infidels.'

'I will obey,' answered the maiden.

Baïa immediately unhung from the side of the tent a musical instrument made of glass, in shape like a wide bottle, the bottom of which was formed by asses' skin being stretched tightly over it. On this species of drum —called a *dabourka*—she struck with the tips of her fingers a few preliminary measures, and then commenced the following song:—

1. May Allah be with you, O Son of the Arabs! defender of Islamism! May peace be with you! May happiness be yours!
2. When God created the fleet courser that you ride, He called to Him the wind of the desert, and said to it, Be condensed! He was obeyed!
3. He took then a handful of this new element, and breathed upon it. It is thus that your horse was created.
4. To make your heart inaccessible to fear, He took a piece of steel, and said to it, Be the heart of the Arab! He was obeyed!
5. Also, do you see him fly to the pursuit of the enemies of God! At the sound of his steps the Infidel has trembled! At the sound of his voice he has melted like lead.

The song was ended: but ere its delicious echoes had died on the ears of the two lovers, a terrible sound was indistinctly heard. Hassan, hitherto mute, entranced, now stretched out his hand to impose silence. His every sense seemed strained to discover whether his ears had not deceived him. Kaddour and the old man held their breath; and Baïa, pale and trembling, sought refuge under the folds of her father's *burnous*. Hassan, still doubtful as to the fatal sound, shook his haik from his brow, and placed his ear to the ground. He had not been deceived; the distant growl assured him that the dreaded lion of Mount Karkar was approaching the tent. But if a doubt of the approaching danger still lingered, it was dissipated by the instinct of the horses attached by halters to the inner circumference of that part of the tent partitioned off as a stable. By the trembling light of the lamp suspended over them, they were seen with outstretched necks, their ears thrown forward, their tails straight, their nostrils widely distended, and their eyes straining, as if in a vain endeavour to distinguish an approaching enemy. To the snorting of these horses were soon added the mournful cries of camels, and the plaintive bleating of sheep, as they approached to seek shelter near the tent. The truth was now confirmed. The great lion of Mount Karkar, whose retreat had as yet proved inaccessible to man, had chosen this night to ravage the encampment. Once assured of the approaching danger, Hassan and Kaddour nerved themselves to encounter it. While mentally devising means of resistance, they appeared calm; but it was not so with the old man. At a distance from his tribe, placed, as it were, at the outpost of danger, he was thinking of his trembling daughter, whose hand shook like a leaf in his own. The sole resource left to him was to confide in the courage of his two guests.

Hassan untied the long gun of Brahim from the post which supported the camel-hair covering of the tent, examined the lock, and renewed the powder, which had become damp from the dews of the evening. Kaddour

seized his pistols, and unsheathing his yataghan, stuck it into the earth by its point, to be able the more readily to use it. Brahim watched these preparations with intense interest. Suddenly a light seemed to dart into his mind. He clasped his daughter to his side, looked eagerly at the two young men from one to the other, and like one inspired, he exclaimed, 'Glory to the Prophet! Hear me! Both of you love Baïa. Danger approaches. Prove the strength of your love by the strength of your courage, and he who shall bring to me the skin of the Karkar lion shall be rewarded with her hand!' On hearing these words Baïa raised her eyes to heaven, and uttered a prayer; then she cast a look at Hassan, which asked *him* for the victory. Kaddour shuddered, and raised his hand instinctively to his pistol.

Brahim having released Baïa from his arms, she retreated, according to his wish, into the interior of the tent.*

Hardly had she disappeared, when the flocks commenced bleating in the particular manner usual to them when their instinct reveals the approach of a wild beast. In the midst of these noises one louder, hoarser, more terrific was heard. Hassan raised his gun; Kaddour pointed his two pistols towards the entrance of the tent; and Brahim protected the asylum of Baïa.

These precautions had not been taken for an instant ere a crash announced that the infuriated beast had chosen Brahim's tent for his attack. Deceived by the darkness of the night, and by the black covering of the tent, the lion had sprung upon it as if on some hard substance. The impetus of his fall broke the supports, and the beast, frightened for a moment to find his footing fail him, stopped to utter a fearful roar. Nothing separated him from the Arabs but the camel-hair covering of the tent, and this he sought to tear with his claws. Hassan, still preserving his calmness, unsheathed his yataghan, and glided to the spot where the lion was trying to tear an opening. Making a few thrusts at hazard, he found at length that he had wounded his enemy. The beast, now more infuriated, redoubled his efforts; he made an opening in the tent, and the destruction of its inhabitants seemed inevitable.

At this juncture a second calamity happened. The fire in the brazier having been thrown on the ground, had communicated its flames to the boarded partition, and thence to the covering. The smoke and stench issuing from the latter nearly stifled Hassan, and with a desperate effort he cut a passage with his dagger through the burning mass, rushing forward to meet his enemy face to face. Happily, however, the new misfortune averted for a time the greater one: the lion, alarmed by the flames, withdrew a few paces, and extended himself on the ground, eagerly watching the prey which instinct told him must soon fall into his fangs. Upon this Hassan flew to that part of the tent under which Baïa was buried, and cutting open the tent cloth, extricated her senseless form, and placed it in the open air behind the fire, which was now a protection from the attack of the lion. Brahim had already escaped—but there was a third person to be rescued from the flames. A violent struggle arose in Hassan's breast. At this moment he could, by merely remaining inactive, rid himself of a rival; but the arm of that rival was necessary to protect the life of Baïa. Love overcame hatred, and Kaddour was saved.

All this time the lion was to be seen by the light of the flames at a short distance stretched on the earth, and licking his wounded foot. How to combat him? The Arabs had left their fire-arms under the wrecks of their asylum, and four explosions now told them but too truly that they were no longer of any use. The fire began to diminish. Would it last long enough to keep off the terrible animal until they received succour? or must they recommence the combat with their yataghans? Suddenly hope was renewed in the breasts of these unhappy beings. A confused sound of human voices told them that friends were approaching. Awakened by the roarings of the lion, by the explosion of the fire-arms, and by the light of the conflagration, several Arabs advanced uttering the cry of combat. The lion's attention was diverted from the victims he had been so closely watching. He raised his head, and turned his glaring eyes towards the approaching Arabs. Hassan whispered to his companions that the danger had passed. He was right. The rescuers fired upon the beast, and he, furiously lashing his sides, bounded into the very midst of them. A cry of horror, which was succeeded by dreadful groans, announced that one of his new enemies had been fearfully disabled. But satisfied with having tasted human blood, or afraid of longer facing so many antagonists, the lion of Mount Karkar bounded away towards his lair.

The rescuers now assembled around the three Arabs and Baïa, who had recovered her senses. They extinguished the flames by covering them with sand. A new tent was raised, and the dispersed flocks, and all that the fire had spared, were reassembled. In the midst of the tumult Baïa approached Hassan, saying, 'This night will I wait for you under the three palm trees of Isser.'

The Arab pressed her hand, and answered, 'I will be there.'

A complete calm soon reigned throughout the camp. Each Arab regained his tent; Brahim returned to that prepared for him, accompanied by his daughter; and Kaddour departed for the Geafera, to prepare himself for the hunt of the next day; while Hassan immediately wended his way towards the three palm trees of Isser. This spot, at some paces only from the Beni-Smiel, was shaded by olives, the branches of which were entwined with garlands of the wild vine; enormous aloes and fig-trees of Barbary concealed it from every eye, whilst thousands of shrubs grew among the rocks and stones on the edges of the river, now almost dried up. On both sides arose the mountains of the Atlas. This was the rendezvous Baïa had chosen.

Hassan had to wait a long time ere Baïa appeared. He followed anxiously with his eye the movement of the stars, which announced to him the near approach of day. Exhausted with bodily fatigue, and by the emotions of the night, his eye was often upon the point of closing: but the Arab soon shook off his torpor, aroused as he was by the mewings of the jackal, or by its passing through the shrubs. In this state of drowsiness a hand fell upon his shoulder. He shuddered, and raised his head; Baïa stood upright before him. By the light of the stars, which, during the summer in Africa, sparkle so magnificently, he saw the young girl robed entirely in white; she held in her hand a yataghan, and appeared like one of those apparitions in which the superstitious Arabs implicitly believe.

'You sleep, Hassan; oh, how happy are you! As for me, fatal presages have not ceased to assail me, and sleep has not once fallen on my eyelids. I tremble.'

'Say but one word and I shall conquer. Do you love me?'

Baïa cast a tender but reproachful look at the Arab. 'Does not my presence tell you enough? This night, even——but it is now too late, I was going to reveal it all to my father. I was going to tell him that it was you whom I loved; but now that Heaven has spoken by the mouth of my father, it is to you that I confide my fate. Take this weapon; I have brought it from the wrecks of our tent. It was formerly worn by Sidi-Chafi, the celebrated Marabout. With it will you conquer. Remember, oh Hassan!' added she, 'the words which I have spoken. Go, and may Heaven protect you!'

In saying these words Baïa disappeared amongst the shrubs as a shadow. Hassan regained his tent to take repose, so necessary to enable him to encounter the

* The tent of the Arabs is divided into two parts. The outermost is destined for the men, and it is there that strangers are received. The innermost is separated from the former, sometimes by hangings, at others by boards or mats. This is the apartment of the women.

fatigues of the morning. The dawn of day found him on foot. He saddled his favourite horse, of a milky whiteness, its waving tail dyed with henna. He did not encumber himself uselessly with the long gun of the Arabs, but suspended to his saddle a hatchet of steel, placing in his belt his trusty pistols and the blade which Baïa had given him. Thus accoutred, he took the road to the Mount Karkar, first seeking Brahim's tent, to find the tracks of the lion. Baïa and her father were upon the threshold contemplating the disasters of the night. Hassan advanced towards them, alighted from his courser, and respectfully kissed the old man's hand. On raising his head he perceived a tear in the eye of the maiden. Brahim also saw it, and in a tender tone said, 'Go, my son. I give you my blessing.'

Hassan departed to follow the bloody marks which the lion's wounded foot had left upon the ground, assured that these traces would eventually conduct him to his lair. After a long ride, he arrived between two elevated mountains covered with bushes and bristling precipices, perfectly impenetrable to any other being than an Arabian horse. Hassan's steed appeared to sport with the difficulties of the ground. With a wonderful instinct he felt the soil with the end of his hoof before he descended the almost perpendicular path which led to a dark abyss; then, when he felt a resistance, he placed his whole hoof on the ground, steadying it before he brought his hind leg to make the same movement; this first step terminated, he fixed his hinder hoofs firmly on the earth ere he advanced his fore foot a second time.

By the more numerous traces of blood, it was evident that the lion had begun on this spot to slacken his pace. But Hassan was far from having reached the Karkar, the bare and gray summit of which raised itself like a giant in the midst of the surrounding mountains.

After a march of indescribable fatigue during several hours, Hassan descended into a valley at the foot of the Karkar. This valley, like a great number in Algeria, was full of enormous rocks, torn in the course of ages from the face of the mountains by the rains of winter; other rocks, being undermined, seemed to hang in the air, and threatened to fall at every moment. A little rivulet flowed sometimes noiselessly in its rocky bed, and at others bounded, to form a cascade, over the crag which opposed its passage. Nature displayed all her magnificence in this place. Hassan alighted from his horse, henceforth useless to him, to ascend the mountain in the track of the wounded lion. He took a little water in the hollow of his hand, bathed the nostrils of his steed with it before he allowed him to drink in the stream or withdraw the bridle. The noble animal, seeing the preparations for a halt, raised his fore foot, and presented it to his master; it being the custom to prevent horses from straying by attaching a cord from a knee to the hoof, which is thus prevented from touching the ground. But in this instance Hassan forbore to hobble his faithful steed; 'for,' he said aloud, 'should I not return, who will here be to release you?'

The adventurous Arab now took off his burnous, or outer garment, the long folds of which might embarrass his future movements, tightened his girdle, and, grasping the axe, began to ascend the precipitous Karkar. That his approach might be noiseless, he advanced barefooted, gliding like a jackal amongst the arms of the cactus-trees, which cover the sides of the mountain. Occasionally he stopped to listen, but nothing was audible in the death-like silence of the place but the beating of his own heart.

After ascending for more than an hour, Hassan's toils were rewarded; if, indeed, the sight of a monstrous lion, stretched at full length at the mouth of a cave, can be looked upon as a reward. The beast raised his head, as if conscious that some one was approaching, and cast a proud look around; but Hassan, hidden under the broad leaves of a cactus, remained unperceived and motionless. Presently the lion again dropped his head between his fore feet. A calm courage now took possession of the Arab's heart as he contemplated the immensity of his danger. Armed with that cool intrepidity which is inspired by the fatalism that forms the strongest part of a Mohammedan's creed, he advanced to the terrible attack, thinking of nothing but the will of God. Accustomed as he was to hunting wild beasts, he knew that, face to face, address, activity, and coolness, were preferable to arms—particularly fire-arms, which become dangerous when injudiciously used. Thus did Hassan rely chiefly on his trusty hatchet to preserve his life. He waited, to assure himself that the lion slept. He had already rejoiced in his heart to find that the male, and not his partner, had remained to watch over the safety of their cubs—for the lioness never sleeps on such occasions. Being now convinced that his enemy slept, he rose stealthily from his hiding-place. For a moment he hesitated, and his firmness partially forsook him; but on turning his head to get a better view of the sleeping brute, a new stimulus to action was presented. To his astonishment he beheld an Arab of the tribe of Geafera rapidly ascending the precipice. Hassan no longer hesitated. With his right hand he grasped his hatchet, while with his left he held a pistol. Thus equipped, he stepped cautiously from stone to stone to the spot where the lion still slept. Twice did he brandish the hatchet in the air, and twice did it fall, each blow rendering a fore foot powerless. Swift as lightning the assailant retreated, to leave the lion to exhaust his fury. The beast roared terrifically; and, rolling in anguish, scattered about in every direction fragments of flint which he ground between his teeth. He endeavoured to rise; but the effort was useless, and only increased his pain. By this time Hassan had ascended a projecting rock which overhung the grotto, and fired the heavy charges of his pistols into the monster's flanks. Irritated by these new torments, the lion assembled all his remaining strength to spring upon his enemy. He reared his wounded paws against the rock on which Hassan was stationed, and with a desperate effort bounded on the shelf, fixing himself there with his teeth. Again the Arab raised his axe, but ere it had time to fall, a gun was discharged by another hand, and the lion fell dead at the entrance of his lair.

In another moment an Arab stood beside Hassan. It was Kaddour; for from him did the lion receive his death-wound. 'Son of the Beni-Smiel!' he exclaimed, 'it was my misfortune to owe my life to you. You saved me from the flames which devoured the tent of Brahim. I have now saved you, and we are even. This skin is mine!'

Hassan, trembling with rage, replied, 'You have *not* saved my life. The beast was disabled by this arm. Like the vulture, thou hast come to feast on the prey which the hunter hath slain. Away! for when the hunter appears, the vulture flies!'

'This spoil is mine,' answered Kaddour; 'cursed shall you be if you dare to touch it!'

'Son of the Geafera,' rejoined Hassan calmly, 'let us not decide this here. There are wise men in the camp. Do thou choose the sheik of the Geafera, and I him of the Beni-Smiel; they shall judge between us.'

Kaddour replied, 'Be it so;' and both drawing their small poniards, dexterously stripped off the skin of the lion. It was agreed that in their way back each should carry the trophy in turn. They regained their steeds, and journeyed to the camp in moody silence.

At the sight of them, Baïa's heart, agitated between fear and hope, beat violently, and her eye no longer distinguished the objects around her. The whole tribe went out to meet them, and surround them with cries of victory and joy. The reeking skin was placed at the feet of Baïa, and the whole tale was faithfully related by its heroes to the old man.

On the morrow the sheiks of the Geafera and of the Beni-Smiel assembled under the tent of Brahim, who was also present. The skin of the lion was placed before them. None other than Kaddour and Hassan were admitted to this council. Hassan related briefly what

had taken place. The three judges conferred together, and pronounced their opinion in a loud voice, the eldest taking precedence. Each and all of them decreed that the victory belonged to Hassan; for the lion, said they, in the state of feebleness to which he had been reduced, could only offer a vain and useless resistance. Kaddour departed, pale with rage and disappointment. Hassan went, alone, to lay his trophy at the feet of Baïa. Moment of rapture! She was his! The old man, her father, smiled, and ordered the marriage to be immediate. The portion having been agreed to by Brahim, Hassan conducted Baïa before the sheik of the Beni-Smiel, who addressed to the maiden the usual question. 'Baïa, daughter of Brahim-ben-Zaragout, now, in presence of the witnesses assembled, do you consent to take Hassan for your spouse?' A similar interrogation was put to Hassan, and the union was finished in these terms—'The marriage is accomplished; may Allah bless it!'

On the next day all the relations came to congratulate the new couple, and to offer presents to them commensurate with their fortune. Baïa, who stood at the threshold of the tent, gave to each a handful of dried fruits, which she took from a basket placed beside her. Among those who were present at this ceremony was an Arab of the tribe of the Geafera. He made a sign to Hassan that he wished to speak to him: the latter approached.

'Son of the Beni-Smiel,' said the unknown, 'here is the nuptial present which Kaddour has charged me to give to you.' The Arab held in his hand a brass coin, which he delivered to Hassan, saying, 'By this pledge of his vengeance he declares unto you eternal hatred. The fire is kindled at the foot of the mountain. It is there that my master awaits you.' Hassan shuddered; for well he knew that the ceremony his enemy had prepared would ratify an oath of hatred never to be extinguished but by the death of one of them. To refuse the summons was impossible. That would have branded him with cowardice; hence he replied, 'Let it be done. Guide me to him.' Hassan followed the messenger, and arrived at the appointed spot. There Kaddour was found standing near to a fire which he had kindled upon a hearth, formed of three stones placed side by side. Kaddour instantly drew forth a coin exactly similar to the one he had sent to his rival, and, casting some dry herbs into the flames, exclaimed ferociously, 'Where is the piece of money I sent to thee?'

'It is here!' replied Hassan. Upon this, each put his coin into the fire, and when it was heated, drew it forth; Kaddour saying in a loud voice, 'Hatred to the death!' placed it on the back of Hassan's outstretched hand: Kaddour afterwards submitted to the same ceremony, while Hassan repeated the words he had just spoken. The two Arabs now seated themselves, silently enduring the torture caused by the red-hot brass as it burnt its way into their flesh. Not a movement was made, not a muscle quivered, no feature was allowed to indicate the torment they were suffering. When the coin was cold, each threw it from his hand, and spreading some grains of gunpowder on the seared wound, spoke in grave and solemn tones—'So long as this mark shall last, so long will I be your enemy.' After a ceremony of this kind—which the progress of civilisation has not yet done away with amongst the Arabian tribes—nothing is held harmless from the ruthless destruction the infliction of which future opportunities may afford to either party. Even wife, children, parents, are not exempt from the savage fury of the sworn enemy. No ties or space of time can obliterate the vow of vengeance thus taken by the Arab.

Hassan returned to his tent, determined to watch over his wife, and guard her, with untiring vigilance, from the machinations of Kaddour. He constantly wore arms during the day, and at night they were never out of his reach; and on leaving his tent, he invariably left Baïa in charge of a trusty negro slave to watch over and protect her. Months, however, passed away before anything occurred to awaken his apprehensions. Hatred had either died within Kaddour's heart, or he was planning some elaborate scheme of revenge; and Hassan remained in a state of continual suspense; but at length his suspense was ended. One evening, on entering his tent, Hassan perceived the following words, in Arabic characters, traced on the sand:—'I waited until you hoped to become a father.' He entered his dwelling overwhelmed by a terrible presentiment, which, on beholding his wife, was in a measure fulfilled. He beheld her on her mat writhing with pain. Hassan divined the truth, and a few hasty questions put to the attendant confirmed it. A strange Arab had presented himself with dates for sale. Baïa unsuspectingly bought some. She had eaten them; they contained poison; and death was fast overtaking her. At this terrible information Hassan's firmness gave way; he groaned heavily; he fell at his wife's feet and bathed them with tears. Brahim, who, attracted by his lamentations, had entered the tent, learnt the dreadful news, and endeavoured, by administering large draughts of asses' milk, to relieve his daughter from the torment she was suffering. But Kaddour had chosen his poison too well—it had taken too deep a root for any remedy to avert its effects. Two hours of indescribable torture, and Baïa was dead!

Hassan hurried the distracted Brahim from the tent, and remained during the whole night with the remains of his well-beloved. The next day he saw that the horrible words written at the threshold of the tent had been effaced, and others substituted. They ran thus—'Have I struck justly?'

The body of Baïa was, according to custom, enveloped in her wedding clothes by women of her tribe, and a sort of cradle was made to receive it of palm leaves. The corpse was borne by friendly bands to the place of sepulture. A weeping crowd of relations and friends followed. On their arrival, the remains were placed near the grave, and four Arabs stationing themselves towards the four points of the compass, exclaimed, 'Sons of Beni-Smiel, alas! alas! Know that Baïa, the daughter of Brahim-ben-Zaragout, is dead.' To this the mourners responded with deep groans. The pit was deep and broad, and at the bottom a further depth was dug just wide enough to receive the deceased. The body was lowered, and several large stones were placed over it, their edges resting on the brinks of the actual grave.* The immense pit was then filled up, and several large flat stones were placed upright on the surface to indicate that the place was sacred—hallowed by the remains of a human being.

The crowd now withdrew to Hassan's tent, where a repast in honour of the dead awaited them. It consisted of goats'-milk cheese and cakes soaked in oil and butter—which are always eaten on such occasions. After all the guests had drunk coffee, each out of the same cup, they separated.

Hassan, absorbed by a terrible hope of revenge—which only relieved his one bitter grief—set out next day unattended for the mountains. He had been directed to a valley where Kaddour often hunted. Thither he repaired, and passed a month. By night he enveloped himself in his burnous, and slept under a tree; by day he concealed himself in a spot which commanded a view of the whole valley, which was of immense extent. There, immoveable as the rock against which he leant, did he wait for his enemy, with that patience which the hope of vengeance inspires in the breast of an Arab. Once, and only once, during that time did he perceive Kaddour, at a very great distance, much too great to enable him to reach his perfidious enemy.

One morning Hassan espied a horseman in the valley; his eye, sharpened by the instinct of hatred, recognised Kaddour, who was advancing by a narrow pathway which wound along the side of the mountain. This

* These precautions are used to prevent the shifting of the desert sands from laying bare the corpse, and also as a protection against jackals, who would otherwise disinter the body.

road was well chosen; for, being completely open and unsheltered, it afforded a view of everything around. In a single spot, however, at a little distance from the path, there grew several shrubs, amongst which it might be possible for an enemy to conceal himself.

A transient smile played upon Hassan's lips, the first which had passed over his countenance since the burial of his wife. He examined his gun, charged it, and crept stealthily amongst the bushes. Leaning patiently against a branch, he raised his gun ready, when the right moment should come, to fire. Kaddour advanced towards the thicket, and stopped within a short distance of it to scrutinize every leaf; but as nothing occurred to excite his suspicions, he continued his route. Hassan took deliberate aim at his enemy, and fired. Kaddour fell. The ball, which had broken his arm near the shoulder, obliged him to relinquish the hold of his gun; but raising himself by a desperate effort, he endeavoured unsuccessfully to draw out his pistol. Hassan in one bound stood before him, and, seizing him round the body, threw him upon the earth, and undoing his own belt, bound his victim tightly; whilst Kaddour, foaming with rage, and his teeth gnashing from the effects of pain, offered but a vain resistance. Intoxicated with the savage joy that vengeance gives, Hassan placed his foot upon the breast of his prostrate enemy. He showered bitter taunts on him, and repeated the words which were written on the sand on the morrow of the death of Baïa.

'And I, also, *have I struck justly?* Kaddour, be your own judge. It is you who have killed my wife; it is you who have killed my child; it is you who have condemned me to everlasting misery. What vengeance have you not prepared for yourself! But Allah be praised, he has given you up to me in the state I could most have desired. Oh, Baïa! Brahim! my child! you shall all be avenged!'

The Arab of the tribe of the Geafera made no answer, but began to recite his prayers.

Hassan, with his head leaning upon his hand, was seated near Kaddour: he was reflecting upon the kind of death which he intended to inflict upon his enemy. Fixing his eye upon him, he seemed to hold a conversation with himself, for his lips moved; sometimes he shook his head, as making a negative sign; at others a smile of contentment passed over his face. At length he rose, and drawing from his purse, of the form of a portfolio, a piece of money enveloped in a cloth, he showed it to Kaddour, saying, 'Do you recollect this coin?'

The Arab was silent.

'Well,' continued he, 'it is the same piece of money with which you imprinted your hatred upon my flesh. Look how well the mould of it adapts itself to the wound. One of us shall die, said you: it is you. However, what had I done to you to incur your hate? What had Baïa done to you? What had my child done to you?' The voice of Hassan was moved in pronouncing these words. Then he resumed in a different tone, 'At last I have you in my power!'

Hassan assembled three stones, gathered some brambles, and placing some dried moss upon a pebble, obtained a light by striking it with the back of his blade. The fire was communicated to the moss, then to the brambles of the hearth, upon which he now placed the piece of money.

'Coward!' cried Kaddour, 'kill me quickly.'

'Kill you quickly! oh! no, no. Baïa and my child, did you kill them quickly? Ah! on the contrary, why cannot I make your tortures last as long as my grief?'

It only could distress the reader to pursue the details of Hassan's revenge. Suffice it to state that he exercised all the refinement of cruelty which half-civilised nations know so well how to practise, maiming his limbs, searing his eyeballs with the burning coin, &c.; thus destroying the life of his victim slowly, and rejoicing over every expression of despair and suffering which was wrung from him. It was only when death had ended the ferocious raptures of the one, and the agonies of the other, that Hassan retired, leaving the body a prey to the beasts of the desert. He mounted his horse, and directing his course northward, reached Oran, where he entered the ranks of the French. He is now serving amongst the irregular spahis, or native cavalry.

MUTUAL AND PROPRIETARY LIFE-ASSURANCE.

LIFE-ASSURANCE being a subject of great and growing interest to the public, we deem it not superfluous to make a few remarks on the comparative merits of the two modes—the mutual and proprietary—which now contend for notice.

The Proprietary System is that of oldest standing. Life-assurance was first (speaking generally) practised by joint-stock companies advancing money to sustain the risks of business, and looking for a profit on the capital risked. And this plan was very suitable at the time, for, with the defective means of calculation which then existed, life-assurance business was as much a matter of speculation as would be a transaction in hops or foreign wheat at the present day. But afterwards, when tables of mortality were formed, and the decrement of human life came to be reduced to a simple mathematical problem, it was seen that life-assurance might be conducted by mere societies of the persons assuring, whose payments should form the fund for discharging the emerging claims, and who should appropriate to themselves any surplus which might arise after all such claims were satisfied—that is to say, receive back what, in a company, would be distributed amongst the shareholders as profits. The plan of Mutual Assurance, as this last is called, has within the last thirty years made a considerable advance upon the older proprietary system; yet the great bulk of the life-assurance business of the country is still transacted in proprietary offices, the numbers of which are as more than three to one of the mutual offices.

After a careful examination of the two plans, with some benefit from practical experience, we do not hesitate to declare our conviction that the mutual system is the only one which the public at large are concerned to support. The proprietary system, originating only by favour of the darkness in which the subject was at first buried, could only, it appears to us, have since been supported by the efforts of interested individuals. It is perhaps to be considered by mercantile men as a legitimate mode of making money; but, examined more rigidly, and by persons like ourselves, perfectly disinterested, it seems by no means a blameless one. To illustrate this, let us see how a life-assurance company generally proceeds. A set of speculators start it with a large apparition of capital, of which only a few thousand pounds need be paid up. By means of a handsome-looking office, incessant advertising, and active managers and agents, business is obtained. After a few years, this has generally increased considerably, and large dividends begin to be made amongst the shareholders. In one instance under our immediate notice, ten thousand pounds of paid-up capital now stands, after seventeen years' business, at the value of L.70,000, in the stock-market, being L.600 per cent. of premium. What is it that has thus so much increased its value? Only those surplusages of payment by the public which, in a mutual office, would all come back to the assured. Generally, it is to be remarked, proprietary offices, besides their usual scales of rates, where, as in death's own list, there is no return, have a scale where the payments are somewhat higher, and the assured are to have periodical bonuses as in the mutual system; a concession much like the celebrated one which vice is said to pay to virtue. But here the benefits sink far below what are to be usually obtained from a respectable mutual office; as they well may, seeing that the company looks for a profit to itself, which is just so much abstracted from the pockets of the assured without any equivalent. Were

we to draw out tables contrasting the sums which individuals will realise in a course of years under the mutual system, with those which the same payments will obtain under the proprietary or trading system, even where shares of 'profits' are professedly divided among the assured, our readers would be startled at the difference of results. It would appear almost incomprehensible that the proprietary system should have contrived to exist so long, when a rival plan, free from all selfish principle, and securing to the public the utmost possible advantages, was daily contending with it for public favour. This, however, is no real mystery, when we consider the ignorance of most persons on the subject of life-assurance, and what a powerful interest is concerned in maintaining the repute of the proprietary system, and bringing business to its bureaux.

The leading pretext of the proprietary system is, that the subscribed capital affords a guarantee or security for the payment of claims which the mutual system lacks, and that the assured is thus compensated in safety for what he wants in money. But the hollowness of this pleading is seen in a moment, when we consider that a combination of assurers, each paying fully what science says is necessary to make good their mutual engagements, is a transaction free from all risk, in the ordinary sense of the word, and only can fail in the event of a change in the laws of nature, or such an alteration in the condition of the country (affecting the value of money) as no kind of security would gainstand. Attempts have been made to liken the case of a life-assurance company to a bank of deposit, and to make out from that analogy that a stock is necessary for the security of the assurers. But the cases are totally diverse, seeing that the assurance company has not, like a bank, to trade with its deposits, but only to lay them out to the best advantage in permanent investments, and thus hold them till they fall in the due course of time to be returned. A bank which appropriated to itself half the ordinary rate of interest for deposits, on the pretence of its having a few thousand pounds of stock to afford a security, would be in strict analogy, but no other. In fact, the capital is a mere stalking-horse: there is no instance of its ever being called into requisition. Were such an instance to occur, it would probably prove a mere trifle in comparison with the extent of the obligations. We may go farther, and say that this capital is not only unnecessary, in consequence of the unavoidable formation of large funds from the mere payments of the assured, but, if on a large scale, it would be a positive disadvantage, as, if there is any real difficulty in the conducting of life-assurance business, it is in the disposal of the funds. Capital for life-assurance can at the most only be needed at first, while the accumulated premiums of the assured are of slender amount; but admitting that it is ever so needed, it almost immediately becomes superfluous, and should be therefore withdrawn. There is an instance of an office commenced on the proprietary system, with an arrangement for the gradual buying up of the shareholders, which is now effected, so that the office, after twenty years' existence, has made a transition to the mutual system. This is so far laudable: only there was no need for the shareholders drawing profits for so long as twenty years, or for their being allowed at last to get double the original price of their shares. Beyond a very short time, at the most, the capital of a life-assurance company, as far as it is a reality at all, only serves—and this purpose it serves very well—to justify a small set of men in appropriating to themselves funds properly due to others. As might be expected, the means taken for obtaining business by the proprietary offices is not, in general, of a very scrupulous nature. They make extensive use of the system of commission—that is, large and tempting allowances to solicitors and others to induce them to bring their friends or clients to these instead of any other offices. Some men have almost an income secured to them by the allowances they are entitled to in consequence of having taken a few customers to some of the more liberal class of offices, such allowances being, as we have elsewhere shown,* neither more nor less than a bribe to induce a man of business to betray the interests of those who confide in him. Such a use of funds, however reprehensible it may be on moral grounds, is justified on pecuniary considerations to the shareholders, if it only leaves themselves a profit, seeing that they have no other object to look to. Very different is the case of the mutual offices, where money so employed would be a subtraction from funds properly belonging to the whole circle of the assured.

In fine, the system of mutual assurance—pure and undefiled—is that which the public should, for its own sake, and partly for the sake of morality also, support It is an institution contemplating unmixed good to mankind, and where no grosser interests than those of a few officials can possibly be concerned. Conducted on a large scale, and upon a proper footing, it involves no risk, and at the same time, from the system of divisions of surplus, the charges must be held as reduced to a perfect square with the necessities of the case, excepting only the expenses of management. Contrasted with this, the proprietary system cannot for a moment be defended—a business pretending to incur risks, and drawing all the profits which can only be due where risks are real—a business which can only thrive in the proportion in which it puts on imposing appearances.

A STORY-TELLER OF THE LAST AGE.

ALL who knew the literary society of the last age in Edinburgh, speak with rapture of the stories told at happy convivial moments by William Creech the publisher. Creech, who had ushered into the world the principal works of talent produced in Scotland during fifty years, and was himself a man of no small literary ability, had ripened into all the quaintness of the bachelor character; a little stiff in his ordinary demeanour, but capable of brightening up into something marvellously amusing when seated with friends of his own kind, who knew how to humour him. He was particularly happy in the narration of a certain old-fashioned class of Scottish anecdotes, such as are now entirely lost to the world, his favourite hero being a Laird Carnegie of Balnamoon, a Forfarshire gentleman, who, though Creech was not aware of this circumstance, had been out with Prince Charles in the year 1745, for which he and his estate escaped destruction only by a narrow chance. The venerable bookseller was always reluctant to exhibit in the character of a story-teller, but, when once begun, never failed to go on with unflagging spirit, keeping the whole company in a state of the highest enjoyment as long as he chose to talk. Of course much of this was owing to the humorous manner of the narrator—looking, as John Ballantyne used to say, 'like a mouse smelling at a piece of toasted cheese'—and to the quaint and whimsical effect of his pronunciation of the old Scottish phraseology which he employed: and all this effect is of course not to be reproduced; yet it may amuse a vacant half hour even to read such a faint report of the story of Balnamoon as one of the survivors of the circle can now give. It ran somewhat in the following strain—that is to say, in general; for Creech, it was remarked, never told the story twice in exactly the same way.

In the north of Scotland, on a small entailed estate of his own, called Balnamoon (or, as the common people would have it, *Bonnymoon*), lived, some sixty or seventy years ago, an old gentleman, whose real name I never heard, as he seldom got any other than 'the laird,' or, more familiarly, 'Bonnymoon.' He was the merriest, blithest body that ever lived, imperturbably good-na-

* See No. 12, New Series, article entitled 'A Dishonesty in a High Walk.'

tured, save when he got fou,[1] and then only testy a wee. We have a' our fauts; he loved the bottle far owre weel; but let *that* pass (pushing the bottle to his next neighbour). All unavailing was the sage advice—the frowns no few—he got frae his trusty serving man John; reason or nane, he wad hae the drappy. This serving man, I should premise, was a perfect character, an honest, sober, truthful, worthy creature, whose services were thoroughly appreciated by his master, who would never stir a foot without him; for he had grown gray in the laird's family, by all of whom he was treated rather as a humble friend than a domestic; and many a weary night has honest John, by lantern light, or whiles by the glow-worm's lamp, trudged—tramp, tramp—after Bonnymoon, or trotted weary by his side, lest, mortal fou as he was, he should fall into a bog. In short, John was factotum; holding him on his horse when he could, and when he fell off—which was gayan often[2]—helping him on again; not without many a long sermon; for John was privileged, and might preach with impunity. Early one bitter cold morning in December the laird rang for John, and when the serving-man answered the bell, he told him to call his two sisters, Miss Betty and Miss Katie, instanter, for that he intended that day to tak his kail wi' Laird Toomstoups (a regular five-bottle man), and as he had far to ride, he must start betimes. The aforesaid damsels were two stiff-starched old maids, lean and scraggy, with white cheeks, red nebs, and waists like fiddle-cases! They adored their brother, and sometimes almost killed him with their officious fondness. 'Noo, dawties,'[3] cried the laird as the misses made their appearance—'noo, dawties, I'm no to dine at hame to-day, so ye needna fash the cocky-leeky; mak yoursels as happy and merry as ye can till I come back; I'll soon be hame; ye ken I'm never late; and John, get ye the meare ready, and pit the horse-rug owre her hips.' 'Oh, brither!' screamed both the ladies at once, 'do be advised, and tak the carritch—ye've gotten a sair hoast[4]—and here's my mantle, a' lined wi' fur, and Katie's comforter to pit roun' your chin: ye ken the nights are bitter cauld; and, brither, tie your hat tight doun: dinna be late, noo; come back early.' 'Ye're sure o' *that*,' quo' Bonnymoon. 'And row this napkin roun' your chafts; there, noo; that's fine—whisht, noo, laird—wait till I get it roun' your neck; is't owre tight?' 'I'm no *clean* throttled,' quo' the laird (mumbling through the mountain of duds and happings which his kind sisters had forced on him), looking like a mummy or a great clothes-horse, with his arms sticking out on each side; for he had three or four coats and waistcoats under the top-coat, or, as it was called, the 'trot-cozey.' 'Noo, brither, mind your promise.' 'Never fear,' answered Bonnymoon. 'God bless you baith, my doos; I'm awa'!' 'Stop, stop a wee, brither—ye'll get your coat a' jappit wi' the glaur[5]—wait till I pin up your tails.' 'Pin up a fiddlestick!' exclaimed the laird, out of all patience; 'gi'e's a dram, and dinna fash my tails.' So putting spurs to his mare, he trotted off, wi' honest John close at his crupper.

Bonnymoon's libations were no joke; he said champaign might pass, it was weel enough; but claret he called shilpit stuff—cauld, nasty, trashy gear—dub-water, dirt, or sour sma' beer. On his return home, the laird, as usual, being *fou*, and having a dangerous ford to pass in a very dark night, his mare Daisy's girth got loose, and off soused his honour like a sack! 'John, what's that faun,[6] d'ye ken?' 'I dinna ken,' quo' John; 'but oo'll see. Trowth, laird, its just your honour!' '*Me*, John! I daresay ye're no far wrong; eh! what a water's i' my lugs!' 'Its better *there* than in your mou',' responded the sapient serving-man; 'for, as the auld Scotch song says, ye ne'er lo'ed *water* a' your days, laird.' 'Hoot, man, haste ye, gi'e's a heeze,[7] and get me up again.' 'Hoo that's to be accomplished, laird, I dinna ken.' 'Why, sure eneugh, John,' answered his honour; 'that's *your* concern.' 'It may be sae; but I'm thinking ye're a wee mair *concerned* than I am, for a' that!' 'John, gi'e owre havering, and catch the meare.' 'Wo! Daisy, wo! lass [plash! plash!] wo! wo!' 'Come, haste ye, John, I'm cauld—my teeth's a' chattering in my head—gi'e's my hat!' 'Your hat! weel that's a good joke—your hat indeed! be thankfu' that I've found your wig, and that ye're no gaun this blessed night, mortal fou, wanting baith hat and wig. Your hat! my certy, hats are no sae rife here awa, I can tell ye.' 'Aweel, aweel, John, let us just be jogging, and if the road be nae owre *wide*, the length o't shall never fash us; we've gotten rather an over-dose o' water to our whisky, I maun confess.' 'My certy, laird, there's unco' little o' the whisky come *my* way; but here's your jazy, clap it on your pow, and I'll try and get you mounted ance mair.' 'That's no *my* wig, John, 'at is it no!' 'I'm thinking ye maun tak it though, for *there's nae wale o' wigs here, laird!*' 'Gi'e's a haud o't, then, gin I maun tak it; but it's no mine.' So, after sundry twistings and turnings, on went the wig hint side afore; 'All's right,' cried Bonnymoon, and away they trot again.

But now they had a toll to pass, which, when the laird was *vera* fou, he always mistook for an inn, which the keeper knew well, and was always prepared for the laird's reception with something he liked better than the cauld water, of which he had previously got too plentiful a dose. On alighting, his honour called lustily for port, instead of which the loon of a toll-keeper plied him hard, glass after glass, with cherry brandy. The laird smacked his lips; 'My certy, landlord, that's prime *port!* Whaur got ye that? Capital! Here, ostler, waiter, bar-maid, boots, run for your lives, ye rogues; bring me a bottle o' port! Hoo long maun I stan' here and ca'? Ken ye wha I am? I'll tell ye what, I'll gie a croon—a *croon*—I'll gie a kingdom for't!' 'Deil ding that port oot o' your crazy pow,' cried John, 'for ye dinna ken port fra' aquafortis!' 'Gin it be aqua*fifties*, it's doon, John,' cried the laird, tossing off another glass.

On another day—a winter's day—the laird being 'no vera weel,' and intending to dine with a friend in the country, his sisters persuaded him not to expose himself on horseback, but to take what they called the carritch. The laird didna like this plan at all, but at last he was induced to consent to it. So John was asked in the first place to go and *shue out the hens* out o' the carritch, for, as it stood in its shed, it had been taken possession of in the course of time by the poultry, and the chuckies, I can assure you, were not easy to dislodge, possession being nine points o' the law. Well, the carritch was cleared o' the hens, and then pulled out to the yard, and then John got it a' *scartit oot*,[2] and made as nice as it could well be. So the laird got into it, and drove off, followed by a thousand benedictions and cautions by his sisters. It was an extraordinary machine this coach—a kind of Noah's ark on wheels, that went squeaking, grinding, and growling along the road like thunder. Nothing happened on the way to dinner; but there, as usual, the lot sat very late, and got most dreadfully fou. So, after the party broke up, John got his honour into the coach, and off they set on their way home, in a very dark night. Some hollow in the road having given it a terrible jolt, the laird was wakened out of his sleep, and popped out his head. 'John, what'n a pea-hotch is this? Div ye ca't a coach?—let me oot! Div ye think I'll sit howdling here a' night? Let me oot, I say, and bring Daisy. Stop, stop; d'ye hear?' The dickey had faun doon a' gleyd;[3] so John had enough to do to keep his seat, and take care of himself, as he ga'e aye the tother hotch and slide, stoutly wo-ing and wo-hoying. He had no great occasion for the whip; for, scared by the squeaking o' the wheels and the clanking o' the crazy machine, Daisy cockit her lugs,

[1] Tipsy. [2] Pretty frequently. [3] Darlings.
[4] Sore cough. [5] Bespattered with mud. [6] Fallen.
[7] Hoist.

[1] Choice. [2] Scraped out. [3] All awry.

and made clever heels. Poor John's *perch* had now begun to give way; and sitting with his nose and knees close together, it was first 'ghee-hup,' and then 'ghee-ho,' till at last doon he fell, holding fast by Daisy's tail, who, not relishing practical jokes, scampered off at full speed, broke from the harness, and left the coach behind her! Lo! there lay his honour and his serving-man half *scomfished* among dirt and snow, in a night as dark as pitch. The laird began to *greet;* wo for the dignity of history when we have lachrymals to record; but, be it remembered, the laird was *greetin' fou.* However, John, who was as sober as a bishop, wo-hoying on wi' might and main, contrived to catch Daisy, and get her yoked once more.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;

but, as misfortunes seldom come single, a plank at the bottom of the coach gave way, and the doughty laird fell through the aperture, and was left by the unconscious John sprawling on the road! Arrived at home, the misses came running out, each with a light in her hand, to receive the laird. 'Hoo are ye, brither? Sic a night ye've gotten. Let down the steps, John. I daresay my brither's no weel. Bonnymoon! John, whaur's his honour?—whaur's the laird?' 'That's mair than I can say,' answered John. 'I scarcely ken whaur I'm mysel'! But dinna greet and tak on sae sair, ladies; I daresay he's lying in the gutter. or in some glaur-hole on the road, and we a' ken that's naething by common. He's safe enough; there'll naething fash him; I'll rin and get the hurlbarrow;' and in a jiffy John brought hame the laird, and whumbled out his honour, whack! with a whole skin, and not quite sae fou as usual, for his late sad disaster had sobered him a wee. 'Aih, brither, I'm feared ye hae gotten your death the night, lying sae lang on the road, and in sic a pickle.' 'Nae fear o' me, dawties,' said the laird. 'I'm as weel as can be. But next time, hinnies, I think we maun hae a loom that'll haud in!'[1]

WRANGELL'S EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our first notice of M. Von Wrangell's work* brought us to the period of his settlement for the winter in Nijnei-Kolymsk, a small town on the river Kolyma, in an extremely remote part of Siberia, near the Frozen Ocean. Here preparations were made for a start early in February, when the cold was somewhat abated. The instructions from the Russian admiralty directed that the first year the expedition should proceed to Cape Chelagskoi, where, being divided into two parts, one under Wrangell was to go in search of a northern land, while the other was to examine the coast as far to the eastward as circumstances would permit. To do this efficiently, there were required fifty sledges, six hundred dogs, and at least forty days' provision. As it was necessary to proceed in February, there remained only three months for preparation.

While forwarding operations for the journey, M. Von Wrangell was surprised at the arrival of the well-known English traveller, Captain Cochrane, on the 31st of December, and in conversation with this eccentric person, the new year (1821) came in with a temperature of —50 degrees. In order to show his guest some of the amusements of the place, as well as to give a general treat, the commander of the expedition invited all the principal inhabitants for Twelfth Night, and engaged for the evening one of the best and roomiest houses, belonging to a Cossack who could play the violin. 'The assembly-room was lighted up with train-oil lamps, the walls ornamented by a little drapery, and the floor strewed with yellow sand. The refreshments for the ladies were tea, some lumps of white sugar, and cedar-nuts. Supper consisted of fish-cakes, struganina, dried fish, and frozen rein-deer marrow. Our guests arrived at five o'clock in their best furs, and after the first burst of admiration at our arrangements, the ladies took their seats, and began to sing national songs; afterwards the younger ones played at various games, and danced with slow and apparently laborious effort to the sound of the old hunter's violin. At ten o'clock the company took their leave, with endless thanks for the entertainment; nor were these mere words of course, for, a year or two afterwards, they still spoke of our agreeable and brilliant party as a bright spot in their remembrance.'

The preparations for departure being completed, it was necessary to bid adieu to these simple-minded Siberians, and to proceed on a preliminary excursion to Cape Chelagskoi. Fully equipped, the party set out on the 19th of February. The loads, independently of provisions, consisted of a conical tent of rein-deer skin, two hatchets, an iron plate on which a fire could be lighted, a trivet, a soup-kettle, a tea-kettle, a pocket-lantern, a few wax candles, some changes of linen, a bear-skin a-piece to sleep on, and a double rein-deer skin coverlet for every two persons; also the requisite philosophical instruments and arms. The weather was clear and pleasant, with a temperature at noon of —20 to —26 degrees, which was not troublesome when the wind did not blow. When a breeze sprung up, the cold became intense, and could with difficulty be faced by the dogs. In spite of a fire, a thick covering of furs, and the shelter of the tent, ice formed on the persons of the travellers, and in the morning hoar-frost was visible on everything affected by the breath. One night M. Kasmin, one of the officers, had omitted to change his boots and stockings on going to rest, and next morning, to his great alarm, he found that his stockings were frozen to his feet. Happily, by gentle rubbing with brandy, no serious effects followed. As the expedition approached the confines of the snow-covered land, the increasing cold and violent wind made travelling very difficult. 'To guard the dogs from being frozen, the drivers were obliged to put clothing on their bodies, and a kind of boots on their feet, which greatly impeded their running; and the intense frost had rendered the snow loose and granular, so that the sledge-runners no longer glided smoothly over its surface.'

On the 5th of March the party reached the north-west point of the Chelagskoi Noss, and doubled the cape with great difficulty and danger. They had often to ascend steep icebergs ninety feet high, and to descend at great risk to the sledges. At other times they had to wade up to the waists in snow, harnessing themselves to the sledges, which the poor dogs were unable to drag after them. M. Von Wrangell pursued the south-east coast of this remote cape (latitude 70 degrees, longitude 171 degrees), and having made certain observations, returned in his route to Nijnei-Kolymsk, which he reached on the 14th of March. A few days after his arrival, M. Von Matiuschkin, who had set out on an expedition in a different direction, also returned, bringing with him some information respecting the Tchuktches, a nomade tribe, who, receding into the extreme wildernesses of Siberia, have hitherto defied Russian conquest. These barbarians, as may be supposed, are heathens, and all attempts at converting them to Christianity have failed, partly in consequence of their language being deficient in words to express new and abstract ideas. Polygamy is general amongst them; and they kill not only all deformed and weakly children, but their own parents, when they become unable to endure the fatigues and hardships of a wandering life. They can-

[1] A vessel that will hold in.

* One volume, small octavo. London: Madden and Co. 1844.

not be said to have any religion, but are influenced by gloomy superstitions, and consult, on all important occasions, a set of highly imaginative and half-crazy fanatics called Shamans. Worked upon by solitude, the contemplation of a savage nature, long vigils, fasts, and the use of narcotics and stimulants, these men become persuaded of possessing supernatural powers, and keep up an intercourse with the invisible world by beating in the silence of midnight on their magic drum. 'A true Shaman is not a cool and ordinary deceiver, but a psychological phenomenon, well deserving of attention. Whenever I have seen them operate, they have left me with a long-continued and gloomy impression. The wild look, the blood-shot eyes, the labouring breast and convulsive utterance, the seemingly involuntary distortion of the face and the whole body, the streaming hair, even the hollow sound of the drum, all contributed to the effect; and I can well understand that the whole should appear to the uncivilised spectator as the work of evil spirits.'

M. Von Wrangell now set out on a second journey along the shores of the Polar Sea, taking only thirty days' provisions, and trusting to an occasional replenishment by success in bear-hunting. The ocean was an extensive plain of ice, broken only by a few scattered masses. To avert the ill effects from the reflection of the snow on the eyes, some black crape was distributed as veils to the party. Having made observations on the position and character of certain small islands, they proceeded on their journey; but, owing to the mildness of the weather, it was attended with some danger. The surface of the icy plain was occasionally wet by the melting of the snow, and not well calculated to bear the sledges. In latitude 71 degrees 32 minutes, when going in a north-easterly direction, the difficulty seemed to increase. 'At first we got on pretty rapidly, notwithstanding occasional salt patches, but these gradually increased until we had gone about fifteen wersts, when we found ourselves in what may be called a deep salt moor, where it was impossible to advance. I examined the ice beneath the brine, and found it only five inches thick, and so rotten, that it was easily cut through with a common knife. We hastened to quit a place so fraught with danger; and after going four wersts in a south by east direction, we reached a smooth surface covered with a compact crust of snow. When we had gone a couple of wersts over this, I had the ice examined, and found it one foot two inches thick. The depth of the sea was twelve fathoms, and the bottom greenish mud. We halted one or two wersts further on, near some inconsiderable hummocks, where the thickness of the crust of ice and the depth of the water were examined, and found the same as before. The water gushed up through the holes which had been made in the ice, and overflowed to a considerable distance in all directions, and soon imparted its bitter salt taste to the snow. When the watery particles evaporate in the sun, they leave behind a thick brine, part of which forms crystals, and part contributes to destroy the ice. Meanwhile the north wind increased in strength, and must have raised a considerable sea in the open water, as we heard the sound of the agitated element beneath, and felt the undulatory motion of the thin crust of ice. Our position was at least an anxious one; the more so, as we could take no step to avoid the impending danger. I believe few of our party slept, except the dogs, who alone were unconscious of the great probability of the ice being broken up by the force of the waves.' From this situation of extreme danger the party were glad to make a hasty retreat. The most northern latitude gained on this occasion was 71 degrees 43 minutes. In proceeding towards the land, the narrowest escapes from engulfment in the breaking surface were made, and sometimes the open fissures of water had to be crossed on boards carried in the sledges for the purpose. The 10th of April found the party still struggling with difficulties; and this being Easter day, it was resolved to dedicate it to rest and devotional exercises. 'We joined,' says M. Von Wrangell, 'in the prayers of our far-distant friends by the prescribed service, which was read by M. Bereshnoi, and the hymns were sung by our Cossacks and sledge-drivers. A block of ice was carved to represent an altar, and the only wax-light we possessed was burned in front of it. The day was one of rest and refreshment to all. Our festive fare was frugal enough: we had reserved for it a few rein-deer's tongues and a little brandy: a much greater treat was a small fire, kept up during part of the day.' On the 11th, the dogs and men being refreshed and the sledges repaired, the party hastened onward, impelled by the noise of the crashing ice, which sounded like distant thunder. Fortunately land was reached without any serious accident, and the expedition arrived safely at Nijnei-Kolymsk on the 28th of April.

The summer of 1821 was devoted to several land and coasting excursions by different divisions of the corps, each adding something to the ascertained knowledge of this part of the world. The winter which followed was more than usually severe, and a new misfortune overtook the district around Nijnei-Kolymsk, in a malady among the dogs. One hundred of these useful animals were required for M. Von Wrangell's third excursion to the Polar Sea in 1822, but it was with the greatest difficulty that thirty-six could be procured. With these a party set out on the 14th of March, and on this occasion reached latitude 72 degrees 2 minutes, but still without discovering any large tract of land. From the nature of the ice, the increasing depth of the sea, and other circumstances, M. Von Wrangell appears to have come to the conclusion that there was really no great mass of land in this part of the Polar Sea, and that it was useless pursuing an investigation fraught with so much danger. He accordingly once more returned to land, making in his course some new observations on the coast. He reached his old quarters at Nijnei-Kolymsk on the 5th of May.

Part of the summer was devoted to an expedition westwards, through a singular tract of country called the Stony Tundra; and an expedition of a more important kind was performed by Lieutenant Anjou thence northwards to the islands of New Siberia, Fadejvskoi, and Kotelnoi, lying under latitude 75 degrees, beyond which it was found too hazardous to proceed by sledges; and to attempt the journey by boats would have been not less dangerous. An important object was gained by these united expeditions, in laying down a correct chart of the northern coast of Siberia, and of the few islands with which the frozen ocean is here studded.

M. Von Wrangell undertook his last expedition to the Polar Sea in March 1823, provided with a few good teams of dogs. The object was to penetrate as far eastward as possible; and, after difficulties as great as were ever previously encountered, he reached latitude 70 degrees 51 minutes, longitude 175 degrees 27 minutes. From this point, which was about sixty miles from the nearest land, the party hurried rapidly back, the rising temperature and increasing number of fissures in the ice giving signal to lose no time in the retreat. But the nearer they approached the coast, the danger fearfully augmented. The icy plain broke into huge fragments, and driving became impossible. The situation of the forlorn travellers was now truly awful, and we shall leave the author to describe it in his own words.

'After driving only three wersts, we found our old track completely obliterated by fresh hummocks and fissures, which rendered our advance so difficult, that we were at last forced to abandon a part of the stores which we carried. After toiling on for two wersts more, we found ourselves completely surrounded by lanes of water, opening more and more, until to the west the sea appeared completely open with floating ice, and dark vapours ascending from it obscured the whole horizon. To the south we still saw what appeared a plain of ice, but it consisted only of larger fragments, and even these we could not reach, as we were separated from them by a wide space of water. Thus cut off on every side, we awaited the night with anxiety. Happily for us, both

the sea and the air were calm, and this circumstance, and the expectation of a night-frost, gave us hope. During the night (March 26-27) a gentle breeze sprung up from the W.N.W., and gradually impelled the ice-island on which we were towards the east, and nearer to the larger surface before-mentioned. In order to get over the remaining space, we hooked with poles the smaller pieces of ice which floated about, and formed with them a kind of bridge, which the night-frost cemented sufficiently to admit of our crossing over upon it before sunrise on the 27th. We had hardly proceeded one werst, when we found ourselves in a fresh labyrinth of lanes of water, which hemmed us in on every side. As all the floating pieces around us were smaller than the one on which we stood, which was seventy-five fathoms across, and as we saw many certain indications of an approaching storm, I thought it better to remain on the larger mass, which offered us somewhat more security; and thus we waited quietly whatever Providence should decree. Dark clouds now rose from the west, and the whole atmosphere became filled with a damp vapour. A strong breeze suddenly sprung up from the west, and increased in less than half an hour to a storm. Every moment huge masses of ice around us were dashed against each other, and broken into a thousand fragments. Our little party remained fast on our ice-island, which was tossed to and fro by the waves. We gazed in most painful inactivity on the wild conflict of the elements, expecting every moment to be swallowed up. We had been three long hours in this position, and still the mass of ice beneath us held together, when suddenly it was caught by the storm, and hurled against a large field of ice: the crash was terrific, and the mass beneath us was shattered into fragments. At that dreadful moment, when escape seemed impossible, the impulse of self-preservation implanted in every human being saved us. Instinctively we all sprang at once on the sledges, and urged the dogs to their full speed; they flew across the yielding fragments to the field on which we had been stranded, and safely reached a part of it of firmer character, on which were several hummocks, and where the dogs immediately ceased running, conscious, apparently, that the danger was past. We were saved: we joyfully embraced each other, and united in thanks to God for our preservation from such imminent peril. But the continued raging of the tempest, and the crashing of the ice around, warned us not to delay; and after a few moments' repose, we hastened onwards, guided by our view of the coast, to our first deposit of provisions, four wersts from the shore. There we loaded our sledges with as much as they could carry, and before it was perfectly dark, reached the land.'

Thus rescued from destruction among the melting ices of the Polar Sea, the party proceeded along the coast by Cape Chelagskoi, visited the settlements of the Tchuktches, and returned to Nijnei-Kolymsk on the 10th of May. Having now completed the execution of their instructions, as far as practicable, the members of the expedition prepared to set out homewards. They departed on the 19th of November, following a track towards Iakutsk, usually taken by trading caravans, and accompanied by a few wandering Iakuts. The degree of cold and exposure which this hardy people can endure in their journeys was a matter of surprise to the travellers. 'The Iakuts,' it is remarked, 'do not use any kind of tent or covering, nor any of the larger fur garments, without which we could not venture into the open air when the cold had attained a certain intensity. An Iakut, when travelling, wears only his usual in-door clothing, and at night spreads a horse-cloth on the snow, which, with a saddle for his pillow, forms the whole of his bedding: his only covering is the fur jacket which he has worn during the day, and which he pulls off and puts over his back and shoulders, while the front of his body has scarcely any covering, and is turned to a blazing fire. When he has lain for some time in this way, and feels so warm that he is near perspiring, he stops up his nose and ears with little bits of fur, and covers his face so as to leave only an exceedingly small aperture for breathing, and this is all that he requires in the most intense cold not to be frozen during sleep. Even in Siberia the Iakuts are called *iron men*, and I suppose that there are not any other people in the world who endure cold and hunger as they do. I have seen them frequently, in the severe cold of this country, and when the fire had long been extinguished, and the light jacket had slipped off their shoulders, sleeping quietly, completely exposed to the heavens, with scarcely any clothing on, and their bodies covered with a thick coat of rime.'

Here we may take leave of M. Von Wrangell's most interesting production, which we confidently recommend as a valuable addition to popular literature. The intrepid author, it is agreeable to learn, reached St Petersburg in safety on the 15th of August 1824, having in his perilous wanderings added not a few important facts to the general stock of information respecting the polar regions.

LIVING IN SPLENDOUR WITHOUT APPARENT MEANS.

THAT one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, is a sweeping axiom, which, if not literally true, is near enough to truth for an adage. There is, however, a special small class, whose subsistence is a mystery to all the rest, even after every reasonable effort has been made to discover the secret. They are persons who keep handsome, if not magnificent establishments, and act in all respects as men of the first fortune, without any visible means of obtaining the most humble subsistence.

In the lax court of Charles II. there were several specimens of this sort of adventurer. The most conspicuous was the Count de Grammont, a banished courtier of France, who lived in great style; he, however, belonged to a good family, who were in affluent circumstances, so that some part of his revenue may have been derived from home, though not enough to support the extravagant splendour with which he surrounded himself. A much more remarkable example is presented in Beau Wilson, who lived with a degree of magnificence rivalling that of Grammont, without possessing apparent means to the amount of a single penny.

Notwithstanding his efforts to conceal every circumstance connected with his private history, it was ascertained that Wilson was the younger son of parents who were sufficiently respectable to procure him a commission in the army. Accordingly, he went to Flanders, where hostilities were going on; but behaved with such cowardice, that he was cashiered, and was so poor, that he was obliged to borrow forty shillings of a friend to pay his passage back to England. From that time Wilson's history is under a cloud, till we find him bursting forth in London as the brightest star in the hemisphere of fashion. His house was furnished with splendour, and attended by a complete retinue of servants. His coaches were magnificent, his stud complete, being made up of saddle, harness, hunting, and race horses of the best breeds. His dress (then a formidable item of expenditure), dinners, and parties, were the admiration of the town; whilst the sources of all this expenditure were equally its wonder. The most obvious conjecture is to refer such mysterious revenues to success in gaming; but Wilson seldom played, and if he did, it was for inconsiderable stakes. Though frequently set upon by the inquisitive, he kept a strict guard over his words, even in moments of excessive conviviality; and all the ingenious devices which were put in force against his prudence were not successful in making him reveal his secret. There was nothing mysterious in his manner; on the contrary, he was of a free and open disposition, and was accessible at all times, so that it was clear he

had no secret method of making money either as a coiner or an alchemist; for he was accused of being both by persons who were unable to invent more plausible suppositions to account for his wealth. A hundred other reports were set afloat. Some said that when in Flanders, he had robbed a Holland mail of an immense value in diamonds, and though another individual suffered for that crime, yet, because that person denied it to the last, Wilson was pointed out as the real perpetrator. Others declared that he was supported by the Jews as a decoy to obtain advantageous money transactions with the nobility. At last these reports multiplied both in number and extravagance, till Wilson found it expedient to make an effort to put a stop to them. This determination led, unfortunately, to a tragical issue. Having traced one of the injurious rumours to a Mr Law,* he challenged him, and was found dead near the place appointed for the duel, having been, it was asserted, run through the body by Law before he had time to draw his own sword. Mr Wilson lived in unabated splendour to the last; and what crowned the mystery of his munificent expenditure was the fact, that after his death only a small sum of money was found amongst his effects. He had no debts, and the world was left in total ignorance of the funds out of which he supported his stately magnificence.

Another instance is of later date. In 1814-15, during the congress of princes and nobles at Vienna, a person named Reilly attracted general attention by the frequency and splendour of his dinner parties. They must have been sumptuous indeed, to have caused remark amidst the most brilliant and magnificent series of entertainments which perhaps ever were given; for never before was such a galaxy of princes and plenipotentiaries assembled in one place. Though no person knew precisely his origin, yet it was evident from his manners—which were far from refined—that it was not noble. He had, however, been met previously in the highest circles; one gentleman had encountered him in Calcutta at the table of the governor-general of India, then at Hamburgh, in Moscow, and in Paris after the peace of Amiens, when he stated he had just returned from Madrid. In Vienna he outdid the most opulent. He lived in a magnificent hotel—that belonging to the counts of Rosenberg—his furniture and equipages were of the first style, his servants wore the richest liveries, his dinners were on the grandest scale, and composed of the most exquisite dishes imaginable. His guests were the hereditary princes of Bavaria, the Duke of Baden, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, several ambassadors and *chargés d'affairs*, and other persons of high distinction. How all these expenses were supplied, remained a mystery; for though Reilly gamed deeply, and had an associate in a Mr O'Bearn, who was doubtless a confederate, yet they could hardly have cheated to a sufficient extent to support his princely establishment.

In the end, however, it proved that Reilly's secret income was not of so enduring a character as Wilson's. In 1821 he appeared in Paris, a beggar and an outcast, his money, carriages, diamonds, all gone. To show the depth of poverty into which he was sunk, he called on the Count De la Garde, whom he had met in Vienna, declaring he had exhausted everything, 'except,' he added, 'this bracelet, which contains my poor wife's hair. It would have followed everything else to the pawnbroker's shop, if I could have raised a five-franc piece on it, but I cannot.' De la Garde inquired why he did not address those illustrious persons whom he regaled so magnificently at Vienna? 'I have done so,' replied Reilly, 'but have received no reply.' The wretched existence of this man was protracted for three years longer, at the end of which time he died of hunger in the streets![†]

* The same, it is believed, who afterwards made such a noise in France by his Mississippi system of finance.

† For the account of Reilly we are indebted to the Foreign Quarterly Review for January 1844.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

The great importance of a careful correction of the press, may easily be conceived from the numerous and lengthy disputes that have arisen among literary men relative to the typographical accuracy and proper construction of many remarkable passages in celebrated authors, especially in those of ancient time.

Robert Stephens, a Paris printer, celebrated for his classic editions, used, in order to insure perfect accuracy in his works, to exhibit the printer's proofs for public inspection, rewarding any person who could detect an error in them, so that it might be corrected previous to publication. Yet one of his editions of the Greek Testament is known by the appellation of 'the *pulres* edition,' from the circumstance of the word *plures*, in the Latin, being misprinted, owing to a transposition of the letter *l*; an error which was long supposed to be the only one in the work, till a closer examination in recent times discovered four others in the Greek text. Bishop Lowth has said that he could only discover one error, the omission of an iota subscribed to a dative, in that most beautiful and accurate edition of Homer's works published at Glasgow in 1756. Gibbon, too, applauds this edition for the beauty of its type, and says that Homer consequently imparts more delight through its pages than those of any other edition.

Many a good book is sadly disfigured by typographical errors. Lady Mary Fox's handsome work, entitled *The Country House* (1843), published under royal patronage, abounds in errors of the press and of punctuation, causing the most ridiculous and nonsensical blunders to interlard much good reading. While some authors are so negligent about correcting their printers' proofs, others are extremely diligent in making unnecessary alterations. When the printers sent Burke the proof of his *Letter to a Noble Lord* (the most spirited, glowing, and sportive of all his effusions), he made so many alterations and interlineations, that the compositors, refusing to correct it as it was, took the whole matter to pieces, and reset the copy. In a recent historical work, an instance is related of three volumes of corrections being written to one volume of proofs; and it is, we believe, a fact past doubt, that a book published in Edinburgh a few years ago, was made half a guinea dearer than had been intended, in consequence of the unexpected addition to the expense of printing, which the editor had occasioned to the publishers by his numerous corrections of the press. It is related that when Ben Jonson was asked to revise a sermon full of printers' errors, he declined the task, but recommended the tract to be sent to the house of correction.

Works that are hurriedly produced, such as newspapers, are more liable than any to contain typographical errors which have escaped the correction of their authors or editors. Thomas Moore, in his *Fudges in England*, makes the accomplished Fanny Fudge say—

'Tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country press in one's prosody makes.
For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and, what's worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it from "*fleshy brown noses!*"
And once when, to please my cross aunt, I had tried
To commem'rate some saint of her *clique* who'd just died,
Having said he had taken up in heaven his position,
They made it he'd taken up to heaven his *physician*.'

From a file of newspapers, we learn that a silver medal has been given to Mr Clark for *stealing* geraniums, instead of seedling geraniums; that a live *surgeon* was caught in the Thames, and *sold to the inhabitants* at sixpence per pound; a bishop is stated to have been highly pleased with some church *iniquities*, instead of antiquities; a noble lord is prevented from attending to his parliamentary duties by a violent *scold*, instead of a cold; a grand *consort*, instead of a concert, will be given every evening; a factory boy has been *shaved* to death, for slaved; the hospital contains many cases of *confusions* of the limbs, instead of contusions; a lady has been cured by the Cheltenham *writers*, instead of waters; great excitement has been created by a highway *bobbery*; and that ants reside in subterranean *taverns*, instead of caverns. In James I.'s reign, an act was passed to prevent the further growth of popery, but the printers

made it an act to prevent the growth of poetry. Ross's translation of Lessing's *Laocoon* contains this singular misquotation of Pope—

'Who could take offence,
When pure description held the place of *sauce*,'

instead of 'the place of sense.'

The folio edition of the Holy Bible and Common Prayer, published by Thomas Buck (Cambridge, 1638), contains a material error of the press in the substitution of the word ye for *we* in Acts vi. 3, imputed to the Independents, and sometimes to the Presbyterians, but without foundation. In Stawell's notes on Virgil's Georgics, p. 471, occurs this amusing erratum—For 'Every friend to literature must be *anxious* to see Murphy's translation of Vaniere,' read 'Every friend to literature must be *distressed* to see Murphy's translation,' &c. There is something beyond a slight difference in these two readings.

MENTAL EXERCISE CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

[The following reasoning upon this subject occurs in a recent American publication entitled 'Mental Hygiene; or an Examination of the Intellect and Passions, designed to illustrate their influence on Health and the Duration of Life. By William Sweetser, M.D.' Of this work, which we can recommend as one presenting much useful information, we are glad to find that a reprint has just been issued in a cheap form—Maclauchlan and Stewart, Edinburgh.]

The mind, like the body, demands exercise. That the proudest faculties of our nature were intended for slothful inaction—that talents were given us to remain buried and unproductive—is repugnant alike to reason and analogy. There is, in fact, no power of the living economy, however humble, but needs action, both on its own account, and on that of the general constitution. So closely united by sympathies are all our functions, that the judicious exercise of each one, beside conducing to its individual welfare, must contribute, in a greater or less degree, a healthful influence to every other.

Man, as already affirmed, discovers a natural desire for knowledge; and the very exertion necessary to its attainment, and the delight experienced in the gratification of this innate curiosity, diffuse a wholesome excitement throughout the system. There is a pleasure in the exercise of thought, in whose kindly effects all the functions must in some measure participate. Agreeable and well-regulated studies or mental occupations are as essential to the integrity of the mind, as are judicious exercises to that of the body; and as the health of the latter, as all admit, conduces to that of the former, so also does a sound state of mind communicate a salutary influence to the functions of the body.

The mind, then, needs occupation, not only for its own sake, but also for that of the organism with which it is so intricately involved. Mental inactivity, in the existing constitution of society, is the occasion of an amount of moral and physical suffering which, to one who had never reflected upon the subject, would appear scarcely credible. From this proceeds that *tædium vitæ*, that dreadful irksomeness of life, so often witnessed among the opulent, or what are termed the privileged classes of society, who are engaged in no active or interesting pursuits, and who, already possessing the liberal gifts of fortune, and consequently the means of gratifying all their natural and artificial wants, lack the stimulus of necessity to awaken and sustain in wholesome action their mental energies. Hence, although they may be objects of envy to those whose straitened circumstances demand continued and active exertions, yet is their situation too often anything but enviable. Their cup of life drugged with the gall and bitterness of ennui, their paramount wish is to escape from themselves, from the painful listlessness of a surfeited existence. The mind must be occupied, else discontented and gloomy, if not wicked feelings, will be likely to take possession of it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, yet is it questionable if a much heavier curse could be imposed on man, with his present nature, than the complete gratification of all his wishes, leaving nothing for his hopes, desires, or struggles. The joy and animation of the huntsman last but with the chase. The feeling that life is without aim or purpose, that it is destitute of any motive to action, is of all others the most depressing—the most insupportable to a moral and intellectual being.

Men of different constitutions, habits, talents, and education, will, as might be expected, require different sorts and degrees of mental action. Such as are endowed with vigorous intellectual powers, and in whose exercise they have been long accustomed to indulge, are liable to suffer the most when their minds are left unemployed. Those, for example, who are fond of study, and have been long used to devote a part of their time to its prosecution, may even sustain a manifest injury, both in their moral and physical health, by a sudden and continued interruption of such habit; a painful void being thus left in the mind, indirectly depressing its feelings, and, by a necessary consequence, all the important functions of life.

It is told of Petrarch, when at Vaucluse, that his friend the Bishop of Cavaillon, fearing lest his too close devotion to study would wholly ruin his health, which was already much impaired, having procured of him the key of his library, immediately locked up his books and writing-desks, saying to him, 'I interdict you from pen, ink, paper, and books for the space of ten days.' Petrarch, though much pained in his feelings, nevertheless submitted to the mandate. The first day was passed by him in the most tedious manner; during the second, he suffered under a constant headache; and on the third, he became affected with fever. The bishop now, taking pity on his condition, returned him his key, and thus restored him to his previous health.

Those, again, who, while yet in the vigour of life, retire from their wonted business, be it mercantile or professional, and thus all at once break up their habits of mental application, are apt to fall into a painful state of listlessness or ennui, and which, in certain temperaments, will often grow into a morbid melancholy, shading every scene and every prospect with a dismal and hopeless gloom. And sometimes the disgust and loathing of existence become so extreme, that they rid themselves of its hated burden with their own hands. This state of moral depression, if long continued, may also originate painful and fatal physical infirmities, or may pass into some settled form of insanity, especially that of monomania. In some instances it will change into, or alternate with, a reckless and ungovernable excitement, the individual running into wild extravagance or rash speculations—giving himself up to habits of gambling, or gross intemperance, to relieve the painful void in his purposeless existence.

Elderly persons, who all at once give up their accustomed occupations, and consequently their mental activity, and retire to enjoy their ease and leisure, will not rarely, especially if they have been previously free livers, experience a rapid breaking up of their mental, and perhaps bodily powers, passing sometimes into a more or less complete state of what has been termed senile dementia.

Under the circumstances of mental *inertia* to which I have been referring, it is often observed, that anything arousing the mind to exertion, even positive misfortunes, will, by reviving the almost palsied feelings, be attended with a manifestly salutary influence. Thus is it that the retired opulent are oftentimes, if not past the age of action, made happier, healthier, and, I may also add, better, by the loss of so much of their property as to render renewed exertions necessary to their subsistence. Retirement from long-established and active duties demands intellectual and moral resources of which few, in the present condition of society, have a right to boast.

It is an opinion not uncommonly entertained, that studious habits or intellectual pursuits tend necessarily to injure the health and abbreviate the term of life—that mental labours are ever prosecuted at the expense of the body, and must consequently hasten its decay. Such a result, however, is by no means essential, unless the labours be urged to an injudicious excess, when, of course, as in all overstrained exertions, whether of body or mind, various prejudicial effects may be naturally anticipated. I mean not to assert that those in whom the intellect is chiefly engaged will enjoy the same athletic strength, or display equal muscular development, with others whose pursuits are of a more mechanical character—for Nature seldom lavishes upon us a full complement of her various gifts; but I do believe that, under prudent habits of life, and with a naturally sound constitution, they may preserve as uniform health, and live as long as any other class of persons. In support of such belief abundant instances may be cited, both from ancient and modern times, of men eminently distinguished for the amount and profundity of their mental labours, who, being temperate and regular in their habits, have continued to enjoy firm health, and have at-

tained a protracted existence. It has indeed been said by some eminent writer, that 'one of the rewards of philosophy is long life.' But let me illustrate by a few examples. Among the moderns, Boerhaave lived to seventy, Locke to seventy-three, Galileo to seventy-eight, Sir Edward Coke to eighty-four, Newton to eighty-five, and Fontenelle to a hundred. Boyle, Leibnitz, Volney, Buffon, and a multitude of others of less note that could be named, lived to quite advanced ages. And the remarkable longevity of many of the German scholars, who have devoted themselves almost exclusively to the pursuit of science and literature, must be sufficiently familiar to my readers. Professor Blumenbach, the distinguished German naturalist, died not long since at the age of eighty-eight; and Dr Olbers, the celebrated astronomer of Bremen, in his eighty-first year.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempests, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm, upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless City while it sleeps.

—From a selection entitled 'Poetry of Common Life.' London: Clarke. 1844.

THE SENSATION OF STARVING.

The following description of the tortures of starvation is taken from the narrative of the Texan Santa Fé expedition:—'For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are, perhaps, more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate, unappeasable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantials, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by a nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterwards his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his colour an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous processions through the mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang lifelessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile, the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.'

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

At a late meeting at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr Samuda read an interesting paper respecting Atmospheric Railways. It commenced with the general principles of the system, describing it as a system of working railways in which the moving power is communicated by means of a continuous pipe or main laid between the rails, and divided by valves into suitable lengths, for exhaustion; a partial vacuum is formed in the pipe by air-pumps, worked by machinery, at intervals along the line. Along the upper side of the main is a continuous aperture, which is covered by a leather valve, guarded above and below with iron plates, hinged on one side to the pipe, and falling into a groove containing a mixture of wax and tallow on the opposite side, so as to close the aperture. A piston is attached at some distance in front of, and beneath the leading carriage of the train, and, by means of a packing of leather, fits within the main pipe, so as to be nearly air-tight. When a vacuum is formed in the main in front of the piston, and in the direction in which the train is to travel, the air, impinging on the other side of the piston, carries it forward with a velocity due to its pressure upon the area of the piston, which, being attached to the leading carriage, carries the train forward with it. The valve which covers the continuous opening along the main is opened by a frame and wheels which precede the carriage, and it is closed and sealed down, as the train proceeds, by a heater, which slightly melts the wax and tallow as it passes over it. The details of all these parts of the contrivance were then given, and were illustrated by a series of drawings. The paper then proceeded to notice the early attempts at using the pressure of the atmosphere for conveying goods and passengers, the proposals of Medhurst in 1810, of Vallance (of Brighton), and others: it appeared that the first intentions were to have exhausted cylinders of considerable area, within which the carriages should travel; but as it naturally was objected that the passengers might not approve of this mode of conveyance through a continuous tunnel, means were devised for connecting the piston within the tube with the carriage travelling upon the rails outside it, and, after numerous attempts, Messrs Cleg and Samuda succeeded in the system described, and which, after being tried for some time imperfectly at Wormwood Scrubs, has been carried out practically on the line from Kingston to Dalkey, near Dublin, a distance of 1¾ miles, up a series of inclines averaging one in a hundred and fifteen.—*Atlas.*

MENTAL CULTIVATION.

What stubbing, ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and such vegetables which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected uncultivated mind a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.—*Berkeley.*

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, July 27, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 31. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1844. Price 1½d.

'IT IS ALWAYS CIRCULATING MONEY.'

It is very common to hear acts of unusual extravagance palliated with the phrase, 'It's always circulating money,' there being a prevalent notion that money does good by being spent, more particularly if any of it goes directly into the hands of persons engaged in humble occupations. A young man newly come into the enjoyment of his fortune, who impoverishes himself by reckless expenditure upon dogs, horses, and other over-costly means of amusement, is never for this reason a very unpopular character: 'he is at least circulating money.' A few thoughtless men about town meet at their club, and, in a fit of ultra high spirits, resolve to have as good—that is, as expensive a dinner as the steward can produce; it costs five pounds a-head,* which is as much as would have given a good meal to a hundred persons, and is in fact exactly the cost of the daily dinner of about one thousand poor people in a workhouse. This coarse and unenjoyed—unenjoyable excess is not of the class of things which the bulk of mankind condemn: 'it is always circulating money.' At an election, say each candidate spends two thousand pounds in beer to regale the populace; that is, to purchase their favour by gratifying one of their lowest appetites. All sober people see that the beer does harm, in as far as it produces idleness, and interrupts good habits; but the expenditure is never quite regretted: 'it is always circulating money.' On the other hand, men who husband their means carefully are generally not much liked by the multitude. 'They bind up money, and thereby prevent it doing any good. Nobody is ever the better of it, not even themselves.'

It is really surprising what an amount of error there is here, and that the world should continue in ignorance on a matter of so much importance. There is, in reality, not the least public good in an expenditure of money upon objects foolish and worthless; on the contrary, it is a public evil. In the first place, to suppose that money which is taken due care of is not doing good, is a complete fallacy. The accumulated funds of the merest miser—unless in the rare morbid instances where they are kept in a strong box—are as actively serviceable as the coin in a shopman's till, seeing that they are usually employed in bank business, joint-stock companies, the improvement of land, or some other such ways. And all the great operations of concentrated labour which make a country great, are the results of saved capital thus expended. How directly the poor are often interested in the accumulation of such capital, may be very well seen when it is employed in cutting a canal, or building a bridge, or forming a railway, in which operations hosts of workmen are necessarily employed. The savers of money are in fact amongst the greatest benefactors of a country, being those by whom its material, and even, in many instances, its moral interests, are chiefly advanced. It is only an ignorant ingratitude which holds them up to ridicule or condemnation.

Every one can readily see that when one spends his money in such ways, he is employing worthy, honest, and it must also be in many cases ingenious labourers, upon objects which will be likely to redound to the future advantage of mankind. For example, if it be employed in improving land, it gives work to multitudes of farm-servants; it perhaps employs mariners in importing foreign manure; it calls for the engagement of skilful superintendents, to whom salaries must be paid; and the consequence of the whole is, that where a hundred persons could once be supported, the food of two hundred is now raised: room is thus made for a hundred more human beings to enjoy a Creator's bounties, and yield him the worship of their happiness. Or, for another example, if the money be expended upon a railway, there equally are men employed, some in cutting and embanking, some in mining for the metal and forging it at the foundry, others in the construction of the various works: the labour of all these men is useful and respectable; and behold rising under their hands a conveniency by which many things must be cheapened and the circle of public happiness extended; by which, moreover, future and permanent employment is provided for a vast number of persons.

What, in contrast with this, is the effect of the expenditure of money upon senseless extravagances? Say it is spent upon the turf; are not the persons to whom it falls generally a worthless class, whose existence does rather harm than good to the community? Say it is spent upon any other ministers of unworthy pleasures, does it not then equally support beings who form foci of corruption to the public? But it is not necessary that vice or licentiousness should be presumed. It is enough that, when money is spent in a foolish way, it maintains persons whose labour is of no real benefit to the spenders or to mankind. For example, suppose it is spent upon luxurious delicacies or high-priced wines, and not for enjoyment, but by way of mere vanity. Here equally, as in the improvement of land or the formation of railways, labour is paid for—the labour of raising, preparing, transporting, and retailing the luxuries in question. But if the result of this labour is not enjoyed, and tends to no future good, is it not misdirected labour, when it could have been as easily devoted to useful purposes? The raisers, preparers, transporters, and retailers of the unenjoyed delicacies might have all been employed in operations tending to give real gratification to their fellow-creatures; they would have been equally happy so em-

* A dinner of actual occurrence is here referred to.

ployed, and the profits would have been the same; but the fact of thoughtless and ignorant men demanding such delicacies, causes a diversion of labour from right to wrong channels, and the consequence is, that so many human beings are put, as it were, *hors de combat*, as far as the exercise of their industry, ingenuity, and acquired skill is concerned. The whole problem, in short, resolves itself into this. All men have to be supported: it concerns the community that each should give a return in utility for his support: where the support is given for a return not useful, an evil is sustained to that extent by the community.

The rule here concerned might even be applied in some cases where money is spent for benevolent purposes. A kind-hearted country gentleman, seeing around him a great number of labouring people with little employment, thinks of setting them to trifling duties about his grounds, not so much for any good they can do there, as for the sake of succouring them without the loss of their independence. In such cases there is often a strong dash of the 'It is always circulating money' fallacy. The employer regards his funds as a fertilising medium permeating the neighbourhood, and thinks no more of the loss he is incurring. Now, as far as succour is absolutely needed by the poor, it is most laudable to bestow it; it is still more laudable to bestow it with delicacy, and a regard to the feelings of the poor. But it is well at the same time to be aware that no further good is attained, if the work done be of no use. It may even be doing harm, as the having this fictitious employment may prevent individuals from searching about and finding work that would really tend to useful purposes. It may be a distressing consideration to both parties; but the fact undoubtedly is, that a gentleman giving wages for work which he does not desire to see performed, and which has no imaginable utility, is only pauperising his humble neighbours. In exigencies, such a course may, or rather perhaps must be taken; but it should be regarded in its true light, and every effort made on both sides to exchange it for an employment really useful, and by accepting which the poor man does not forfeit his independence.

It will not, we hope, be surmised that there is any objection here intended against labours which tend to ornamental purposes, or even to the production of luxuries, as distinguished from those which result in the rigidly useful. Matters gratifying to the finer tastes are indeed as useful as the merest substantialities, provided they really can furnish a rational and innocent enjoyment, and that the production, purveying, and consumption of them are attended by no immoral results. Reasonable latitude must be allowed to the tastes of individuals having wealth to spend; otherwise the incentives to human industry, and the public happiness generally, would be much diminished. But yet it is a truth in political science, that there are merits and demerits in the modes of spending money. The ruined gambler or man of pleasure is not entitled to lay the flattering unction to his soul—'Well, at least, my money did good to those amongst whom it was spent.' All ought to be made to know that, if they have spent much money upon the worthless and idle, or even upon industrious persons whose labours are of no real good either to individuals or the public, they have not acted nearly so good a part, or deserved so well the approbation of their fellow-creatures, as if they had distributed it in the purchase of rational gratifications, or for the promotion of public works which will redound to the permanent benefit of mankind. The right use of money is indeed a department of morality, and we hope to see the time when the abuse of the gifts of Providence will be as much condemned by public opinion as the more glaring breaches of good manners.

BAPTISTE BROWN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

It was my good fortune, during one of my American wanderings, to fall in with Baptiste Brown, a famous trapper of the Rocky Mountains. Few men had seen more than he had of the wild life of the great prairie wilderness: he had hunted with the Shoshonies or Snakes in the Bayou Salade, and the Bull Pen, as well as on the borders of Great Salt Lake: he had been chased by the Crows near the head waters of the Platte and Yellowstone rivers, by the Blackfeet on the Marias; but his recollections of adventure round Fort David Crockett, in Brown's Hole, were by far the most interesting to me, who had seen that curious locality. While relating his marvellous and soul-stirring narratives, his huge bulk appeared to dilate, he sucked furiously at his corn cob pipe, and his animation was so contagious, that I fairly wished myself once more over the dreary desert which separated me from the place, and enjoying the hospitality of the St Clairs and Robinsons. One of Baptiste's adventures with the Arrapahoe Indians was so characteristic and singular, that I give it in the order in which I received it.

The valley which is known as Brown's Hole is situated south of the Wind-river Mountains, on the Sheetskadee, or Prairie Cock-river. Elevated several thousand feet above the level of the sea, only about fifteen miles in circumference, surrounded by lofty hills on every side, it is aptly, though not elegantly, characterised as a hole. The green and nutritious mountain grasses, the scattered thickets of cotton-tree, the elegant groves of willow, the rich and fertile soil of this sequestered vale, where vegetables are reared in profusion, are all nourished by the Sheetskadee, or, as some have it, the Green river, which enters the Hole from the north, leaving it by a pass similar to the vale of Tempe towards the south. The temperature is exquisite; hence hundreds of trappers make it their winter quarters. Indians, too, of all nations, but more especially the Arrapahoes, frequent it to trade with the white men. These Indians bear a better character than any others amid the red-skins of the Rocky Mountains; are brave, warlike, and ingenious; hospitable to the last degree; and, unlike many of their brethren, own large numbers of horses, mules, dogs, and sheep. The dogs they fatten and eat; hence they are called dog-eaters, or Arrapahoes. Their blanket manufacture proclaims a great advance towards civilisation; it being, however, a native, not an exotic art.

Now, amongst the damsels who came and located round about Brown's Hole, when the tribe paid their visit to trade with the white men, was a young and merry Indian girl, who, after one or two interviews, took forcible possession of Baptiste's heart. Nothing more common, and, according to the habits of the Rocky Mountains, nothing more in the course of things than a union with the handsome red-skin. Many a man of higher position in the world had abandoned home, the appliances and arts of civilised life, to mate with a fair denizen of the wilds. Apart from women of their own colour, the daring pioneers of civilisation forget that they are white, which, considering the embrowning influence of exposure and the sun, is little to be wondered at. During a portion of the year, too, the various games are not to be hunted, and idleness is the order of the day: then the hunters seek amusement in the wigwams and village greens of their dark neighbours, who differ

much in their habits from those who have been expelled from their homes in the United States. The women dance here, and many a heart is lost to them while their bright bare heels foot the green; moccassins and leggings have to be made, and blankets wove, and the young trappers, like many an enamoured one nearer home, linger round them while engaged in these duties, which they beguile and lighten with their rich and tender songs. It was upon one of these occasions that Baptiste first loved the young Arrapahoe. The plain course, then, was to win and wed her. But, alas! savage papas are wonderfully like certain papas in other places, though perhaps they are more open and matter-of-fact, since they require here a consideration in exchange, which consideration, being kept for the parents' use, must be of equal marketable value with the daughter. The usual course is to select your best horse, and leading it to the wigwam of your fair one's parents, there tie him to a post and walk away. If the horse upon examination be approved of, an interview ensues, and matters are soon brought to a final issue; while if, on the contrary, the girl should be considered more valuable than the horse, other presents are required ere the relatives can be induced to part with what is of goodly price. Many a rich white man has thus carried off the fairest girl of a tribe; and one instance has been known of seven hundred dollars being offered to a fortunate swain who had in his wigwam an Eutaw wife of great beauty; to his honour be it said, the offer, though continually repeated, was never accepted.

Baptiste unfortunately had parted with all his hard year's earnings ere his heart was taken by storm. Unluckily, he had spent them in these expensive enjoyments of spirits and tobacco, which bring so many of these stalwart and hardy frames to premature death. He had not, therefore, left himself wherewith to buy a horse, and without a horse no wife was to be had. The hunting season was over long since, and it wanted a month of the new time for starting. Baptiste, however, shouldered his rifle, and left the comforts and amusements of Fort David Crockett to seek the bear in his wildest haunts, the beaver in his dams, and the bounding elk on his grassy plains, hoping to raise, by his laborious prosecution of the chase, the means of winning his loved one from her parents.

The labour of many days brought to the trapper's *cache*, or hiding-place for skins and furs, a goodly supply. Otters were trapped, beavers caught, deer shot, and success appeared crowning the indefatigable exertions of my friend Baptiste. In the pursuit of game he wandered over much ground, but once loaded, he came back with his pack to the hiding-place, and depositing his treasures at head-quarters, started off once more. Three weeks and more were passed in this fashion, when, following a new path, the adventurous trapper entered a deep and woody glen that evidently led to an open plain where game might very probably be found. Pushing through thicket and brier, cutting his way even by means of his hunting knife, Baptiste at length burst from the cover of the wood, and stood on the edge of the open glade. An exclamation of surprise followed this action, and after slowly raising his eyes for an instant, the trapper backed into the wood, and there paused to reflect. To explain his conduct, we must glance at a peculiar custom of the Arrapahoes.

No young man, though his father were the bravest chief of the tribe, can range himself amid the warriors, and be entitled to marry or enjoy other rights of citizenship, until he shall have performed some act of personal daring and intrepidity, or be sprinkled with the blood of his enemies. In early spring, therefore, all the young men who are of the proper age band themselves together, and take to the woods in search, like the knight-errants of old, of adventure and peril. Having found out a secret and retired spot, they collect together poles of from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lashing them together at top, form a huge conical hut, with the addition of branches and leaves. A green buffalo head, kettles, scalps, blankets, and a white buffalo hide, are then suspended inside as offerings to the Great Spirit; after which certain incantations are performed, the first of which is smoking the medicine pipe. One of the parties fills it with tobacco and herbs, places upon the top a coal from the fire in the Spirit's mystic lodge, inhales the smoke, and expels it again through his nostrils. The ground is then touched with the bowl, and with various other minor ceremonies the pipe goes round the lodge. Many days of feasting and dancing pass ere they are ready for the campaign; at length, however, they abandon the hut, and death is the sure portion of him who shall be known to enter or otherwise desecrate it in their absence.

Upon one of these mystic lodges it was that Baptiste had suddenly stumbled, and various were the reflections suggested in his mind by the accident. Within the lodge were articles doubtless more than sufficient to purchase the necessary horse, but Baptiste had too much honour to think of robbing the red-skin temple. There is an intuitive respect for religion—a governing principle of right in the minds of these rude men, which is not the least singular of their peculiarities. Still, my friend was sorely tempted: 'It looked so plaguy like thrown afore my path, I couldn't hardly say no,' was his remark; besides that, he recollected the time when a poor white trapper, being robbed of his poncho at the beginning of winter, made free with a blanket found in one of the Arrapahoe lodges. Upon being brought before the elders, charged with the sacrilege, his defence was, that having been robbed, the Great Spirit took pity on his defenceless condition, and pointing out his blanket, bade him clothe himself. 'The Great Spirit has an undoubted right to give away his own property,' was the decision; and the trapper was freed. Still, Baptiste shook his head, and was about to move away, when a hand was laid on his shoulder behind, and an Indian warrior in his war-paint stood before him. The greeting of the wanderers was cordial and friendly, for the youth was the brother of the trapper's love, and Baptiste Brown had given him, the previous season, the handsomest tomahawk pipe in the tribe.

'My white brother is very wakeful; he rises early.'

The hunter laughed, and, indeed, almost blushed, as he replied, 'My wigwam is empty, and I would make it very warm for the sister of my Unami. He will be a great warrior.'

The young brave shook his head gravely, as he pointed to his belt, where not a scalp was to be seen, and said, 'Five moons have gone to sleep, and the Arrapahoe hatchet has not been raised. The Blackfeet are dogs, and hide in holes.' Without adding anything to this significant hint, that none of the young men had been able to fulfil their vows, the young chief led the way to the camp of the Arrapahoe war party. Baptiste, glad to see the face of a fellow-creature, followed the footsteps of the Arrapahoe, which were directed from the lodge towards the glen which the trapper had already traversed. In the very centre of the woody defile, and within twenty feet of where Baptiste had passed, was the Indian camp, where the hunter was cordially received, and invited to share the meal which the party were about to partake. Nothing loath, the keen air of the mountains having inspired a wonderful appetite, the request was complied with, and various huge slices of buffalo were despatched by Baptiste, who then smoked a pipe with his friend, and heard from him the history of the failure of the expedition. A short time passed, and certain signs made Baptiste somewhat uncomfortable. It was apparent the Indians were whispering something of interest concerning him, and, after a short pause, a hot discussion was on foot, in which the young chief joined. To use the words of the narrator of the tale, 'they all agreed that his white skin indubitably indicated that he belonged to the great tribe of their natural enemies, and that, with the blood of a white upon their garments, they would have fulfilled the terms of their vow, and could return to their

friends and tribe. But a part of them seriously questioned whether the sacred names of friend and brother, which they had for years applied to him, had not so changed his natural relationship to them, that the Great Spirit, to whom they had made their vow, had sent him among them in the character which they themselves had given him—as a friend and a brother. If so, they reasoned that the sacrifice of his life would only anger the Spirit, and by no means relieve them from the obligation of their vow. Another party reasoned that the Spirit had sent this victim among them to test their fidelity to him: he had indeed been their friend; they had called him brother; but he was also their natural enemy; and that the great one to whom they had made their vow would not release them at all from their obligations if they allowed this factitious relation of friendship to interfere with obedience to himself. The other party rejoined, that although the trapper was their natural enemy, he was not one within the meaning of their vow; that the taking of his life would be an invasion of its sacred obligations, a blot upon their courage, and an outrage upon the laws of friendship; that they could find other victims, but that their friend could not find another life.' To the consternation of Baptiste, these reasons did not appear to have their due weight with the majority, who, eager to regain their homes, and probably their loves, were bent on sacrificing him in fulfilment of their engagement. Seeing this, the young chief, and friend of our hardy trapper, rose, and waving his hand, intimated his intention to speak. 'The Arrapahoe is a warrior; his feet outstrips the fleetest horse; his arrow is as the lightning of the Great Spirit; he is very brave. But a cloud is between him and the sun; he cannot see his enemy; there is no scalp in his wigwam. The manitou is good; he sends a victim, a man whose skin is white, but his heart is very red; the pale-face is a brother, and his long knife is turned from his friends the Arrapahoes; but the Spirit is all-powerful. My brother,' pointing to Baptiste, 'is very full of blood; he can spare a little to stain the blanket of the young men, and his heart shall yet be warm. I have spoken.' As the trapper expressed it, the proposal was 'considerable agin the grain;' but he felt that the young chief had saved his life. Loud acclamations followed the speech; many of those most clamorous against the trapper being only actuated by the earnest desire of returning home with their vow accomplished, when all would be received into the list of warriors, and each of the young men would have a wigwam, a wife, and all the honours which accrue to an Indian father of a family. A flint lancet was now produced, the white man's arm was bared, and the blood which flowed from the slight wound was carefully distributed and scattered over the garments of the delighted Arrapahoes. The scene which followed was entirely unexpected on the part of my poor friend Baptiste Brown. Quite satisfied that their vow of shedding an enemy's blood had been fulfilled, the Indians were all gratitude for being removed from the horns of a dilemma which had lasted for five months; and to testify their gratitude in a substantial form, each man sought his pack, and laid at their white brother's feet, one an otter-skin, another a beaver, another a bear or buffalo, and so on, until his riches in furs far outstripped his most sanguine expectations. The young chief stood looking on, and when the rest had successively honoured their guest, advanced, leading by its bridle a magnificent saddle-horse and a sumpter-mule (doubtless a stray one from a trader's flock), and handed them to Baptiste. To refuse would have been against the etiquette of the desert, and, besides, our friend was too alive to the advantages which would accrue to him, to be any other than thankful. Rising therefore with a grim smile, he said, speaking in the Arrapahoe tongue, 'A friend of mine was marching from St Louis to Fort Bent, and of course he crossed the trail of the Cumanches. Well, one day a party of them Ingians came upon him, and having looked at him for about tu tu's, seized him, and dragging him to a pool, thrust his head into the water several times. Failing to obtain their object, they plastered his hair with mud, and washing it out again, were at length satisfied that it really was red, and not dyed. Delighted with so extraordinary a prize, they denuded his head, and having given him a dozen horses in exchange, very politely sent him on his way. Now, my friend used to say that he wished he had a few bushels more of the article, since it went off so well; and I, like him, wish I had more red water in my veins, since you find it so very valuable.' The Arrapahoes, who had seen red hair on others besides Brown himself, listened gravely, and when he had done, gave an expressive 'hugh!' after which they broke up their camp, and were soon lost to the trapper's view in the arches of the forest. Baptiste, who felt weak, mounted his horse, after loading the mule, and made the best of his way to the cache, where he remained some days. At the end of a fortnight, restored to his usual health, the trapper took his way to Brown's Hole. So early in the season, his furs obtained high prices, and having bartered them for knives, beads, powder, ball, &c. a few days brought him to the Arrapahoe village. The horse was considered a fair exchange for the maiden, and from that day the wigwam of his red-skin bride, in Old Park, on Grand River, was the head-quarters of Baptiste Brown, the hardy trapper of the Rocky Mountains.

FOWNES'S PRIZE ESSAY—'CHEMISTRY, AS EXEMPLIFYING THE WISDOM AND BENEFICENCE OF GOD.'*

THIS essay springs from a private endowment under the care of the Royal Institution. The author is Mr George Fownes, chemical lecturer in the Middlesex Hospital. We are now familiar with books tracing divine wisdom and beneficence in physics, physiology, and the mental constitution of man. Mr Babbage has called even the unpromising subject of mathematics into the same field. But this, as far as we are aware, is the first systematic attempt to draw inferences of design from the chemical constitution of the earth and its inhabitants. The book is a very able one, and, as a virtue which we know will be a great further recommendation, it is short.

Mr Fownes starts by explaining that in the earth, its atmosphere, and inhabitants, there are but fifty-five simple (undecompounded) substances or elements, of which, however, only a few are in any considerable amount. Oxygen and nitrogen (forming the atmosphere), hydrogen (forming, with oxygen, water), the non-metallic body silicon, the metals aluminium and calcium, and in a less proportion potassium, sodium, and iron, may be said to constitute the bulk of the inorganic materials subjected to our observation. Another, carbon, is the principal constituent of all organic bodies. Mr Fownes's first object is to trace the constituents of vegetable and animal bodies back into the inorganic world (the dust of the earth) out of which they have been formed; finding potash, for instance, in the felspar, one of the materials of granite, and phosphorus, a large constituent of our bones, in porcelain clay and other substances. 'The whole subject,' he says, 'of the formation of cultivable soils, and their distribution over the earth's surface, is replete with interest and instruction. Every earthquake which has in bygone times fractured and dislocated the solid strata, every flood which has swept over the ancient continents, every change of level which has elevated the bed of the ocean or depressed the land beneath

* Churchill, London: 1844.

its surface, has contributed more or less to bring about that mixture of materials—sand, clay, and calcareous matters—which now form the earth's upper covering—the fruit-bearing soil, the inexhaustible source of prosperity and strength. Surely it is not too much to infer that all these things had reference to that future condition of the earth when it should become the habitation of beings capable of appreciating the wonders around them, and deriving mental support and guidance from the contemplation of these wonderful provisions, while enjoying with thankfulness the physical comforts to which they give rise.'

Mr Fownes then traces the course of certain of the solid substances of the globe, as washed down by running waters into the sea, which forms a great depository for them. The salt of the sea—whence is it derived? Entirely from the land, out of which it is carried by rivers. The ocean must needs be salt, for it is the ultimate recipient of all such matters. And lakes that have no outlet, as the Aral, and the Dead Sea in Judea, are salt for the same reason. It becomes interesting to ascertain the uses of these foreign substances in the sea. 'It is highly probable that the iodine of sea-water is connected in some way with the wellbeing of submarine vegetation; that it forms an indispensable component of the food of these plants. It is difficult to account, on any supposition, for its constant occurrence in certain of them. They appear to have the power of seeking out and appropriating to themselves the almost infinitesimal quantity of iodine which analysis indicates in sea-water. Again, the lime-salts have their use, and a most important one it is. Shell-fish and coral-polyps depend upon them for the material of their curious structures. It is very possible, also, that what we are accustomed to call impurities in ordinary water, may be of great service to the living system. These matters are admitted to exercise an influence upon the body in particular states of disease; and if so, it is unlikely that they should be altogether inactive in health. Pure distilled water, even after long exposure to the air, is exceedingly vapid and disagreeable to the taste, which may be taken as a sort of indication of its unfitness for ordinary use.'

The chemistry of the atmosphere presents a very striking example of what can scarcely be considered in any other light than Design. The gases composing the atmosphere are, as is well known, not chemically, but only mechanically combined. They have, however, a surprising tendency to a mutual diffusion; insomuch that if a jar of carbonic acid gas be brought into connexion with one of hydrogen, a gas twenty times lighter, the communication being by a tube, and if the heavy gas be placed lowest, nevertheless in a little while a complete mixture of the two takes place. Now, see how important is this law of gaseous diffusion. Carbonic acid gas is expired in great quantities by animals: it is prejudicial to human life: if it were to have the least tendency to stagnate near the ground, it would work dreadful effects wherever great multitudes of animals were assembled. Large cities and crowded rooms would be scenes of extensive destruction. Diffusible as it is throughout the other two gases composing the atmosphere, it is comparatively harmless. The benefit is equally clear with regard to these two gases. Were these to obey the law of gravity, they would arrange themselves in two layers of unequal thickness, the oxygen below and the nitrogen above. 'In such an order of things, animal existence would be out of the question: an atmosphere of pure oxygen is as fatal to life as one destitute of that element; all the phenomena of combustion and oxidation generally would be exalted tenfold in power and energy; in fact, the present arrangement of nature could not be maintained in its integrity a single hour. The equable diffusion of vapour of water through the atmosphere is no less important than that of the carbonic acid. In many warm countries, during a great part of the year, rain seldom or never falls, and it is only from the copious dews deposited in the night that vegetables derive the supply of moisture required for their growth, and to sustain them, by the cooling effects of evaporation, from the scorching rays of the noonday sun. Were the invisible elastic steam disengaged from the surface of the sea, or other large bodies of water not subject to the diffusive law in question, it is probable that other and very different phenomena would be observed.'

We have not room to follow Mr Fownes into his very interesting speculations on vegetable and animal chemistry, but may present a few of his observations on the complicated processes which ever go on within our bodies. After showing how carbon and hydrogen are burned in the blood—not, as hitherto supposed, in the lungs, but in the capillaries, to which, according to Liebig's theory, the oxygen is carried by the iron in the blood—he pronounces, as a fact of which there can no longer be any doubt, 'The internal capillary combustion is the source of animal heat. Thus much,' says he, 'for the body. Every part where blood-vessels are to be found, every part where nervous influence is perceptible, every organ, every tissue, muscle, and brain, and nerve, and membrane, waste away like a burning taper, consume to air and ashes, and pass from the system rejected and useless; and where no means are at hand for repairing these daily and hourly losses, the individual perishes—dies more slowly, but not less surely, than by a blazing pile. He is, to the very letter, burned to death at a low temperature; the various constituents of the body give way in succession; first, the fat disappears; this is the most combustible, but at the same time the least essential. It is sacrificed; then the muscles shrink, and soften, and decay. At last the substance of the brain becomes attacked, and madness and death close the scene. "This is starvation."'

After details showing the adaptation of the chemical nature of food, both vegetable and animal, to the chemical nature of the bodies of the animals by which respectively these kinds of food are devoured, Mr Fownes goes on to say, 'The bodily frame and constitution of the human race have been so adjusted as to admit of the maintenance of life and health under a variety of circumstances truly surprising. Extremes of heat and cold, of moisture and dryness, are borne with impunity so long as the habits and mode of life of the individual remain in accordance with his physical condition.

'In tropical countries, where the high temperature of the air, and the abundance of aqueous vapour it contains, develop to the utmost the resources of vegetable life, the amount of personal labour required for self-support is extremely trifling. The heavy and laborious culture of the temperate regions, the unceasing tillage of the soil so necessary with us, are altogether uncalled for. In those smiling regions of almost perpetual sunshine, where the teeming earth gives its increase with the least possible toil on the part of the cultivator, and all Nature invites to repose and indolence, the energies of the mind itself are unstrung by the removal of that sharp spur of necessity which goads men to the task of labour, until exertion becomes a habit, which carries them onward beyond their immediate wants, and impels them to seek the permanent improvement and exaltation of their state. The sustenance furnished to the human race by a wise and bountiful Providence has been so adjusted *chemically* to this condition of things, as involuntarily to excite in the observer the deepest feelings of admiration and gratitude.

'Where the temperature of the air approaches within a few degrees that of the body, the generation of animal heat by the burning of organic matter in the blood may be reduced in amount. Where muscular power and motion are less required and less employed, the waste of the body is diminished in the same ratio; a comparatively small quantity of food, both for fuel and for nutriment, is in such a case required. The stomach, however, must be filled, the uneasy sensation of want must be removed; and this has been done. In the rice, and fruits, and other products of the countries in

question, we find a food extremely agreeable to the taste, but possessing little sustaining power; much of it is mere water, and the solid portion itself is chiefly made up of neutral non-azotized bodies, containing oxygen and hydrogen in the proportions to form water; bodies which, in burning, furnish far less heat than those in which carbon and hydrogen greatly predominate. The azotized portion of the food of hot countries is always very small in comparison with the rest; it is, however, sufficient for the purpose of repairing the trifling daily loss the body sustains. The desire for animal food is very slight, and often is altogether absent.

'The North American hunter lives wholly upon flesh; he patiently follows the footmarks of his game through the wild woods for days together, until he finds an opportunity of surprising it; fasting meanwhile, or at best subsisting on a few scraps of dried meat; rivalling the beast of prey in his power of endurance—in his quick yet stealthy step, and in the searching glance of his eye; careless alike of frost and heat, sleeping on the bare ground, a thin blanket or a buffalo robe his only protection. It is his food which enables him to do and to suffer all this; to bear exertions which would destroy him were he not supported from within by a kind of nourishment so concentrated in its form as to supply abundantly during the period of repose the losses of bodily substance, the deficiencies occasioned by change of matter, and even to render the exertions themselves, violent and continued as they are, actually sources of pleasure.

'It is not by any peculiarity of physical constitution that the Indian is enabled to bear hardship, and fatigue, and privation, which to us appear extraordinary; the European, under similar circumstances, and *under a similar regimen*, exhibits the same remarkable powers. The hunters and trappers employed by the fur companies of British America lead a still harder life. These men are, as is well known, accustomed to disperse themselves, often singly, along the rivers and streams, the haunts of the beavers and other animals they seek to capture; a rifle and flint and steel their only household goods, without shelter in the midst of a trackless wilderness, often suffering the extremities of cold and hunger, subsisting entirely on the flesh of the creatures they succeed in taking, and this for months together, until each has collected the number of skins he deems sufficient to repay his labour, or the fast-falling snows of approaching winter drive him to seek the protection of the trader's fort.

'And yet this wild existence is said to possess a charm of its own, powerful enough to bind to the end of their days those who have once practised it: the unbroken solitude of the lake and the river, the freedom of the desert, and even the very dangers of the pursuit, have their own peculiar attraction. The men themselves, when not cut off prematurely by starvation, or any other of the common accidents of this life, or murdered by the Indians whose vengeance they have provoked by their aggressions, live to old age, exempt from a host of sorrows and afflictions known to a more luxurious race; and perhaps, on the whole, enjoy as much real happiness as commonly falls to the lot of man.

'Take again the condition of the Esquimaux in his hut of ice-blocks or drift-wood, his only food the seal and the walrus, which he spears with his bone-pointed weapon, from a little frail coracle of skins. The air is cold enough to freeze quicksilver; he wraps himself in his dress of furs, and forth he goes with perfect impunity, and the cold of the shore of the frozen sea affects him less than that of a chilly January day does the Englishman by his warm fireside. Yet the Esquimaux has no fireside; he cooks his food by the heat of a lamp fed with oil, the product of the chase; his country produces no fuel, and he cannot think of devoting the few fragments of wood, brought by the ocean-currents from more favoured climes, which he finds upon the sea-beach, to this purpose; they are far too valuable to be so employed. How, then, it may be asked, is he capable of supporting this intensity of cold? The peculiarity of his food furnishes the reply.

'We are accustomed to look with horror and disgust at the food of these poor people, as we in our ignorance and presumption dare to call them; to commiserate the taste of those who, as our northern navigators relate, prefer a piece of tallow-candle or a draught of train-oil to the fare of an English man-of-war; but a little more consideration might perhaps show us that the blubber and fat of the arctic cetacea and fish, the only food the inhabitants of these countries can obtain, really constitute the only sort of food which could enable them to bear up against the extremities of cold to which they are subject. There is no other substance but fat, and that in very large quantity, which would answer the purpose required. It is a substance exceedingly rich in hydrogen, and in the body eminently combustible; weight for weight, it will generate a far larger amount of heat, when burned in the blood, than anything else which can be taken as food. It will be wiser, then, instead of condemning, as filthy and abhorrent, the tastes and propensities of the Esquimaux, to consider them as a special adaptation, by an unspeakably benevolent Providence, of the very wishes and inclinations of the individual to the circumstances of his life.

'But this is not all: the same individual who, when in a warm or temperate climate, craves a large proportion of bread and vegetable food, and turns with aversion from fatty substances, experiences, when transported to the frozen regions of the north, a complete revolution in his tastes and desires. Nothing will then satisfy him but fat: the flesh of deer, fish, to be acceptable, must be loaded with fat; he takes delight in sucking the marrow from the bones; nothing in the shape of grease comes amiss to him; he longs for it; he desires it as much as he formerly loathed it. But this new, this induced state, only lasts as long as his mode of life requires; removal to a milder region restores to a very great extent the first condition.

'This is no imaginary statement; it is perfectly authentic, and serves to place in a novel and striking point of view the power of accommodation to circumstances possessed by man.'

We conclude with a few remarks, in which we can most cordially concur with our intelligent author. 'In whatever light we consider these matters, the argument of benevolent design and contrivance deduced from the obvious facts themselves remains unaltered. The care and beneficence of the Creator is not less shown in the connexion he has established between physical and moral health. The labour which a man is obliged to exert to procure for himself the necessaries of life, is not less essential to the maintenance of a healthy tone of mind than of a sound and active condition of the bodily organism. No evil can be greater than the rust, alike of body and soul, which results from inactivity. The state of labour is the very condition of enjoyment; not, indeed, the excessive and slavish toil to which a very large portion of mankind have, by a most unfortunate combination of circumstances, been reduced, but that moderate and well-regulated labour of mind and body which conduces so much to the welfare of both, and which would be, under more favourable auspices, fully sufficient to impart comfort and abundance to all. If men only knew and felt how inseparably their own individual happiness is connected with the welfare and prosperity of their species; if those who have intellect, and power, and wealth at their disposal, could only be persuaded to thrust aside the petty jealousies and cares, the idle parade and prejudices of society, and join heart and hand in the great work of human improvement, how much might be effected! How much happier, and how much better all might become if a sound and universal spirit of philanthropy were once awakened, capable of embracing within its pale all orders and conditions of men,

considering them, as they really are, the children of one common Parent, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, each having a special duty assigned to him to perform, not independently of, but in conjunction with the rest, and exciting all to render each other mutual assistance in surmounting the difficulties and trials of this life of discipline and pupilage.'

THE KINGDOM OF SHOA.

It was supposed in the middle ages that there existed in the heart of Asia a Christian prince called Prester John, or the priest John. The first European traveller who mentioned him was a Franciscan friar, who was sent in 1246, by Pope Innocent IV., on a mission to Mongolia. He was not, however, successful in his search for the mysterious priest. Still, the existence of such an individual in Asia continued to be believed till the end of the fifteenth century. At this time the Portuguese, having found the route to India round the Cape of Good Hope, determined to look for Prester John in Africa. Accordingly Pedro Covilham penetrated into Abyssinia,* where he discovered at Shoa a body of Greek Christians, governed by a Christian monarch. This sovereign was pronounced to be the long-sought Prester John, whose whereabouts had puzzled the papal world for so many centuries, although neither himself nor his predecessors had adopted the title. Indeed he claimed far higher pretensions, tracing his lineage to Solomon through the queen of Saba, called Makada. All his successors, down to Sahela Selassie, the present monarch, claim the same ancestral honours.

The existence of a small body of Christians amidst the strongholds of the heathen and Mohammedan, excited in the religious world of Europe the warmest interest and curiosity. A mission was sent into Shoa by the Jesuits, for the purpose of converting the Abyssinians from their rude and imperfect system of Christianity to the Roman Catholic faith; but these efforts were unsuccessful, and they ceased to be persevered in about the middle of the seventeenth century. From that time no European penetrated into Shoa till 1836, when two Frenchmen, Messrs Combes and Tamisier, entered it, and were followed by their countryman Rochet d'Hericourt. The first Englishman who reached Shoa was Dr Beke, whose notes in the journals of the Royal Geographical Society contain the earliest precise information regarding the geography of the country which had hitherto been published. After him came Major Harris, at the head of a political mission, of which an account was given in a former number of this journal. The latest visitor to his most Christian majesty Sahela Selassie, Negoos or Autocrat of Shoa, was Mr Johnston, whose interesting work is now in our hands.†

This gentleman, a naval surgeon, was appointed to superintend the conveyance of additional stores to Major Harris, while the British mission which he commanded was at Shoa. Leaving Bombay, Mr Johnston embarked from Aden, crossed the sea of Bab el Mandeb, and landed at the opposite African port of Tajourah. Here he joined a kafilah, or trading caravan, about to start for Shoa. Although the only European of the company, and intrusted with stores which constantly excited the cupidity of his half-savage companions, yet he managed not only to convey his own charge to its destination in safety, but also to recover a quantity of valuable articles which had been previously wrested from Major Harris and his strong escort during their progress through the country. Mr Johnston arrived within the precincts of the Shoa territory in May 1842, and after some delay reached Angolahlah, the town in which the superior officers of the mission were quartered.

As regards Major Harris, it was somewhat unfortunate that his visit was of a diplomatic character. The fear of being overreached in the treaty of commerce he had to negotiate, caused not only the Shoan king, but his subjects, to be exceedingly cautious in their intercourse with the English. The consequence was, that the aspect under which Major Harris saw the monarch and his people was far less favourable, and perhaps far less true, than that of travellers who were unencumbered with political duties. It was therefore lucky, rather than otherwise, that Mr Johnston, soon after presenting himself, had a misunderstanding with the commander of the expedition; for, this completely detaching him from the mission, he obtained the protection of the king, and was enabled to live among his subjects as a private individual. The result is a fuller detail of the domestic life of the Shoans than he would have been able to furnish had he partaken in any of the political functions of the mission.

Our traveller paid a visit to the Negoos, who gave him a gracious reception, and ordered him, as is customary, rations for his support during the time he should stay in the country. Having given an account of the monarch and his court in our notice of Major Harris's book, we shall not pause for the details of Mr Johnston's visit. On his way from Angolahlah to a more healthily situated town, the traveller rested at Ankobar, and was entertained by the sister of his servant Walderheros; he was thus enabled to give a description of a Shoan residence. 'The house was of the better sort, built of splinted ted, and consisted of a central apartment, with recesses formed by the division of the space between two circular walls, which were placed at about four feet distant from each other. In one of these recesses was placed a bedstead, covered with an ox skin tanned with the bark of the kantuffa, which gives to this kind of leather a red colour. A skin so prepared is called *net*. The kantuffa is a pleasing-looking tree, and might be cultivated as a lawn shrub in England. It is a species of acacia; and the bright-red seed-vessels, formed like those of the English ash, remaining after the foliage disappears, would diminish considerably, I think, the dreary aspect of a shrubbery in that season.

'In the other two recesses were numerous jars containing ale, grain, and water, and side by side stood four pedestal hand-mills, in the rear of which a hole, knocked through the mud and stick wall, served the double purpose of a window and chimney. The large circular hearth occupied the usual situation, nearly in the centre of the apartment, which was itself not more than twelve feet in diameter. Two solid planks of the *sigbar* tree, each of which had been cut with no little labour from a single tree, formed a pair of folding-doors. The hinges on which they revolved consisted of strong projecting extremities on one side of the top and bottom of each, which were received into corresponding holes on the wooden lintel and threshold. At night, the two flaps were secured by an iron hasp shutting upon a staple, that admitted a kind of wooden linch-pin to be thrust through.' In honour of the guest a supper was given, for which the following preparations were made. 'A large round table of wicker-work, the diameter of which was about three feet, and about one foot in height, was reached down from a peg, where it had been suspended against the wall, and laid upon the floor before me. In the centre of this, Eichess, the lady of the house, placed a round saucer-like dish of red earthenware, full of the cayenne pottage which had been long preparing upon the fire, and in which were boiled to a hot fricassee the disjointed limbs of a fowl. A separate heap of three or four of the thin teff crumpets, folded fourfold, was then put for each person. Walderheros, for a few beads, had purchased at the palace about a yard of yellow wax taper, which was merely a long rag dipped into the melted material. Having cut off and lighted a portion of this, he carried it flaring about in his left hand as he

* Abyssinia is divided into three distinct territories, Tigrè, Amhara, and Shoa, which includes Efat. The latter only is governed by a king.

† Travels in Southern Abyssinia, &c. By Charles Johnston, M.R.C.S. Two vols. London: J. Madden and Co. 1844.

assisted most busily in the arrangement of the supper things. Musculo, not to be idle, had seated himself upon one corner of the bed I occupied, and with the bullock's horn upon his knee occasionally replenished my drinking-horn, and as frequently assisted me in finishing its contents.

'Everything at length being pronounced ready, I was requested to take my seat at the table, a boss of straw being placed for my accommodation. I, however, preferred remaining on the bed, watching their whole proceedings for want of other amusement. The company, who soon seated themselves, consisted of Eichess (the hostess), Musculo (her husband), Walderheros, and Mahriam, and a younger brother of the host named Abta Mahriam, one of the king's gunmen, who had come in during the preparation of the meal. Musculo took the straw seat, the rest squatted around the table upon their heels, and formed altogether a good picture of an Abyssinian family. Eichess commenced by dipping several folds of the thin bread into the cayenne pottage, until well saturated with the condiment. With a quantity of this she supplied each individual, taking for that purpose the topmost layer of the heap of bread assigned to them, which, after sopping, was returned to its previous situation. The party now proceeded on their own account, tearing off portions of the under bread, and wiping it upon the moistened morsel above, by the contact giving to it the required hot relish, in a manner somewhat analogous to our putting mustard upon meat.

'The supper drew gradually to a close, and as the viands disappeared, matter for conversation seemed to increase. As the appetites of the party were appeased, I noticed little choice bits of the fowl that remained at the bottom of the *wort* basin were taken out by the fingers of the lady of the house, and being rolled up in a mass of bread far too large for the mouth, were successively handed to all around. Each one, as he received the compliment, slightly rising from the ground, kissed the joined wrists of his own hands as he offered to support the hand of Eichess, whilst she held the morsel to the mouth until it had entirely disappeared. Mahriam, the slave-girl, who sat with the rest, was not neglected, for a larger portion came to her share than to any of the others. Slaves, generally, are considered by their owners in the light of near relations, or rather, perhaps, as foster children.

'The repast being concluded, all wiped their pottage-soiled fingers upon the last fragments of the bread, which were then duly swallowed. Mahriam now got up, and from out a gourd-shell poured a little water upon the hands of each of the party, who, rubbing the fingers together a little, then dried them upon their ample tobes. A gambo of strong ale, called thalah, containing at least five gallons, was now opened, and deep horn cups were frequently replenished, whilst a lively conversation concerning the events of the last two or three days was kept up; a very highly-coloured account of my reception by the Negoos, no doubt, having been given by Walderheros, who, as principal speaker upon the occasion, was in the happiest mood possible, and though generally very careful of his tapers on other occasions, he found himself obliged to light the remaining half yard to afford him time to conclude his long narration.'

The town in which it had been arranged that Mr Johnston should reside was called Aliu Amba; and after a time a house was allotted to him by his royal entertainer. Once an established housekeeper, it was of course necessary for our countryman to go to market —this in Aliu Amba is held every Friday. 'A very short descent led us to an equally winding road, but broader, and having more of the character of a public way than the little lane from my house. Here we met market-people hawking their wares with loud cries; or loud-talking disputants carrying on a strong argument, as they battered away, with heavy but harmless blows of their long sticks, upon the goat-skin sacks of grain or cotton with which numerous donkeys before them were laden, and which were being conveyed to the market-place.

'The low hum of distant voices gradually increased into a murmur, and then into a hubbub, as we entered the market-place, which was a large plain occupying the southern half of the table rock, bare and stony, except in the centre, where a high circular hedge of a thin pipe-formed euphorbia fenced in the Mohammedan burial-place of the town. Its limits, besides, were well defined by a low stone wall, carried all around, and upon that portion of it facing the entrance of our road into the market-place sat Tinta,* wrapt up in the customary manner in his tobe, save his head and one arm, with which he gave directions respecting the receiving of toll, or deciding such cases of dispute as might arise in the course of the market. As soon as he saw me with Walderheros, he called me to him, and as I approached, he shifted his position, so that I might sit upon the sun-dried ox-skin by his side—a favoured visitor, honoured thus by a seat upon the bench.

'I observed that everything that is exposed for sale in the market pays a kind of duty. This is generally either in kind, or an equivalent in salt pieces, the only money in Shoa. Grain is examined by the governor, who determines the amount to be taken as toll, this impost being regulated according to certain customary laws. Such toll is measured by single handfuls, a species of measure very usual in Shoa, and called *tring*. Butter is submitted to a similar process, the officer appointed scooping out of the gourd-shell, in which it is generally brought, a quantity with his fingers, which is then put into a recipient jar that stands by his side. The salt merchants, cattle sellers, and, in fact, all dealers, pay for the convenience of bartering their goods, and during the day large heaps of ahmulahs and of market produce accumulate around the feet of the governor, whose perquisites of office they appear to be. A less profitable employment for him is the settlement of disputes, as very long-winded debates sometimes occur before a settlement can be established between the disputing parties; and for this business no fees are demanded, although I have no doubt such a situation of general referee in matters of the kind is very productive of private gifts. People in the habit of attending the market, compromise their tolls by a regular payment of from one to three ahmulahs weekly, and they are then allowed to bring whatever produce they choose. I also understood that the people of the town were exempted from any imposition of toll for such articles as they exposed for sale. After amusing myself for some time watching the proceedings at this place for the "receipt of custom," and having witnessed a decision in this counterpart of the ancient Piepoudre courts of feudal times, I left Tinta for a while to stroll about the market.

'Excepting the dress and appearance of the people, the articles exposed for sale, and the language in which the transactions were carried on, the Abyssinian market, in its more prominent character, exactly resembles similar assemblages of people in English towns; the same confused hum of voices, busy ever-changing figures crossing and recrossing, stooping to look at wares, or pushing through the crowd to make way to the seats of those selling that which they may require. All is bustle and apparent confusion, over which loud cries of hawking sales-people reach to the very outskirts of the town.

'The town of Aliu Amba being occupied by Christians and Mohammedans, its market presents a much more varied appearance than either that of Farree or Ankobar; the former being almost exclusively frequented by Mohammedans, whilst the latter (which is held in the meadow adjoining to the mill of Demetrius, on the road to Tchakkah) is as exclusively Christian in its dealings. To judge from the character of the produce

* This individual, besides being Mr Johnston's 'balderabah,' was also governor of Aliu Amba.

sent to Aliu Amba market, it would not be difficult to assign the greater amount of wealth in Shoa to the possession of the Christian subjects of Sahela Selassie; but, on the other hand, it appears to be a principle of religion almost among the Mohammedans to conceal the riches they possess, so that appearances are not to be trusted. Had I not known that the more wealthy of their religion invariably invest their money in slaves, to supply the Dankalli and Hurrah dealers, I should certainly have inferred, from the scanty and very limited stores placed before the saleswomen of that faith in Aliu Amba market, that the Islam inhabitants of Shoa were exceedingly poor. Many of these women sit for a whole day, offering, in exchange for anything in the shape of corn that may be offered, a thimbleful of "col" [kohl?] (antimony used for blackening the edges of the eyelids), a few lumps of gum myrrh, a handful of frankincense, or a little shumlah, the blue and red threads of unwoven cloth brought from the sea-coast, and which is used in forming the ornamental borders of their large body-cloths. Sometimes their scanty stock is increased by three or four lemons, or as many needles. On the contrary, the Amhara (the name now given only to Christians of this country) bring an abundance of cotton cloths, of cattle, of corn, and are the only money-changers I saw, some of them sitting behind high walls of new and good-conditioned salt-pieces.

'Trade, in a great measure, is carried on by barter, an exchange of commodities being much more general than purchasing with ahmulahs [pieces of salt]; except in the case of cattle-buying, when the price is generally fixed at a certain number of these salt-pieces. For two ahmulahs a very fine young sheep or goat may be bought, and the very best of the kind will not sell for more than five. A good-sized goat, however, commands a much higher price, ten or twelve ahmulahs being sometimes asked. An ox for ploughing brings about seventy ahmulahs, or, if small, and intended for killing, may be bought as low as thirty. Horses and mules vary in price from seven to twelve dollars. The latter are preferred by the Abyssinians. I have been offered a very excellent horse for two dollars, and have seen one blind, but in good condition, sold for twelve ahmulahs, or about two shillings and sixpence. The next principal thing in the market is the cotton cloths, which are woven of one general width, about three quarters of a yard, and from ten to fifteen yards long. Of the common kind are made the "sennafil," or wide short trousers of the men, and the "shumah," or waist-cloth of the women. The body-cloth, or tobe, is common to both sexes; but those of the men being much larger than those of the women, are generally double folds of the cloth, or four cubits in breadth, and at least seven cubits long. Sometimes they are of an extravagant size. A narrow border of the blue and red woollen stuff, called shumlah, woven into the cloth, is the only ornament, and these coloured stripes will be sometimes repeated at the distance of a foot from each other through the whole length of the cloth. These tobes vary in price according to the number of these ornamental additions to the simple cotton thread, of which the greater number are entirely composed. Four or five dollars is a great price to give for one, but the one forwarded to our queen by Sahela Selassie was worth thirty dollars. I gave for a cloth for Walderheros, which was ten yards long and three quarters broad, ten ahmulahs; but when I wanted one a little finer, with a stripe across each end of the blue and white worsted, for my own use, I had to give a dollar for it.'

Except weaving, which is performed by means of a rude loom, and a very primitive mode of turning with a lathe, there are no manufactures worthy of the name carried on in Shoa. Although the sugar-cane is grown in the country, no means of extracting the pure sugar are employed; the cane being cut into small pieces, and masticated as a sweetmeat. Mr Johnston therefore extracted a quantity of the pure sugar, and presented it, at his next interview, to the Negoos. The king received it with every expression of gratification, although, as Mr Johnston discovered, he had been forestalled in this manufacture and present by M. Rochet. Both gentlemen also made some gunpowder for his majesty, with which he was extremely delighted. Mr Johnston declares his regret that he was unable, from ignorance, to teach the art of knitting, and recommends future travellers to acquire it, as there is nothing which Sahela Selassie appears to desire so much as a knowledge of the useful arts himself, and their dissemination amongst his subjects.

After remaining about eight months in the country, Mr Johnston abruptly closes his narrative without letting his reader know how he got back to England. That he did so in safety, there can be no doubt, for he dates his preface 'London;' and he has made one or two appearances at the Royal Geographical Society's meetings, at which he communicated some valuable corrections to the not very correct information we possess concerning the district through which he has travelled. Of these corrections it is our intention to avail ourselves, in an article on Abyssinia, in a future number.

THE EXPOSITION IN PARIS.

For part of the present summer, Paris has been a scene of more than ordinary bustle. Strangers have flocked to it not only from all parts of France, but from England, Germany, and other foreign countries. Hotels and lodging-houses were for two months crammed with temporary residents; and such was the demand for accommodation, that the price of house-room rose to double and triple the usual amount. The cause of this excitement was an exhibition of articles produced by the arts and manufactures of France, which takes place once in five years under the encouragement and patronage of royalty, and in which, as might be expected, something like a national interest is felt. Not to be behind in the general scramble of travellers from London, I got over to Paris about the middle of June, and had the pleasure of paying my respects to the exhibition some dozen times previous to its close. Exhibitions usually make but dull work in description; but this one, as a French exhibition presented to the consideration of Englishmen, and as an indication of the progress made by a rival nation in some of our own lines of exertion, may possess more than ordinary interest.

The weather, to begin with, was excessively hot. The sun beat down in his greatest fervour; in crossing the Place de la Concorde, I almost felt as if exposed to the heat of a furnace, and gladly hastened to seek refuge in the cool shade of the Champs Elysées. Many having followed the same impulse, I found streams of people pursuing their way beneath the trees towards the open glade in which the building for the exhibition has been erected. Emerging on the scene, we observe a large edifice, covering probably a hundred yards square, and rising to a height of sixty or seventy feet, with its glass-covered roof, therefore, nearly on a level with the tops of the tallest trees. Soldiers guard the various entrances, and over the principal, which faces the roadway to the Arc de l'Etoile, is conspicuously inscribed—'Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie Nationale.'

Well may it be called national. The thing is on a gigantic scale, so as at once to impress us as something worthy of a great and aspiring people. England perhaps requires to give no such proof of its advance in the useful arts. The shop-windows of London are in themselves an Exposition; and the tokens of England's greatness in this line are scattered over the globe. The case is different with France, which, being a comparatively new country as regards the arts of peace, stands in need of some such

means of collecting and exhibiting examples of its manufactures, and of showing by comparison what progress is from time to time made. A glance at the present vast assemblage of articles cannot fail to give a conviction that the French are not more eminent for their inventive faculties than their powers of imitation. Peace, and the gradual accumulation of capital, have latterly permitted them to make the most gratifying advances in the useful arts. That the policy of Louis Philippe has contributed to this result, no one will deny. Friendly to social advancement, and acquainted with the principles of mechanism and manufacture, as well as with the humanising influence of commerce, he has had the advantage of living in an age when the human mind, disgusted with the empty results of a struggle for military glory, was disposed to something more honourable and useful than war and its accompaniments. At the close of the last Exposition in 1839, when the king assembled the exhibitors for the purpose of distributing honorary rewards, he said, 'Accept my thanks; by your labours you protect and aid humanity; your talents, your success, tend to the melioration of all classes; and you thus fulfil the dearest wishes of my heart. Our progress, great as it is, will not stop here. To what extent it will go I know not. We will continue to respect the independence of our neighbours, as our independence is respected by them. No man can predict or estimate the impulse which our national genius will give to the conquests of industry—conquests which contribute to public wealth, which despoil no man, violate no rights, and which cause no tears to flow.' Sentiments like these will be responded to by every friend of humanity.

Having made these general remarks, we may now enter the body of the building, and take a view of its contents. The difficulty, however, is to know which hand to turn to. The large square area is divided into long arcades or walks, parallel to and crossing each other at right angles, the whole interspersed with rows of pillars supporting the roof. The general aspect is that of an extensive and miscellaneous bazaar. Piled on counters along the sides of the arcades, the various classes of goods are arranged in regular order, those of every individual exhibitor being under the charge of a keeper—generally a young woman, who sits reading a book or newspaper within the velvet-covered railing which separates her stall from the broad thoroughfare in front. The ground throughout is floored, neat, and kept as cool as possible by constant watering. According to the catalogue, the number of kinds of articles exhibited is 3969, and the whole, if spread out in an even line, would extend over two or three miles. Within the vestibule stands a large railed-in table, on which are divers clocks and automatic objects, that fix a constant crowd of admirers. Beyond this is the great central arcade, devoted to the exposition of iron and brass ware, engines, machines, and apparatus of different sorts. Taking this line of walk in preference to the others, the first objects that engage our scrutiny are those of miscellaneous hardware, such as pots, pans, knives, locks, scythes, iron castings, &c. In all these the French have made considerable advances, but it is evident they are still behind the English. At present there is a heavy duty on the importation of iron articles from England, which acts as a prohibition; and there being thus no competition, not to speak of the want of good examples to copy, the manufacturers are not forced to do their best. The door-locks and bolts of home manufacture remain a disgrace to France; and no Frenchman will use a native razor, and no Frenchwoman a native needle, who can get an English one. The specimens of iron castings in which *ornament* is a conspicuous element, strike us with a different feeling. Here we are decidedly excelled. M. André exhibits some articles of great elegance; among which I may mention his statues and candelabras, the latter highly tasteful. At the termination of the first walk, we arrive at a corner in which there is an extensive exhibition of apparatus for lighthouses, executed by Lepante, Rue St Honore. A tall apparatus of brass wheel-work, surmounted by lenses revolving round central lights, rivets the attention of the visitor. I believe the French are allowed to have carried the construction of lenses to a very high point, and in this respect have outstripped the English—not that we could not fabricate lenses as well and as cheaply as our neighbours, but to advances in this useful department of the arts a serious bar has been unwisely placed by the excise regulations, and I understand that it is now not unusual to procure the principal part of the apparatus of English lighthouses from Paris.

Next to this interesting group of objects we find a number of church-bells of different sizes; and passing them, in turning up another walk, we arrive at the machine department. Here there are many products of industry; iron turning-lathes, planing machines, cutting apparatus, steam-engines from one to a hundred horse-power, printing and paper-making machines, and spinning frames for factories—all deeply interesting to Frenchmen as novelties in their country, but which are less or more familiar to the eye of an English visitor. An eminent machine-maker from Yorkshire, conversing with us on the merits of this part of the exhibition, observed that every machine was a copy from England, and on the whole inferior to the original. I cannot say I saw any new piece of apparatus; and it struck me that the workmanship was not particularly well executed. In the smoothest work, for example, I noticed portions of rough iron, as if the material were unsound. Yet, laying aside critical fastidiousness, it might be allowed that many of the machines, including a very handsome locomotive, were as well executed as need be, and suitable for every practical purpose. These, however, like other iron products, are dearer in France than in England. A long arcade adjoining the machines is devoted to the exhibition of cooking and heating apparatus. Amongst the articles is everything likely to be required, from the *cuisine* of a small family to the *fourneau economique* of a large hotel or restaurant, with novel processes for warming houses and manufactories. Compactness of construction seems the principal peculiarity in these branches of domestic apparatus. Some of the room stoves are elegant, but expensive. Near these articles are several specimens of iron bedsteads, handsome, but fifty per cent. dearer than they could be made for in England. In the weighing machines much ingenuity has been employed. At a short distance from them we arrive at a great variety of articles in coarse stoneware, such as vases, statues, and flower-pots for gardens and green-houses. If as imperishable as they seem, they must be considered a pleasing accession to the ornamental arts. Adjacent is a large machine for making bricks on an expeditious and cheap scale. We have near this some pretty specimens of artificial marble in different colours, formed, I believe, of baked plaster of Paris and alum, and though not calculated to resist the action of the weather, deserving of encouragement for use in lobbies, passages, and other apartments. Whilst in the moist state, it is susceptible of receiving any engraved design, and the indentations being filled up with a coloured paste of the same composition, the whole when dry forms a beautiful substance, at one-tenth of the cost of real marble.

The most prominent articles in the row next in order are specimens of carriages and harness. Stimulated by the many English equipages brought to Paris, the French have lately made the most marked progress in this department. The specimens before us are extremely elegant, being done up with splendid silk lining, and richly ornamented with brass and gilding; but, after all, I thought them deficient in finish compared with the produce of Long Acre. In leaving the machine-room we pass an apparatus, of English invention, I believe, for composing types, and which a female in attendance explains and puts in operation. As a curiosity, the machine is worthy of examination, but there

are many difficulties in the way of its becoming practically useful.

On entering the gallery on our left, a new order of objects bursts on the sight. The first table we come to is loaded with a variety of crystal wares, cut, tasteful in design, and of divers colours, the produce of the famous glass-works at Choisy-le-Roi. I was informed that the reputation acquired by this manufactory, as well as the low price at which it is enabled to sell its articles, is due to Mr Jones, an Englishman, who has the management of the stained-glass department. As in the case of lenses, already noticed, there are no fiscal arrangements in France to prevent improvement in the fabrication of tinted and gilt glass; hence the great advance in this department of art. Much of the produce of Choisy-le-Roi is exported to England and other countries. The stoneware of a common kind, of which there are numerous specimens, is as far behind that of Staffordshire as the coloured crystal is in advance. The French, it appears, have yet had no Wedgewood; and though the products of Sévres excel as works of art, they exert no perceptible influence in improving ordinary domestic wares. The next articles in order are artificial diamonds and gems, done up as necklaces, bracelets, and other bijouterie. The brilliance and beauty of these objects could not, I think, be greatly surpassed by stones from the hand of nature. The most remarkable articles which fill up the remainder of the gallery are specimens of plate, in the form of dinner, tea, and coffee-services. A dinner-service, by Durand, claims special notice. The articles are elegant in design, and chased in the Cellini style. There are likewise some handsome specimens of the workmanship of Odiot, one of the first silversmiths in France. Lebrun, another of the same craft, exhibits some pretty silver articles, among which are four champagne vases, ordered by Baron de Rothschild, costing 5000 francs each. Next in order are specimens of plated articles, showing approaches to the English workman. The silver and plated spoons throughout are inferior. At a short distance from these specimens is an altar-piece, in good style, intended for a country church, and which is to cost 14,000 francs. The specimens of jewellery, both in solid gold and gilt, are, as might be expected, tasteful and beautiful, and so likewise are a number of articles in bronze. The candelabras of this material are elegant in pattern, but somewhat heavy. Of table-lamps there are many specimens, and in these great ingenuity has been displayed. Instead of burning oil, some are designed for self-generating gas from a mixture of turpentine and alcohol. They give, as I am told, a brilliant light, but are dangerous, and not economical. While on this subject, it is but fair to state, that for nearly all the improvements in lamps, from the time of Argand downwards, the English have been indebted to French inventiveness. At the present moment the English have still much to learn in this department. There are here lamps of an elegant description for the table, economical in their consumption, which are yet unknown in England.

We shall now take a turn down the arcade devoted to the exhibition of specimens of household furniture and musical instruments. In the furniture department we see nothing superior to the wares of a respectable London cabinet-maker, but much that is highly ornamental and elegant. A number of the articles, such as cabinets, secretaires, and small side-tables, are richly carved after old designs in the rénaissance. A finely sculptured bookcase, calculated to hold 800 volumes, is charged 8000 francs. Two beautiful buhl-cabinets are offered at 9000 francs, and a highly ornamented table at 5000 francs. In looking through and admiring the numerous specimens of this class, I felt that there was a great deficiency in plain joinery—a department in which the French must still be pronounced a century behind the English. A clever door and window-maker would assuredly make a fortune in France. Near the articles of furniture are exhibited some specimens of stamped or embossed leather, resembling rich mountings for roofs, cornices of apartments, and other objects. In this department the English have lately made advances equally great with those of the French, as may be witnessed in the public exhibition of articles designed for the new houses of parliament in Westminster. In an analogous branch of art, the making of ornaments from peat, the French have, as I learn, made some remarkable discoveries well worth notice across the Channel. The peat, when taken from the bog, is reduced by beating to a fine pulp, and is then placed under a press, to force out all humidity except such as is necessary to keep it sufficiently moist to receive impressions in the mould in which it is placed. In this state it may be converted into ornaments of every kind, such as are made in embossed leather. Rendered firm by a solution of alum or other adhesive material, it forms flooring of a cheap and durable kind. Of billiard tables there are various specimens: one, rich and beautiful, is offered at 15,000 francs. There are some, however, at a fourth of the price; and we are informed that one of a cheap class was lately furnished by the same maker to Queen Pomare of Tahiti. A few of the slabs of these billiard tables purport to be of stone and iron—neither material an improvement on well-seasoned wood. From the billiard tables we turn to the pianos, of which there are numerous specimens by the most eminent makers of Paris—Erard, Pleyel, Pape, and Hertz. Several are in very finely carved cases, of handsome shapes. Of the tones, however, I can say nothing, and it would have been of no use trying them, for all delicate sounds would have been drowned in the loud blasts of a coarse-toned organ which some one was playing at a few feet distance. Still further on, amidst rows of trombones, clarionets, flutes, harps, and other instruments, we find a person playing vigorously on a large keyed harmonicon, or some such instrument. Occasionally, also, as if to master these hostile sounds, there is sent forth from a corner a burst of martial music, performed by an automatic combination of trumpets, kettle-drums, and other instruments. It is impossible to get a look of this noisy apparatus, as it has attracted around it a large and admiring crowd. Carried away by these competing performances, the visitor is apt to overlook some plain and neat violins, manufactured at Mirecourt in the Vosges, a mountainous district in the east of France. Made by a rustic people, with moderate desires, and whose time is of little value, some of the violins of the Vosges are sold at as low a price as three francs each. It is pleasing to know that there are men in the very heart of rural simplicity who turn their attention to the production of instruments of harmony. The facility with which the peasants of some countries practise the mechanical arts connected with music is marvellous. In Switzerland, the peasant, whilst watching his flocks, manufactures musical boxes; the serfs of Russia, in the depths of their forests, make flutes and hautboys, inlaid with the bark of different trees; and in the Tyrol, many of the best musical instruments are made by the peasantry.

The gallery into which we next direct our steps contains a large show of paper, bookbinding, leather, soap, perfumery, shoes, and other small articles. Paper for writing has latterly undergone great improvements in France, from the introduction of machinery and capital into the manufacture. The article paper is also generally cheaper than in England, in consequence of rags not being allowed to be sent out of the country. Of course, while this practice serves the paper-maker, it is nothing short of a tyranny on those who have rags to dispose of. The specimens of the finer sorts of leather are creditable to the skill of the French curriers. In this branch, also, they are ahead of the English. In the making of shoes, particularly those for ladies, the French likewise excel; but, stimulated by the large importations of shoes into England, our makers are now striving to rival the French workmen—a natural result of such na-

tional competition. It is curious to observe, that in this part of the Exposition are several specimens of wooden shoes or sabots—an article even so humble as this boasting of some improvements in its construction. Those exhibited are lighter and more neatly cut than usual, without, as is said, losing strength. Wooden shoes are universally worn by the peasantry and poorer classes of France and the Netherlands, and though, from their unyielding quality, they are not very convenient in walking, they are of great value in keeping the bare feet from the damp earth or cold floors. They are worn by many even of the higher classes over leather shoes, when going a short way out of doors, or when sitting at home. Strange, therefore, as French wooden shoes may appear, they are by no means deserving of that contempt which the English wits have poured upon them. Before joining in the ridicule, let us consider how much injury is done to health, how many consumptions promoted, by damp feet. That the use of wooden shoes in some situations—in earthen-floored cottages, for example—would prevent many chronic complaints, can scarcely be a matter of doubt.

I must pass over a vast number of articles, to notice which in detail would require a volume. Lace of the most beautiful sorts, made into robes, pellerines, and other articles; brocades of silk and gold; carpets and rugs; dye stuffs; drugs; raw cotton, silk, and wool, in all stages of manufacture, attract our attention, one after the other, and bring us to the galleries devoted exclusively to the general products of the loom. In cotton yarn the French are still far behind, but their woollen manufacture is in a highly advanced state. In plain silks they have been rivalled by the English ever since the tissues of Lyons were permitted to come to England; but in the figured sorts the French are still observably in advance. In cotton fabrics they have made very considerable improvements within the last quarter of a century. The first impetus to the French cotton manufacture was given by a person of extraordinary energy of character, Richard Lenoir. This man, the son of a poor peasant of Normandy, began life as a washer of glasses in a coffee-house, and by dint of saving and enterprise, rose to be one of the greatest manufacturers in France. His fortune, however, rested on a hollow foundation—Bonaparte's exclusion of English goods from France—and when this was modified by a more enlightened policy at the restoration, he could no longer compete in the market, and was reduced almost to beggary. Seven or eight years ago, the ruined manufacturer owed the bread he ate to the private subscriptions of a few friends, who had remained faithful to him in his calamity. He is now no more; but the spirit which he infused into French industry has survived him, and many of the manufacturers who have specimens of their productions in the present exhibition, began to realise fortunes when the crisis which destroyed Richard Lenoir had passed away.

Having walked down the long alleys of cloth of different descriptions, we are brought to the terminus of this vast collection; and making our exit, gladly seat ourselves outside under the refreshing shade of the Champs Elysées, and meditate on the singular spectacle which has for two long hours been engaging our attention. To those who may peruse the present imperfect sketch, without having seen the establishment to which it refers, I would wish to convey the impression, that the Exposition generally is highly creditable to the present state of French industry and talent. While in numberless instances the articles exhibited are inferior, or at least dearer, than those of English manufacture, it is equally evident, that in point of elegance and beauty of design the French are still considerably in advance of us. They clearly beat us in ornament. Some of the patterns of their higher classed laces and other tissues are among the finest products of taste. The establishment of schools of design will doubtless tend to improve our artisans in this respect; but a more general love of the beautiful would also require to be inspired in the minds of the people at large; and to all appearance an improvement is happily setting in in this very desirable direction. Meanwhile, let us do an act of simple justice to our neighbours, and give them credit for their great and meritorious advances in the useful arts, demonstrated by the present national Exposition.

THE DISINTERRED.

Why from its sacred home
Bear the tired dust?
Would ye, too, bid the winged spirit come
Back to a broken trust?

THE grave, the last resting-place of our 'frail humanity,' has been invested, by the common consent of mankind, with so much of sanctity, that its wanton desecration is always looked upon with horror; and even those disinterments which are sometimes, as in cases of suspected murder, necessary for the ends of justice, are generally conducted with as little publicity as possible. Exceptions, however, there are to this, as to most other prejudices and customs of society; and there are on record some disinterments so remarkable as regards the feelings that occasioned them, as to have become matters not only of history, but also of poetry, and that too of the highest order. Many have thrown the halo of poetic colouring round the romantic story of Inez de Castro, the unhappy lady of Portugal, who, being privately married to Don Pedro, the heir of the kingdom, was assassinated by the order of her royal father-in-law, as not being noble enough to share the power of his son. This occurred in 1355, and Don Pedro submitted in silence to the blow that thus ruined his happiness. For thirteen years, during the lifetime of his father, he took no measure of revenge, only brooding on his loss; but no sooner did the death of the king render his own power supreme, than he put to a cruel death the assassins of his wife, and issued orders for a splendid coronation in the cathedral of Santa Clara in Coimbra. There, at noonday, in the presence of the assembled chivalry and beauty of the land, all that remained of Inez de Castro, 'his beautiful, his bride,' was clad in purple and cloth of gold; a royal crown was placed on those hollow temples once so fair to look upon, she was raised high on a chair of state, and Pedro stood beside her to see that none of the shuddering nobles failed to do homage by touching that fleshless hand. Time, place, and circumstance, all conspired to make the spectacle one of splendid horror. Never before nor since was the great lesson of the frailty of human life and the nothingness of earthly grandeur so sternly taught; for even he who had summoned this vast assemblage, that he might thus vindicate the fame of Inez and his own fidelity to her, was only mocked by the pageantry of the scene. It restored her to him, indeed, but not in the living and breathing loveliness which had first won his affections. He had avenged her death; he had made those haughty nobles, who feared degradation if she came to be queen over them, humble themselves before her dust. Still, the heart yearned for more; but all that remained for him to do was to restore his queen to the loneliness of the sheltering grave. She was re-interred with great state in the church of Alcobaça; and her tomb, rich in elaborate sculpture, and containing at a later period the remains of Don Pedro also, was long a shrine for the visits of pious or curious travellers. It was finally desecrated and destroyed by the soldiery during the Peninsular war.

The histories of Spain and Portugal, almost more than those of any other country, mingle with their records of campaigns, treaties, and insurrections, those traits of individual character and feeling which are of the deepest

interest not only to the general reader, but to the student of human nature. Beneath a proud and cold exterior, the Spaniard concealed a passionate tenderness and jealousy in love, and a lofty courage and honourable faith in arms, which made the national character, some three centuries ago, the *beau ideal* of European chivalry. Never were sovereigns more deservedly celebrated than Ferdinand and Isabella, who, by their marriage, and the subsequent expulsion of the Moors, consolidated the Spanish monarchy, and who were, moreover, the friends and patrons of Columbus; yet, fortunate as they were in all their undertakings, they could not escape a painful kind of misfortune—they were unhappy in their children. Their eldest son Juan, gave promise of much goodness, but he died just as he attained to manhood; their eldest daughter Isabella, beautiful and virtuous, died soon after her marriage to the prince of Portugal; their youngest daughter Catherine, married to our Henry VIII., deserved, for her many virtues, to have met more happiness than fell to her lot with her tyrant husband. Joanna, their second daughter, married to Philip of Austria, surnamed the Handsome, was unlike all her family; she neither inherited the talents and virtues of her illustrious mother, nor the worldly wisdom of her sagacious father; and she had no attraction of person or manner to compensate the deficiency. She was singularly wayward and imbecile, and her affections, for want of due regulation, annoyed the husband on whom they were indiscreetly and fitfully lavished. Philip was not only young and handsome, but gay and fond of pleasure; he disliked the haughty formality of the Castilian court, and treated the royal circle, including his wife, with an insolent indifference that offended the pride of the Spanish character, and awoke, in the bosom of Joanna, a jealousy that alternated with love and bigotry in directing her conduct. During the life of Isabella, the quarrels of the young couple, though frequent and violent, ended in reconciliations; for the queen, who was a true wife, a wise and affectionate parent, a kind mistress, and a judicious and warm friend, could bend all who came within her influence to her own will; but when death deprived Joanna of this best monitor, her capricious conduct entirely estranged the affections of Philip. As she was the next in succession to her mother, she was immediately declared sovereign of Castile; and after some delay, and in despite of opposition from her father, Philip was joined with her, and he assumed his new authority with an eager enjoyment that contrasted strongly with the morbid indifference of Joanna. Scarcely, however, was Philip seated on his so-much-coveted throne, scarcely had he taken his first draught of the intoxicating cup that seemed filled with happiness, when he was seized by fever; and in the very prime of manhood, just as he had attained the summit of power, after a few days of severe suffering, he died. Then came that 'late remorse of love,' which made the really injured Joanna forget all his unkindness and neglect: the shock was so severe and unexpected, that she could not at first be brought to comprehend that he was really dead; but when that was beyond all doubt, her mind, which had been long harassed by the conflict between love, jealousy, and a blind and bigoted religious belief, became absorbed with the one idea that he might be restored to life. Her confessor had told her of some monkish legend, which related, that even after fourteen years, by faith and prayer, a dead king had been restored to life, and she resolved to watch and pray, that a similar miracle might be wrought on her behalf. Full of this hope, she looked, without shedding a tear, on the remains of her idolised husband; she suffered the royal obsequies to be performed with all the usual pomp; but, as soon as they were concluded, and the actors in the ceremony were all dismissed, she caused the body to be exhumed, and taken back to her own apartments. Yet even here, in her lonely vigil over the coffined clay, she betrayed the same jealousy that had mingled with her love for him in his lifetime, and she suffered no female to approach the apartment. We, who now sit in judgment on her conduct, know that thus to feel and act was madness; but with the charity that is

> 'so holy in the heart,
> And gentle on the tongue,'

let us draw a veil over her infirmities, and pity her sorrows. Though quite incapable of exercising the functions of royalty, she would not relinquish her right to the sovereign power of Castile: she still watched and waited for the return of Philip, withholding for him the right to govern which had descended to their son, the well-known Emperor Charles V. This prince, though manifesting towards the close of life something of the superstitious melancholy of his mother's temperament, seems to have inherited the characteristics of his maternal ancestors, Ferdinand and Isabella; as if talent, like a vein of precious metal, could be lost for a time only to re-appear, in another generation, with greater richness, brilliancy, and depth.

Great as are the diversities of human character, it is scarcely possible to find two individuals whose sex and station in life, being the same, present so great a contrast to each other as Joanna of Castile and Catherine II. of Russia. Both had sensible and highly-gifted mothers, who diligently superintended their education, to fit them for the sovereign stations they were expected to fill. Joanna's natural incapacity defeated her mother's care, but Catherine had superior talents, and profited by the instructions bestowed upon her. They were both married early; and while Joanna's misery arose out of her exceeding affection for the gay, careless, handsome Philip, Catherine's career of crime commenced in her aversion to the imbecile, ill-favoured, brutal Peter; yet, offensive as were his habits, they form no excuse for the guilty ambition which led her to connive at, if she did not contrive, his murder. Scarcely could his body have been cold, when his murderers proclaimed her his successor: he was interred, after a short public exposure of his corpse to the gaze of the public, in a convent, and Catherine at once assumed all the powers of the imperial autocrat. For thirty-five years she retained this vast authority in her own hands, not even suffering her son Paul to enjoy any share of it, much less to ascend that throne to which, at the completion of his minority, he had an undoubted right.

Unlike the weary solitary widowhood of Joanna, Catherine spent her days in the bustle of the camp and the gaiety of the court, maintaining to the last day of her life her established habits of activity. After completing her seventieth year, she fell into a stupor or swoon, in which she remained thirty-seven hours, and then, uttering a fearful shriek, expired. It has been thought that she would, if her senses had returned after the first seizure, have named some other than her son as her successor, so great an aversion had she always seemed to entertain towards him; but he was, as of right, immediately proclaimed czar. One of the first acts of his reign was to order the disinterment of the body of his father; he caused the coffin to be opened in his presence, and shed tears over the remains of his murdered parent. The coffin was then closed, a crown was placed upon it, and it was removed with great pomp to the palace, and thence to the citadel, the royal burying-place. The body of the empress had, in the meantime, been embalmed, and the two coffins were placed side by side. Separated for so many years, husband and wife met again—

> 'Where none had saluted, and none had replied;'

he from his mouldering rest and companionship with the worm, she from a long course of luxury and unbounded indulgence in vices that every law, social, moral, and divine, discountenances and forbids. One, by the royal mandate, watched over their solemn rest, a man of gigantic stature, with iron nerves; yet did he not tremble as he kept his vigil with the dead? He was more than suspected of being the murderer of Peter; but Paul could not so far outrage his mother's memory

as openly to proclaim such a terrible fact; he therefore avenged his father by thus honouring his remains, and making Alexius Orloff, the reputed murderer, watch over and follow them to their tomb.

BENNIE MINORIE—ANECDOTE OF SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

About forty-five years ago a poor man, usually, though fictitiously, called Bennie Minorie, perambulated the south of Scotland with a raree show-box, by which and a few sleight-of-hand tricks he made a living. Many a simple farm-house in Peebles and Selkirkshires retains agreeable recollections of the visits of this innocent old man, whose kindness to children and general simplicity of character made him a favourite with old and young.* The writer of this anecdote remembers well his coming occasionally to his father's house in a border county, and there amusing the inmates for an afternoon with his show and his feats of legerdemain.

One of Bennie's chief tricks was an exhibition of three pieces of wood like barrels without ends, which were strung like beads upon a double piece of whip-cord. When he held the ends of the cord firmly in his hands, he defied any one to take the barrels from off the cords without breaking the strings; but when another person held the ends of the cords, he caused the barrels to fly off the strings as if by magic. The thing appeared to those unacquainted with it to be impossible, but nevertheless it was quite simple to those who knew the secret of the puzzle.

This trick of the 'sour-milk barrels' Bennie Minorie taught to a brother of the writer, then a boy of ten years of age. This youth in time went to sea, and, after a service of about twenty years, attained the command of a merchant-ship. It happened one day, while the ship was at Messina taking in a cargo for South America, that a native juggler made his appearance among the shipping in the port. He carried a basket containing trinkets of various sorts, which he sold to the crews of the vessels in the harbour; and he, besides, drew considerable sums of money from the wondering sailors, by exhibiting to them a great many sleight-of-hand tricks. Amongst others of his performances, the captain of the British ship was surprised to observe the identical feat of Bennie Minorie's 'sour-milk barrels,' which the old man had taught him in his youth among the heath-clad hills of Scotland. Not one of the many shipmasters and sailors of the different nations present could understand the juggler's puzzle, or imagine how the barrels could be taken off the cords without breaking them.

The juggler, like all others of his calling, went strutting about in the crowd, boasting and magnifying his extraordinary dexterity. The captain, recollecting distinctly all the particulars of the same puzzle which Bennie Minorie had taught him, stepped forward to the bombastical conjurer, and feigned to wonder at the extraordinary powers which he showed in his art. The juggler, with great arrogance, at once challenged the captain or any man in all Sicily to take the barrels from the cords. The captain still pretending to be entirely ignorant of the trick, said he thought the thing might be possible, although it appeared to be very difficult. The gasconading conjurer instantly said he would wager his whole basketful of trinkets, worth several pounds, that the captain could not take the barrels from the cords. The captain, with feigned hesitation and apparent fear, took the bet, engaging to pay *twenty dollars* against the basket in case of failure. The twenty dollars were immediately lodged in the hands of a third party at the request of the juggler, that his prey might not escape him. The gentleman in whose custody the money was placed for security, with other onlookers, was astonished at the simplicity of the captain, and tried to dissuade him from foolishly throwing away his money to a professed trickster, being quite sure he would lose the bet. The captain, however, persisting in his resolution, commenced handling the barrels in a very awkward manner, as if he had been completely ignorant of the trick. This only produced a smile of contempt, and increased the confidence of the self-sufficient man, who now thought himself quite sure of the twenty dollars.

But on the captain again putting his hands upon the barrels and cords in a more easy and confident manner, as if familiar with the trick, the juggler's countenance instantly fell. He perceived the trap laid for him, and exclaimed, 'My basket is lost.' The captain, after some flourishes with his hands, as if he had been an adept at the juggling trade, immediately undid the mysterious puzzle, to the great amusement of the bystanders, and infinite mortification of the poor juggler. The captain immediately ordered one of his crew to carry the basket on board his ship and secure it in the cabin.

The bombastical conjurer was now completely chop-fallen. Another basket of merchandise was not easily to be obtained; and, besides, the crowd present burst out a-laughing at his embarrassment, and at seeing the biter so effectually bitten. After keeping the basket for some time in his possession, the captain returned it to the humbled necromancer, warning him at the same time to be more cautious in future, and not again to peril his whole fortune and fame upon a single throw of chance. The captain only retained a tooth-brush or other trifle out of the basket; and the juggler was so much pleased and gratified at his wares being returned to him, that he pressed the captain to accept of some articles of more value than the tooth-brush, but which he declined to receive.

The necromancer now spoke to the captain in a familiar, friendly, and subdued tone, as if he had met with a brother magician, and wished to try him with more of his sleight-of-hand feats; but the captain being only in possession of the single one of the 'sour-milk barrels,' declined having anything further to do with him. The transaction produced considerable interest at the port of Messina, and was the topic of general conversation for some time.

* Bennie died about three years ago in the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, aged 103. An ample account of him is given in the Journal, No. 326.

EARLY AND LATE WRITERS.

An unusually early development of the intellectual faculties is among the least agreeable presages which can be observed in infancy. It as often argues the presence of morbid conditions of mind as extraordinary talent. Judge Doddridge declares that he found, by experience, that, 'among a number of quick wits in youth, few are found in the end very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to the commonwealth.' Yet instances of early talent of a healthy kind will always prove interesting, and appeal to generous sympathy and admiration. Sir Francis Palgrave, author of various works, translated Homer's *Batrachomyomachia* at the age of eight years. Goëthe, when only eight or nine years old, wrote a short description of twelve pictures portraying the history of Joseph. Sir Thomas Lawrence, when in his eighth year, contributed various articles to the magazines. At the age of fourteen Kirke White wrote the following 'Address to the Muse:'—

'Ill-fated maid! in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen—
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene—
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns, the jeers of life?
Why not endow them to endure the strife
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Of self-content and ease, each torturing wound to heal?

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom—
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then lure them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on
To persevere in paths that lead to wo?
What can induce them in that route to go,
In which innumerous before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and wo-begone?

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found—
I who have drank from thine ethereal rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus' loved Aonian hill—
I through whose soul the muses' strains aye thrill!
Oh, I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And though our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languished, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.'

Barrè Roberts, at the age of nineteen, was a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and well versed in antiquities and numismatics. He died in his twenty-fourth year, leaving so extensive and valuable a collection of coins, that the

government purchased it for the British Museum, at the price of four thousand pounds. His works were reprinted by his father for private distribution, in a handsome quarto volume. John Banim wrote many of his prose and poetic pieces while in the fresh bloom of boyhood. When scarcely seventeen, he became editor of the *Leinster Journal*. At eighteen he produced his play of *Damon and Pythias*, and at nineteen his poem of *The Celt's Paradise*. When about twenty, he married, and proceeded to London, where he immediately undertook the editorship of the *Literary Register*. In his twenty-sixth year he published *The Nowlans*, which established him as the very first of Irish writers of fiction. Howard Dudley, when not sixteen years old, compiled, printed, and engraved the plates for his *History and Antiquities of Horsham, in Sussex* (1836). William Roscoe was in his sixteenth year when he wrote his poem entitled *Mount Pleasant*. The celebrated traveller, Dr E. D. Clarke, wrote, before he was of age, his now exceedingly scarce *Tour through the South of England, Wales, and Ireland* (1793), the style of which is natural and eloquent, full of youthful ardour and spirit, and strongly indicative of feelings that do honour to the goodness and humanity of his heart. Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Charles Lloyd, when neither was twenty-one years of age, published a small unpretending volume, containing specimens of their abilities in poetical composition.

On the other hand, there are remarkable instances of authors of distinction having commenced their literary career at a ripe age. It was not until he had attained his twenty-eighth year that the talents of Sir Walter Scott developed themselves. 'I happened to be in Scotland,' says Lord Dudley, 'when Scott discovered his great genius —just as a man finds a treasure buried in his garden, or a great mine upon his estate.' Allan Ramsay, the Doric poet of Scotland, was twenty-six ere he wrote verses. It must, however, be owned that generally literary talent shows itself before twenty.

Of exertions of mind at an advanced period of life, many remarkable anecdotes are told. When the celebrated Arnauld, author of an excellent work entitled *The Art of Thinking*, asked his friend Nicholl to assist him in a new work, the latter declined, saying, 'We are now old, and it is time to rest,' to which Arnauld made this memorable reply, 'Rest! have we not all eternity to rest in?' Dr Johnson, the year before his death, acquired a perfect knowledge of the Dutch language. Accorson, the celebrated lawyer, did not commence the study of the law till very late in life, saying that he should then master it the sooner. The late venerable Marquis of Wellesley cheered and consoled his old age by writing Latin and English verses. At the age of seventy-eight Voltaire re-wrote in one year the *Sophonisba of Maires*, and composed his tragedy of the *Laws of Minos*; and when arrived at his eighty-second year, he wrote his *Epistle to Boileau*, his *Epistle to Horace*, the *Tactics*, the *Dialogue of Pegasus*, and several other little pieces. Cato was eighty years old when he began to learn Greek, and Plutarch was about the same age when he acquired a knowledge of Latin. Socrates was in his old age when he began to learn to play various musical instruments. Bernardino de Sahagun, a Franciscan friar, having gone as a missionary to Mexico in 1529, conceived there the design of illustrating the antiquities of the Aztecs, and for this purpose wrote in the Mexican language a work containing an immense mass of curious information. From jealousy, however, he was deprived of his manuscript by the provincial of his order, till he had reached the age of eighty, when, through a friendly and powerful intercession, he recovered it, and began even then the laborious task of translating it from the Mexican into Spanish. This translation, when finished, occupied, with its numerous paintings, two folio volumes, but being sent to Madrid for publication, the manuscript was lost, and did not make its appearance before the world until nearly three centuries had elapsed; for it was first published at Mexico in 1829, and republished in the following year by Lord Kingsborough, who thought himself the first to introduce it to notice. Louis Cornaro, the celebrated abstemious Venetian, writing at the age of eighty-three, speaks of his having just penned a mirthful and pleasant comedy. Theophrastus was upwards of ninety when he commenced his admirable work on the *Characters of Men*. Ludovico Monaldesco was a hundred and fifteen years old when he wrote the celebrated memoirs of his time. Thus we see that sometimes a man's genius

> 'Blooms in the winter of his days,
> Like Glastonbury thorn.'

TOO EARLY SCHOOL TASKS DISCOMMENDED.

Children ought not to be too soon dismissed from an education *exclusively* domestic. They ought not, I mean, to be sent to school at too early an age. A practice the contrary of this threatens to be productive of serious, not to say irreparable mischief. Parents are often too anxious that their children should have a knowledge of the alphabet, of spelling, reading, geography, and other branches of school-learning at a very early age. This is worse than tempting them to walk too early, because the organ likely to be injured by it is much more important than the muscles and bones of the lower extremities. It may do irremediable mischief to the brain. That viscus is yet too immature and feeble to sustain fatigue. Until from the sixth to the eighth year of life, the seventh being perhaps the proper medium, all its energies are necessary for its own healthy development, and that of the other portions of the system. Nor ought they to be diverted, by serious study, to any other purpose. True, exercise is as essential to the health and vigour of the brain at that time of life as at any other; but it should be the general and pleasurable exercise of observation and action. It ought not to be the compulsory exercise of tasks. Early prodigies of mind rarely attain mature distinction. The reason is plain: their brains are injured by premature toil, and their general health impaired. Were parents fully sensible of this, they would no longer overload the brains of their mere babes with study, any more than they would their half-organized muscles and joints with unmerciful burdens of brick and mortar. They would even know that the latter would be the less destructive practice of the two. Instead of seeing infants confined to inaction in crowded schoolrooms, with saddened looks, moist eyes, and aching heads, we should then meet them in gardens and lawns, groves and pleasure-grounds, breathing wholesome air, leaping, laughing, shouting, cropping flowers, pursuing butterflies, collecting and looking at curious and beautiful insects and stones, listening to bird-songs, singing themselves, admiring the bright blue arch of the heavens, or gazing at the thickening folds of the thunder-cloud, and doing all other things fitted to promote health, develope and strengthen their frames, and prepare them for the graver business of after-life. And instead of pale faces, flaccid cheeks, and wasted bodies, we should find them with ruddy flesh, firm muscles, and full and well-rounded limbs. Exercises and pastimes such as these constitute the only 'Infant School' that deserves to be encouraged; nor will any other sort receive encouragement when the business of education shall be thoroughly understood. The brain of infants will be then no longer neglected as a mass of matter of little importance, skin, muscle, and bone being thought preferable to it. On the contrary, it will be viewed in its true character, as the ruling organ of the body and the apparatus of the mind, and its training will receive the attention it merits. I repeat—and the repetition should be persevered in until its truth be acknowledged and reduced to practice—that most of the evils of education under which the world has so long suffered, and is still suffering, arise from the mistaken belief, that in what is called moral and intellectual education, it is the *mind* that is exercised, and not the *brain*. Nor will the evils cease, and education be made perfect, until the error shall be exploded. Knowing nothing of the nature of the mind, and supposing it to be, as a spirit, somewhat *impassive*, we are neither apprised nor apprehensive that any degree of action will impair it. Indeed we can form no conception of an injury done to it as a separate essence. Perhaps the most rational belief is, that it can suffer none. But the case is different as respects organized matter. We witness daily injuries done to it by injudicious exercise. Nor is there perhaps any portion of it so easily or ruinously deranged by excessive action as the brain, especially the half-formed and highly-susceptible brain of infants. Let this truth be realised, and faithfully and skilfully acted on, and human suffering from hydrocephalus, rickets, phrenitis, idiocy, epilepsy, madness, and other cerebral affections, will be greatly diminished. It would be infinitely wiser and better to employ suitable persons to superintend the exercises and amusements of children under seven years of age, in the fields, orchards, and meadows, and point out to them the riches and beauties of nature, than to have them immured in crowded schoolrooms, poring over horn-books and primers, conning words of whose meaning they are ignorant, and breathing foul air.—*Caldwell on Physical Education.*

DILIGENCE IN BUSINESS.

Cultivate a spirit of diligence both in your temporal and spiritual employ. Strictly adhere to your business. Religion commands this. There may be difficulties in your calling, and so there are in every situation; but let not this relax your exertions, lest you give occasion for the enemy to speak evil of you. Besides, assiduity in your lawful concerns is one of the best ways to be preserved from temptation. Idleness has led to a thousand evil consequences; while itself is a most unhappy state of mind. It is good to be employed. Action is really the life, business, and *rest* of the soul. 'Idleness,' as South says, 'offers up the soul as a blank to the devil for him to write what he will upon it.' Idleness is the emptiness, and business the fulness of the soul; and we all know that we may infuse what we will into empty vessels, but a full one has no room for a further infusion.—*Buck's Christian's Guide.*

HAIRST.

THOUGH weel I lo'e the buddin' spring,
I'll no misca' John Frost,
Nor will I roose the simmer days
At gowden autumn's cost;
For a' the seasons in their turn
Some wished-for pleasures bring,
And han' in han' they jink about,
Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,
When winter nights were lang,
'I weary for the simmer woods,
The lintie's titterin' sang;'
But when the woods grew gay and green,
And birds sang sweet and clear,
It then was, 'When will hairst-time come,
The gloamin' o' the year?'

Oh, hairst-time's like a lippin' cup
That's gi'en wi' furthy glee—
The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,
Red apples bend the tree;
The genty air, sae ladylike,
Has on a scented gown,
And wi' an airy string she leads
The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',
The apples taste your mou',
And owre the stibble rigs I'll chase
The thistle-down wi' you;
I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
The red hip frae the brier—
For wealth hangs in each tangled nook
I' the gloamin' o' the year.

Sweet Hope! ye biggit hae a nest
Within my bairnie's breast—
Oh! may his trustin' heart ne'er trow
That whiles ye sing in jest;
Some comin' joys are dancin' aye
Afore his langin' een—
He sees the flower that isna blawn,
An' birds that ne'er were seen.

The stibble rig is aye ahin',
The gowden grain afore,
An' apples drap into his lap,
Or row in at the door.
Come hairst-time then unto my bairn,
Drest in your gayest gear,
Wi' saft and winnowin' win's to cool
The gloamin' o' the year.

—*Nursery Songs, Glasgow*, 1844.

CHINESE ICE-HOUSES.

The ice-houses around Ningpo, and especially on the banks of the river between that city and Chinhae, are beyond calculation. They are built above the ground, and generally upon a platform of earth raised so as to be above the level of the surrounding fields. Upon such a mound a bamboo frame is thrown, which is well and closely thatched with paddy straw. The ice is collected in tanks or ponds, which the proprietors of the ice-houses take care to keep duly filled with water during the winter season. When the ice is of sufficient thickness they collect it; and, as it is brought in, each layer is covered with dry straw, and in this manner the ice is preserved during the whole summer. Each house has its own drain, to draw off the water caused by the melting of the ice. The article is not used in Ningpo for private consumption, but solely as an antiseptic for flesh and fish during the heats of summer. The inhabitants know nothing of the mode of cooling their liquid, except as they have observed foreigners use it for that purpose, and then they are very willing to retail it to them at the rate of about eighty to one hundred cash per bucket, a charge by no means excessive during the dog days. In places like Foochow-foo, the seat of Chinese luxury, ice is occasionally used to cool fruits, sweetmeats, &c.—*Friend of China.*

OYSTERS.

The western Australians eat all sorts of salt-water molluscs except oysters. In the Old World, however, oysters have enjoyed an extensive reputation as luxuries from a very early period. Pliny, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Varro, and other ancient authors, represent the Romans as being fond of oysters, especially of those which they obtained from Britain. Our oysters were honoured with a prominent place at the banquet-tables of their emperors. They ate with them a peculiar kind of bread, called by Pliny *panis ostrearius*—probably something like the large rolls seen in our modern oyster-shops.

He was a brave man who first ventured upon swallowing a raw oyster; but braver still was George II., who preferred attacking oysters when they were not only raw, but stale and of strong flavour. The Honourable Robert Boyle, in his book entitled *Reflections*, speaks in terms of abhorrence and ultra-humanity of the practice of eating raw oysters. Whatever may be said by the admirers of Boyle in favour of previous boiling, raw oysters will always be most patronised for the superior delicacy and purity of their taste. We may presume that Dr Johnson preferred them in their undressed state, for he compared scalloped oysters to 'children's ears in sawdust.' A noble lord giving directions for a treat of boiled oysters, says, 'Wash the shells of the oysters clean, then put the oysters into an earthen pot with their hollow sides downwards, then put this pot covered into a great saucepan with water, and so let them boil in their own liquor unmixed with the water.' It was said of a cold climate, that no fruit ripened in it except baked apples; and, according to the satirical Bishop Corbett—

> 'Tis so seething hot in Spain, they swear
> They never heard of a raw oyster there.'
> *Poetica Stromata*, 1648.

But to oysters that lie in shallow water, a severe frost proves as destructive as a hot summer. The frost of 1829–30 destroyed, on one Danish bank alone, more than eight millions of oysters, or about ten thousand tons weight.

THISTLES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

After emerging from the quinta and chacara grounds, some six leagues from the capital, we came upon the cardales, or 'thistleries,' which, at the time I speak of, reached to Arroyio del Medio, the boundary of the province of Buenos Ayres. Since then, they have gone on extending their dominion on all sides, and they seem destined to become at last the great vegetable usurpers of the whole Pampas. When I left Scotland, I thought I had left the country, par excellence, of thistles behind me; I now found that those of my native land, compared with the thistleries of the Pampas, were as a few scattered Lilliputians to the serried ranks of the Brobdignagians. From one post-house to another a lane was cut through these huge thistle-fields, which hemmed you in on either side as completely as if you were riding between walls fifty feet high; you saw as little in the one case as you would in the other. The cattle find *shade* in these cardales, and are often lost among them for days. They afford a shelter for highwaymen, and when at their greatest growth, they are a favourite resort for gentlemen of the road. They tower above your head, and in many cases hide the post-house from your view till you come close upon the door. In short, Pampas thistles, like all things else in South America, are on a large scale.—*Robertson's Letters on Paraguay.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, August 3, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 32. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1844. Price 1½d.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

The devotion with which business is pursued in London has caused the Sunday to be most unfairly dealt with. The great bulk of the industrious classes find, or affect to find, that they must work from morning till night for six days, and then convince themselves that it is necessary to spend the Sunday entirely in recreation, for which they say they have no other time. It would probably be a new idea to many of them, if they were asked, 'Why no other time?' or if it were pointed out that each day ought to have, to some extent, its own period of recreation. But, how far soever they may be in error on this point, the mode in which these classes do generally spend the Sunday is itself a fact in our social system not unworthy of notice. A few light pencillings on the subject may be listened to, where a downright sermon would be disregarded.

The streets of London always present a remarkably quiet and deserted appearance early in the morning, but on this day particularly so. All is still, save now and then when the steps of the distant policeman are heard breaking with their echoes the death-like silence of the streets, or when a party of anglers, principally young clerks and shopmen, pass by, yawning and half wishing that they had not got up quite so early, and carrying across their shoulders formidable instruments intended for the capture of roach and gudgeons, and large full-bellied baskets crammed with bread and meat, equivocal pork pies, and a bottle of beer. Now and then—but, I am happy to say, this has become comparatively a rare sight of late years—some mechanic, we may hope an unmarried one, who had been offering last night the first fruits of his week's wages at the shrine of Bacchus, comes staggering past. He is not sufficiently sober to know where he is going; but as he is not too drunk to walk, and does not make any disturbance, the policeman takes no notice of him. The early breakfast stalls, that on other days are patronised by artisans on the way to their work, are not to be seen, or are confined to localities in which their custom is derived from those who reside in their immediate vicinity. The coffee-shops remain shut longer than usual, as mechanics, who form their principal frequenters, lie in bed a couple of hours later, as a rest from the toil of the past week, and a preparation for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

At seven o'clock the day may be said to commence. The shrill voice of the water-cress seller is heard—the small transactions of that trade confining it almost entirely to children and those who are too old for anything else. The other cries tolerated on Sunday morning are shrimps, dried haddocks, Yarmouth bloaters, mackerel, and the fruits of the season. It may be well, however, to say that the magnificent but ugly word bloater is applied to mere red herrings, and not to that incomparable dainty which swims in the sea only a few days before it comes on the table, and is only salted sufficiently to make it keep for that interval, and only smoked enough to tinge it with the colour of virgin gold. The milk-woman now walks her rounds, clattering her tin cans, and singing out her musical cry. She is a stout, rosy-cheeked, good-humoured Welsh or Irish woman, with a joke for the policeman, and for the servant-girl an inquiry after the health of her 'young man.' She is also the confidant of the whole neighbourhood, and gives sage advice to the servant-of-all-work, who, disgusted with some inquiries that had been made after a shoulder of mutton which appeared but once at table, resolves to give that missus of hers warning this very blessed day. The chimneys begin to smoke, and the shops in the poor neighbourhoods, that deal in the necessaries of life, open one by one. Down the narrow courts, windows are thrown open to let the chimney draw; and in that nearest you, you hear the rattle of cups and saucers, and by and by the screams of a little boy who is undergoing an involuntary ablution. When the younger branches of the family are dressed, they are made to sit in a row on the door-step, so that they may be out of the way, and with strict injunctions not to play, lest they should spoil their dresses. Inside, the mother and elder daughters are deep in the mysteries of stuffing a leg of pork and the manufacture of an apple-pie; and the father, after being knocked about by everybody, and made a complete tool of—having alternately been set to hold the baby, and pare apples, and reach down sugar, and sharpen knives—at length indignantly retires to the street-door, where, with his coat off, and in a very white shirt and ditto trousers, and with the baby in his arms, he smokes his pipe and reads his Sunday paper, borrowed from the public-house, or one of the penny weeklies, purchased 'out and out.'

About ten o'clock the streets become fuller. Londoners have a strong regard for appearances, and those who perhaps do not visit a church from one year's end to another, are yet unwilling to exhibit their negligence to the public. During the hours of the morning service the streets are comparatively empty; all those who set out on their day's walk before dinner—who, however, form but a limited proportion of the pleasure-seekers—starting about this time. They generally consist of small parties who go down by railway or steamboat to Greenwich, carrying their dinner with them in a basket, and dining under a chestnut-tree, spending their afternoon in visiting Shooter's Hill, riding on donkeys on Blackheath, or perhaps getting up, along with some other party, a game at kiss-in-the-ring. This is also the time chosen by the young shopkeeper, who, shutting his eyes to the expense, hires a gig for the day, and drives his lady-love to Harrow, Richmond, Totten-

ham, or some other favoured place, where they dine at an ordinary; and after walking about in the neighbourhood, return at six to tea, which is served with great dignity by the young lady, whose point of politeness is to thank the waiter separately for every service he performs. There is another class—patriarchal experienced men, knowing of the fact that simple and economical pleasures are often the best—who carry the whole of their family, and a friend or two besides, to Epping Forest in a taxed cart drawn by a tall bony horse, well known in the neighbourhood for the last dozen years, and generally supposed to possess unlimited powers of drawing. When this party has arrived at its destination, a large basket is unpacked, and a cloth spread on the ground, and they all fall upon the viands before them with hearty appetites and merry laughter, as safe from intruders as if they were in a balloon, although the place is within a very few miles of London. After dinner a fire is made with dry sticks, and a small kettle of water is put on, which serves the double purpose of preparing the old gentleman's toddy and making tea for the ladies; and in the meantime the young folks stroll about, arm in arm, gathering wild flowers, and the old folks sit down together and prose. Others, with their dinner in a handkerchief, repair to Hampton Court by means of a pleasure-van holding about two dozen persons, and for the trip there and back pay a shilling. The van is handsomely painted, the horses neatly harnessed, and the awning overhead protects the pleasurers from the sun, admitting only the dust. In a very little while they are rumbled and tumbled into companionship. Perfect magazines of fun are these pleasure vans. Many an acquaintance begins in them which is destined to reach its climax at the altar, and only to terminate in the grave. These pleasurers look down with a good-humoured superiority on mere pedestrians, and many are the jokes and repartees bandied between the two as they pass.

Well, as has been said, it is ten o'clock. The main streets that lead out of town are thronged with pleasure-seekers, and in the poor neighbourhoods the shops are open, and doing a great amount of business. Mrs Smith, having resisted for some time the demands of the children for a pie, to their great glee at length gives in, and hurries out for green rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, or apples, according to the season, though with many misgivings in her mind, when she considers the quantity of sugar that will be necessary to make them palatable. Good managers put off the buying of their Sunday joint to this moment, in the hope that the butcher will sell his meat a halfpenny a pound cheaper rather than keep it till the next day; but they meet with the fate of most very good managers, and are often obliged to put up now with what they would have rejected last night. Little boys, with their jackets off, carry earthen dishes containing shoulders of mutton, with potatoes under them, to the baker's, feeling all the way in a state of nervous trepidation lest they should meet with some strong and unscrupulous man who might not have such a dainty for his dinner. Behind comes a little girl who is intrusted with the pie, and who, on her return home, gives her mamma an account of what all the neighbours are going to have for dinner. It is astonishing how penetrating girls are, especially if they are the eldest in the family. Boys neither know nor care about anything that is not in some way or other connected with marbles or leap-frog, but we never knew a little girl who did not know the names of all the people in the street, and more of their affairs than could be gleaned from any other source.

The church-bells are now ringing, well-dressed people are walking along with a quiet and serious air, carrying prayer-books in their hands, and making Mrs Smith wish that she had done all her marketing on Saturday evening, so that she might not have been seen before she had 'cleaned' herself. The shops are all shut, and in a quarter of an hour the streets are comparatively empty. The cabmen, despairing of a fare for the next two hours, collect in groups opposite the coach-stand, and regale themselves with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, the public-houses being rigidly closed until one o'clock; while in St Giles's and Seven Dials, Irishmen, dressed in blue coats with brass buttons, individually lean against posts, or, seated in rows on the kirb-stone, smoke in a state of apathy, occasionally addressing some monosyllabic observation to one another, which is answered with a grunt of assent.

It is one o'clock, and Mrs Smith is dressed, and nursing the baby; and Mr Smith, having finished his second pipe, and read the paper through, advertisements and all, and having been put into a state of patriotic dissatisfaction by the leading article, is indignant because he cannot think of anything to grumble at except the heat of the weather. The little Smiths are each of them seated on a chair, in order to preserve their muslin frocks and white trousers; but which, however, they are constantly leaving, in order to look if the people have come out of church, keeping their mother actively employed in reseating them. At last, however, the streets begin to fill as if by magic. The clock strikes one, and out the young Smiths rush to the baker's, without stopping for bonnets or hats. If they did not get there before anybody else, who knows that somebody might not make a mistake and take away *their* pie? Such things have happened before, and it is a remarkable fact that the person who makes the exchange has always the best of it. However, on this occasion it is all right. The pork is done well, and is encased in a coating of such delicious crackling; the potatoes are nicely brown, and soaking in fat; and as for the pie, it is the perfection of the baking art. It is a fine sight, too, to see the stout woman handing the dishes over the counter, and receiving the money with an air of cool unconcern, as if a gooseberry pie were an everyday occurrence, and a custard pudding a mere nothing; and it would be a surprising sight, too, to one who did not know that bakers live upon the steam of the good things intrusted in their hands. During the time the dinner has been sent for, Mr Smith with his own hands has brought a pot of porter from the public-house at the corner, stopping every minute to drink a mouthful lest it should spill. On reaching home, he finds that his wife has laid the cloth with scrupulous neatness, bringing out to advantage the imitation ebony cruet frame that they have had ever since their marriage, and the best knives and forks, which had been a present from mother. The cloth is laid, too, on their best table, a small, round, unsteady, and indeed somewhat dissipated-looking article, made of walnut tree. It is certainly rather a hard squeeze, but the other table will not do for Sunday; and Mrs Smith takes the youngest boy on her lap, and father one of the little girls, and thus they all manage, somehow or other, to get within reach of the dainties. We will not say anything about the dinner, farther than that it is treated in the style customary with Londoners, who consider it a Christian duty to eat as much as possible on Sunday; and it must be a good dinner too, even if they are upon short commons for the rest of the week to pay for it.

The dinner is over, the things are put away, and everybody is dressed, and anxious to go out. So Mr Smith goes for the children's 'shay' from the back-yard, and with some difficulty lugs it up the narrow steps, looking very red, and feeling very wrathful from his having whitened his best coat against the wall, and received a blow on the shins from the handle of the chaise. However, he cools down when three of the children are inserted in the vehicle, and the party at length set out, three other children walking behind with his wife and the baby, while he himself draws the chaise, wrapped up in the enjoyment of a new clay pipe at least half a yard long, which he had hid away till now over the clock, to be out of the reach of the juveniles. Through the streets they go, Mrs Smith screaming out every moment to the children to get out of the way of the carriages; and herself, by way of

setting a good example, running every now and then under the very heads of the horses, as is the custom with all timid ladies. They cross the New Road, down which crowds of people are making for Regent's Park, to sit down on benches or lie on the grass, or form a circle round one or other of the many lecturers who there hold forth gratuitously; and perhaps after that to make a pilgrimage to Primrose Hill, from the top of which they see the panorama of the mighty city spread before them, with St Paul's rising high in the midst.

Everything goes on pleasantly enough with our Smiths, who walk through Somers-Town, keeping on the shady side of the way; but it is quite a different affair when they get past Chalk Farm. The road here opens to the hot sun, and clouds of dust come darting down, then across and back again, like a playful kitten doing all the mischief it can out of pure fun. But the worst of it is the steep hill they have now to climb. Mr Smith tugs and toils away, now stopping to dry the perspiration from his brow, and now giving vent to his feelings by reproaches levelled at his wife. He knew all along what it would be. It always happens so every Sunday; and his pleasure must be spoiled for a whole day, because she would insist on bringing the children. It was too bad—that it was. Now, Mrs Smith possesses, as she herself affirms, the temper of a *hangel*, but to hear the way John went on would exhaust the patience of Job. Wasn't it enough that she was worrit to death by the baby, but he must begin to talk about *her* bringing the children, just as if he didn't propose it himself. But that was the way she was always treated; he was never contented and sociable like other men. Why didn't he take pattern by cousin Mary's. But just as she has reached this point, they arrive at a public house, in which Mr Smith proposes that they should rest for a short time, and as his wife is perfectly agreeable, they walk in. After sitting for some little while over a pint, who should they see coming in but young Thompson and his wife, a very respectable couple indeed, he being a first-rate turner, making, it is said, at least two guineas a-week. After expressing their mutual surprise at meeting, they all sit down together, and the two men begin to talk politics, and the ladies domestics. Mrs Smith gives a complete history of the rise and progress of a hooping-cough with which little Johnny had been lately suffering, with an exposition of her particular mode of treatment, to all of which Mrs Thompson listens with great interest, and treasures it up in her mind, as she herself has a baby of two or three months old. Having rested for some time, they start in a body, and as there are now two men to draw the chaise, they go on pleasantly enough, and at length, after several stoppages, arrive at the very top of Hampstead Heath.

On the side of a declivity on the heath there are a great number of tables and forms laid out on the grass, on which some washerwomen, who inhabit the cottages close by, provide the social meal for all such as are willing to pay ninepence a-head. To this spot our party repair, and after some discussion with an elderly female with regard to how many heads the young Smiths might be supposed to possess collectively, they sit down and take tea, remarking how very differently the beverage, as well as the bread and butter, tastes in the country. Even tea, however, will not stand more than three or four waterings at the most, and they at length get up and turn their faces homewards.

The heath is now rapidly becoming deserted, the only persons who seem inclined to remain being couples, who walk about slowly in the less frequented parts, and talk together in a low tone, and white gowns that are seen gliding like phantoms among the bushes, each with its Hamlet striving to muster courage to address it. The dusk of the evening is coming on, and the pleasure-seekers again return to the road, and now commences the least agreeable part of the day. From Hampstead to the New Road there is an almost solid line of human beings, some three miles long, enshrined in a cloud of dust. Every person is thirsty, but the public-houses are all full; and even if they were not, there are very few who have not spent their money at Hampstead. Of that mass of human beings—indeed of the whole population of London, whether seen in church or in the streets on this day—it is worthy of remark, that there is not one who is not well and comfortably dressed. In this respect we differ from most continental cities. The same feeling of pride that makes the Londoner fare well on Sunday at the expense of the rest of the week, causes him to dress well, and if he cannot do so, he remains a prisoner in his house all day.

Down the hill come the multitude, their feet sore with walking, their heads aching with the heat of the sun, combined, in many cases, with the potations they have been imbibing, their clothes discoloured with the dust, and almost all of them either sulky, or venting their ill humour on their friends. Our party, who half an hour ago were in such good spirits, are now quite the reverse. Mr and Mrs Smith are engaged in a not very amicable discussion, and the children are either asleep or crying, and their mother endeavours to silence them by a distribution of boxes on the ear, which, strangely enough, seems to have quite an opposite effect. Those who can afford to ride are the only persons who enjoy themselves. One party comes tearing down the hill at full speed in a cab, making the women run screaming out of the way, and raising a cloud of dust that blinds everybody. Inside the conveyance are three couples, and three or four gentlemen are distributed on the available places on the roof, smoking cigars, and cutting jokes at the personal appearance of the passers-by. Just as the Smiths are entering London, the evening service of the churches is finished, and the different congregations come pouring out, neatly dressed, and with a quiet serious air. The Smiths, with dirty faces, dusty clothes, and screaming children, hang down their heads abashed, and sneak home as quickly and quietly as they can, and, quite worn out, go to bed with a mental resolution not to seek pleasure for the future in such a laborious manner. It is a curious fact, and one that shows how much better the pleasurable parts of past events are remembered than the disagreeable, that the Smiths, the very next Sunday, again go to the same place, spend the day in the same manner, and return with the same resolution, which is made only to be broken the next Sunday.

The streets in the meantime continue more or less crowded by the returning population till ten o'clock, when a sensible and remarkably sudden diminution in the numbers takes place. Almost all the families with children are by this time housed, and the warehousemen, shopmen, and shopwomen who live with their employers, disappear as the hour strikes, like so many apparitions. This abstracts at once the gayer part of the throng, including all the patent leather boots, gold (mosaic) headed canes, delicate coloured silk gowns, barege shawls, and pretty bonnets, and with these accessories most of the gentlemanlike figures and coquettish ankles which throughout the day had thrown a strong dash of gentility upon the motley assemblage. The great lines of thoroughfare become more and more empty towards eleven, and in the back streets, the neighbours who had congregated at the doors in little groups to talk over the events of the day, or to compensate themselves for having passed the Sunday at home by enjoying a look at the returning wanderers, vanish one by one into the interior of their domiciles. 'Good night' is heard on all sides, mingled with the shutting of doors, the shooting of bolts, and here and there with softer adieus. By midnight the signs of the holiday are over.

Such are but a few traits of a vast subject, the full treatment of which might fill volumes. Enough, however, must have been done even in these light paragraphs, to indicate the unsatisfactory nature of the tradesman and working-man's Sunday in London; that is, taking these classes generally, and acknowledging many exceptions. At best, a little amusement is ob-

tained, or a brief unbending from tasks which press at all other times. The higher needs of our nature are left entirely ungratified. It may not, I humbly think, be amiss, while congratulating ourselves on the success of the nation generally in the pursuit of wealth, to remember the immense expense in various ways to a vast portion of the people at which that success is secured.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE QUAIL.

In modern systems of ornithology, the quails, though bearing a striking resemblance to the partridge, are ranked as a distinct genus of the Tetraonidæ or Grouse tribe. They differ from the partridge (*Perdix*) in being smaller, in having a more delicate beak, shorter tail, and no spur on the legs, and in having the first three quills of the wing longer, and consequently better adapted for flight. This last distinction is what might have been expected from a knowledge of the fact, that the partridge seldom takes long flights, while quails annually perform very distant migrations. The two genera also differ considerably in their habits: the latter never perch; they assemble in vast flocks instead of in limited coveys, and though they pair regularly, the male deserts the female as soon as she begins to sit, nor afterwards assists in protecting the brood; whereas the conjugal attachment and parental care of the partridge continues undiminished long after the young can provide for themselves. From these and other minor differences, ornithologists have arranged the quails under a distinct genus (*Coturnix*); and as the species inhabiting the old world differ in various points from those found in America, the latter have been separated into a subgenus (*Ortyx*), comprehending several species, among which are the well-known Virginian quail and the crested ortyx of California. It is chiefly, however, to the quails of the old world—to their peculiar characters and habits—that we mean to direct attention in the following sketch.

The quail is more or less numerously distributed over every country in Europe, Asia, Africa, and New Holland. The European or common species (*Coturnix dactylisonans*) is a plump little bird, about half the size of a partridge, and remarkable for the juicy and delicate flavour of its flesh. It has the crown of the head and neck blackish; over each eye there is a yellowish streak, and another down the forehead; the plumage is a mixture of blackish-brown, with a slight fawn tinge at the base and tip. In the female the tints are considerably paler. From this description, it will be seen that the plumage is less brilliant and not so beautifully marked as that of the partridge, nor has the quail the bald space between the eyes, nor the figure of the horse-shoe on the breast, which characterise the latter bird; but in other respects—in shape and gait—there is sufficient resemblance to justify the once popular appellation of the *dwarf partridge*. The food of the quail is chiefly grain, seeds, and herbage, though it is by no means averse to insects, slugs, or worms. Like the rest of the tribe to which it belongs, it prefers the open field, taking shelter amid the long grass, and seldom or never retiring to the covert of furze or underwood. It usually sleeps during the day, not like the partridge on some sunny or dusty bank, but concealed among the herbage, lying on its side with its legs indolently extended, even for hours together. In this state it is not easily flushed, and will suffer itself to be run over by a dog before it be forced to the wing. The great amount of rest and shade which it enjoys, renders it uniformly plump and in good condition; even at midwinter we have seen specimens bagged in Scotland weighing from three-quarters of a pound to a pound, and having a subcutaneous layer of fat nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Quails are, by some naturalists, said to be polygamous; but this we are inclined to doubt, having found those which frequent Britain always in pairs, at least during the earlier part of the breeding season. The female lays from eight to fourteen eggs of an oil-green colour, dashed with rugged, rust-coloured spots, and occupies about three weeks in the incubation. On being hatched, the young are instantly led forth, and disperse so soon as they are able to shift for themselves, which is seldom longer than eight days. They are rarely found in bevies (covey is the term applied to a family of partridges), and only become gregarious when impelled by the annually returning instinct of migration. They then assemble in myriads, and traverse together seas and deserts, holding their course to those countries where harvest is preparing, in order to obtain their necessary subsistence. The quail, like the cuckoo and other birds which migrate with the seasonal influences which prepare their food, have been often charged with a want of parental affection; but as there can be nothing causeless or incomplete in the system of nature, we should rather pause than blindly and hastily condemn. Were the cuckoo, for example, in her northward migrations always (for she sometimes does it) to tarry and hatch her own young, her proper food would have departed, and both she and her brood left to starvation; but dropping her eggs by degrees as she travels northwards, the foster-mothers rear the young, which are ready to be taken up, as it were, by their natural mother on her southward return. So it is with the quails: a short incubation, and a hasty maternal care, is all that the seasonal influences which govern their migration will admit of. It is stated, too, by many ornithologists, that the males are more numerous than the females. This, so far as can be judged from the British immigrants, is not correct. The sexes are apparently on an equality in numbers; only the males, being of a roving disposition, come more frequently under notice of the observer. Like all animals which rapidly multiply their numbers, the average life of the quail is short, rarely exceeding five years; never, it is said, seven.

Of birds of passage, the quail is perhaps the most imperfectly adapted for flight; hence the reports of its having been seen crossing extensive tracts of the ocean are questioned by many authors. Be this as it may, the fact of their migration is indubitable, and has been noticed from time immemorial. 'When we sailed from Rhodes to Alexandria,' says Bellonius, 'about autumn, many quails, flying from the north to the south, were taken in our ship; and sailing at spring-time the contrary way, from the south to the north, I observed them on their return, when many of them were taken in the same manner.'* What is here mentioned has been observed by many others, though we are inclined to believe that where an ordinary supply of food can be obtained, the quail is by no means given to long journeyings. In Britain, for example, they often merely leave the inland counties, and migrate to the downs and sandy links which border upon parts of the sea-coast, and in such sheltered and warm districts pass the winter. In general terms, it may be stated of the quail that it is a bird of passage, arriving in latitudes the same as our own about the middle of May, and returning southward in the month of September. In Britain it is comparatively a rare bird, and we must therefore look to France, the countries bordering the Mediterranean, to Asia-Minor, and to China, for its true habits; and in all these countries its migrations from south to north, or from the sea-coast to the interior in spring—and from north to south, or from inland to the sea-coast in winter—are regular and familiar occurrences. On their passage they fly during the night or early morning, and rest according to their usual habit throughout the day, when they are easily captured. As proof of their nocturnal flight, it is observed by Pliny 'that they alight in such numbers on ships (while the sailors

* Pliny relates with great gravity that quails 'ballast themselves in their sea-voyages by carrying stones in their feet or sand in their craw,' as if they were not gifted with sufficient bodily weight, without having recourse to such an ingenious expedient.

are asleep), by their settling on the masts, sails, &c. as to bear down barks and small craft, and finally to sink them; and on that account seamen have a great dread of them when they approach near land.' So unerring is their instinctive knowledge of the precise time for migration, that they retain it even though reared and kept in bondage. We have a very singular proof of this recorded by the Rev. Mr Daniel in his *Rural Sports*, in some young quails which, having been bred in cages from the earliest period of their lives, had never enjoyed, and therefore could not feel, the loss of liberty. 'For four successive years,' says he, 'they were observed to be restless, and to flutter with unusual agitations regularly in September and April; and this uneasiness lasted for thirty days at each time. The birds passed the whole night in these fruitless struggles; and always on the following day appeared dejected and stupid.'

Dull as the prisoned eagle seems,
His spirit still soars wild and free;
His eye is sunward—still he dreams
Of beetling cliff and boundless sea.

Fetter his talons, clip his wing—
Let him in lonely darkness pine—
Call him a mean and abject thing—
His thoughts are all unchained as thine.

Quails, according to Mr Daniel, are seen in immense flocks traversing the Mediterranean from Italy to the shores of Africa, and returning again in the spring, frequently alighting on the islands of the Archipelago, which they almost cover with their numbers. Ortygia was named from them; and so abundant are they on Capri, that the principal revenues of the bishop and some convents arise from the quails they send to Naples. At their arrival in Alexandria, such multitudes are exposed in the markets, that three or four may be bought for a halfpenny. Crews of merchant vessels have been fed upon them; and complaints have been laid at the consul's office by mariners against their captains for giving nothing but quails to eat—so much does over-abundance depreciate the greatest delicacies. The author of *Letters from the Campagna Felice* relates the following anecdote, which also illustrates how incredibly abundant quails sometimes are on this part of the Mediterranean coast:—'During the time that the Capitani Bey blockaded the harbour of Alexandria with his Turkish squadron, one of the Greek sailors of his ship had caught two or three quails which had perched on the rigging. The Mussulman rewarded him generously; and desirous of varying the hard fare which a blockading squadron has occasionally to sustain, by a more ample supply of such a delicate rarity, promised a piastre for every bird that should be brought him. In a few days the rigging, sails, and yards were covered with flocks of quails; great numbers were caught, of course, and every one was brought into the cabin, as the price was liberally fixed. To escape the dilemma of either ruining his purse or breaking his promise, the bey resorted to the alternative of standing out to sea, as by removing from the coast he got rid of the visits of these expensive strangers.' Such prodigious numbers also appear on the western coasts of the kingdom of Naples, that a hundred thousand have in one day been caught within the space of three or four miles. Most of these are taken to Rome, where they are in great request, and sold for extremely high prices. Galt, in his travels through Sicily, thus describes the fervour and excitement of the quail season:—'In the month of September vast flocks of quails come over from the continent to Sicily, and being fatigued by their flight, are easily shot on their arrival. The pleasure which the inhabitants of Palermo take in this sport is incredible. Crowds of all ages and degrees assemble on the shores, and the number of sportsmen is prodigious. In one group I reckoned eleven, and in less than half a mile thirty-four groups, each consisting of from two to five persons, with as many dogs. The number of boats is perhaps greater than those on the land. From morning to night they watch the appearance of the birds; the aquatics first seeing them, their firing rouses and gives signal to the landsmen: then enviable is the lot of the apprentice who, with a borrowed old musket or pistol—no matter how unsafe—has gained possession of the farthest accessible rock, where there is but room for himself and dog, which he had fed with bread only all the year round for these delightful days, and which sits in as happy expectation as himself for the coming of the quails.'

Clouds of quails also alight in spring along the coast of Provence, especially in the lands belonging to the Bishop of Frejus, which border on the sea. Here they are sometimes found so exhausted, that for a few of the first days they may be caught with the hand. In some parts of the south of Russia they abound so greatly at the time of their migration, that they are caught in thousands, and sent in casks to Moscow and St Petersburg. 'It is highly probable,' continues Mr Daniel, 'that quails are the same kind of bird which Providence gave to the murmuring Israelites as food in the wilderness, and which were "rained" (beat down by storm) on their passage to the north by a wind from the south-west, sweeping over Egypt and Ethiopia towards the shores of the Red Sea—in a word, over the countries where these birds are still the most abundant.' Should this be the case, as there is every reason to suppose, then, as a distinguished naturalist observes, we have proof of the perpetuation of an instinct (migration) through upwards of 3000 years.

Though scantily scattered over Britain, the metropolis imports from France great quantities of these birds for the table. They are conveyed by stage-coaches, about a hundred in a square box, which is divided into five or six compartments, one above another, just high enough to admit the quails to stand upright. Were they allowed a greater height than this, they would soon kill themselves; and even with this precaution, the feathers are generally beaten off the crown of their heads. These boxes have wire in front, and each partition is furnished with a small trough for food. They may be forwarded in this manner without difficulty to great distances. Though highly esteemed by the moderns, quails were in no great repute among some of the ancients. The Athenians, according to Pliny, rejected them because they were said to feed upon hemlock, and because they were the only animals besides man that were subject to epilepsy. We are not aware how long the Athenians continued in this mind; but certainly it said little for the luxury and good taste of which they boasted, to have discarded from their tables one of nature's most savoury tit-bits.

Quails are the most undaunted of the tribe to which they belong. Partridges have been known to fall down of sheer fright when forced to cross a narrow creek of the sea; the quail, on the other hand, performs his migratory journeyings with fearless bravery. As they are courageous, so they are equally quarrelsome, especially during the love season, when their contentions often terminate in mutual destruction. This disposition, from which arose the Greek adage, 'As quarrelsome as quails in a cage,' induced the ancients to fight them with each other as the moderns do game cocks; the conqueror enjoying quite as much celebrity of its kind as the winner of the Derby. Indeed, it is told of Augustus that he punished a prefect of Egypt even with death for buying and bringing to his table one of these birds which had acquired great fame on account of its victories. Sometimes, according to Daniel, these combats were performed between a quail and a man; the quail was put into a large box, and set in the middle of a circle traced on the floor; the man struck it on the head with one finger, or plucked some feathers from it: if the quail, in defending itself, did not pass the limits of the circle, its master won the wager; but if, in its fury, it transgressed the bounds, then its *worthy* antagonist was declared victor. The fighting of trained quails is still fashionable in China, where heavy bets are laid on the heads of the respective combatants. The mode of conducting these battles, which are often the exciting

topic of a village, is to pit two highly-fed quails against each other, and to throw a few grains of seed between them: the birds rush upon each other with the utmost fury, striking with their bills and heels until one of them yields. The Chinese, from a notion that the body of the quail is unusually hot ('Warm as a quail' is a French proverb), use it for warming their hands in cold weather—an application which is frequently delineated in Chinese paintings.

Strange as it may seem to some, the *song* of quails has been long noted among their attractive qualities. It is noticed by Athenæus; and Dr Bechstein, in his *Natural History of Cage Birds*, reckons, besides the beauty of its form and plumage, the song of the quail as no slight recommendation to the amateur. He states that in the breeding season the song of the male commences by softly repeating tones resembling '*verra, verra,*' followed by '*pievorie,*' uttered in a bold tone, with the neck raised, the eyes shut, and the head inclined on one side. Those that repeat the last syllables ten or twelve times consecutively are the most esteemed. The song of the female only consists of '*verra, verra,*' '*pupu, pupu,*' the two last syllables being those by which the male and the female attract each other's attention. When alarmed or angry, their cry resembles '*guillah,*' but at other times it is only a gently purring murmur. The quail never sings when left to run about in a light room, except during the night, but continually when in a darkened cage; so firmly rooted are its nocturnal instincts.

COMPETITION OF HIGHLAND PIPERS.

Characteristic national festivals are unknown in England, because the people have been too long redeemed from a primitive style of life and manners, to possess any peculiarities on which such festivals could be founded. It is different with other parts of the United Kingdom. The harp music of Wales supplies occasion for the well-known periodical meeting called the Cumrygyddion, where the flower of the principality duly assemble to listen to the impassioned strains of their national minstrels. Celtic Scotland has its numerous local fêtes for athletic exercises, and one triennial competition in Edinburgh, where the ancient national pipe-music and dances are presented. Ireland, as far as we are aware, has no such meetings. There more serious matters unhappily engross the attention which men have to spare from the ordinary avocations of life. But the means amply exist, and we hope yet to see the time when happy and harmonious assemblages of all classes will listen with delight to the brass-stringed harp and sweet-toned bagpipe of ancient Erin, instruments (the first especially) which it would be shameful for any nation to have once possessed, and afterwards allowed to go into disuse and oblivion.

We feel that it would be vain to attempt to convey to an Englishman any sense of the class of feelings which are evoked in a Scottish bosom by the things which appeal to the eye and ear as national. It is one affection the more—an additional string which the Scottish heart possesses in comparison with their more affluent neighbours, and which goes far, to say the least of it, to compensate for the disadvantages of a provincial situation and an unkindly soil and climate. Some faint idea may perhaps be formed of the fervour and poignancy of these feelings from the pages of Burns—as where he tells that, meeting the thistle while dressing his fields, he

> —— turned the weeding-hook aside,
> And spared the symbol dear!

or where he exclaims—

> At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
> But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
> Oft have our fearless fathers stood
> By Wallace' side,
> Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
> Or glorious died.

It is the unavoidable effect of civilisation to obliterate such feelings; but this is not because they are inconsistent in any way with civilisation. If entertained as part of the mere poetry of the mind, and without the accompaniment of prejudice or narrowness of spirit, they do much good, without doing any conceivable harm.

The triennial competition of pipers in Edinburgh is one of those occasions when national feelings come into prominence, and receive gratification. Not that it is an affair in which any large portion of the public take a deep interest. As a nation, we are rapidly becoming mercantile and Anglicised, and it is only a portion of us, and these chiefly connected with the Highlands, whose attention is liable to be particularly attracted by this festival. It takes place under the patronage of the Highland Society of London, and has for its sole object the preservation of some trace of the ancient manners and music of the northern part of our island, as a monument of national features, which as such do not any longer exist. Let it here be observed that the dress and musical instruments now peculiar to the Scottish Highlands were once common to all Europe. They have only been preserved there, by virtue of the remoteness of the situation and long unaltered condition of the people. There is thus a general interest attached to both, as memorials of a state of things everywhere else passed long into oblivion. The Roman military dress was a modification of the early Celtic habiliments which now only survive in the north of our island, and Nero, when he apprehended danger from the last rebellion against him, vowed to the gods, if he survived, to play upon the bagpipe in public. The same instrument is still a favourite with the peasantry of Calabria, and we learn from Shakspeare that it prevailed both in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The men who come forward at the Edinburgh competition, seldom less than thirty in number, are chiefly men retained in service as bagpipers by Highland gentlemen; for, whether from love of state or in veneration for ancient fashions, the piper is still a regular officer in a few northern households. Others are pipers retired from Highland regiments, or amateurs. For a few days before the competition, the appearance of these men in the streets, with their dashing dress and accoutrements, and generally manly and graceful figures, produces a striking effect.

The performances had been proceeding during the half hour after noon,* when with some difficulty we made our way into the theatre, where they usually take place. We found the house, which was densely filled in every part, exhibiting its ordinary appearance in all respects, except that the stage presented only the side scenes, and had a large window open behind, through which the unwonted addition of fresh air and daylight was admitted. Amongst the side scenes, and at the back wall, stood groups of competitors and others in the Highland dress. In the stage-box of the left side sat the judges, also in Highland costume, with a table before them loaded with the prizes, amongst which were a set of bagpipes, a broad-sword, dirk, powder-horn, purse, snuff-mill, and certain pieces of tartan cloth. The two tiers of boxes were filled with a fashionable-looking audience—of course in morning dresses; and the pit and other parts of the house had a superior set of occupants to what are now generally seen in such parts of theatres. As in all forenoon assemblages, the ladies predominated in number, at least in the boxes; and it was interesting to observe a larger proportion than usual of the aged. Several gentlewomen in the boxes had evidently seen more than eighty summers. In the galleries, of which we from our situation commanded a close view, it was amusing to observe a multitude of hard-favoured Celtic faces—porters, servants, and others—all full of the keenest excitement, some probably from having friends among the competitors, the rest from the

* The competition took place this year on the 10th July.

mere interest which they felt in the temporary eclát thrown upon their national usages. Often afterwards did we turn during the more exciting scenes of the competition to these honest faces, to mark the symptoms of unrestrained feeling which glowed upon them.

The first part of the exhibition presented to our notice was a *sword-dance*, a performance, as far as we are aware, peculiar to the Highlands. A pair of broad-swords was laid down in cross fashion upon the stage, and a single Highlander approached. A piper then began to play the lively tune of the *Gillie Callum* (the Boy Malcolm), whereupon the dancer commenced a circular pas-seul around the swords. The dress of this man was extremely handsome—a full Highland suit, with massive silver ornaments, including shoe-buckles; and nothing could exceed the gracefulness of his movements. After footing it away for some time at a little distance from the two blades, he approached, and began to plant his steps on each side of one of them, first on one, then on the other, then from side to side, always retiring to resume the circular movement at the conclusion of the parts of the tune. By and by this movement became more complicated, and he stepped with ease from opposite angles of the cross spaces, and in all various directions from space to space, obeying the time of the music with precision, and never once touching either of the swords—a negative point of excellence, on which the success of the performance is held mainly to depend. It may readily be supposed how a little training might enable a performer to dance his way forwards amongst the spaces formed by the swords; but not only to do this, but to make the same movement backwards, when it was impossible to see his way, and upon his heels as well as his toes, will be acknowledged as no small feat. A repetition of these movements in every possible variety, mixed with circular movements, constitutes the sword-dance, the whole character of which is calculated to lead the mind back into early and romantic times. It was impossible not to behold with pleasure the unfailing dexterity of the performer, even without regard to ancient associations; but when these also were taken into account, the sword-dance became a gratification of the richest kind. At a subsequent part of the morning several other performers came forward to exhibit in similar dances, and when one of these 'pretty men' chanced, near the conclusion of the performance, to touch the hilt of one of the swords, he instantly broke off with a gesture of extreme vexation, and rushed mortified off the stage. We can imagine that the incident will be one for him to remember all the remainder of his life.

After the first sword-dance, a performer on the bagpipe was presented; and here we must say that the usual objection to the Highland pipe, on the score of its vociferousness, was never felt. Played by these first-rate artists, there was nothing at all unpleasant in its sounds. The pipers are all in full costume—kilt, plaid, jacket, and hose; most of them with a jewelled dirk and powder-horn by their side, and a jewelled case containing a knife and fork stuck in the garter under one knee; also a resplendent brooch confining the plaid at the shoulder. Each wears the tartan of his master's clan, on the same principle as a soldier wears the king's livery. The peaked bonnet is the only undistinguished part of the costume. When one of this proud fraternity (for pipers are proud to a proverb) advances slowly and statelily with his pipes in his arms, and the port vent in his mouth, he really makes an imposing appearance. As he plays, he parades slowly from side to side of the stage, thus imitating the fashion of his daily life, as he performs upon his master's lawn, or behind his dinner-table. The tunes played on this occasion were mostly laments and salutes, the first being a slow and melancholy kind of tune, designed to commemorate deceased chiefs; the second a livelier measure, intended to do honour to the living. We had, for instance, the Prince's Salute (in the Highlands there is but one prince, the unfortunate Charles Edward), Macnab's Salute; also Macintosh's Lament, the Viscount of Dundee's Lament, &c. Some of the laments struck us as tedious, being prolonged, we thought, unnecessarily. Still, the performance was generally good. We are here called upon to remember, that to Highland hearers most of the tunes have a charm apart from the music. Highland airs of all kinds have generally been composed on particular occasions of an interesting nature, which have been remembered traditionally, or for the purpose of conveying a particular class of feelings, the character of which is fully known. One, for example, is designed to express, in its varying measure, the succession of feelings in the mind of an Ardnamurchan peasant, while toiling on his ground in an unpropitious season, and hesitating whether to emigrate, or attempt to pay his landlord the triple rent which a rival had offered for it. Another is the dirge composed by the family piper on a chief who fell at Sheriffmuir. A third commemorates the arrival of the wandering prince at a farmhouse in Skye, when one of his followers was sent forward to ascertain if he was likely to find friends there: the tune expresses to a Highland ear the first hesitating, half-whispered questions of the messenger, then his confidence as he finds the goodwife favourable, and finally the composed state of feeling which follows the success of his negotiation. There are tunes even more curiously connected with events—as an example, one which a piper of a clan Campbell composed and played under the following circumstances. Alaster Macdonald, the fierce lieutenant of Montrose, was with a party approaching the castle of a gentleman of that clan, designing to take it by surprise. He and his friends were in a boat, and they made their approach by a lake, on the brink of which the castle was situated. It was the wish of Macdonald that he and his people, if seen at all, should if possible pass for a party of friends. Having taken a piper of the Campbells with them, they ordered him, when they saw they were observed, to play the family tune, in order to support the deception; but the man composed and played, instead, a tune so expressive of the danger in which the castle stood at that moment, that the people caught the alarm, shut the gates, and stood to the defensive. The assailants, then seeing that the piper had proved a treacherous ally, stabbed him and threw him into the lake, after which they proceeded to make the attack upon the castle. It may be added that the man got ashore, recovered, and lived long after. Eloquent as the Highland tunes thus are in their associations, it is not wonderful that they produce more delightful sensations in a Celtic than in a Saxon breast.

After every second performance on the pipes there was a dance, either by a single Highlander, or a quartette. The Highland single dance, though of unknown antiquity, brings the spectator much in mind of ballet dancing. It does not indeed comprehend any of those sweeping presentments of the sole of the foot, in the fashion of a swivel gun, which the *maitre de la danse* now deems essential to please a theatrical audience. Lofty leaps in the air, with sixteen heel-kickings before again touching the ground, and a few other ballet peculiarities, are also unknown among the Gael. But in the Highland single dance, the performer makes first a series of slow and curvilinear movements, exactly like the theatrical dancers, and evidently with the same object, that of exhibiting his person and dress to the utmost advantage. He then performs a number of steps which are hardly less striking in their character than many of those indulged in by professional dancers. A great deal is done upon one foot, while the other goes through a series of lively movements in the air; this last feature being, we believe, what is called the *fling*. Vigour, elegance, and vivacity are the characteristics of this dance; and where the performer is a tall handsome man in a splendid ornamental dress, as was the case here, the effect is extremely beautiful. The foursome-dance is the well-known reel, for which the Highland musicians have a

vast variety of tunes. The reel is the national dance wherever numbers are concerned, as the quadrille is that of the Germans. It is, we need hardly say, an extremely quick measure, presupposing high spirits in the performers, and tending to exhilarate all who behold it. A large party in the Highlands will even yet dance reels for half the night to the strains of the violin or pipe; nor ever once acknowledge fatigue. The reels danced on this occasion were all done in first-rate style by men who might be considered as picked for the purpose. We found it quite impossible to resist being carried away in some degree by the contagious enthusiasm which they spread around them. The ladies in the boxes—we hope we are not taking an unwarrantable liberty, but we believe they would have much rather joined in the dance than sat still where they were. As for the gallery folks, they sat with hands clasped and thrust forward, and their whole souls in their eyes and faces, as if enchanted by what was passing before them. Every now and then, the wild *hoogh!* appropriate to the reel on more domestic occasions, broke forth as by an irrepressible escape. Then was it we became most fully impressed with the idea of the special national character of the whole exhibition. We were carried into the early homes of these simple people, where the customs of a thousand years are yet freshly preserved. We sympathised in their innocent pleasures, and the religion which they make of all that pictures the past. Often, both now and at other times, we felt the breast swell with emotion, and the eye well with tears—a tribute which, alas! we are rarely able now-a-days to pay to theatrical performances more expressly designed to work upon the feelings.

When the programme of the day had been exhausted, the judges finished the proceedings by distributing the prizes. Donald Cameron, piper to Sir J. R. Mackenzie of Scatwell, was pronounced the best player on his instrument, and received the principal prize, a full-mounted set of bagpipes. Kenneth MacLennan received a sporran (Highland purse) as the best performer of the sword-dance. Other prizes for piping and dancing, and also for correct costume, were presented, to the amount of nineteen in all, and the money collected for admission into the house was divided among the competitors. The meeting then broke up, after a sitting of between five and six hours, during which—such was the enthusiasm of the occasion—we could observe nowhere any symptom of fatigue.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

At the foot of an obscure alley in the Old Town of Newcastle, was born one of the most eminent lawyers that this age has seen—John Scott, Earl of Eldon, High Chancellor of England. His father was a coal-fitter; that is, a sort of middle man between the lessee of a coal-pit and the shipper of coals. His house and coal-yard were conveniently situated near the Tyne, at the bottom of what in Scotland is called a 'wynd,' in Shropshire a 'shut,' in Middlesex a 'court,' and in Newcastle a 'chare.' Of late years Lord Eldon's birthplace has been dignified by the title of Love Lane. Here Mr and Mrs Scott resided during the Scottish Rebellion of 1745, in the September of which year the neighbourhood was so much alarmed by the progress of the insurgents, that the lady was removed to her father's house at Heworth, an adjacent village. Here their eldest son (William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell) was born amidst general terror. Newcastle being about to be invested by the Highlanders, all egress from it was forbidden by the magistrates, and the accoucheur had to scale the wall at the 'chare-foot,' and to be conveyed to his patient on the river in a boat. In after-years this worthy couple were blessed with a family of thirteen children, though only three sons and a daughter survived infancy.

John Scott, the subject of this memoir, was the second son, having been born on the fourth of June 1751. He, along with his brothers, received the rudiments of education at the Newcastle grammar-school, then conducted by the Rev. Hugh Moises. The arithmetical department was superintended by no less a person than the afterwards celebrated mathematician William Hutton. Here John Scott's application gave him a highly satisfactory progress in classical and mathematical knowledge. He was, however, a sad scapegrace. 'No boy,' he once told his niece, 'was ever so much thrashed as he was.' One of his exploits was to steal with a companion 'down the Side, and along the Sand-Hill, and creeping into every shop, where we blew out the candles. We crept along the counter, then popped our heads up, out went the candles, and away went we. We escaped detection.' But his favourite diversion was apple-stealing. 'I do not know how it was,' he owns in his anecdote book,* 'but we always considered robbing an orchard as an honourable exploit. I remember once being carried before a magistrate for robbing an orchard—"boxing the fox," as we called it. There were three of us, Hewet Johnson, another boy, and myself. The magistrate acted upon what I think was rather curious law, for he fined our fathers each 30s. for our offence. We did not care for that, but then they did; so my father flogged me, then sent a message to Moises, and Moises flogged me again. We were very good boys, very good indeed; we never did anything worse than a robbery.'

An event occurred in 1760 which exercised an important influence over this 'very good boy's' future career. His elder brother William, now fifteen years old, had displayed talents at school which his master characterised as extraordinary. Mr Moises was therefore much concerned when the father expressed an intention to apprentice the promising scholar to his own trade. To prevent so great a sacrifice, the schoolmaster explained that, firstly, William Scott would assuredly make a good figure in any of the learned professions; and, secondly, that he was entitled to become a competitor for one of a certain number of scholarships, founded at the university of Oxford, for natives of the bishopric of Durham. His mother's flight to Heworth had made William a native of the see, that village being situated in the county palatine. The suggestion was adopted; he competed for the scholarship, and gained it. Once at Oxford, he soon distinguished himself, and before his brother John was old enough to leave the grammar-school, had become a fellow and tutor of his college. The consequence was, that, in May 1766, John Scott set out for Oxford, where he was to study under the auspices and tutorship of William.

In his journey to the university, a circumstance occurred which had a direct influence over his future temperament and career. When he became chancellor, Lord Eldon was remarkable for the slow caution with which he formed his judgments, but they were consequently always sound. 'Delays in Chancery' was a common cry while he presided over the court. Respecting this peculiarity and his early journey from New-

* The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, including his Correspondence and Selections from The Anecdote Book, written by himself. By Horace Twiss, Esq. one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

castle to his Alma Mater, the traveller himself gave in after-years the following memorial:—'I came up from Newcastle in a coach then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words *Sat cito, si sat bene* (quick enough, if well enough)—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. A Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, "Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?" "No." "Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence *now* is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*." After I got to town, my brother met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between chairmen. Our sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school—*Sat cito, si sat bene*. It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative; and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected *sat bene, si sat cito*.'

When William Scott received his brother to introduce him to the university, he was quite ashamed of his boyish appearance. John was, indeed, only fifteen years old. But soon after he had entered as a fellow-commoner, he showed himself so well prepared with a variety of classical and general information, that he had not been a year at college before he stood for and won a fellowship open to natives of Northumberland. While an under-graduate, John had a narrow escape of his life. He was skating on Christ-church meadow, and venturing on a portion of it but weakly frozen, fell into a ditch, deep enough to allow him to sink to the neck. 'When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar and oozing from the stockings, a brandy-vender shuffled towards him and recommended a glass of something warm, upon which Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Grantley, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer, "None of your brandy for that wet young man; he never drinks but when he is *dry*."' Thus it appears that the embryo chancellor did not solely occupy his time with study, but partook of the pastimes usually attributed to college students. He gained a sporting character; and owned on one occasion, late in life, in the House of Lords to Lord Abingdon (who had made some motion concerning the game laws), that no one had poached more on that noble family's preserves (which were close to Oxford) than he had while at college. He had, too, his idle as well as his sporting hours; for, on his brother being asked if John were a good shot, gravely replied, 'I believe he kills a good deal of—time.'

After taking his degree, however, the younger Scott directed his attention to more serious matters, intending to enter the church; but an accident, which has altered the destiny of thousands, effectually changed his views—he fell in love. Spending a long vacation with his family, he happened to visit Sedgefield, at some distance from Newcastle, and in the church of that village saw Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a rich banker. Smitten with her beauty, he made her acquaintance—wooed, and won her. The rest of the story is romantic. The Newcastle banker disapproved of the match, and—good easy man—unwisely sent his daughter to Henley on Thames; a long way from Newcastle, it is true, but an easy ride from the university. As may be supposed, interviews were effected, and vows exchanged, during the succeeding Oxford term. Thus affairs rested till the vacation of the following summer, which Mr John as usual spent at Newcastle, whither Miss Surtees had also returned. Here he learned to his consternation that he had a rival in a rich widower, whose pretensions were supported by the lady's father. This brought things to a crisis: seeing that the case was desperate, he proposed a desperate remedy; the damsel was nothing loath; and in accordance with her 'sweet consent,' Mr John Scott made his appearance on a dark September night in 1772 under the lady's chamber, duly equipped with a ladder and postchaise in waiting. The lady trusted herself to the ladder and to her lover's arms, and the adventurous pair had crossed the Scottish border before they were missed. They were married—not at Gretna by a blacksmith, but more becomingly at Blackshiels by an Episcopal minister. They immediately returned southwards to Morpeth, where they remained for a day or two.

When their evasion was discovered at Newcastle, great was the consternation of the banker; not less the wrath of the coal-fitter. In the course of two days, however, the latter melted, and when the fugitives awoke on the third morning at the Nag's Head in Morpeth, the first object that met their eyes was a familiar one—the favourite dog of the bridegroom's younger brother Henry, who soon appeared in search of them, charged with an invitation to Love Lane, and thither the hero and heroine accordingly repaired. Mr Surtees, on learning where the culprits had been so speedily sheltered, declared that all the Scotts had been accomplices in the abduction, and would listen to no explanation. After a time, however, he relented, and gave not only his forgiveness, but a fortune to his daughter of one thousand pounds, Mr Scott, senior, contributing twice that sum to the joint matrimonial stock. It is evident that throughout this affair John Scott lost sight of his favourite motto. He married 'quick enough,' but not 'well enough' to silence the scruples of the parents, at whose desire the couple were re-wedded at Newcastle in open church, and in presence of both families. They then set off for Oxford.

Mr Scott's marriage destroyed his ecclesiastical prospects, which consisted in the chance of some living in the gift of University College falling vacant, and which he as a fellow would, on taking orders, have obtained. Unfortunately, a relic of monastic law, still existing, enforces celibacy. The senate, however, kindly afford a year of grace, and do not require a resignation of the fellowship till that period after marriage, during which Scott had still the chance of a living falling in. Yet with commendable foresight he determined not to trust to that alone, and entered himself as a student-at-law in the Middle Temple, London, though without leaving Oxford. To eke out his limited income, he assisted his brother in his duties as tutor, and Mr, afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, Master of New Inn Hall, and Vinerian Professor of Law, made Scott his deputy in the latter office, in which his employment consisted in reading the principal's manuscript lectures. Strange to say, the first he had to deliver appealed forcibly to one of

his past experiences; it treated of the *Abduction of Maidens*. In this way the twelvemonth passed; no living lapsed; Scott could no longer hold his fellowship, and he then devoted all his energies to the study of the law.

He did not finally leave Oxford till 1775, when he removed to a small house in Cursitor Street, London. Here it was that he laid the foundation of that vast fund of legal knowledge for which he afterwards stood unequalled. His application was unceasing; he rose at four every morning, and when reading at night, bound a wet towel round his head to keep himself awake. He mastered Coke upon Lyttleton so thoroughly, that that legal text-book became a part of his mind, and as he could not afford to fee a special pleader for instructing him, he copied out with his own hand three folio volumes from a manuscript collection of precedents. These labours told upon his health; but he did not shrink from them; and in answering the expostulations of a college friend, he wrote in reference to his wife—'How despicable should I feel myself to be, if, after persuading such a creature to take an imprudent step for my sake, I could think any labour too much to be undergone cheerfully for hers.'

The year 1776 was an important one to Scott. In January he was called to the bar, and in the November following his father died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to William Scott, and a thousand pounds to John, in addition to the marriage gift.

Like many other aspirants to forensic honours, the young barrister thought that now he was admitted to the bar, his fortune was made. Eleven months of brieflessness, however, convinced him of the contrary. By the end of the twelfth month his professional profits amounted to nine shillings sterling—arising from a half-guinea motion, eighteenpence having been paid in fees. An instructive lesson of patience and perseverance, amidst hopes constantly deferred, is to be learned from the fact, that Scott assiduously studied, attended the London courts in term time, and the northern circuit during the assizes, for four years after his call to the bar, with little more annual practice than his first year brought him. Even in his native town he seldom had other than pauper cases to defend.

The following instance of conclusive circumstantial evidence came to light in a case in which he was employed on circuit: in later years he related it to one of his daughters in these words:—'I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.'

Scott plodded on till the year 1780, when a case in which he was retained brought him into notice. He had urged a point against the wishes of the attorney and client who employed him; and the Master of the Rolls decided against him. On an appeal to the House of Lords, Lord Thurlow reversed the decision on the very point Scott had mooted. As he was leaving the house, a respectable solicitor tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Young man, your bread and butter's cut for life.' The prophecy was a faithful one; for as soon as a counsel obtains the confidence of the 'profession,' his rise is as certain as his previous obscurity was hopeless. Lord Mansfield used to say that he knew no interval between no business and L.3000 a-year; and Scott might have told the same story; for so rapid was his progress, that in 1783, when only thirty-two, he was appointed a king's counsel, was at the head of the northern circuit, and sat in parliament for the borough of Weobly. The legal knowledge which he brought to bear in debate upon questions in which it was of service, obtained for him, in 1788, the office of solicitor-general and the honour of knighthood. In the succeeding year Sir John became attorney-general, from which period to 1798 his professional income is said to have averaged L.10,000 per annum. In 1792 he had purchased the estate of Eldon, in the county of Durham; and accepting in 1799 the chief judgeship of the Common Pleas, was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Eldon, of Eldon. Meanwhile his brother William had greatly distinguished himself in another branch of the law, and became a judge and Baron Stowell.

When the early symptoms of George III.'s distressing malady were first manifested, Sir John Scott took the part of his majesty so effectually in parliament on the delicate subject of the establishment of a regency, that the king felt personally obliged to him, and materially aided in his promotion. His majesty's regard for Lord Eldon lasted as long as the unhappy monarch had command over his own mind and actions. In 1801, when a new ministry had to be formed, in consequence of Mr Pitt's resignation, Lord Eldon became Lord Chancellor solely by the king's intervention. 'I do not know,' said Eldon several years afterwards to his niece, 'what made George III. so fond of me; but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, "I give them to you *from my heart*."' The biographer accounts for this eccentric action from the unsettlement of the royal mind, which about that time began to be more unequivocally manifest than before. From this cause Lord Eldon—as the personal friend of the king (which he had now become), and as the most responsible officer in the realm—occupied a painful and embarrassing position. 'God grant,' he exclaims in the anecdote book, 'that no future chancellor may go through the same distressing scenes, or be exposed to the dangerous responsibility which I went through, and was exposed to, during the indispositions of my sovereign! My own attachment to him supported me through those scenes.'

Eldon continued chancellor till 1806, when a new ministry was formed of some of the ablest men of all parties, and therefore nick-named 'All the Talents.' This effected such changes as obliged Lord Eldon, on the 7th of February, to resign the seals of office. When he went to place them in the hands of the king, 'his majesty appeared for a few minutes to occupy himself with other things; looking up suddenly, he exclaimed, "Lay them down on the sofa, for I *cannot*, and I *will not* take them from you!"'

'All the Talents' only remained in office a year, and in March 1807 Lord Eldon again became chancellor; an office which he held for twenty succeeding years. In 1821 George IV.—who gradually acquired as great a regard for him as the late king had shown—almost forced an earldom upon Baron Eldon, he having twice previously declined the honour. In 1827 the earl retired from office on the death of Lord Liverpool, and the accession to the premiership of Mr Canning, to whose politics his own were opposed.

During the latter years of his official life, Lord Eldon did not decide the cases which the increase of business in Chancery had accumulated 'quick enough' to give general satisfaction. That, however, he decided 'well enough,' is proved by the few appeals which were made from his judgments, and the authority as precedents which they have since become.

Lord Eldon took a warm interest in public affairs after his retirement from the woolsack. He died on the 13th January 1838, in Hamilton Place, London, at the advanced age of 87, having retained to the last the

full use of his faculties. He was buried at Encombe (an estate he had purchased) beside his wife, whom he survived a few years. The present Earl of Eldon is the grandson of the chancellor.

THE LACE-BORDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

These shall the stormy passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.—GRAY.

'I THINK I must have it, Frances,' exclaimed Miss Catesby, addressing her cousin as she gazed admiringly upon a richly-bordered cambric handkerchief she held in her hand. 'It is the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw, and as I am not likely to want one again for such an occasion in the course of my life, I think I may venture to be extravagant for once.'

'For *once!*' repeated Frances, archly smiling.

'Well, you can't say that I am in the habit of being extravagant,' returned the young lady in a tone of voice far from gentle.

'Don't be angry, my dear Harriet,' interposed her cousin. 'I did not mean to give offence; but I must confess that I think five guineas for a handkerchief really more than your circumstances will afford.'

'Perhaps so, upon an ordinary occasion,' was the reply; 'but not for my wedding-day. Besides, as Sir Charles is rich, when I am Lady Melville there will not be that necessity for me to look to the cost of everything as I have been obliged to do with my limited allowance from papa.'

As the young lady spoke, she threw the handkerchief upon the dressing-table, where lay a number of articles of a similar description, which she had previously selected from the box before her; and the manner in which it was done convinced her companion that it would be useless to make any further appeal to her prudence.

'Well, I believe I have looked out all I want,' the bride-elect pursued musingly. 'Ruffles, lappets, veil, scarf, and handkerchief. Now Frances, you can make your choice, and then the young woman may take back the box.'

'I have already purchased all I can afford,' her cousin returned; 'perhaps more than I can really afford,' she added, 'for I have but one sovereign left of my quarter's allowance.'

'You might, I think, upon such an occasion, trench a little upon your next quarter,' remarked Miss Catesby. 'You know there is no necessity for you to pay for the articles immediately. But nothing will break you, Frances, of those parsimonious habits. I really believe you would rather disgrace my bridal by wearing nothing but faded finery, than spend in dress a sixpence above what you consider to be right out of your income.'

'No, Harriet, I would not disgrace your bridal by an unsuitable appearance,' her cousin made answer; 'but I would rather deprive myself of the pleasure of being present, if it were necessary, than either incur debts which it would be beyond my power to liquidate, or use that portion of my income I conscientiously set aside for charitable purposes.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the housemaid, who, stammering an apology for interrupting Miss Catesby, begged to say that the young person who had brought the basket with the satin dresses from Mrs Smith's, asked permission to call again in an hour, to know if there were any alterations necessary, as she had some particular business to attend to immediately.

'Call again in an hour!' repeated Miss Catesby, elevating her voice to its loudest tones; 'she shall do no such thing; I shall be from home in an hour; I am going to the jeweller's. Bid her wait.'

'Nay, my dear Harriet, if the young woman has business of importance to attend to, let us delay our ride another half hour,' pleaded Frances; 'besides, it will take you at least that time to try it on,' she further observed.

'I wont be controlled by a dressmaker's apprentice,' vociferated the offended lady; 'what does Mrs Smith mean by sending a person who would take the liberty to dictate when I am to attend to her? Bid her wait, on peril of my seeking some modeste who is more solicitous to please her customers than her mistress.'

The housemaid withdrew, but not till she had whispered in the ear of Miss Lisle that she should not have ventured to ask Miss Catesby, had not the poor thing pleaded so hard and cried so bitterly.

Frances knew too well that an appeal to the feelings of her cousin whilst in her present irritated state would only add to her displeasure. She therefore forebore to make any, but resolved to try at least to effect by stratagem what could not be done by any other means. Going quietly to the wicker basket, which had been standing in the apartment for more than an hour, whilst the bride-elect was selecting the lace and cambric articles, she drew forth the dresses, and proceeded to try on her own.

'Fortunately it will require no alterations,' she observed, after a brief survey of her figure in the mirror. 'Well, Harriet, if yours fit as nicely, it will look beautiful on your fine form.'

The bait had the desired effect. The vanity of the haughty beauty was aroused, and she was quickly disrobed of her morning dress, and arrayed in the one destined for her bridal.

'It really becomes you admirably,' Frances pursued, gazing on her cousin's exquisitely-moulded figure with unaffected admiration, and without one throb of envy agitating her generous breast. Harriet thought so too, and she smiled complacently upon her beautiful resemblance as it appeared at full length before her. 'Well, I don't think I shall disgrace a title to-morrow,' she murmured; and Frances, seeing that the storm of anger was for the present subsided, now ventured to ask if she should ring for the young woman and bid her tell Mrs Smith that the dresses were quite approved of.

Miss Catesby nodded assent, and continued standing before the mirror, adding to the dress the rich lace appendages with which it was to be graced on the morrow. 'There, I only want the pearls and the orange blossom in my hair,' she said, turning towards her cousin after she had arranged all to her perfect satisfaction. She started on perceiving that the dressmaker's apprentice was in the room, for she had been too much occupied by self-admiration to hear her enter.

'I hope the other business you had to transact for Mrs Smith was not very important?' Miss Lisle observed, addressing her humble companion, whose face bore but too evident marks of the truth of the housemaid's assertion that she had been crying bitterly. 'Or, at least,' she added, 'that she will not be angry with you when you tell her that we detained you?'

'It was not any business of Mrs Smith's I had to attend to, ma'am,' the girl replied, 'but I wanted to give my poor sick mother her dinner.'

'Your sick mother,' repeated Frances, with a look of concern.

'Yes, ma'am; my mother is confined to her bed, and has no one but me to wait upon her, and Mrs Smith is so kind as to let me go home to give her her meals; but it is more than an hour past the time I usually go, and I am afraid she will be faint for want; and besides that, she gets very unhappy when I am beyond my time.'

'Oh, Harriet,' exclaimed Frances, turning towards her cousin with her mild eyes full of tears, 'I would not have delayed this poor girl for the value of a dozen satin dresses.' She looked at the beautiful bride-elect in the full expectation of seeing contrition in her aspect, but to her disappointment discovered that her gentle reproof had only re-awakened the yet scarcely subsided angry feelings of that young lady. 'I am not so easily imposed upon as you are, Frances,' she returned, with

a disdainful sneer; 'I don't believe every idle tale I hear.'

Fearing that something might be said to wound more severely the already oppressed heart of the unoffending girl, Miss Lisle turned from her cousin without further remark. 'And you cannot afford to hire any one to wait upon your mother, I suppose?' she asked, again addressing the dressmaker's apprentice.

'No, ma'am, we have very little to live upon, now my mother is ill. When she was well she used to work, but she can't now.'

'And is there no kind neighbour who will do anything for her when you are obliged to be absent?' the young lady further interrogated.

'No, ma'am—that is, they are generally too much engaged,' she replied in a hesitating tone.

'What is your name, and where do you live?' inquired Frances; 'I will take an early opportunity of calling on your sick parent if you will give me your address.'

There was an evident embarrassment in the manner of the girl as Miss Lisle put this question to her; her cheek grew flushed, and her eyes sought the ground. 'Oh, madam,' she faltered forth, 'ours is not a home fit for you to visit, it is so very mean.'

'No matter about its meanness,' interposed the young lady; 'I should visit you with the hope of being able to render it more comfortable;' and she took her pocket-book from her reticule and prepared to write down the direction.

'My name is Mary Jennings, and we live at No. 16, —— Street,' she said, curtseying respectfully; and she was about to depart, when Frances, thinking that a small sum of money would be of immediate service, bid her stop a moment whilst she ran to her own dressing-room to fetch her purse.

The kind and sympathising tones in which she had been addressed by one so far her superior in station, caused poor Mary's tears to flow afresh; and vain were her efforts to repress them. Miss Lisle returning, slipped a piece of silver into her hand, and hurried her away, to prevent her thanks.

'Come, Frances, you have spent so much time talking to that girl, you will not be ready to go with me to the jeweller's,' exclaimed Harriet pettishly.

'I will attend you in a minute,' her cousin replied; 'you know it does not take me long to arrange my dress. There,' she gaily added, having placed on her bonnet, and thrown a shawl hastily around her—'there, my dear, I am ready before you after all, and I shall even have time to act as lady's-maid;' and she proceeded as she spoke to hang the wedding dresses in the wardrobe, and fold up the recently-purchased lace and cambric articles which her companion had scattered about the room.

'Ah, I shall have a lady's-maid when I am Lady Melville,' murmured the bride-elect, as she carefully arranged her velvet cloak, and finally drew on her gloves.

'Where have you laid the handkerchief you just now bought?' inquired Frances; 'I see all the other new articles: surely you put it back into the box by mistake?'

'Surely I did not,' Miss Catesby angrily returned. 'I am not so elated at the thought of being married to-morrow as not to know what I am doing. It is upon the dressing-table.'

'No, my dear Harriet, it is not,' Frances gently said.

'Then that dressmaker's girl has stolen it,' screamed forth the lady, darting across the room as she spoke, and throwing over the brushes, combs, feathers, jewels, ribbons, and perfume bottles which lay scattered upon the toilet.

'Softly, softly, dear cousin; I cannot think the poor girl was a thief,' interposed Miss Lisle. 'It is very possible that you replaced it in the box without being aware of it.'

'I am by no means certain that she is not a thief,' vociferated Harriet; 'indeed her conduct appeared very like one. How confused she was when you asked her name and residence, and how unwillingly she gave it!'

'That might have arisen from a false shame of her extreme poverty,' pleaded Frances. 'She may have known better days; indeed her aspect denoted it. Don't be so severe, cousin, but let us send to the milliner's to inquire if the young person who brought the box of lace and cambric articles took back the handkerchief in it.'

'I am positive that I saw the handkerchief on the table after the box was sent home, and I shall order the coachman to drive immediately to the house of your new protegée,' Miss Catesby sarcastically returned.

'Allow me, then, to accompany you,' asked Frances, who now began to feel great concern lest her cousin's surmises should prove true, she herself having a vague recollection of seeing the handkerchief lying upon the toilet whilst she was talking to the girl. Indeed the thought had occurred to her, that the five guineas which had been expended upon it might have hired a nurse to attend the sick woman; but she wisely forebore to make any further remark, and they together stepped into the carriage.

The street named by Mary Jennings as her place of residence was narrow and dirty, and Miss Catesby felt some reluctance to enter it; but the idea of regaining her beautiful handkerchief stimulated her to surmount all minor obstacles. The door of the house was open, and when the coachman inquired of some children who were playing before it if Mrs Jennings lived there, he was directed by them up a flight of dark stairs to the 'first floor back.'

'Will you stop in the carriage, and permit me to go up alone?' asked Frances, who perceived some disinclination to alight on the part of her cousin, and who was anxious to spare the feelings of the unfortunate inmates, if innocent, by delicately revealing her errand.

Miss Catesby hesitated; her repugnance to come in contact with poverty and dirt at length, however, so far overcame the violence of her anger, that she consented to the proposition.

Following the direction of the children, Miss Lisle gently tapped at the door of the back room; but finding it give way to her touch, was unintentionally a witness to what was passing within. The curtains of the bed being closely drawn, concealed the invalid from her view; but she immediately recognised the dressmaker's apprentice, who was seated on a low stool before a recently-lighted fire, busily occupied in fanning the flame with her bonnet. Frances would have attracted her attention by addressing her; but the scene which immediately followed riveted her to the spot, and prevented her utterance. Much heated by the fatigue, the girl drew her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe the perspiration from her brow, and with it, to the painful surprise of her visitor, displayed the beautiful Valenciennes lace which embellished the one she was in search of. Her face being averted, Miss Lisle could not read its expression; but she observed that she carefully examined the costly article, and then rising in great haste, thrust it into an open table-drawer which stood by her side. In turning to resume her occupation, their eyes met, when Mary, darting across the apartment, exclaimed in a tone which no unprejudiced person could believe to be feigned, 'Oh, madam, I am so glad you are come; I have just discovered that I have by some means taken by mistake an article which belongs to you or to Miss Catesby.'

'It belongs to me, you hypocritical little thief,' said a voice from behind; and Harriet, who had repented of her forbearance, and followed her cousin up stairs, rushed in a violent rage into the chamber. 'You have stolen my property, you deceitful whiner,' she exclaimed, 'and I will not only expose you to your employer, but have you punished by a magistrate.'

The unhappy girl, in an agony of terror, threw herself at the lady's feet and implored mercy. She in the most solemn manner called Heaven to witness her protestations of innocence. She knew nothing, she said, of having the article in her possession until the moment

before, when she drew it forth from her pocket with her own. She could only account for its being there by supposing that, in the distress of mind she was in at leaving her mother so long without nourishment, she had, whilst standing by the toilet, unconsciously taken it up; and she implored Miss Catesby, for that mother's sake, if not for her own, to take pity on their fallen condition, and not add to their other troubles that of loss of character.

'But what made you thrust the handkerchief into that drawer, instead of coming forth and telling your mother of the mistake, if mistake it was?' cried Harriet in the same elevated tone of voice.

'I was afraid of alarming my mother,' the girl sobbed forth. 'I intended to bring it back—indeed, ma'am, I did—as soon as I had given her the gruel I was making.'

'And has she tasted nothing yet?' inquired Frances. 'Pray be calm, cousin,' she added intreatingly, 'for a little season at least, whilst Mary gives the poor woman some nourishment. We shall kill her by this excitement in her present weak state.'

But Miss Lisle might with equal effect have endeavoured to quiet the boisterous elements as her cousin's stormy passions when they were aroused by what she deemed an injury. 'Calm!' she repeated; 'do you think I am going to be robbed *calmly*. The woman deserves to suffer—doubtless she is an accomplice;' and darting across the room as she spoke, she drew forth the costly article, soiled, crumpled, and altogether unfit for use until it had undergone the operation of washing. At this discovery her rage became ungovernable, and the noise it occasioned collected a motley group to the door of the chamber, though, as if fearful of proceeding further, they only gazed in stupified amazement on the scene which was passing within.

The feeble voice of the invalid, who called repeatedly to know what was the meaning of the tumult, was drowned in the clamour of Miss Catesby's ravings and poor Mary's sobs. 'Send for a constable,' said the lady. 'Will no one obey me?' she proceeded, seeing that not one of the group showed any inclination to fulfil her commands. 'Bid my coachman fetch one then,' she added; 'I will not leave the spot till I see that abominable girl carried off to prison. What do you mean, woman, by encouraging your daughter to rob her mistress's customers?' she fiercely demanded, at the same time tearing back the curtains which had hitherto concealed the mother from view.

'Spare the poor creature those taunts, I intreat you, Harriet,' cried Frances, attempting to wrest the drapery from her hand. 'If you have no regard for anything else, pray spare an unhappy woman whose death you are probably hastening.'

'I *will* not spare her,' Miss Catesby replied, still retaining her hold; 'she *shall* hear me;' and as she spoke, she turned once again to the invalid.

'She little thinks she is so near a woman with the small-pox,' said a hoarse voice from without the door; and as the dreadful words met the ear of the enraged lady, her eye fell for the first time upon a face the features of which could scarcely be distinguished, so marred were they by the inroads of that horrible malady. A cry of alarm escaped the lips of Miss Catesby; she dropped the curtain, threw the handkerchief from her, as she would have cast a serpent, and without uttering a word, rushed through the crowd down the dark and narrow stairs.

Frances instinctively retreated from the near proximity of the invalid. 'Why did you not make us acquainted with the nature of your mother's disease before?' she inquired, addressing Mary.

'Mrs Smith forbade me to mention it, ma'am,' was her reply; 'and—and—I did not think you would come here so soon,' she hesitatingly added.

Miss Lisle's first impulse was to take the handkerchief, which Mary had now picked up from the floor and carefully folded; but, thinking that Miss Catesby would be averse to its admittance into the carriage, lest it should convey contagion, she bade her, as soon as she had attended to her mother, take it to some laundress who would engage to get it washed and delivered that evening. Then, adding a few words of comfort to the unfortunate girl, she followed her cousin down the stairs.

She found that young lady in a state of mind which made it far from desirable to become her companion. If the loss of her lace-bordered handkerchief had aroused her passions, the idea of the probable loss of her beauty infuriated her still more; and she had now as little command over herself as one whose reason is totally overthrown. Anger and terror strove for mastery in her bosom. She had from her very childhood dreaded that direful malady, which the woman whose only recommendation is a fine set of features and a brilliant complexion, has indeed so much cause to dread; but she had hitherto kept aloof from every possible contact with it. Now she had breathed the pestilential air, and gazed upon the horrid spectacle, which seemed to her disordered imagination still before her, and she felt no doubt but that she was infected by the disease. With the injustice which almost always attends the indulgence of anger, she scrupled not to accuse her friend of having been the cause of her misfortunes. It was her false pity for the girl, she said, which had brought the little thief into her dressing-room; and Frances, feeling assured it would be in vain to reason with her, allowed her to proceed without interruption. This line of conduct was, however, more irritating to the enraged lady than the most violent retorts could have been; and finding all she said had no effect upon her companion, she at length threw herself into a corner of the carriage, and gave vent to a fit of hysteric sobs.

So absorbed was the mind of Miss Catesby with the events of the last two hours, that she forgot the business she had intended to transact during the morning; indeed her eagerness to disrobe herself of the garments which might contain the infection was too great to allow of her making a selection of pearls, had she thought of it.

'Be calm, Harriet, as you value your happiness,' exclaimed Frances as the vehicle stopped before her uncle's door. 'Here is the carriage of Sir Charles Melville waiting; he is doubtless within.'

The sound of that name acted as a powerful talisman upon the feelings of the bride-elect: for she loved her betrothed husband as sincerely and as ardently as the selfish and vain are capable of loving. She was aware it was only to her having appeared in a false character when in his presence that she owed his regard, and she was conscious that the discovery of the unamiable part she had taken in the transactions of the morning might alienate him from her for ever. 'I feel ill, very ill,' she said, addressing her cousin as they alighted. 'Pray lead me to my chamber;' and Frances, in whose gentle breast early associations and constant intercourse had awakened a sisterly regard, offered her arm with much concern, and asked if she might be permitted to send for medical aid.

Harriet answered in the negative. But no sooner had they reached her chamber, than she appeared so seriously indisposed, that Miss Lisle thought it necessary to seek Mr Catesby, that she might communicate to him (but with all the palliations charity and affection could suggest) the sad events of the morning. She found him in company with the baronet in the drawing-room, and the recital caused so much alarm to both father and lover, that a physician was immediately sent for. Every precaution which affection and skill could prompt was taken; but in vain. The dreadful disease had too surely fixed its malignant infection upon the haughty beauty; and the day which was to have beheld her a bride, found her stretched upon a couch of sickness—sickness rendered more difficult to endure by its being accompanied by self-reproaches.

Frances, who possessed few personal attractions, ex-

cepting those which arise from sweetness of expression, escaped the malady, though she was a constant attendant upon her sick friend. She, with the self sacrificing generosity which was one of the strongest traits in her character, shrunk not from the wearying and even dangerous task; and the devotedness she displayed so penetrated the now softened and subdued heart of the unhappy sufferer, that she, for the first time even to herself, acknowledged that the moral virtues of her cousin were of far more intrinsic worth than that beauty of which she had hitherto been so vain, and of which a breath of pestilential air had robbed her. It is not unfrequently the case that the couch of severe bodily affliction teaches a salutary lesson, and thus it was with Harriet Catesby. It brought before her, in dread array, the events of a misspent life—a life hitherto devoted to self-gratification, the indulgence of evil passions, and the pursuit of admiration; but in Frances she met with a gentle monitress, the consistency of whose actions being a beautiful commentary upon the truths which fell from her lips, gave those truths a powerful influence, which precept, unaccompanied by example, could never effect.

It was the first time in her life that Harriet had ever listened with patience to advice, however mildly given; her spirit had hitherto been too proud to acknowledge that she could require it. But the scene was now changed. Affliction's hallowed fires had refined the dross of her character, and it came forth from the furnace as much altered for the better as her personal charms were impaired.

A few weeks subsequent to the recovery of Miss Catesby, she became the bride of Sir Charles Melville; but she was an altered woman—altered in mind as well as in appearance, inasmuch as she now really possessed those virtues she had before but counterfeited; and though her husband is not aware of the fact, he has little reason to regret her loss of beauty, since it was the means of producing this mental and moral renovation.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE AND ITS EXTENSION.

What is Possible to be Known.—'All human knowledge is limited, but who has reached the boundary in any direction? Doubtless there are geological problems which can never be solved, many recondite laws which can never be disclosed by investigation of visible phenomena; but yet the progress of the human mind, or rather the combination and mutual irradiation of ascertained truths, continually removes further the visible barrier of knowledge, and renders possible many problems once despaired of.'—*Philips's Treatise on Geology.*

Recent Unlikelihood of now Acknowledged Truths.—'Would it have been thought possible by a chemist thirty years ago, that the same substance should act the part of an acid in one case and a base in the other?—that water should be possessed of such properties?—or still more, that hydrochloric acid in combination with chloride of platinum, should act as the base or electro-positive ingredient? Yet such are the facts. These would have appeared to a chemist, at the commencement of the present century, totally inconsistent with what he knew of chemical action; but they are now readily comprehensible under laws which include all the facts hitherto ascertained. Or take a different illustration: would any electrician, twenty years ago, have supposed it consistent with physical laws that a mechanical force, 50,000 times greater than that of gravity, may be instantaneously generated by the action of galvanism on a metallic alloy (as shown by Sir J. Herschel), or that a feeble current of electricity, issuing from a single pair of plates, may generate (if properly applied) a magnetic force capable of sustaining many hundred pounds? The higher and more general are the laws we attain, the more do we find that they include facts which at first sight appeared inconsistent with them.'—*Carpenter on the Differences of the Laws regulating Vital and Physical Phenomena. Ed. Phil. Jour.*, 1838.

A Case of Over-Confident Disbelief.—The spirit of opposition to new truths often overshoots its mark, and from a judicious caution, degenerates into a dogmatic scepticism. One of the most unlucky ventures ever made in this spirit, was the bold and overbearing denial made by a medical critic in the Edinburgh Review,* with regard to the discoveries of Drs Gall and Spurzheim in the structure of the brain. Animated by a furious zeal against the psychical system of these doctors, the reviewer hesitated not to reject the whole of their curious and most meritorious discoveries in the cerebral organization, not taking pains to detect any fallacy in these discoveries by experiment, but trusting entirely to his own conviction—that is, supposition—that no such discoveries had been, or could be made. Down to that time the brain was supposed to be a mere pulp, or at the most it was acknowledged to present some appearances of fibrous structure when coagulated and torn in a particular direction. Drs Gall and Spurzheim discovered and announced the pervasion of the brain by fibres of two kinds, or at least in two arrangements (converging and diverging), of which fact they presented, in their works, all the requisite illustrations. Of their observations on this structure of the brain the reviewer first gave an ample account, and then added—'It is our painful duty to remark, that the system is *a complete fiction from beginning to end.*' And not only this, but he deliberately asserted that their fictions were connected with the *intention* of deceiving. Their writings, he said in conclusion, 'have not added one fact to the stock of our knowledge respecting either the structure or functions of man, but consist of such a mixture of gross errors, extravagant absurdities, and downright misstatements, as can leave no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of honest and intelligent men, as to the real ignorance, the real hypocrisy, and the real empiricism of the authors.' Now, on which side are we to suppose either the honesty or the intelligence to lie, when we learn that the discoveries in question are now admitted into the circle of science as truths at once new and valuable? They are partly embodied in a recent anatomical work of Frederick Arnold; and Dr Roget, in his Bridgewater Treatise, quotes a paper of Dr Macartney, read at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association, showing the complicated fibrous structure of the brain, 'establishing the most extensive and general communications between every part of it.' Foville more recently acknowledges how powerfully Drs Gall and Spurzheim contributed to the progress of the anatomy of the nervous system; and adds, 'Whatever may be the fate of many of their opinions, it remains not the less certain that we must ascribe the zeal of the moderns for the science of this elevated part of the organization to the fruitful principles which they proclaimed, and to the immense interest which they succeeded in inspiring for the study to which they dedicated their lives.' These testimonies form a curious commentary upon the author of the review, showing that the guilt of assertion without proper grounds lay entirely with himself. He probably thought he was doing good service in writing as he did: of his intentions, let the most favourable construction be formed. But he theorised rashly in denial. What others had ascertained by experiment and careful inquiry, he repudiated upon mere supposition. Wishing to be very philosophical, he mistook scepticism for caution, whereas investigation alone could have served his end. And thus where he thought he was pillorying two empirics, he has only stuck himself up as a durable memento of the danger of over-confident disbelief.

Defence of Speculation.—One would think that in thinking there were something wicked or else unwise; everybody feels or fancies a necessity of disclaiming it. 'I am not given to speculation'—'I am no friend to theories.' Speculation—theory—what is it but thinking? Can a man disclaim speculation—can he disclaim theory, without disclaiming thought? If they do not mean thought, they mean nothing; for unless it be a little more thought than ordinary, theory, speculation, mean nothing.—*Benthamiana.*

The Value of Scientific Researches not to be Estimated by their Direct or Immediate Utility.—The sciences must often be cultivated from the mere feeling of their own excellence, and must be followed into recesses where their immediate connexion with objects of utility cannot be perceived. Had mathematicians never indulged themselves in any speculations but such as were certainly conducive to purposes of acknowledged utility, the instruments and methods by which the lunar theory has been brought to perfection would probably have still remained unknown; and of

* No. 49, published in June 1815.

course the great practical question concerning the longitude would have yet received no solution. The applications of a particular discovery, and the useful conclusions to which it leads, in many instances remain unknown till the future progress of science bring them to light. A series of new discoveries may be necessary to give value to those that have long since been made. Napier, when he invented logarithms, proposed no other object to himself than that of facilitating arithmetical calculations; and this end he doubtless saw that he had fully accomplished. But with all his sagacity and depth of thought, he little knew the richness of the vein he was working; he could not foresee that, for the next two hundred years, when the mathematical sciences were to proceed with a rapidity yet unexampled in the history of knowledge, they were hardly to advance a step without developing some further consequences of his discovery, and some new applications of it, in branches of science which in his time had no existence. To foretell beforehand the uses to which a discovery, whether mathematical or physical, may be applied, is not given to man; and we who have seen the aspect of all chemical, and a great part of physical science changed, in consequence of the convulsions excited in the limbs of a dead frog, will not easily be induced to reject any experiment, or any observation, as frivolous and unnecessary.—*Edinburgh Review, No.* 30.

LOVE OF FLOWERS IN GERMANY.

I have already mentioned the great use they make of flowers here to ornament their streets and houses on *fete* days. But they put them to another, more touching to the heart. We were often surprised to see the number of garlands hanging round many of the carriages leaving Wildbad. All classes seemed to be favoured in the same way more or less. We found it was a tribute of friendship, a parting gift, and the formation of these garlands contributed some small addition to the purses of the makers. Such things may appear trifles, but they are in fact matters of great consequence; inasmuch as everything that draws heart to heart, and mind to mind—that contributes, even in a remote degree, to unite human creatures in kind and affectionate remembrance to each other, *is* of consequence.

'Flowers are one of the many beautiful gifts of God to man.'

The cultivation of them improves his health and raises his mind, if he *thinks* about them. The beauty of them pleases his eye, and ornaments his dwelling, and keeps him at home. In the working-classes, much might be done in the improvement of their morals, habits, and manners, by encouraging them to pass their few leisure hours in the cultivation of flowers. The difference between two families, one loving flowers, the other loving gin, at the end of twelve months, would be very striking. It may be said, all cannot have gardens. True; but all may have a few flowers in their windows, and many more than they imagine; for a little wooden balcony could easily be made outside of every window; and the very circumstance of tending these flowers would induce them occasionally to open the windows, and give air, that best tonic to the poor, exhausted, typhus-fevered inhabitant. But here the window-tax comes in, especially in towns, as a monster of evil, to debar the human race from what God and nature have declared absolutely necessary to their existence and well-being. The number of windows to the houses on the continent must be remarked by all travellers. The cottages in this forest are one line of windows, giving light and life to all within; and by the adoption of the stove, all are kept warm and comfortable at a small expense. If stoves were used in England for the poor, it would save them a great outlay, and in all probability would prevent many an illness. As they need not fear cold, they would then open the windows. If all my readers could witness the state of the rooms inhabited by the poor within a stone's-throw of the splendid shop-windows of magnificent Regent Street, they would shrink from it with horror. They would be tempted to break through the walls to give the fainting creatures light and air, or transport them to the heath-covered mountain, and let them rather lie under the natural rock, than within the walls of the unnatural, pestilential prison they were found in. To the *ladies* of the creation, flowers are a boon beyond all price; and, if the *gentlemen knew* it, to *them*, through their wives. The lady who is fond of her garden, and delights in the cultivation of it, will not seek expensive pleasures abroad. Home is everything to her, and if her husband is wise enough to encourage her taste, he is a happy man. Women feel deeply little attentions; and in all probability there are few who would be bad wives if they had kind, affectionate, well-judging husbands.—*Lady Vavasour's Tour.*

CAPTURE OF WHALES IN FAROE.

Mr W. C. Trevelyan communicates to the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal some curious particulars with regard to the whale capture of the Faroe Islands. Hitherto, there has usually been a considerable capture of the small caaing whale (*delphinus melas*) in those islands by means of stranding alone. In the course of last year the natives for the first time tried a net, and their success has been splendid. The number of whales thus taken in 1843 was 3146, out of which oil to the value of L.5665 was obtained. The people, hitherto in the custom of using the flesh of these animals as food for themselves, have now applied it to the support of their cattle, for whom it makes an excellent winter fodder. 'For this purpose the flesh is cut into long and narrow strips, and dried, without salt, in the air, in the same manner as when used for food by the natives; when well dried, it will keep good for two years. When used, it is cut into pieces two or three inches long, and slightly boiled; any oil rising to the surface is skimmed off, and then the soup and meat are given to the cows, together with about one-half or one-third the usual quantity of hay. On this food they appear to thrive well, giving an increased quantity of milk; and neither it nor the cream has any unpleasant flavour, as they have when the animals are fed on dried fish, as in Iceland and other northern countries. Many cows have usually perished in Faroe from the scarcity of fodder in winter; and my correspondent, the Rev. Mr Schroter (who has for many years exerted himself in improving the condition of his fellow-countrymen), calculates that the lives of more than six hundred cows were saved last winter by the use of this food; which, he remarks, might be found of value for the same purpose in Shetland and Orkney, where, from the flesh of the delphinus being disliked as food, great quantities of it are wasted, which might be profitably employed in this way—a more valuable application of it than for manure, as formerly suggested; and if the supply were at all regular, it might enable the inhabitants to increase their stock of cows in winter, and thus add much to their domestic comfort.'

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE AMERICAN STATES.

Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason by patent, November 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts, from a tribe of Indians in the neighbourhood of Boston: the tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton—'I have learned,' says Roger Williams, 'that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills.' Rhode Island was named in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river; New York in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was named in 1681 after William Penn; Delaware in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay; Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was named in 1584 after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England; Carolina by the French in 1564, in honour of King Charles IX. of France; Georgia in 1772, in honour of King George III.; Alabama in 1817, from its principal river; Mississippi in 1800, from its western boundary: Mississippi is said to denote Kie, whole river; that is, the river formed by the union of many. Louisiana, so called in honour of Louis XVI. of France; Tennessee in 1796, from its principal river: the word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon; Kentucky in 1792, from its principal river; Illinois in 1809, from its principal river: the word is said to signify the river of men; Indiana in 1802, from American Indians; Ohio in 1802, from its southern boundary; Missouri in 1821, from its principal river. Michigan was named in 1805 from the lake on its

borders; Arkansas in 1819, from its principal river. Florida was so called by Juan Ponse Le Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascus Florida.—Simmond's Colonial Magazine.*

KINDNESS.

The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity, than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.—*Fawcett.*

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

FAIR flower of silent night!
Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be:
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,
Silence and solitude its depths unseal:
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray:

So in life's last decline,
When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may like thy blossoms shine
Bright at the last;

And, as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flowret, brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay!

—*From the Lyre, a Collection of Poetry*, 1838.

CURDLING OF MILK.

The coagulation of milk under the influence of a simple wet membrane is a phenomenon so remarkable, and so difficult to explain, that we need not wonder at the attention it has excited. Experiments have been made with a view of ascertaining the effect on the membrane itself. Among these, a very curious one is due to Berzelius: he relates that he took a bit of the lining of a calf's stomach, washed it clean, dried it as completely as possible, weighed it carefully, put it into eighteen hundred times its weight of milk, and heated the whole to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. After some little time coagulation was complete. He then removed the membrane, washed, dried, and once more weighed it; the loss amounted to rather more than one-seventeenth of the whole. According to this experiment, one part of the active matter dissolved from the membrane had coagulated about thirty thousand of milk. —*Fownes's Chemical Prize Essay.*

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

ANGER.

As a preventative of anger, banish all tale-bearers and slanderers from your conversation, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience, and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or into the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own house.—*Old Divine.*

DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call *effort*. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men such a consciousness of their powers, does not train to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will—that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing.—*Channing.*

SHRIMPS.

The office of shrimps, says a writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, seems to be analogous to that of some of the insects on land, whose task is to clear away the remains of dead animal matter after the beasts and birds of prey have been satiated. If a dead small bird or frog be placed where ants have access to it, those insects will speedily reduce the body to a closely-cleaned skeleton. The shrimp family, acting in hosts, as speedily remove all traces of fish or flesh from the bones of any dead animal exposed to their ravage. They are, in short, the principal scavengers of the ocean; and, notwithstanding their office, they are deservedly and highly prized as nutritious and delicious food.

EASTERN MODE OF MEASURING TIME.

The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, 'How long my shadow is in coming!' 'Why did you not come sooner?' 'Because I waited for my shadow.' In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written —'As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow.'—*Roberts's Illustrations.*

COURAGE.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils: it is the abandonment of good, the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician.—*Von Kenbel.*

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 5, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, August 10, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 33. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1844. Price 1½d.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SPORT IN INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN BELLEW.

That patriarch of anglers, Izaak Walton, in his well-known work on fishing, commences with an imaginary discussion between three sportsmen—the hunter, the falconer, and the fisher—on the comparative merits of earth, air, and water, each contending for the superiority of that element in which he more particularly exercises his craft, and seeks the source of his amusement. Izaak being himself a 'mighty' fisher, takes good care, of course, like the writer of a theological novel, to give his own side the best of the argument, and Piscator carries off the palm. On the same principle the painter represented the man conquering the lion; a state of things, as one of the latter species shrewdly observed in the fable, which would doubtless have been reversed had one of his own brethren been the artist. I myself delight in angling, and though not disposed, like the simple-hearted Izaak, to extol one element at the expense of another—all being equally indispensable in the mundane economy—my chief attention on the present occasion shall be given to the waters. What a pleasant amusement is angling here at home, in all its shades and varieties, from the 'sublime' of salmon-fishing in a Highland river, with all its wild accompaniments of 'brown heath and shaggy wood,' to the 'ridiculous' of bobbing in a punt like a bit of still life at Kewbridge or Putney; or on the margin of the silver Lea, as it winds its drowsy course through verdant meads o'erlooked by Clapton and Hackney—there to sit like 'patience on a monument'—nought to disturb your cogitations save a passing barge, the sudden flight of your 'castor,' swept off by a tow-rope, or the hilarious scream and giggle of Mr Viggins's wife and party as they scull it past in their 'werry.' Or, to rise to the poetry of my theme, how delightful in some sweet rural spot, where orchards bloom and cottages peep, and curling smoke ascends, in softened contrast to the deep blue of a May-day sky, to stand in the pleasant evening time at the roaring mill tail, gazing with anxious eye on your minnow gleaming like a bit of silver, as it wildly spins through the turbulent waters, whilst the monotonous clapper of the mill-wheel, and the 'sound of many waters,' blend pleasingly with the note of the thrush or blackbird, piping sweetly from the glen below. Or, again to change the scene, how pleasant on some hoar hill-side, or in some heathery glen of Westmòreland, afar from smoky towns —'retired from life's fantastic round'—to throw your fly in the brawling Beck, as it mingles its querulous chidings with the bleat of the mountain sheep or the melancholy cry of the plover; then and there to whip out your little piebald trout, stained with the chocolate-coloured waters of the fells, and as lively and animated as the streams they inhabit; then, too, when Sol waxes warm, and sport fatigues, to plump ye down on the wild thyme and heather; you and the friend of your heart to turn out the contents of your fish-basket—discuss the cold pigeon pie, chat discursively of man, his hopes, cares, and destinies—of those who have gone off the stage, and those who are coming on it, &c.; and, having reduced sundry bottles of double stout to that state abhorred by nature, to blow your matches—real Havannahs—and once more to business. Oh, 'tis fine! these are indeed amongst the green spots of life.

In India, however, albeit very pleasant at times, fishing is a somewhat different affair. There you may chance to hear the roar of the tiger mingling with that of the torrent; a cobra de capello may resent any unguarded disposition to recline; and whilst catching your fish, you yourself may chance to be caught by the snap-hooks of a bear, or be comfortably 'reeled' up by a boa constrictor. Such accidents as these are rare, to be sure; but a very large proportion of the *coup de soleil* and jungle fever of India falls to the lot of the piscator. Nevertheless, in spite of all these chances and drawbacks, angling even there has great charms and attractions, and many and many a happy day and hour have I spent in the amusement. India is traversed by noble rivers—the Ganges, the Goggra, the Burrampooter, the Nerbudda, &c.—all swelled by hundreds of tributary streams descending from the Himalaya, the Vindhya, and other mountain chains; these waters abound with an infinite variety of fish, as do also the numerous pools and lakes with which the country is studded, particularly those of the wild territory of Rajpootaneh: even the large wells, when near water-courses, are found to swarm with the finny tribes; and frequently, in the last-named country, I have had capital sport, and filled my basket from one of these aqueous receptacles. The reader must understand, however, that the Bowlies and great Mahratta wells of Upper India are giants when compared with those which minister to the cottage economy at home. I should say, at a rough guess, that some of the former are twenty or thirty feet in diameter.

During a fifteen years' residence in the East, it fell to my lot to exercise my taste for angling in a great diversity of countries and climates. I have thrown my fly in the torrents of the Himalaya, fished in the wild and solitary lakes of Rajusthan, caught tingra and turtle in the Ganges, skate and rock-cod on the rude coasts of Arracan, and bobbed for eels in the weedy tanks of Bengal. Some light sketches of these operations, blended with other incidental gossipings, may amuse a few kindred spirits. The noble streams which rise amidst the snow-capped Himalaya, and which, descend-

ing through the inferior chains and valleys constituting the provinces of Gûrwal and Kamaon, ultimately debouch into the plains of Rohilcund, are well-stocked with fish, of which two kinds, the trout and the mahaseeah, rise to the fly freely, and afford excellent amusement. The trout of the Himalaya differs considerably in appearance from our own; the head is sharper, the body flatter, and the general colour unlike: still he is a trout, and no mistake; and as such, to one who has been long an exile from Europe, and to whom the scenes of boyhood, though dim, are still dear, the first sight of him, with his bonny red spots, as he comes curvetting from his native element, is very exhilarating, and revives many a pleasant recollection of times gone by. The mahaseeah is a fish whose mouth, assisted by a sort of folding membrane, is capable of great expansion, showing that it is intended to live upon flies; it is a species of barbel, I think, and attains to a very large size, though none of those our party caught exceeded two or three pounds. Having occasion to visit Almooah in Kamaon, partly on account of health, and partly to perform some duties connected with the department to which I belonged (the commissariat), I started one fine morning from the handsome old Pattan town of Moradabad in Rohilcund for Bamourie, a Godown and post at the entrance of the pass leading through the first range of hills. My equipment consisted of a small hill-tent and a few boxes carried on mules, these animals being generally used in the mountains, a fair *batterie de cuisine*, and a few bottles of wine. I had also a trusty double-barrelled Joe Manton, and a rifle approaching in size to a 'bone-breaker,' the name by which in India the large buffalo and tiger-pieces are sometimes known. Moreover, I had a rod or two, and a fairish book of hooks and flies; in short, was pretty well equipped for a campaign against the denizens of the woods and waters. I was accompanied by a friend, Captain S——, a pleasant companion, and a keen sportsman—now, poor fellow, gathered to his fathers. On our way to Bamourie we passed through Rampore, the residence of a Pattan nawaub, and celebrated for its manufacture of swords, which are cheap, and highly-tempered. The general aspect of this town, with its courts, bazaars, and superior residences, amongst which is the palace of the nawaub, struck me, on a hasty inspection, as indicative of a nearer approach to European civilisation and wealth than is usually to be found in the small capitals of petty native princes. The plains of Rohilcund hereabouts, and as we approached the skirts of the jungle, were beautifully open, studded with towns, groves, and villages, and traversed by clear and rushing streams, whilst in the distance, their bases separated from the cultivated lands by a broad belt of forest and grass jungle, towered the mountains of Kamaon and Gûrwal, the snowy peaks of the Himalaya peering in white splintered cones, like gigantic sugar loaves, above the dark blue outline of the first range. The belt of grass and jungle to be traversed before reaching the pass was, if I recollect correctly, some twenty miles across; first we had to traverse a long expanse of verdure, and then commenced a scrubby tree jungle, till we reached Bamourie.

At a village where the cultivation terminated and the grass jungle commenced, my friend and I had a splendid day's shooting; three antelopes, one a noble black buck with high spiral horns, besides black and gray partridges, hares, and a florikin or two, if I remember rightly, having rewarded our exertions. My companion shot two of the antelopes, which we started from fields of grain bordering on the long grass, and I broke the leg of my animal close to the shoulder; but he made such good use of the other three, that it was with some difficulty we secured him. We roused several wild hogs, but did not kill any. Our next day's march brought us to the confines of the tree jungle, which continued unbroken to the base of the mountains, excepting by a few cultivated fields about Bamourie. At this spot, where the tree jungle commenced, and where there were a few huts, we pitched our tents close to those of another small party of officers, Nimrods like ourselves. After breakfast, Captain S——, myself, and two other officers, old friends, likewise bound for Kamaon, who had joined us, sallied out with our guns. We were on foot, and the grass in some places, which grew to an amazing height, was traversed by small well-trodden paths, evidently made by tigers and other wild beasts, the prints of whose feet, indeed, we saw. I never felt more nervous and uncomfortable in my life, fully expecting at every step to hear the roar of a tiger, and to find myself sprawling in his clutches. This feeling was shared by my companions; and we therefore determined to draw off to a place where the jungle was more open and scanty. Our sport this day by no means equalled that of the preceding one; indeed it was very bad; but our neighbours were more successful, as, besides other game, they killed a noble tiger, which they were bringing up dangling from an elephant at the very moment we reached our encampment. He was soon stretched out before one of the tents; and I think I now see the circle of sportsmen around examining him as he lay on the grass in the grim repose of death. The tents, the tree jungle, the groups of servants and beaters, an elephant or two in majestic quiescence, the howdahs and guns on their backs close by, and the purple mountains of Kamaon soaring up in the distance, all combined to form a noble picture. This is sport—all grand and in keeping; and after it, pheasant-shooting in a preserve, and similar domestic amusements, hardly deserve the name. I felt the fore-arm of the defunct tiger, and was not prepared, under so loose and velvety a skin as that which covered it, to find muscle and sinew as hardly compacted as a deal board. I could then for the first time conceive how it is that this formidable brute can fell an ox and crush in his skull with a single blow of his paw. Tigers hereabouts are pretty numerous. They follow the herds of the Kussiah mountaineers, picking off a bullock as they feel inclined; and when at particular seasons the herdsmen and cattle retire up into the mountains, they are said to be so obliging as still to keep them company.

Bamourie is simply a halting-place for travellers at the commencement of the ascent of the mountains, and at the period to which I refer, there were no buildings there (though several villages and some cultivation are to be found in the vicinity) saving a plain oblong structure called the 'Godown,' or store, and a few sheds for cattle, constructed of timber, and resembling American log-houses. The Godown was divided into three compartments, each having its door: two of these contained attah (flour), ghee, turmeric, and other supplies requisite for native travellers; and the third was set apart for the accommodation of English officers journeying to and from Kamaon. In this last, which was of very confined dimensions, was a fireplace, and the furniture, of a rude and primitive character, consisted of a clumsy table and two or three rickety chairs, exhibiting sundry simple and compound fractures; such was our temporary abode at Bamourie. The belt of forest between this place and Rooderpoor is a hotbed of malaria, from the commencement of the rains in May and June, till the setting in of the cold season in October and November. These pestiferous exhalations, produced by the joint action of sun and moisture on decayed vegetation, are called the 'oul' by the natives; and when once they begin to arise, the Kussiah herdsmen withdraw with their cattle to the mountains out of the reach of their influence. The petty establishments from such places as Bamourie and Tandah are usually removed (they are under the commissariat department), and the European residents in the hills become pretty effectually cut off from intercourse with the plains, for even then a rapid transit through this pestiferous cincture is attended with the most imminent risk. The period of our visit was the fine season, and the absence of all danger from

the above source, and the coolness and purity of the air, gave a delightful elasticity to our spirits, and imparted a keen relish for the scenery and sports of the mountains. Breakfast was no sooner despatched on the morning of our arrival, than the little apartment of the Godown began to exhibit an animated scene of preparation; fishing-hooks were brought out, flies tied, lines adjusted, rods and reels fixed, and off we soon started—that is, my friend S—— and myself—for the neighbouring river, the sound of whose waters were distinctly audible at the Godown. I had occasionally thrown the fly before in the comparatively sluggish rivers of the plains of Hindostan; but, with the exception of catching now and then a little lively sprat-like fish, called the 'chulwah,' invariably without success. In fact, the fish of the plains are not such light feeders as to take the fly, excepting in a few of the rapid streams of Rajpootaneh and of Central India. Here, then, though somewhat doubtful of success, I promised myself a high treat—sport of a purely novel and English character.

The Dauli, the river which issues from the mountains at the pass of Bamourie, is a noble stream, clear as crystal; here slumbering in deep and transparent pools, scooped out of its rugged channel, there shooting along in glassy smoothness, or tumbling over its rocky bed in short and troubled waves. Our approach to the river, then shrunk into comparatively narrow limits, was over loose shingle and stones, rounded by the action of the torrent. At length I stood on the brink of the clear running stream, and home arose in pleasant visions before me; for by such, 'when free to roam,' had I often whiled my schoolboy hours. Long out of practice, I was a little awkward at first, but soon regained my wonted precision. Still, time went on, and no 'muchees' (fish); and I was beginning to dread a complete failure, when I observed my companion S—— some way lower down, stumbling over boulder-stones, mouth pursed up, rod bending, and arm extended, and ever and anon, amidst the waves of the swift gliding current, a silvery gleam, and the dash of a vigorous tail. 'He has him,' said I; 'there are fish here, and no mistake.' I was soon by the side of my friend, just as he was conducting through the dead water a fine mahaseeah, whose widely-expanded mouth, and body limp and exhausted, proclaimed that, rescue or no rescue, he had resigned the contest. It is a pleasant thing to handle your friend's first fish, though assuredly much pleasanter to handle your own; to weigh him, and measure him, and turn him this way and that, and revel in the pleasant conviction (one sometimes denied to the angler) that there are actually fish in the river, and that, moreover, it being neither their Lent nor Ramozan, there is a way of catching them. Encouraged by S——'s success, I again went to work, and fished up the river, whilst he followed its downward course. It was now my turn, and I was soon cheered by a rise. It was in water so rapid, that one would have imagined a fish could have hardly held his own in it; but the mahaseeah is a knowing fellow, and gets under the lee of the stones, which break the force of the current. I felt him, and soon made him feel me. When struck, away he darted down the stream, aided by its rapid glide, with a velocity which made the reel fiz again. I feared he would have carried out all my line, and then, if he had, 'good night to Marmion;' but he was not destined to spin out my thread, or to cut it either; and in good time he hauled his wind. I ceased to slip and tumble over the plum-pudding stones, and after considerable agitation on my part, and one or two wicked flings on his, after I had (as I thought on good grounds) considered him in extremis, I towed him ashore, to borrow the language of honest Dinniss, 'as snug as a cock-salmon in a fish-basket.' This, then, was the first mahaseeah, the famous fly-taker of the hill streams, which I ever captured, and one of the few I did take; for my stay in the mountains was short, and occasional attacks of indisposition, ugly twinges in the hepatic region, and other circumstances, prevented my indulging in field-sports so much as I otherwise should. The weight of my mahaseeah—for he was a small one—was considerably under two pounds, but his strength and vivacity gave me a lively idea of what one of his species would effect in the way of resistance if of forty or fifty pounds weight; for to this, and I was told a still larger size, they attain in the rivers of the Himalaya. Indeed I am pretty sure that a huge fellow which I saw in my next day's excursion waving his broad tail in a deep and glassy pool, and whom I vainly coaxed to do me the honour of tasting my fly and paste, must have been little short of that size. Tackled to a fish of that bulk, his struggles for liberty, aided by a rushing torrent, loose stones for your footing, and a tiger perhaps not far off, considering what might be the most judicious mode of intercepting your further progress, it is necessary to have your wits about you. I saw no tigers, to be sure; but, knowing myself to be where they abound, I made one of my servants carry my double-barrelled gun close behind me, loaded with ball, so that I might be prepared in case one should make his appearance; and I always, whilst fishing, took especial care to give projecting knolls and long grass or brushwood as wide a berth as possible. I was told of more than one rencontre which English anglers had had with them, and the precaution was consequently by no means superfluous. On returning to the Godown on this my first day, I found my brother angler returned with a fair basket of trout and mahaseeah: the former (not one of which kind had I the luck to catch) struck me, as I have before observed, as differing materially from our English fish of the name, though unquestionably of the same family. This I found to be the case with respect to all the productions of the mountains of which we possess the counterparts in Europe: the jays were jays, it is true, but not quite the jays of our woods; ditto the blackbirds, pheasants, blackberries, violets; and so on through the whole range of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. As far as my limited observation went, the birds resembling our songsters in plumage were voiceless, and the flowers, like those which enamel our lanes and meads, without scent; still it is pleasant to have even one sense gratified by objects blended with our early associations, and this the English traveller from the plains, if long an exile from Europe, feels most strongly on entering Kamaon.

I would recommend to all fly-fishers in the Himalaya provinces to come well supplied with tackling, particularly flies; for, in the first place, the mahaseeah is strong, and as he darts down the rapid current, the least knot or momentary obstruction to the passage of the line will lead to his disappearance with a portion of it; and secondly, the great round rocks and stones which in many places strew the banks, have a peculiar aptitude for taking off your flies. Repeatedly, in throwing my line, did I hear a sort of snip behind me, and on a consequent examination invariably found that a fly was gone, which, owing to the broken nature of the ground, I seldom if ever recovered. Perhaps this might be otherwise accounted for, but I attributed it to the stones; for where they were not, it did not occur.

Having loaded our mules, and mounted our ponies, we left Bamourie, and proceeded to Bheemtal, the second stage in the mountains. At some distance from the Godown the river is crossed by a rude suspension-bridge of considerable breadth, which hangs in air like a cobweb, and has, when seen some way off, a pretty and picturesque effect. We found it very rickety, and when the river is swollen by the melting of the snows, and its mountain-bound channel filled from bank to bank, crossing on such a frail structure must be rather a nerve-shaking operation. Neither my companions nor myself ventured upon it mounted, for there is no saying what might have been the result of an unlucky shy or back, in spite of the slender parapet. As it was, the bridge rocked and vibrated in a manner which was far from agreeable; and my little stout tan-

gun,* though a mountaineer himself, was so terrified, that he crouched and shuddered, and I thought would have lain down on the bridge. I never saw terror in an animal so forcibly depicted as when he was making his transit, or the appearance of comfort and satisfaction more complete than when he once more trod on *terra firma*. Our engineers are said, I believe, to have derived their ideas of suspension-bridges from those of the mountain regions of India, where, in various forms, they have been in use from time immemorial. Some of the rude bridges thrown over chasms are very unsafe, a melancholy proof of which occurred some years since in the case of a fine young woman, a Miss S——, while travelling in the mountains with her parents, whom she had recently joined from England. The young lady, and a gentleman who formed one of the party, Major H——, a very large and heavy man, having preceded the rest, came suddenly upon one of these mountain bridges thrown across a deep chasm, at the bottom of which rushed a rapid torrent. A drove of cattle had just passed, and they followed without any apprehension of danger. Perhaps the weight of the cattle had brought the bridge to the breaking point, for when the officer and the hapless girl reached the centre, it suddenly gave way, and they were precipitated into the gulf below. Major H——'s endeavours to rescue his companion were fruitless; and it was with the greatest difficulty he managed to extricate himself. She was for a moment seen on a rock in the channel, her loosened locks, which she was endeavouring to part, clinging to her face and person, when a swell of the current swept her away, to be seen no more.

Not far from the bridge of Bamourie I observed a land-slip—a striking exemplification of the process continually going on by which the bulk of mountains undergoes a sensible diminution. The torrent, by beating on one point of the base of a hill, which rose sheer above it to a great elevation, had so worn it away, that its whole side, waving with forest, had sunk down into the vacant space, leaving, where the continuity of the slope had been broken, a clearly-marked and perpendicular precipice, the earthy face fresh and untinted, and resembling a colossal step. A few miles of continual ascent, the scenery at every turn increasing in grandeur and beauty, brought us to Bheemtal. Bheemtal, or the lake of Bheem, some three or four thousand feet above the level of the plains, occupies the centre of a small valley, above which the dark mountains shoot to a towering height, some cultivated in long successions of levels, rising like gigantic steps one above the other; others clothed with dark forest, and exhibiting on their peaked summits the spearlike forms of the pine and fir. Close to the little lake, deep, blue, and transparent, stood a large Banyan tree, and a curious old Hindoo temple of a conical or bee-hive shape; and hard by, another Godown similar to that at Bamourie, but which has since, I understand, been pulled down, and replaced by a superior place of accommodation, erected by the government on a neighbouring eminence. Here we halted for a day, which I devoted to shooting. I believe one of our party (amounting to four) tried the lake—profoundly deep, and in which we saw quantities of fish—but I forget with what success. In some cultivation which skirted one extremity of this mountain tarn, I found the black partridge pretty abundant, and killed several, as also two or three hill partridges. The black partridge is a beautiful bird, and shooting them an amusement highly enjoyed by the Anglo-Indian sportsman. The breast of the male bird is of a shining black, speckled with white; the head is also marked in a similar manner. He rises perpendicularly at first to a considerable height, and then goes off horizontally, and is by no means an easy shot. The black partridge is found in the long grass on the margin of rivers and swamps, from whence in the mornings and evenings he creeps out into the neighbouring cultivation; his note or call is very peculiar, resembling somewhat the creak of a wheel. A sight which greatly delighted me was the profusion of flowers and shrubs, resembling those common in England. Butter-cups, marshmallows, and cuckoo flowers, grew on the margin of the lake; violets and primroses peered from the mossy banks; and dog-roses hung in festoons from the trees and hedges: in fact I felt myself at home again, and the recollection of many a bird-nesting excursion and schoolboy-ramble rushed upon my mind. The next morning we continued our route, and a few miles brought us to the foot of the Goggar Pahar, one of the loftiest mountains of Kamaon.* The ascent, up a zig-zag road overhung with magnificent forest trees, was toilsome in the extreme; but the labour was amply repaid by the inexpressible grandeur of the scenery which every turn disclosed. On our right, glens sunk to profound depths, from whence arose the murmur of the far-off torrent, blended with the sighing of the trees; whilst every now and then, from openings of the woods, we caught a view of the little lake of Bheemtal, studding like a sapphire the valley behind us; and beyond stretched out, till lost in the haze of the distance, the vast expanse of the plains of Rohilcund. At one moment we beheld almost perpendicularly above us a string of herdsmen and bullocks moving along with scenic effect, whilst directly below our feet we could perceive our mules and servants toiling up the ascent, the latter awaking the echoes of the mountain solitudes with their cheerful shouts and songs. Amidst such scenes, where nature exhibits her most sublime features, how strongly does the mind assimilate itself to their grand and elevated character! How soothing is their solitude, how touching their silent magnificence!

We were now in the lofty region of the oak and fir, and on every side bloomed the bright scarlet flower of the rhododendron. Pheasants continually ran across the road, and I got a shot at some deer which I perceived feeding on a grassy knoll far below me, the report of my gun echoing from hill to hill. At length we gained the summit, and turning its woody brow, a prospect burst upon us to which I believe the world cannot furnish a parallel, and to which the feeble powers of words are incapable of doing justice. Range beyond range of dark blue mountains opened on the view, of which the sombre billows of a heaving ocean furnish the truest idea; some partially cultivated, with here and there villages perched like eagles' nests in almost inaccessible situations, and others clothed with waving forests; whilst bounding the distance, and stretching far and wide, shot up in calm magnificence the splintered and glittering peaks of the mighty Himalaya, white with eternal snows. We became riveted to the spot, indulging every moment in the delighted and passionate exclamations of wonderful! sublime! magnificent! Cold and insensible, indeed, must be that being who could gaze unmoved from the summit of the Goggar Pahar. A long and weary descent of many thousand feet brought us to our halting place in the little mountain-locked valley of Ramgar. Here a Kussiah peasant brought us some small black trout, strung through the gills on a willow withe; and these, with a pheasant shot by one of my companions, and a roaring fire in the Godown, repaid us for all our toils, and enabled me to enjoy one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent in India. A small clear stream wound through the bare valley of Ramgar, on the other side of which was a miserable village inhabited by miners, who fuse the iron ore dug from the adjoining mountain. We visited this village, and observed the rude mode in which the dingy inhabitants cast and prepared the iron; this, when made into pigs, is conveyed on coolies to the plains, where a market for it is found. On the stream which flowed through this valley we observed several diminutive water-mills, just big enough to hold a single person, and in which a large wheel gave a rotatory

* Mountain ponies, so called.

* Eight or nine thousand feet.

motion to a couple of ponderous stones. Ascending another lofty range by the same zig-zag process, we reached Peurah, the third halting-place on the opposite declivity. This part, unlike the Goggar, we found but little wooded, but exhibiting many large villages and much cultivation. As I gazed on this magnificent region of the mountain and flood, I could not help mentally picturing what it might, and perhaps will some day become, under the fostering influence of European science, industry, and civilisation. I fancied the now almost unimproved features of nature here on their grandest scale, embellished by the hand of art—cities or towns occupying every plateau and valley—farms and chateaux the woody nooks and wide-sweeping declivities—and the 'sound of the church-going bell,' connected with some simple and purer worship, floating softly over glen and vale. Whether European colonisation be practicable in these mountains in any form or degree, and, if practicable, politic and desirable, with reference to the welfare of our empire and the security of our rule, seems to be a question worthy of consideration. The Kussiahs, or inhabitants of Kamaon, are a simple and inoffensive people, originally from the plains, and possessed of few of the characteristics of mountaineers. The people of the adjoining province of Gûrwal are said to be a far stouter and finer race; but both are immeasurably inferior to the Goorkhas of Napaul, their former masters, who are bold and energetic in the extreme—regular little duodecimos of manhood and spirit. It is a pity we have not more of these indomitable little heroes in our native army. They strongly attach themselves to European officers, and like our service, though every obstacle is, I am told, raised by their own government to prevent their entering it. Though Tartar by race, they are, singularly enough, Hindoo by religion.

Peurah consists of a few houses on a terrace occupying the brow of a mountain, and commanding a noble prospect of the ridge on which Almorah stands, and the background of snowy mountains. There was no fishing to be had here, at least that I could hear of, so we all sallied out after breakfast to make war on the birds and quadrupeds. Most fatiguing work I found it. Grouse-shooting, I imagine, from what little I have seen of the amusement, though trying to the wind and the capsular ligaments, is a joke to it. Lured on by the cluck of the mountain partridge, you mount up field after field formed in terraces like Brobdignag steps, till your mutinous supporters seem resolved upon a strike. Puffing and blowing, however, you at last spring your chikor; up he whirs; you perhaps miss him (I was guilty of that solecism occasionally), and if so, down he plumps like a stone into a valley some two or three thousand feet deep, or crosses to an opposite range, and it is half a day's march to get at him again. In spite, however, of these little difficulties, I bagged a few chikor, and had some other sport. I got several shots at pheasants; but from the novelty of the game, or some inscrutable reason, killed none. There are many varieties of the pheasant in Kamaon; one of a brilliant metallic green colour, another pied, with an enormously long tail; but I saw none exactly resembling ours, the original of which is, I believe, from Persia. Never shall I forget the first sunrise and sunset at Peurah—the coucher and reveillé of those Titans of earth, the Himalayan peaks—how their vast forms melted away in the sombre tints of eve, and with what roseate hues, and in what beauteous lights, the morning again revealed them to my sight. As the dawn approached, the tips of the snowy peaks were suffused with a delicate, luminous, and roseate tint, which gave them (their connexion with earth being imperceptible, or but dimly visible) the appearance of a row of Chinese lamps suspended high along the horizon. Then, as the morning light became more confirmed, the giant forms of Jumootrie, Gungootrie, and other peaks slowly emerged, dyed with the reflected blushes of the reddening east, whilst some of the ranges immediately below the snowy chain appeared of the darkest blue, and others nearer to us tipped with gold, and just catching the oblique rays of the rising luminary, started forth from this dark background in bold and splendid relief. Seen either in calm, in sunshine, or in storm, at the evening hour or in the morning light, these magnificent Alps of the East—before which, however, their European brethren must 'hide their diminished heads'—always present a different picture. On rising in the morning at Peurah, I found that during the night a leopard had endeavoured to carry off one of my mules; but this being resisted by the animal itself, as well as the drivers, who, according to their own account, belaboured the leopard with their cudgels most vigorously, he was obliged to content himself with a large bite out of the poor beast's shoulder, which certainly exhibited a frightful wound. The mule, however, seemed to bear his misfortune with much calmness, for when I went to examine his injuries, I found him quietly munching provender with his long-eared brethren.

The next day's journey 'o'er hill and dale' brought us to Almorah, the capital of the province, occupying the ridge of a mountain, and the station of a small body of troops; but here, for the present, I must close my recollections.

MR BECKFORD AND FONTHILL.

ENGLAND abounds in wonders, and amongst these not the least are her small class of exceedingly rich men—men whose means of splendour exceed those of sovereigns of old, and who sometimes do rival these personages in luxury and magnificence. In May of the present year died one of the most remarkable of the millionaires—William Beckford. The lovers of history knew Mr Beckford as the son of that Lord Mayor who excited so much remark in the time of the early ministerial troubles of George III.'s reign, by the bold manner in which he replied to an ungracious public speech of the king reflecting upon the loyalty of the city of London. The lovers of literature knew him as the author of the Oriental tale of Vathek, a work exhibiting extraordinary powers of impressive writing in the department of fiction, but which was nearly the sole fruit of his genius. The tribe of artists and connoisseurs were equally well acquainted with the name of Beckford as that of the greatest collector of works of art in his day. To his own equals in rank and affluence alone was Mr Beckford little known; but this was because of his singularly recluse habits. He was a hermit of intellectual refinement, content to be alone with books and works of art for ever.

It appears that the Lord Mayor Beckford was not a merchant, as might be presumed from his occupying the civic chair of the metropolis, but a man of fortune, whose connexion with the city was purely of a political nature. He inherited vast estates in Jamaica, of which island his grandfather had been governor. The descent of the family has been traced into a decayed line of ancient English gentry. The mother of the subject of this notice was Maria Hamilton, a granddaughter of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn. Mr Beckford was born in September 1760, and succeeded to the vast property of his father, said to be worth a hundred thousand a-year, while only ten years of age. His education was all that could be required for bringing such faculties as his into the highest state of perfection. He became a proficient in the knowledge of the classical languages, and, besides, acquainted himself with five of those of modern Europe, in three of which he could write like the most refined native. He studied music under Mozart, architecture under Sir William Chambers, and drawing under one of the first artists of his day. At eighteen we find him in France, entering into the highest literary society. He was then introduced to Voltaire, of whose ghastly skeleton-like aspect he had the most vivid recollection. The aged philosopher laid his hand on his head at parting, saying, 'I give you the blessing of a very old man.' At home, Mr

Beckford was on intimate terms with the Earl of Chatham and his son, and other eminent persons on the liberal side.

His first literary effort was a *jeu d'esprit*, entitled *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*. Having overheard the old housekeeper at Fonthill making the strangest blunders in describing the pictures to visitors, he thought of drawing up a sort of catalogue embodying, or rather exaggerating her absurdities, and this for the purpose of being used as a guide by strangers, not one of whom in a hundred had the slightest acquaintance with the names of real artists. To quote himself,* 'The book was soon on the tongues of all the domestics. Many were the quotations current upon the merits of Og of Basan and Watersouchy of Amsterdam. Before a picture of Rubens or Murillo, there was often a charming dissertation upon the pencil of the Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, or that great Italian artist Blunderbussiana of Venice. I used to listen unobserved, until I was ready to kill myself with laughing at the authorities quoted to the squires and farmers of Wilts, who took all for gospel.'

He was but twenty-two years of age when he composed his wondrous tale of *Vathek*, in French, 'at one sitting of three nights and two days.' The beauty of some of the descriptions in this tale, and the dreary grandeur of its close, in a hall of everlasting torment, stamp it as a production of the highest genius. It seems strange that one who could write so well, should have written no more in the same style. The work was, nevertheless, little known to the English public till a translation was published in London in 1815. We have the author's own authority that the composition of Vathek, performed as it was without intervening sleep or rest, and productive, as it must have been, of extraordinary excitement, made him extremely ill. Mr Beckford was perhaps too much a student to be an active author. He gave himself almost entirely up for years to reading, and the cultivation of his taste for works of art. The effects of years devoted by a powerful mind to constant study, were most remarkable. He seemed to be acquainted with all the principal authors that ever wrote, and of his own vast collection of books, scarce one did not contain remarks written by him.

At an early period of life, Mr Beckford married Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, by whom he was left a widower at twenty-six, with two daughters. He formed no other alliance. Much of this period of his life was spent in France, with most of whose contemporary great men he became acquainted. Italy, Spain, and Portugal, also shared in his affections. His observations on these countries were preserved in a series of letters which was published near the end of his life. At Cintra, in Portugal, he for some time established his residence, building in one of the loveliest spots of that beautiful region a fairy palace, the first of his wondrous creations in stone and lime. Byron alludes to this beautiful, but now ruined mansion, in his Childe Harold:

> There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
> Once formed thy paradise, as not aware
> When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
> Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.
>
> Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan
> Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow:
> But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
> Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
> Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
> To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
> Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
> Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
> Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

During the troubles in the Peninsula, Mr Beckford abandoned this residence and returned to England, where he soon applied himself to the business which of all others he most loved, that of building, adorning, and furnishing. He was engaged for the better part of twenty years in rearing and fitting out his palace at Fonthill, in Wiltshire. This estate had been purchased by his father, of whom it is told that, hearing one day of the conflagration of the mansion which stood upon it, he coolly said, 'Well, let it be rebuilt;' which was done at the enormous expense of £240,000. The luxurious Vathek, dissatisfied with the site, which was low, determined to abandon it, and rebuild upon one more elevated. When this was effected, the mayor's costly mansion was sold for the value of the materials—nine thousand pounds. The construction of the new edifice was conducted by the solitary and self-absorbed enthusiast with an energy highly characteristic. 'At one time every cart and wagon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labour of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of the eminences in the walks, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power."*

In 1807 the mansion was sufficiently far advanced to accommodate its founder. Now it was that 'England's wealthiest son' seemed entitled to say,

> Yon palace, whose brave turret tops,
> Over the stately wood survey the copse,
> Promiseth, if sought, a wished place of rest.

A palace it might not have been improperly called, for inside and out it was a structure of surpassing splendour; no bit of gingerbread, like Horace Walpole's villa at Twickenham, but a reproduction in solid stone of the beautiful proportions of the best times of Gothic architecture. The most striking feature was the principal tower, which, rising to an immense height from the centre, was visible, above the trees that embosomed the remainder of the abbey, at a distance of twenty miles. This Mr Beckford had been induced to build in consequence of the temptation presented by the elevated situation, and from a love he had for extensive prospects, the enjoyment of which was placed within his power by the favour of nature in bestowing upon him extraordinary eyesight. Four lines of building radiated from the tower, so as to form the outline of a Latin cross; but all monotony of effect was effectually precluded by the various heights of the four limbs, the mixture of turrets amongst pinnacles, and the contrast of round with square towers. The park and pleasure-grounds were laid out with consummate art, in order to constitute, either by themselves, or in connexion with the abbey, landscapes of the most delightful description. Proceeding to the interior, the visitor selected, as most worthy of notice amongst its hundred apartments, the Great Western Hall, the two galleries called St Michael's and King Edward's, which, being in a line with each other, could at any time be thrown into one grand vista; the two yellow drawing-rooms, the sanctuary, the oratory, the nunnery, &c.

These rooms being hung with silks and damasks of the richest dye, adorned with choice pictures of the great masters, stored with the rarest objects of *virtù*, and filled with valuable books and furniture, formed a whole which was magnificent and indescribable. The mullioned windows were embellished with stained glass,

> All garlanded with carven imageries,
> And diamonded with panes of quaint device;

* See an interesting paper by Mr Cyrus Redding, in the New Monthly Magazine for June.

* Literary Gazette, 1822.

columns crept up the sides of the endless galleries, and then spread themselves out in network tracery overhead. As for the excellence of the paintings, it is sufficient to mention that one, a Madona by Raphael, was afterwards purchased by the trustees of our National Gallery for no less a sum than five thousand guineas. His anxiety to possess himself of first-rate specimens of art, was shown when he offered M. Angerstein L.20,000 for a picture now in the National Gallery, painted by Del Piombo. The cabinets of kings and princes at home and abroad had been ransacked to supply the collection of rarities at Fonthill. Vases of exquisite workmanship; cups, salvers, and other articles wrought in precious metal; carvings in ivory; sculptured gems; these, and a thousand objects of value and curiosity, a few of which we will now particularise, glittered on the tables or enriched the cabinets. Amongst this 'fouth' of estimable things were comprised original drawings by Poussin; a mounted Nautilus upon an ivory plinth, carved by Benvenuto Cellini; a vase of a single Hungarian topaz, intended as a marriage present by the same artist; a hookah set with precious stones, formerly the property of Tippoo Saib; a crystal cabinet that had belonged to Pope Paul V.; a painted cabinet designed by Holbein for Henry VII.; six carved ebony chairs, once possessed by Cardinal Wolsey, &c. The collection of china was very extensive. The passion for heaping up nick-nacks of this kind is known to be one of a powerful nature, when it has been once indulged; but it is scarcely credible that a man of sense and taste could be found who would go on year after year increasing his stock of crockery, until one room actually contained upwards of 2400 dishes of foreign china! It is gratifying to know that the sleeping apartment of the owner of Fonthill was a perfect contrast to the splendour around. His bedroom was small, with diminutive windows, and supplied with no means of warmth; his couch was narrow, and without hangings.

If the reader, after being made acquainted with the splendours of Fonthill, should inquire what provision had been made for the comfort of its occupants, he would find that its domestic arrangements had been grievously neglected. In fact, from first to last, its effect as a work of art, some would say as a show-place, had been studied to the exclusion of meaner considerations. Of all its multitude of rooms, but eighteen were sleeping apartments, and not one of these had a dressing-room attached. The inconveniences of nearly the whole number, arising from want of light or of ventilation, or from being perched at a fatiguing height in the great tower, almost disqualified them for the purposes to which they were applied. Soon after its celebrated founder quitted the abbey, this lofty tower fell with an awful crash in the night of the 21st of December 1825, destroying in its fall a considerable part of the edifice below. The base had not been made strong enough to support the vast superincumbent weight, and a catastrophe of this kind had long been predicted. Happily, no one was hurt by the accident. It is reported that when news of what had happened was taken to the former owner of Fonthill, he replied, with a *sang froid* worthy of his father, 'Well, the tower has paid its possessor a greater compliment than ever it did to me. I had it for nearly twenty years, and during all that time it neither bowed nor courtesied.'

The pride that seeks its ancestry among the great of former times, evidently exercised much influence over Mr Beckford's mind. Though he had little to boast of on his father's side, through his mother he claimed descent from kings and princes. The lustre of a lineage thus centred in the son, no ray of which fell upon the father, was studiously emblazoned throughout his dwelling. It blazed from every window in conspicuous colours, whilst his walls, both inside and out, were incrusted with coats of armour and heraldic bearings. One of his immense galleries was built for the express purpose of commemorating the names of those individuals amongst his ancestry who had been Knights of the Garter. He claimed to have the singular distinction of being descended from all the barons (of whom any issue remained) who extorted the great charter of our liberties from King John at Runnymede. One entire pile of building was erected to notify this fact.

The total cost of the buildings at Fonthill, according to Mr Beckford's own statement, was about L.273,000: if to this sum be added the expense his father had been at in erecting the former mansion, in pulling down the parish church, which stood within his park, and rebuilding it at another place, we cannot suppose that less than half a million was spent at this spot, where now there is no mansion of any kind in existence. Excessive expenditure and the unfavourable decision of a litigation respecting some of his West India property, determined Mr Beckford, in 1822, to part with Fonthill, and retire to some less costly abode. The estate and mansion were bought at L.330,000 by a gentleman of the name of Farquhar, who had realised a large fortune in India. On that occasion the house was thrown open to the public, with a view to the sale of its numerous articles of virtù, and for some time it was resorted to by immense crowds. The curiosity was undoubtedly the greater, that the proprietor had hitherto lived in it in studious retirement, and never allowed any strangers to be admitted even to his grounds. For some years previous to his death Mr Beckford resided at Bath, where he again indulged his taste for building, in crowning an eminence with another tower not far from the house in which he lived. Here, surrounded by his choicest works of art, which he had saved from the wreck, he continued those recluse habits for which he had always been remarkable, and which made him all but totally inaccessible. One person, who seems to have been admitted to his society, reports that his conversation was as correct and elegant as his writings, abounding in anecdotes of the great men of the last century whom he had known personally. In his latter years he again took up the pen, and gave to the world 'Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha,' a journey which he performed in 1795. One of the last events of a gratifying nature in his history was the union of his daughter's son, the Marquis of Douglas, to the daughter of a sovereign house of Germany, Mary of Baden. Such an alliance must have been extremely pleasing to one who had so keen a relish for ancestral honours.

At length, after upwards of sixty years of mature life spent in unlimited indulgence of the highest intellectual tastes, this singular man meets the common fate; suggesting the verse of Gray—

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

CHEAP COPYRIGHT BOOKS.

We have pleasure in adverting to the several publishing enterprises now on foot for the wider diffusion of original or copyright books. The portion of the public which we address cannot, we believe, be over-informed with regard to the means which exist for becoming possessed of a collection of books—a personal or family library—consisting not of works in an antiquated taste, which they would little regard, but of books by modern and living authors, communicating knowledge in its most approved forms, or conveying such productions of fancy as the feelings of breathing men can respond to. Foremost in the list stands Mr Murray's *Home and Colonial Library*, commenced in the latter part of 1843, and of which *eleven* volumes have already made their appearance. There has been, in our opinion, no 'library' comparable to this. It seems to us fully to realise for the first time the magnificent idea of the Czar Constable, as described in the Life of Scott, and to be what his Miscellany unfortunately failed to be,

in consequence of the erroneous typographical arrangements. Here (speaking roundly) what Constable gave in two volumes at seven shillings, is given in one at half-a-crown. And the books—in consequence of Mr Murray's extensive possessions of literary property—are all of first-rate character. Borrow's Bible in Spain, one of the most original and interesting books of personal narrative in our language; Miss Rigby's delightful Letters from the Baltic; and Irby and Mangles's Travels in the Holy Land, are examples of the books of recent date. Drinkwater's History of the Siege of Gibraltar is an instance of copyrights of older standing. Of books altogether original—an element requiring critical management, but of great importance—we have as yet but one example; a most spirited, amusing, and instructive narrative of personal adventure in Western Barbary, by Mr Drummond Hay, son of the consul at Tangier. The quantity of paper and print given in such a case is less than in the reprinted books; but still the fact shines clear, that a book which in ordinary circumstances would be published at twelve or fourteen shillings, and addressed of course only to the affluent classes, is in this mode presented at half-a-crown, so as to be accessible to a vastly larger body of people. We sincerely hope that this scheme will meet with the large encouragement which it so richly merits.

Mr Knight's *Weekly Volumes for all Readers* is a more daring scheme, and one which it will be more difficult to conduct successfully, in as far as it demands a quicker supply of material, and proposes to be more original. The publisher has, however, large stores at command, including an unprecedented quantity of available illustrations in wood. A volume of two hundred and forty pages—albeit these are small—at one shilling, is a genuine bargain; so much so, that one feels unavoidably some concern respecting the publisher's profit. The first publication is a life of William Caxton, the early English printer, by Mr Knight himself—an exceedingly pleasing volume, though hardly, we would fear, suitable to the taste of the large body appealed to. The second is a tasteful selection from the papers in the Lowell Offering—an annual, as many of our readers are aware, produced by the factory girls of the chief manufacturing town in America.* For rural book-clubs, and the libraries connected with regiments, prisons, &c. a series of good books in this form would be highly appropriate; and the Weekly Volume will serve the end, and obtain the success, if its materials shall be found adapted to popular taste: upon *that* all will depend.

It may not be inappropriate here to remark, that the earliest cheap editions of classical English books were Cooke's, published about the close of the last century in sixpenny numbers, each embellished with a tasteful copper engraving. Many men now in middle life must have agreeable reminiscences of the weekly treat furnished by the paternal generosity which had enabled them to become subscribers to Cooke's editions. Thereafter, Walker's and Suttaby's editions of the British Classics—rival series of identical form, and that rather too small and of too minute typography, yet withal neat—contended for patronage, and met a large sale. In the same taste was Dove's series, published about seventeen years ago. Somewhat earlier, Mr Limbird, a bookseller in the Strand, produced a series of cheap classics in octavo, double columns, the most economical form in which books can be published. They were homely in style, but, as far as we are aware, they had the merit of being the first of their genus. In similar taste were Jones's editions of the classics, a series which included, however, a more voluminous class of books. The publication of cheap reprints had experienced a lull of several years, when in 1836 we commenced those styled *People's Editions*, which, meeting with decided success, brought several similar series into the field, including the elegant one of Mr Smith of Fleet Street. The impulse thus communicated was also the means of inducing several publishers, as Messrs Whittaker and Co., Mr Murray, and Mr Moxon, to present various copyright books in their possession in a similar form. Great benefit has thus been conferred upon the public. Modern books are no longer exclusive to the rich. Tradesmen and artisans may now possess themselves of little libraries, which shall include some of the best productions of contemporary talent. It is at the same time worthy of notice, that the vast sale of these cheap reprints, in addition to the large quantities of cheap periodical works, has not been attended by any diminution of the number of new publications. The number of distinct books published for the first time in 1842 was 2193, whereas the number in 1832 was only 1525, the aggregate value or selling prices in the two cases being respectively L.968, and L.807.

After all, is the diffusion of literature at, or even near its ultimatum? We greatly suspect not. Suppose there is so large a sale as thirty thousand for either Mr Murray's or Mr Knight's series, what is it in comparison with the millions of the population of this land? Only one person in a thousand has a book. Grant that three hundred thousand cheap sheets are circulated weekly, only one person in a hundred has a sheet. There is surely much yet to be done to bring a healthy and acceptable literature to all doors. And for this purpose we state, as our deliberate opinion, that the abolition of the duty upon paper, and the unrestricted importation of rags from all parts of the world, are necessary. The paper being the principal material, upon its cheapness almost everything depends. There is on this subject a prevalent fallacy, to the effect that the reduction to be accomplished by these means is so small on the few sheets constituting a book, that it would not tell. And it is pointed out that the taking away of the duty would not lower the price of any existing periodical. It is not considered how greatly the price of paper affects a cheap work, or how, while existing works remain priced as before, the savings thus effected, and the temptation of a cheaper article, are apt to engender new speculations, in which the benefit of the reduction is fully realised by the public.

* For an account of this annual, and some specimens of its contents, see the Journal, No. 605, former series.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NEW USES OF INDIA-RUBBER.

About three years ago (No. 453 of our former series) we published an account of this interesting substance, detailing its history, the manner in which it is obtained from the various trees that yield it, and the uses to which it was then applied. At that time its chief and almost only use was in the manufacture of Macintosh's waterproof cloth, the fabrication of some surgical apparatus in which elasticity and pliability were the objects desired, the rubbing out of black-lead pencil-marks from paper, and a few other minute and unimportant applications. Now, however, this substance is employed in some highly important branches of our manufactures, and has become a valuable agent in the arts and sciences—showing what an extensive field the rapid advance of science may open up for the appliance of materials hitherto considered as next to useless. From its peculiar elasticity, its impermeability to air and water, its being soluble only in naphtha, and from its great durability, it has been successfully employed in the fabrication of various cloths, besides that of Macintosh; for air-cushions, safety-belts and jackets; ligaments and bandages for gloves, stockings, braces, and other articles of dress; for boots, stoppers for bottles, and numerous other purposes. With these appliances most of our readers may be familiar; but few may know, or might expect, that it would be employed as a pavement for stables, lobbies, public halls, and the like; that it is now being used in the construction of life-boats; and that it is also proposed to use it ex-

tensively in the fitting up of our men-of-war. The Elastic Pavement Company have lately erected machinery for the preparation of the material for these important purposes, and can produce it, it seems, at a price sufficiently moderate to admit of its general adoption.

As a pavement for stables, the caoutchouc preparation is said to be unequalled, preventing the lodging of stale matters, and their consequent noxious exhalations; requiring little litter; and preserving the knees and other parts of the horse from injuries which are apt to be received in stone-paved stables. By a little precaution, the ammonia, which now exhales to the injury of the horses' health, may be collected and sold as a manure, at from two to three pounds per horse per annum. The stables of the commissioners of Woolwich dockyard have been paved with this material for upwards of two years, and are allowed to be superior in point of cleanliness, freedom from smell, and healthiness, to what they were previous to the laying down of the elastic pavement. It has also been laid down in the Admiralty courtyard, and the carriage entrance court to Windsor Castle, where it has given much satisfaction. 'With respect to its application to marine purposes,' says the Railway Gazette, 'a life-boat is now being constructed on the company's premises (thirty-four feet length of keel, and twelve breadth of beam), which, with the exception of the keel and some iron braces, will be entirely formed of India-rubber and cork planking. She will weigh but one ton and a half, an ordinary life-boat weighing three tons; and it is the opinion of all naval men and engineers who have seen her, that it will be almost impossible to sink her under ordinary circumstances, and that, when driven on a rock by the action of the waves, she will rebound like a ball, without fracture. It is also proposed to use the caoutchouc preparation for an inner lining between the guns in war-vessels, to prevent the effects of splinters; for hammock nettings and bulwarks, to save the crew from canister, grape, &c.; and for other useful though less obvious purposes.'

Such are the numerous purposes to which human ingenuity can apply a single, and to all appearance an insignificant substance—the exuded sap of a tree; showing that science not only supplies our more obvious wants, but creates others, and calls into use hitherto neglected materials to supply them. Nothing in nature is useless; if we cannot now see its value, let us rest assured that the time will come for its profitable application.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF PICTURES.

A large package of pictures was lately burnt without apparent cause, while in the course of being transported on the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway. The incident suggests to us to remark, that there is considerable reason for believing oil-paintings to be amongst the articles liable to spontaneous combustion. In the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, January 1821, is a communication from Mr James Gullan of Glasgow, stating the following facts:—'Having sold a respectable spirit-dealer a parcel of sample-bottles, I sent them to him packed in an old basket, the bottom of which was much broken. To prevent the bottles from falling through, I put across the bottom of the basket a piece of old packing-sheet, which had lain long about the warehouse, which was an oil and colour one, and was besmeared with different kinds of vegetable oil. About six or eight weeks after, the gentleman informed me that my oily cloth and basket had almost set his warehouse on fire. The basket and cloth had been thrown behind some spirit-casks pretty much confined from the air, and about mid-day he was alarmed by a smell of fire. Having moved away the casks in the direction where the smoke issued, he saw the basket and cloth in a blaze. This fact may be a useful hint to persons in public works, where galipoli, rapeseed, or linseed oils are used in their manufactures, as it is an established fact (though not generally known), that these vegetable oils used on cloths, yarn, or wool, in the process of dyeing, and confined for a time from the open air, are very apt to occasion spontaneous fire.' Floor-cloth, and rags used in cleaning oil, are mentioned by Mr Booth, lecturer on chemistry,* as amongst forty various articles ascertained to be liable to spontaneous combustion; and there was an instance of this phenomenon at Lyons in 1815, where the material was cloth containing oil. Oil pictures being an association of oil with cloth, and nearly the same substance as floor-cloth, and this consideration being taken in connexion with the actual burning of a package of pictures without any external cause that could be detected, we can scarcely doubt that spontaneous ignition may befall this class of works of art. The knowledge of this fact, if it be one, cannot but be of importance to the public, both as suggesting precautionary measures, and preventing blame being cast on parties not fairly liable to it.

THE WINES OF PALESTINE.

An American chemist, Professor Hitchcock of Amherst College, has had the curiosity to obtain, at considerable pains, specimens of eight or ten of the wines produced in Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, in order to ascertain if they contain alcohol. The professors of the abstinence cause have, as is well known, asserted and employed a considerable amount of learning to prove that the wines spoken of in Scripture included none of this material. The learned professor bethought him of trying if any light could be thrown upon this question by direct experiment upon the wines of those countries, and he accordingly had specimens sent to him by a Smyrna missionary. Let it not be supposed that he aimed at injuring the temperance principle. It appears that he is a votary of that principle, and only wished to ascertain the truth. However this be, the result is unfavourable to the theory maintained by the author of 'Anti-Bacchus' and other well-meaning writers. These wines contain from 10 to nearly 18 per cent. of alcohol. Professor Hitchcock expresses his belief that there can here be no fallacy from any change in the constitution of the wines since ancient times, seeing that the climate has undergone no alteration, and the wines continue to be made in the ordinary manner from the pure juice of the grape.

The abstinence cause is a noble one, resting on sound and incontestable arguments of simple expediency. It never can be the better of any attempt to support it by arguments which are inconsistent with truth. Enough for it, that it pleads for virtues most unequivocably desirable in the present age, and which conduce to the support and nurture of all good tendencies in our nature.

BRIDGET PATHLOW.

A TALE.

To work out an honest purpose, in spite of opposition, misfortune, penury, taking no heed of scorn, no heed of ridicule; to say that you who now despise shall yet respect, you who scorn shall yet have benefit; to say these things and do them, is to present human nature in a form which sooner or later must obtain universal sympathy. In this virtue a world of hope lies hidden, even for the meanest; for, in being honest to ourselves, we create a power of honestly serving others.

In the town of Lincoln there lived some years ago a man of the name of Pathlow, who, having served in the army, had retired at the close of the war upon a small pension. He belonged to what is commonly called a good family, was proud of this relationship, and having dissipated his little patrimony, and made an ill-assorted marriage, had entered the army, not with the desire to serve, but as the only means he had of finding

* See the Journal, No. 464, former series.

to-day or to-morrow's bread. After many struggles between poverty and pride, debt and disgrace, he settled in Lincoln, when he was some years past middle life. Here the old course was run. Fine houses were taken, fine appearances made; but these, unlike the three degrees of comparison, did rather begin with the largest and end with the smallest: so that, when our tale commences, the fine house, in the finest street, had dwindled into a mean habitation, that could only boast its neighbourhood to the minster, where, shadowed by some antique trees, and within sound of the minster's bell, it was the birthplace of Bridget Pathlow.

There were two brothers several years older than Bridget, born before Pathlow had settled in Lincoln, and on whose education he had spent all available means; for, as he had great promises from great relations, he destined them to be gentlemen. Besides these two, Bridget had another brother, some years younger than herself, who, being born like her during the poverty and ill-fortunes of the parents, was looked upon with no favourable or loving eye.

Whilst the elder brothers were better clad, well taught, inditing pleasant epistles to far-off relations, poor Tom and Bridget Pathlow were the household drudges. To do dirty work, to repel needy creditors, to deny with the prompted lie, to steal along the streets, and, with the heart's blood in her face, to hear the unpaid tradesmen dishonour her father's name; to sit by the fireless hearth, or by the window to watch her father's return, who, urged for money, would perhaps keep from home whole nights, having first told Bridget that he should not return alive; to watch through those hours of mental pain, and yet in this very loneliness, in these childish years, to have one never failing belief of being by self-help not always so very sorrowful or so despised, surely made this young child no unworthy dweller under the shadow of the olden minster. Tom was not half so resolute as Bridget, nor so capable of endurance.

The elder brothers left home when Bridget and Tom were not more than eleven and eight years old. No love had been fostered between these elder and younger children; yet in the heart of Bridget much love was garnered. Now that they were alone, the children were more together, the household drudgery was shared between them, as well as the cares and sorrows of their miserable home, and the stolen play round the minster aisles, where many, who despised the parents, said kind words to the children. Designing her for some humble employment, where the weekly gain of two or three shillings would supply the momentary want, Captain Pathlow (as he was called) denied Bridget any better education than such as was afforded by a school, the weekly fees of which were sixpence; but she had a kind friend in an old glass-stainer, who lived hard by, and another in his son, a blind youth, who was allowed to play upon the minster organ. As a return to this poor youth for some few lessons in organ-playing, Bridget would carry home each evening the key of a little postern door (which a kind prebend had lent him), and by which private access was gained to the cloisters. So often did Bridget carry back that key, that at last, becoming a sort of privileged person, she was allowed to come through the garden, which, shadowed by the cloister walls, lay pleasant before the prebend's quaint study window. The old man, looking up often from his book, and remembering that in Lincoln her father's name was linked to all meanness and disgrace, would wonder to see her push back from the overhanging boughs the ripe apples, or the luscious grapes, untouched, untasted; so, judging from small things, he took to heart that this poor Bridget had a touch of nobleness about her. From this time he observed her more narrowly. Hurrying across the garden, she yet always lingered (particularly if the shadows of evening were low) to look at one piece of wood-carving, which, projecting from the old cloister wall, looked in the waning light like the drooping ivy it mimicked. One night the old man questioned her, and said he should like to be her friend, to have her taught, to serve her.

'I thank you much, sir,' said she; 'but if——' she stopped abruptly.

'If what, Bridget?'

'If I could sew, or earn——' she stopped again.

'Well,' said the old man smiling, 'I see you are a good girl, Bridget. There are, if I remember what my housekeeper said, six Holland shirts to make, which——'

'I will do them. To-morrow night I will come; for I have a purpose to serve which will make me work with a ready finger.'

She was gone before the old man could answer. The morrow and the morrow's night saw that poor child plying the quick needle, whilst brother Tom guarded the chamber door, lest a gleam of the candle should betray the solitary and hidden task.

Unknown to Bridget, the worthy prebend made to Captain Pathlow an offer of serving his child. But this offer was repulsed with bitter scorn. 'He had rich relations,' he said, 'who could serve Bridget, without her being a pauper. For the rest, no one had a right to interfere.'

Bridget was henceforth forbidden even to quit the house. But the six fine Holland shirts were at length completed, and carried home; Tom returning the happy bearer of a bright shining piece of gold. This was soon laid out. In what? Bridget knew best, for she still worked on by night.

Returning home late one evening, the father observed the gleaming light from the lone garret window, and creeping upon the two children unseen, not only paralysed them with fear, but holding in the candle's flame the diligent work of many weeks, the fruition of that child's earliest desire, that fruit of an honest purpose—no dainty piece of needlework was it, but the drawn image, leaf by leaf, of the curious carving—burnt it to ashes.

'If you can work,' he said fiercely, 'there are milliners in Lincoln who want errand girls. Ha! ha! two shillings a-week will add ale to our night's meal!'

The girl was only saved from this destiny by the arrival one Saturday, during dinner time, of a very large letter sealed with black, which, being opened, was found to have come from the elder brother, who, stating the death of an uncle, advised that Bridget should be sent immediately upon a speculative visit to the widowed aunt. This was food of a right kind to Pathlow; he began its digestion immediately. 'You must say good words for us, Bridget—good words. Hint that a suit of clothes, or a five-pound note, will be acceptable to me, and a new silk gown to your mother; and, in short, anything.'

The girl's few miserable clothes were soon packed within one narrow box, a letter written to the guard of the coach, which was to convey her from London into the western provinces, to say that her relation would pay at the end of the journey. Dear Tom parted with a copy on paper of that rare carving, laid secretly on the prebend's reading-desk, and on the morrow after the letter came, Bridget saw the last glimpse of Lincoln minster. Her eldest brother—he who had written the letter—lived in London, a gay, apparently rich gentleman, studying, it was said, for a physician, if study he ever did; but as Bridget had been forewarned not to make her appearance at his lodgings during the day, she was forced to stop till night came within the garret chamber assigned to her at the inn where the coach had stayed. With that apology for a trunk—small as it was, it would have held the wardrobes of three Bridgets—mounted on the burly shoulders of a herculean porter, the girl found her brother's home. She had expected to see rich apartments, but none so rich as these, where, surrounded by all the semblance of aristocratic life, her brother lay stretched upon a sofa sipping his wine, and reading the evening paper.

'Well,' was his greeting, 'you're come;' and then he went on with his paper.

These words fell chill upon the girl's heart; but she knew she was his sister, and she knelt to kiss him. 'Dear Richard, dear brother, I have so counted on this hour. They all send their love; Tom, and Saul, and——'

'There, that'll do. Go and sit down. These things are low; you must forget them all. But, faugh! how you're dressed! Did any one see you as you came in?'

The answer was satisfactory: so the reading went on.

'You must forget these Lincoln people altogether,' he said after a while; 'you are going to be a lady, and the memory of poverty sits ill upon such. Mind, I warn you to have a still tongue. For the rest, make yourself comfortable; say black is black, and white white. A very good maxim, I assure you, for a dependent.'

'Can happiness come from such belief, or future good?' asked Bridget. 'Can——'

'There, that'll do; I never discuss points with children. Talk the matter over with the next maid-servant, or reserve it for private meditation when you are upon the top of the coach.'

Bridget had little to say after this, and a late hour of that same night found her journeying to the western province, where her widowed relation dwelt. At length, on the second morning after leaving London, she found herself in a country town, in a gay street, standing upon a scrupulously clean step, knocking upon a very bright knocker, not only for her own admittance, but for that of the scantily-freighted box. A demure-looking servant appeared, who, taking in to her mistress the introductory letter which the elder Pathlow had indited, being, as he had said, the fishing-hook whereby to catch the fish, left the Lincoln girl to a full hour's doubt as to whether she should have to retrace her way to Lincoln, or be received as the poor dependent. It seemed that her unexpected arrival had created much discussion; for loud voices were heard in a neighbouring parlour. The dispute, rising into a storm, was only stayed by Bridget's being ordered into the presence of the bereaved widow, who, being of substantial form, sat in a capacious chair, with a plentiful flow of lawn before her weeping face. She was surrounded by several relatives, each of whom had children to recommend; but wishing to exhibit her power, and triumph over their greedy expectations, she rose, and throwing herself upon the astonished girl's neck, made visible election of a dependent. Foiled in their purpose, the relations disappeared. The widow, like a child pleased with a toy, made for a while much of the poor Lincoln girl: old dresses were remodelled, old bonnets cunningly trimmed, bygone fashions descanted on, till, to crown the whole, the girl wished back her Lincoln rags, rather than walk the streets to be gazed at by every passer-by. In this matter there was no appeal; there never is against dogged self-opinion or selfish cunning. Pleased with having one on whom to wreak a world of spite, the widow soon changed her first show of kindness to taunts, reproaches proportionate to the loneliness and dependence of the child. Months went by without one solitary gleam of happiness, for books or learning were forbidden; added to all this, too, were perpetual secret letters from her home, urging her to send money. But there was no meanness in Bridget; she could endure, but not crave unworthily. Things had gone on thus for a twelvemonth, when one winter's day the widow came back after a week's absence a gay bride, and that same night Bridget was sent back on her way to Lincoln, with five shillings in her pocket over and above the coach hire.

Bridget had a fellow-passenger, who, having travelled far, and being young, and troubled with a child, was much pleased with the thousand little kindnesses that the girl performed, so that before the journey to London was ended, a vast friendship was established between them. They parted with much regret; for, to one like Bridget, so lonely, so destitute of friends, the mere semblance of kindness was a treasure in itself. She had sat some time in the office waiting for the Lincoln coach—not without comfort, for the book-keeper had stirred up the office fire, and, suspecting her scanty purse, had supplied her with a glass of warm ale and a toast—when a pale but respectable-looking man entered, and saying that he was the husband of Bridget's fellow-passenger, had come to offer her the comfort of his home for a day or so, as a return for her kindness to his wife and child. After some little deliberation Bridget accepted the offer, for she dreaded to return home without having written to say that she was coming; so an hour afterwards Bridget sat with the baby on her knee by the side of her fellow-passenger, in a comfortable second-floor room in a street leading from Long Acre. Never was such a tea prepared as on this memorable night, never such a hearth, never such a baby, never such a happy young wife, never such a wondering Bridget; for here seemed the visible presence of all riches her heart had ever craved; here, in this working-chamber of a Long Acre herald-painter. Here, too, without wealth, was the power of mind made visible; here, in this chamber of the artisan. A few cheap books nicely arranged, a few prints, rich panelled escutcheons, and cunning tracery, that brought to mind old things in Lincoln minster, covered the walls. These things stood out like the broad written words of hope and perseverance.

Bridget had never been so happy. On the morrow a letter was despatched; but the answer was one of bitter reproach, harsh threats. It bore no invitation to return; and when it said that Tom had left Lincoln, Bridget had no desire to do so. The stay of a few days was lengthened into one of months; for when her good friends knew her history—all of it, saving her love of art—they could but pity, which pity ripening into estimation as her character became more known, turned friendship into love. We draw no romantic character, but one of real truth. Bridget was the busiest and cheerfullest; up early, so that the hearth was clean, the breakfast ready, the baby neatly dressed; and this not done for once, but always; so that Bridget became a necessary part of the household in Long Acre. By and by, when she was found to possess an aptitude for drawing, the artisan set busily to work, and by the evening fire paid back, in teaching, her honest service. An upturned cup, a book, a jug, were drawn; and when these were perfect, things of greater difficulty were sketched. Her progress was but slow, yet so perfect, that in a few months' time she was a real help to her master; and when he fell into bad health, and had to work at home, she assisted to bring bread to that poor household. The artisan grew no better, but lingering week by week in a consumption, was each day less able to perform the work which, being of a rare and delicate kind, his master would intrust to no other hand.

One week (the week before he died) a crest of rare device had to be painted on the panels of a rich city merchant's carriage. No hand could execute it like that of the dying man; but his hand was past work, though the mind could still invent; and Bridget, who knew that but for this work being done no bread could come, knelt, and by his bed earned what was last eaten by that dying man. The work excelled the master's hope; he wondered more when, with that artisan's last breath, he learned the act of mercy, how done, and by whom. Bridget reaped good fruit: when she had lost one friend, when his widow and child had left London for the country, the good old master coachmaker took Bridget home into veritable Long Acre itself. He was not rich; but paying Bridget for all her services, she had money wherewith to take new lessons in art—to begin the learning of wood-engraving, in which she afterwards rarely excelled—to lay by four bright gold pounds, as the means of seeing Lincoln once again. They had never written to her from home, never for years; but still her heart clung to those old memories which had encompassed her childhood.

She was now seventeen. It was a bright May morn-

ing when she travelled onward to the minster town. How her heart beat audibly when, by the waning evening light, the home even of that miserable childhood was seen again. Lifting the latch, she stole into the house; but no happy voice, no greeting met her ear; all that was said was, 'Well, you're come at last.' But by and by, when it was hinted that the larder was empty, and the relic of those four bright pounds were seen, more civil words were heard, which, warming into a full tide of kindness, lasted, veritably lasted, till the last shilling was spent; then—then laughing her poverty to scorn, she was ordered to travel back to London in the best fashion she could.

The good old prebend was absent from Lincoln; so it was only from poor blind Saul she could borrow a scanty sum, which sum was the more needful, as she had to travel out of the high road to a little town where her dear brother Tom now lived. He had run away from home soon after Bridget had left, and after many ups and downs in those few years, was now become half clerk half servant in the house of a country attorney. His nature was more passive than that of Bridget, more yielding, less energetic: having been from childhood weak in body, he had scarcely bettered his condition in changing one scene of drudgery for another. In the little parlour of the country inn his long sad tale of passive suffering was told to the sister's ear. If she wept, it was but for a moment; then talking cheerfully of what the future should be—how they would work together, how they would be dear friends, how they in London would have one common home, and asking nothing from the world, still pay to it one never-failing debt of cheerfulness and sympathy; how they would do all this they said so many times, that the supper grew cold, and poor feeble Tom laughed outright. They parted that summer's night; there was comfort when Bridget promised that a letter should come soon. She did not even hint the joy that should be in it.

Once more in London, she began that very week to build a home for Tom. By a little help from her Long Acre friends she procured some few pupils, whose parents being ambitious to adorn their parlour walls at the cheapest rate, had their children initiated into the mysteries of art at sixpence the lesson. Sixteen lessons a-week made eight shillings—little enough to exist upon; but it yet hired a room and bought bread, and something like the consciousness of independence. At night, too, there were hours to work in—and then the practice of wood-engraving went nimbly on.

In returning home once a-week from a distant part of London, Bridget had to pass in an obscure street an old bookstall. She sometimes stopped to look upon it; she always did so when she had seen upon it an old thumbed copy of Bewick's British Birds. In those rare tail-pieces, that never were surpassed, one who knew all the difficulties of the art found infinite delight. She was observed one evening by a gentleman who had come up to the bookstall some minutes after Bridget; like her, too, he was curious in art, and wondered what this young poor-clad female could find of interest in one or two small pictured pages, not hastily turned over, but dwelt upon long, minute after minute. He followed, but her light step soon left him far behind: he came again—there she was, on the same day week, with that same old thumbed Bewick. Weeks went by in this manner, till the stall-keeper, remembering her often-seen face, bid her 'buy, or else not touch the books again;' and Bridget, creeping away like one guilty of a misdeed, saw not that the curious gentleman had bought the books, and now followed her with speedy foot. This time he might have found her home, but that, in a street leading into Holborn, some papers fell from the little roll of drawings she carried; he stooped to pick them up—in the moment of glancing at them she was lost to sight.

Now that night-labour had made her somewhat proficient in the art, she tried to get employment; but for weeks without success. Specimens sent in to engravers were returned, letters to publishers unheeded; letters or specimens from Long Acre were of a surety inadmissible. The master who had taught her was dead. At last there was pointed out to her an advertisement in one of the daily papers, that engravers upon wood were wanted for the designs of a cheap publication. There was reference to a person of whom Bridget had heard; so, sending first for permission, she was introduced to the advertiser. A subject for illustration was chosen, and a pencil placed in her hand. When the design came out visibly from the paper, the advertiser, shaking his head, said he would consider. This consideration took some weeks; meanwhile a sleepless pillow was that of poor Bridget. At last the answer came; he would employ her, but at a very moderate remuneration. Yet here was hope, clear as the noonday's sun; *here* was the first bright-beaded drop in the cup of the self-helper; here was hope for Tom; here matter for the promised letter. The work done, the remuneration coming in, the fruition came; new yet humble rooms were hired, second-hand furniture bought piece by piece; and it was a proud night when, alone in her still chamber, the poor despised Lincoln girl thanked Heaven for its holy mercy.

The proverb tells us that good fortune is never single-handed. On the morrow—it was a wet and rainy day—Bridget, in passing into Spring Gardens, observed that the stall of a poor lame apple woman had been partly overturned by some rude urchin. She stopped to help the woman, and whilst so doing, a very fat old gentleman came up, and looking, very quietly remarked in a sort of audible whisper to himself, 'Curious! very curious! this same very little act of mercy first introduced me to my excellent Tom: ay! ay! Tom's gone; there isn't such another from Eastcheap to Chelsea.'

The name of Tom was music to Bridget's ears. The old gentleman had moved away; but following quickly, Bridget addressed him.

'I have a brother, sir, whose name is——'

'Tom,' interrupted the old gentleman; 'find me my Tom's equal, and I'll say something to you. Here is my address.' He thrust a card into Bridget's hand, and went on. Here was a romantic omen of good for Tom.

That same night the letter was indited. Two days after, the country wagon deposited Tom in the great city. An hour after, he sat by Bridget's hearth.

'This night repays me for all past sorrow,' said the sister, as she sat hand in hand by her brother's side. 'Years ago, in those lonely winter nights, something like a dream of this same happy hour would come before me. Indeed it did, dear Tom.'

Each thing within those same two narrow rooms had a history; the cuckoo clock itself would have furnished matter for a tale; the six chairs and the one table were prodigies.

On the morrow, Tom, guided by the address, found out the office of the fat old gentleman, who, being a bachelor and an attorney, held pleasant chambers in Clement's Inn. Whether induced by Tom's appearance or his name, we know not, but the old gentleman, after certain inquiries at the coachmaker's in Long Acre, took Tom for his clerk, at the salary of six shillings a-week.

We must now allow weeks to pass by. In the meanwhile Bridget's work increased, though not the money paid for it. Yet out of these same earnings a small sum was laid by, for what our Lincoln girl breathed to no living ear. About this time better work was heard of, but application for it, through the person who employed her, failed; how, she knew not. If I had a friend, she said, I might succeed; and though Richard has passed me in the streets unheeded, still I will make one last appeal to him. She went, not in rags, but decently attired.

'That you are rich, and above me in circumstances, I know, Richard,' she humbly said; 'hitherto you have scorned to own one so poor; but as I have never wronged you or your name, you will perhaps say that I am your sister?'

'I made your fortune once,' he bitterly answered; 'of your *honest purposes* since then I know nothing. For the rest, it is not convenient for a man in my condition to have pauper friends—you have my answer.'

'Brother,' she said, as she obeyed the haughty gesture that signaled her to leave the room, 'may you regret the words you have so harshly spoken. For the rest, believe me I shall yet succeed, in spite of all this opposition.'

The peace of Bridget's home was now broken by weekly letters from Lincoln for loan of money, which applications being successful for a few times, only made the letters more urgent and pressing in their demands.

Some months after Bridget's interview with Richard, there sat one winter's evening in the study of a celebrated author three gentlemen. The one was the author himself, as widely known for his large human loving heart as for the books he had written. He had now been for some days translating a child's story from the German, a sort of spiritual child's book, like the Story without an End.

'Were this book illustrated by one who had the same self-helping soul as its author, the same instinctive feeling,' said the translator to one of his friends, 'it would indeed be priceless. I have sometimes thought none but a woman could catch the simple yet deep maternal feeling that lies in these same pages; but where is——'

'There is a woman capable of this,' said one of the friends, turning to the author; 'beyond all doubt capable. Look here.'

He drew forth from a pocket-book the very papers which two years before Bridget had lost.

'You say true,' answered the translator; 'but what is this; it seems like the copy of some carved foliage, some——'

'This must be Bridget's,' interrupted the other guest, leaning across the table with anxious face (for it was no other than the minster prebend); 'I see it is; yes, yes, a copy of the antique carving from the minster wall. Good things have been said in Lincoln of this Bridget, but the father would never tell where she was.'

The enthusiastic old gentleman now entered into a long detail of Bridget's youth, which, coupled with the other gentleman's story, left no doubt that the peeper into the thumbed copy of Bewick and the Lincoln girl were one and the same.

Next day anxious inquiries were set on foot respecting Bridget, but without effect. Then weeks went by, and in the meanwhile the German book could find no fit illustrator. But at last the woodcuts in the cheap periodical for which Bridget engraved were remarked upon. The man who had the name of being both the artist and engraver was applied to, and he agreed to furnish the desired illustrations. A few were sent in, surpassing the author's hopes; but a stray leaf, a graceful touch, brought to memory the hand of Bridget. Yet she could not be heard of, though the old Lincoln gentleman was indefatigable in his inquiries.

At length one night the prebend and his friend were returning along the Strand in a westerly direction, when by St Clement's Daines they observed a very fat old gentleman creeping slowly along the pavement, whilst a diminutive youth kept watch and guard, now right, now left, as either side seemed likely to be jostled by some rude passer-by.

'You shall go no further,' at length said the old gentleman, stopping short; 'not an inch farther. Go! give my love to your sister, you dog, and say that I have to thank her for introducing to me a second incomparable Tom.'

But the boy was so far incomparable, that, being wilful and obstinate, he would see the old gentleman safe within New Inn, which was near at hand; and the friends, waiting outside, stayed till the boy returned, for his voice had brought to the prebend's ear that of Bridget. They followed him into Long Acre, up two pair of stairs, where, lifting the latch, the prebend beheld the same Bridget whom he had known at Lincoln, while his companion recognised, in the same person, her whom he had followed years ago. A good fire burnt upon the hearth, Tom's tea ready, his shoes and his coat by the fire; for the night was wet, and Bridget herself busily at work upon the illustration of the German story. Happy was the meeting between the old man and her he almost thought his child; strange the feelings of the gentleman who had bought the thumbed Bewick, and hoarded those poor drawings. We have not room to tell the joy of that night.

From this hour Bridget had worthy friends. The morrow brought the sister of the one who had remembered Bridget at the bookstall. He was the same rich city merchant who so unknowingly had praised Bridget's first work and act of mercy. When he heard from the worthy coachmaker that story—when he knew from Tom what a sister Bridget was—when the old prebend said so many kindly things, no wonder that admiration ripened into love. By the hand of his sister (who was his housekeeper) all manner of graceful acts were performed, all manner of good fortune offered; but nothing could shake Bridget's self-helping resolves, no promises induce her to quit poor humble trusting Tom: the only help she asked was that of work to be done. The excellent prebend, returning to Lincoln, spoke much of Bridget, which good report of fortune coming to her father's ears, he presently resolved (as his wife was now dead) to make one home serve for himself and Bridget. So coming to London, he was soon comfortable; exacting money, craving for delicacies, not caring how they were to be procured, till their once happy home became one of misery to Tom and Bridget.

Months went by, often during which it was mercy to escape to the home of her kind city friends, even for a few hours. The house that they occupied in summer-time—it was now that season—was situated a few miles from town, and here one evening the rich merchant asked Bridget to be his wife.

'You might live to regret marriage with one so poor as myself, sir,' was her answer; 'you who could ask the hand of ladies of wealth and beauty.'

'Wealth of money, Bridget, but not with thy wealth of soul. Money is an advantage which the many have; but the heroism of self-help in women is rare, because few are so willing to be self-helpers. It is I who will be made rich in having you. I know that time would prove it. Come, my home must be yours.'

Bridget did at last consent, but with a reservation which must be yet a secret. Whatever was its purpose, it was a resolve not to be shaken; but as time wore on, many were the protestations against this resolution. At length, after days and weeks of indefatigable labour, Bridget asked the old prebend and the merchant to meet her at the chambers of Tom's master. They did so. Tom was there as well as the fat old gentleman, the one looking sly because he knew the secret, the other wonderingly. The old gentleman signed some papers, which an old clerk attested; then Bridget, drawing forth a purse of gold, laid the fees upon the parchment of Tom's indenture as articled clerk.

'This was my reservation, this my secret. As I have now shown myself a humble loving sister of this dear Tom, so I am now willing to become the wife.'

A week after, Bridget stood as the wife of the rich city merchant by the altar of Lincoln minster; and dear as the marriage-ring was on that day, was the gift of the old thumbed copy of Bewick's British Birds.

Habits of self-help, like all good things, are enduring. Bridget, as the wife and mother, is still the same, losing no opportunity of self-culture, no power of being the best teacher to her children.

Tom is at this time a quaint bachelor attorney, having succeeded to the snug practice of the fat gentleman. That there exists between him and Bridget a rare and enduring love, we need not make record.

Of the death of the father we need not speak. Over the selfishness, the pride of the elder brother, we will

draw a veil, for the memory of good is better than the memory of evil. Bridget had triumph enough in the fruition of honest labour.

VITAL STATISTICS OF GLASGOW—HEALTH OF LARGE TOWNS.

The statistics of Glasgow have been for thirty years taken with unexampled accuracy, first by Dr Cleland, and afterwards by Dr Alexander Watt. The publication giving the vital statistics for 1841 and 1842, exhibits the appearance of extraordinary diligence and care, and some of the results are of general interest. It appears, for instance, that the high mortality of Glasgow—high even for a large city—falls chiefly upon the humbler classes. As is generally observed, the great mortality is particularly severe upon children. At an average, 45 per cent. of the whole deaths are of persons under five years of age. One in ten of all persons living in Glasgow at those ages die annually. And the younger infants are the greatest sufferers in proportion. Of those living in the city under a year old, nearly 19 per cent., or one-fifth, perish each year. That is to say, of 8368 yearlings, no fewer than 1582 are not allowed to pass into a second year.

A large city like Glasgow is also unfavourable for aged life. In Perthshire, an agricultural county, the proportion of inhabitants above sixty years of age is 5·19 per cent. greater than in Glasgow. In the city of Perth, which contains only twenty thousand inhabitants, and where the people generally may be presumed to live in healthier circumstances, the proportion of deaths at infantine ages is likewise low in comparison with Glasgow. Only 15 per cent. of the yearling babies die there each year.

Glasgow and Edinburgh have been remarkable of late years above all British cities for the amount of mortality from fever. Dr Watt discovers a remarkable parity in the proportions of deaths at various ages from this disease in the two cities, to all deaths from the same cause, showing the agency of a common law in both cases. Taking Edinburgh on an average of the three years, 1839, 40, and 41, and Glasgow on an average of five years, 1837, 38, 39, 40, and 41, it is found that the results are as follow:—

	Edinburgh.	Glasgow.
Proportion of deaths under five years, caused by fever, to the whole deaths by that disease,	12·41	12·07
Do. do. under twenty years,	29·74	29·05
Do. do. twenty years and upwards,	70·25	70·94

It is striking to find two Scottish cities so much alike in respect of a particular disease, while all other cities of similar size are so differently situated. Does not this throw some light on the much-disputed question as to the leading cause of the fever pestilence of Glasgow and Edinburgh? Imperfect drainage, deficient ventilation, intemperance, and destitution, have all been cited, and found advocates. The three first agencies are shared by other cities. The last is more peculiar to the large towns of Scotland, in consequence of want of all regular provision for the able-bodied poor, and the stinted manner in which even the helpless are supplied. It seems scarcely to be doubted that the starveling poor-law of Scotland is the cause chiefly concerned.

On this point Dr Watt throws some valuable illustration. At the close of the year 1842, it was found, much to the surprise of the public of Glasgow, that the mortality of that year, which was one of extremely depressed trade, when many working-people were thrown idle, was less than in some more prosperous years; seeming to imply that the bulk of the people enjoy best health in impoverished circumstances. It now appears that the diminished mortality of that year was owing to the systematic relief which the poor generally enjoyed during most of that period; a bounty which the miserable class does not experience in ordinary seasons. Indeed, the rise and fall of mortality with the distribution of relief, and without regard to prosperous or adverse times, is a fact clearly made out. Distress from failure of employment began in the west of Scotland in October 1836. In January of the ensuing year, while this distress continued unrelieved, fever and influenza fell heavily upon Glasgow, and during that month alone the mortality was 1972, being about twice the usual average. The mortality of that year exceeded that of 1836 by 1743, and the great severity of it amongst the poorer class is shown by the unusual number of funerals at the public expense. In the course of spring, however, subscriptions were made; that is, the benevolent few undertook the support of the starving poor, and no fewer than 18,500 were at one time dependent upon these funds. Immediately thereafter the monthly mortality fell, till in June it was only 665. From May 1842 to May 1843 was another period of depression, during which voluntarily-supplied funds were distributed for the relief of the destitute. There were, according to Dr Watt, 'much fewer cases of unrelieved destitution in Glasgow in 1842 than during any year of ordinary prosperity.' But on the return of better times, in May 1843, this relief was discontinued. The consequence was, that the mortality began to increase, notwithstanding the season being a healthy one, provisions cheap, and the wealthier classes comparatively exempt from disease. A severe mortality lay upon the city during the four or five months which are usually healthiest, and the amount of deaths for the year was increased by 2340 as compared with 1842. In October, relief was resumed among the sufferers from the late epidemic, and money flowed to the poorest class through other channels, particularly through a humble kind of labouring work, the laying of gas-pipes. Again, then, notwithstanding the wintry weather, which usually increases the number of deaths, an alleviation of the mortality began to be observed, and in December the funerals were only 728.

Dr Watt adds: 'From personal inquiries I made among the labouring classes in Glasgow during the summer months of 1843, I found that many of them had only occasional employment, which was quite insufficient to supply themselves and their families with the necessaries of life. I have also been favoured with letters from six of the district surgeons of Glasgow, in answer to a circular I took the liberty of addressing to them, with the view of completing the evidence as to the connexion of disease and mortality with the condition of the people; and from the statements of each of these gentlemen, with one exception, it appears that the greatest amount of disease and mortality seen by them was in persons who had little or no employment. Dr Alison has carried his inquiries on this head much further than I have done; and it will be seen from one of his tables that, out of 1038 fever patients in Edinburgh, whose cases were inquired into, 400 were in regular work (that is, themselves or the heads of their families), and 638 out of work, or with scanty occasional work. Again, in another table he states, that from inquiries made respecting fever patients in the Royal Infirmary and Havannah districts of Glasgow, and also in Greenock hospital, it was found that, out of 436 cases, there were 135 in full work when attacked, 220 in partial work, "insufficient for support," and 81 wholly out of work; so that, out of 436 cases, there were 301 in a state of destitution. Again, in his postscript, that in all 768 fever patients in 1843 were examined, and that of these not quite one-third were fully employed—that is, the destitute part of the population furnished 66 per cent. of the fevers.

'Surely no better evidence than the foregoing facts can be required to prove that the extension of disease among our town-population essentially depends on the amount of *unrelieved* destitution which exists among the people.*

* The mortality of towns in England in comparison with that of towns in Scotland, has been quoted to show that the amount of

The same results are brought out in the report of M. Villerme, in the tenth volume of *Archives Generales*, where it is shown that in the three districts of Paris in which the mortality is the least, the inhabitants are the wealthiest; and in the three districts in which the inhabitants are the poorest, the mortality is the greatest —the difference being no less than 1 in 24, and 1 in 45, on an average of five years. Were our registers so improved that the sanitary condition of the various localities of Glasgow could be correctly ascertained, there is little doubt that the greatest portion of it would be found to be as healthy as any other town, notwithstanding the high mortality indicated by our mortality bills. This we have good reason for believing to be the case, as it is now found that no less than two-thirds of the increased mortality in 1837 and in 1843, over that of the preceding years, took place among the most destitute poor, who were buried at the expense of the public. The principal reason which must prevent our coming to the conclusion that the better portions of Glasgow are very healthy, is the high average amount of fever cases which unrelieved destitution is found to be the means of spreading to such a grievous extent among our population; for it is generally found, that although fevers rage with the greatest frequency, and cause the greatest number of deaths among the poor and destitute, yet the contagion soon passes to the wealthier classes, who also become the sufferers, and among whom the mortality, as proportioned to the number attacked, is usually greater.'

Facts like these must in time, we should think, wear away the unhappy prevalence of wrong dogmas among our countrymen with regard to poor laws. There is no unusual inhumanity towards the poor amongst us; we only labour under an inveterate error in supposing that the only means to maintain active and provident feelings amongst the industrious orders, is to keep the destitute, whether helpless or helpful, in a state bordering on, or passing within the limits of, starvation.

POPULAR FRENCH SONGS.

NO. V.—PORTRAITS À LA MODE.

THE title of this song is derived from those black profiles, specimens of which may be seen exhibited at the door or window of some humble taker of likenesses in every town where the fine arts receive the smallest encouragement. The process is so simple, and the subject executed so rapidly, that, provided the artist be constantly employed, he may earn a respectable living. A sheet of blackened paper and a pair of scissors are all the implements he requires. His sitters turn their profiles in the best point of view, and he copies their visages as he cuts his way into the black sheet. The head, when completed, is stuck on some white card by way of contrast, and the subject is finished. Of all the various means employed to obtain 'counterfeit presentments' of the human countenance, these ebon profiles, if not the best representations, are the cheapest; for to the specimens we mention is generally attached in this country an equally black advertisement, announcing that likenesses are taken 'in this style at 6d.'—nay, we have sometimes seen the price temptingly reduced to the small charge of 3d.

To this extreme lowness of price the black profile owes not only the above title, but that by which it is more extensively known, namely, 'Silhouette.' In 1759 the French minister of finance was Etienne de Silhouette, who strove by severe economy to remedy the evils of a war which was pressing severely upon the exchequer. Half measures, from the most to the least important transaction, are by no means characteristic of the French. A rage for economy seized every rank of the state, and all the fashions of Paris took the character of parsimony. Coats were worn without folds, jewelled snuff-boxes were exchanged for wooden ones, and instead of painted portraits, no one went to greater expense for such a luxury than was necessary for a black profile. All these fashions were called à la Silhouette; but this name permanently remained only to the miniatures, which retain it to this day even in England. They were also called Portraits à la Mode, because Silhouette was another name for parsimony, then—that is to say, at the time the following song was written—in full vogue. The fashion was, as might be expected, short-lived; it lasted as long as its founder's tenure of office, which was exactly nine months.

The author of both the words and music of the song was Favart, a wit and actor of celebrity in his day. It was sung at the end of a dramatic prologue, entitled the Resource of Theatres, with which the Opera-Comique was opened in 1760. We find the following account of its success in the Almanach de Theatres:—'This prologue (Ressource des Theatres) is ended by a country dance, named Les Portraits à la Mode, and by couplets sung to the tune, with which the audience was extremely delighted. From the actors the song passed to the fêtes and fairs, and at last became current amongst the populace.'

The 'Portraits à la Mode' presents a curious picture of the manners and foibles of the time at which it was written. Some of the allusions, even when freely translated, require explanations. These we will give at the end.

PORTRAITS À LA MODE.

To follow with uniformity
Dame Nature and simplicity,
Ne'er practising frivolity—
This was the ancient code.
Paris, its promenades and halls
Is filled with calotins, and dolls
Danced on strings at public balls,
And Portraits à la Mode.

Valets modest in their spheres,
Nobles gracing their careers,
Merchants never aping peers—
This was the ancient code.
A lacquey decked with feathers gay,
A lord in lacquey's mean array,
A tradesman's son in cabriolet,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Magistrates on justice bent,
Financiers glad of three per cent.,
Grocers with their shops content—
This was the ancient code.
Midases to concerts running,
Money-lenders nobles dunning,
Petty traders counters shunning,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Damsels, wholesome censure fearing,
Never giddy, vain, or leering,
By Prudence aye their conduct steering—
This was the ancient code.
Maidens who on flattery feed,
Gallop unveiled on prancing steed,
Of gaudy jewels having need,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Youth wisely filling up its leisure
In gaining knowledge—priceless treasure;
At sixteen quitting thoughts of pleasure—
This was the ancient code.

---

deaths in some of the English towns is as great, and, in one instance, even exceeds that in the towns of Scotland. From personal inquiry I have made into the local condition of a great portion of Liverpool, as well as into the circumstances of the people (in 1841), I have come to the conclusion, that besides the miserable condition of the houses of the poor as to the want of proper drainage, the inattention to cleanliness, and other defects among them—the very high mortality of that town proceeds from a want of sufficient employment, and from destitution arising from occasional sickness among the stranger poor (chiefly Irish), who have no legal claim for relief, and who submit, in numerous instances, to the greatest deprivations, rather than let their circumstances be known a second time to the superintendents of the poor, knowing, as they do, that their removal to their native parish would be the consequence.—*Dr Watt.*

Young men old with dissipation,
Old fops courting admiration,
Dowagers simpering fascination,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Learning in the pulpit placed,
The judgment-seat by virtue graced,
The lowly clothed with humble taste—
This was the ancient code.
Ignorance the cassock hiding,
Justice in pleasure's halls abiding,
Upstarts in gold and powder priding,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

With pomp the nobles of the land,
Living in state and splendour grand,
Each took a genius by the hand—
This was the ancient code.
Gewgaw lords, who shun the wise,
And all but fiddlers now despise,
Or dancers decked in flimsy guise,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

The doctor following, to his gain,
The art of killing, was not vain;
A single mule composed his train—
This was the ancient code.
To-day's M.D.s—conceited prigs—
At Latin less adepts than jigs,
Driving about in varnished gigs,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

The poet, ere he found a theme,
Would seek for sense to guide his dream;
And thus his works with beauty teem—
This was the ancient code.
Sounding periods' senseless chime,
Verse-makers aping the sublime,
And tinsel heroes spouting rhyme,
Are Portraits à la Mode.

Painters, selecting lofty means,
Sought to exalt their chosen themes—
No petty trick *their* skill demeans—
This was the ancient code.
Pencils and paint to scissors sink,
Profiles bring art to ruin's brink.
Ugly, unlike, and black as ink
Are Portraits à la Mode.

In the first stanza of these Portraits à la Mode, the word 'calotins' requires explanation. Le Régiment de la Calottes (the regiment of the caps) was formed by a band of wits belonging to the dissipated court of Louis XIV. It acted as a sort of facetious police to punish persons who made themselves ridiculous; and punishment was usually inflicted by sending them a fool's cap. As regards the dolls moved by strings, it is actually a fact that such toys as are now the delight of the youngest children were played with by adults at the time the above song was written. Amidst a roomful of company, says our authority (Du Mersan), during a grave conversation, it was not uncommon to see a military officer or a staid magistrate pull out one of these card-board *pantins*, and dance it about by its strings for his own and his friends' amusement. When this sort of toy went out of fashion, others were adopted by the grown children of the court and gay world of Paris, such as cup and ball, devil on two sticks, &c.

In the second stanza, the allusion to feathers in the caps of servants was provoked by the fashionable headdresses of the day, which usually consisted of three-cocked hats, bedecked with almost a panoply of ostrich plumes. The mention of a 'cabriolet' in 1760, may at first sight strike the English reader as an anachronism, those vehicles not having been known in this country till 1824. They have been, however, in constant use in Paris for nearly a century. Indeed, about the period of this ditty, fashionables were very choice in their vehicles, many new ones having been about that time invented. This is hinted at in the stanza which mentions medical practitioners.

Much of the remainder of the Portraits à la Mode, remarks the French commentator, applies too well to the foibles of the present day to need any further elucidation. The song, though not perhaps so brilliant either in versification or wit as others in the collection, is chiefly interesting for the explanations it involves, and as an exposition of the manners it praises and satirises.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A PRINTER at Paris wrote a tragedy called *Jealousy*, which he printed in the most beautiful type, and gave a copy to the celebrated Bodoni, a brother printer at Parma. 'What do you think of my tragedy?' asked the author. 'Full of beauties!' exclaimed Bodoni; 'your characters are perfect—exquisite—especially the capitals!'

It is impossible to avoid the use of terms of art. An author, while discussing the corn-law question, was heard to inquire what price bread was *published* at; and a printer's boy, just returned from delivering a letter, declared that he found the place out at last, 'but it was at the top of the house, and he had to open *half a quire of doors* before he got to it.'

Louis XIV. was presented with an epitaph on Moliere by an indifferent poet. 'I would rather,' said his majesty, 'that Moliere had brought me yours.'

Count Mazarin kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes.

Rivarol said of Buffon's son, who was a very dolt, that he was the worst chapter of his father's Natural History.

Lord William Poulet was said to be the author of a pamphlet called *The Snake in the Grass*. A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his hand. Lord William took up a pen and began—'This is too sartefy thut the bock kalled The Snak——' 'Oh, my lord,' said the gentleman, 'I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book.'

Malherbe having dined with the bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. 'Pardon me,' said Malherbe, 'but I can sleep very well where I am.'

The Duke of Cumberland told Dr Price that he had read his pamphlet on the National Debt with much delight, and sat up so late to finish it, that it had almost blinded him. 'Rather strange,' said the author, 'that it should have such an effect on your royal highness, for it has opened the eyes of everybody else.'

Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan Mahomed II. had a fancy for the arts, and ordered Gentil Bellini, a Venetian artist, to paint a picture of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the picture was finished, the sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to show him that his criticism was correct, he immediately drew his scimitar and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving the presence, thinking he had caught 'an ugly customer,' set sail for Venice the same evening.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, 'By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant.'

Langhorne travelled to Chichester to visit the grave of Collins, his favourite poet. The sexton having shown him the grave, Langhorne became very sentimental and deeply affected. 'Ah!' said the sexton, 'you may well grieve for Mr Collins, for he was an honest man and a first-rate *tailor*.'

Some person reported to the amiable poet Tasso that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world. 'Let him persevere,' said Tasso; 'his rancour gives me no pain. How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world than that all the world should speak ill of me to him.'

Not long since, there might be seen on the window of a dirty little shop in an obscure part of London this announcement:—'Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beat, and poetry composed on any subject.'

The fifth edition of a heavy work being announced, a person expressed some surprise, which was answered by one in the secret, 'It is the only way to sell the *first*.'

Speaking of the beneficial influence of cheers on a player, it was remarked that they give one courage. 'Ay,' said Mrs Siddons, 'but what is better—they give one *breath*.'

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, August 17, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 34. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1844. Price 1½d.

DREAMING.

The primary effect of sleep upon the mental powers seems to be to place them in a state of entire suspense. When sleep, therefore, is perfect, it is attended by a state of total unconsciousness. When, on the contrary, it is imperfect—when we are either, after a sufficiency of rest, verging towards waking, as generally happens in the morning, or our sleep is broken and disturbed by uneasy bodily sensations, or by the effects of an uneasy state of the mind itself—then unconsciousness is not complete. Mental action takes place, though in what must in the main be described as an irregular and imperfect way, and we become conscious of—dreaming. Dreaming, then, may be defined as the result of the imperfect operation of the mind in a state of partial sleep. It is a form of intellectation, very peculiar, and attended by very remarkable phenomena, which have in all ages attracted much attention both from the simple and the learned.

The speculations of philosophers on the subject have not as yet been satisfactory, as indeed might be expected, considering that so little is known of the laws which regulate the operations of the waking mind. Dismissing in a great measure the definitions of former writers, I shall probably carry the sense of the ordinary reader along with me, when I say that the operations of the mind in sleep bear a general resemblance to that involuntary streaming of ideas through it in our waking moments, which we are all conscious of; but with this difference, that, in sleep, there is an absence of that faculty or power, whatever it is, which enables us, awake, to see pretty clearly the actual character of things as they exist, and to understand their actual relations; which prevents us, in short, from falling into absurdities. Hence dreams are full of exaggeration and inconsistency, and suppose things in relations which we never see realised. But, while waking thought and dreaming thought are marked by this strong general distinction, it would be too much to say that they are conditions altogether unconnected. The mind in its waking moments often makes a near approach to the dreaming condition. In what are called reveries, the sanest man will occasionally have wild, absurd, and even horrible ideas presented to him, not widely different from dreams in their character. There is, however, this difference, that, while in the waking state the least exertion of his will is sufficient to banish such ideas, he is scarcely ever able to exercise any control over them in sleep, the will being then, as it were, in abeyance.

It may also be remarked, that the simplest kind of dreaming, that which occurs in our soundest state of body, and in the most ordinary circumstances, is exactly such a series of familiar ideas as our minds are usually filled by when our attention is not engaged by special subjects. The persons we have conversed with the day before, the occupations or amusements which engaged us, and the subjects of our reigning hopes, form the matter of our simplest dreams, as they do that of our waking thoughts. And often these are presented in a state as free from any absurdity as if we were awake.

Generally, however, dreaming thought is remarkable for its exemption from the control of that faculty—judgment, reflection, common sense, or causality—which usually gives us clear apprehensions of the nature and arrangements of things. Thus we will feel ourselves in the society of persons long dead, and whom we remember at the time to be dead, and yet we never think there is anything extraordinary in their now going about amongst the living. We find the house we inhabit to have more or less rooms than is actually the case, or to be in some other way unlike our actual dwelling, and yet we never doubt that this is the house in which we usually live. We are in our ordinary place of worship, and the clergyman performing the service is an old acquaintance dead many years, who, in life, was amongst the last persons we could have expected to see engaged in such duties. If we have a library, we shall find the books in great disorder; and, if looked into, the authors are such as we have no knowledge of, and the subjects are incomprehensible. A tradesman, dreaming of his shop, will find his stock in bad condition, and a dulness as well as confusion throughout the place. Money is an awkward thing to reckon; if bank-notes, we are sure to meet with such as we never heard of before. In travelling, we commonly get on very quickly, and sometimes continue to move through the air without any action of our limbs.

Seeing and conversing with people long since deceased is an ordinary occurrence, and, what is very distressing, after the death of a near relation or intimate friend, we are apt to dream night after night that he has been seriously ill, but is recovering, or at least is still alive. I have myself several times had a dream of this kind. Some person nearly connected with me, who has been dead for some years, appeared not only alive, but looking well for his years, which I ascertained by calculating what his age was when he died, and then adding the number of years that had passed since; thus making the strange jumble of considering him as both dead and alive at the same time.

Feverishness, whether arising from uneasiness in the digestive organs or otherwise, tends to produce painful or horrible dreams. Sleeping on the back, with an overloaded stomach, usually engenders the distressing dream called Nightmare, where we feel as if some great load had been placed upon our chest, or some unsightly figure of the fancy had sat down upon it. In milder cases of distress in the stomach, we see a similar figure come into the room, and go about as for our annoyance,

or to inflict horrors upon us. Feverish ailments also make us encounter strange wild impossibilities, which we yet feel it to be an unavoidable duty to accomplish, such as the passing over vast gulfs, the climbing of wall-like steeps, or perhaps the reconciling of tremendous moral inconsistencies.

It has been remarked, that everything in dreams, however wild or absurd, seems to come as a matter of course, and excites no surprise. This does not always exactly happen. An elderly person known to me dreamed of being at school, yet had an awkward feeling that he was beyond the proper age. There is also a peculiar dreaming condition in which, struck as it were by the extreme improbability or absurdity of our thoughts, we reflect that it is only a dream. Dr Beattie mentions a dream in which he found himself standing on the parapet of a bridge, when, reflecting that this was a situation not very likely for him to be in, he supposed that it might be a dream; and, to put this to the proof, threw himself headlong, when he of course awoke.

Though the most ordinary kind of dreaming comprises the things which chiefly engross our attention while awake, yet it happens not unfrequently that the subject of our dreams is hardly connected at all with the present state of things, or the present state of our thoughts; for it is to be noticed, that, though no absolutely new ideas can be presented to our mind while in that state, yet we may sometimes observe such an arrangement of them as has never occurred in our waking moments. Cases will occur where what we see is not confused; it is a distinct representation of something which it is quite possible might happen in reality; but still the idea of such a thing appears never to have been in our mind at any previous time. For instance, a person dreamed that an elderly widow lady of his acquaintance informed him that she was married a second time, and described her husband by comparing him to a person then deceased, whom the dreamer remembered. Now, the person who had this dream never entertained the most distant idea of the lady marrying again, both from her age and other circumstances; neither was it a subject he took the smallest interest in when awake. I may add, that it is a dream by no means likely to be ever fulfilled.

It is a well-known fact, that dreams may be suggested by external causes. Put, for instance, bottles of hot water to the feet of a sleeping person, he will immediately dream of walking over burning lava, or hot ploughshares, or the hot sands of Africa, with all the associated circumstances proper in the case. Play upon his face with a bellows, and he will have a dream of sitting in a draught of air, or walking in a high wind. There have even been instances of sleepers whose dreams could be suggested at will by the conversation of the waking bystanders. These facts show that the mind works in sleep much in the same manner as in our waking moments, but, in the absence of the power of correct perception, is obliged to employ the imagination to account for the things presented to it. When, in the midst of an ordinary dream, some powerful disturbance takes place, as that produced by a violent knocking at the door, the mind sometimes weaves the incident into the tissue of the dream; in which case the sleeper is the less likely to awake; but in other cases the mind fails to reconcile the disturbing incident with its former thoughts, and then a difficulty arises, in which sleep is likely to be broken. There are examples on record of dreams being entirely suggested by casual disturbances. A gun, for instance, is fired under our bedroom window; we immediately have a dream representing a long chain of events which naturally lead on to the firing of a gun; we awake from the noise, and find that only an instant has elapsed since the report which suggested the dream. This has caused some writers to form a theory that dreams are invariably momentary, occurring only at the instant of awaking; and to support this idea, several actual occurrences of a very remarkable nature have been adduced. For example, when Lavalette was under condemnation in 1815, he had a dream representing a procession of skinless horses and their riders, which seemed to him to last for several hours; and yet it was ascertained that the whole pageantry had passed through his mind in the little interval between the striking of the hour and the consequent change of the prison sentries. But dreams of this kind are in reality exceptions from the general rule. There is a sense of time in sleep as well as when we are awake, though generally somewhat less correct. In the dreams of healthy sleep, this sense operates with considerable distinctness; and it is only when the mind is in a harassed and excited state that dreams of the kind described take place.

The incoherence, inconsistency, and essential absurdity of many of our thoughts in dreaming bring that state into a resemblance to insanity, which has been remarked by more than one medical writer. Dr G. D. Davey of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum says, 'If we watch a lunatic patient, we shall perceive very much of what I would regard as a state of *active dreaming*; that is to say, a condition which would seem to realise *action with unconscious thought*. * * An insane person often reminds me of one asleep and dreaming with his eyes open, and in the exercise of his motive powers. * * I will add, the dreamer with one or two organs alone active, I should be disposed to consider a sleeping monomaniac.' This is very striking, and appears to be true; and yet the mind often shows wonderful powers in sleep. A distinguished divine of the present day, who in his college days was devoted to mathematical studies, was once baffled for several days by a difficult problem, which he finally solved in his sleep. Condorcet often overcame similar difficulties in his dreams. Dr Gregory conceived thoughts in sleep, many of which he afterwards employed in his lectures. An eminent Scottish lawyer of the last age had studied an important case for several days: one night his wife observed him rise and go to his desk, where he wrote a long paper, after which he returned to bed. In the morning he told her that he had had a dream, in which he conceived himself to have delivered an opinion on a case which had exceedingly perplexed him, and he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had then passed through his mind. She directed him to look in his desk, where he found the whole train of thought clearly written out. This paper proved efficacious in the subsequent conduct of the case. We must all remember, too, the fine romantic poem of Kubla Khan, composed by Coleridge in a dream. 'The greatest singularity observable in dreams,' says Hazlitt, 'is the faculty of holding a dialogue with ourselves, as if we were really and effectually two persons. We make a remark, and then expect an answer, which we are to give to ourselves, with the same gravity of attention, and hear it with the same surprise, as if it were really spoken by another person. We are played upon by the puppets of our own moving. We are staggered in an argument by an unforeseen objection, or alarmed at a sudden piece of information of which we have no apprehension till it seems to proceed from the mouth of some one with whom we fancy ourselves conversing. We have, in fact, no idea of what the question will be that we put to ourselves till the moment of its birth.' There are instances of very smart and adroit things thus occurring to the mind in sleep. 'Mr S. dreamt that he was in his parlour with a friend, and that a piece of black cloth was lying upon the table, but which his friend happened to remark was flesh-colour. Hereupon arose a discussion as to the colour of the cloth, Mr S. maintaining that it was black, and his friend as strenuously insisting that it was flesh-colour. The dispute became warm, and Mr S. offered to bet that it was black; his friend offering also to bet that it was flesh-colour. Mr S. concluded the bet, when his friend immediately exclaimed, "And is not black the colour of more than half the human race?" thus completely stealing a march upon Mr S., and winning the bet. Mr S. declares that the idea of black being entitled

to the name of flesh-colour had never before occurred to him.'* An explanation on this subject, suggested by Mr A. Carmichael of Dublin,† accords with the views here taken respecting dreaming generally:—'Whatever we are capable of thinking without an effort, we are susceptible of dreaming; and during our *waking reflections* we frequently imagine what kind of reply an adversary might make to an observation we had dropped; we immediately enter into the warmth of argument by coining an answer of our own in return, and when we have said all that occurs on that side of the question, a reply naturally suggests itself on the other, all the merit of which we ascribe to our antagonist; and thus the disputation goes on as if *two different minds* were engaged in the contest—the words, by a strange illusion, tingling in our ears, and the ardent looks and forcible gestures flitting before our eyes, till some real object, breaking on our attention, recalls us to the perception of the external world, and the nature of the reverie, which, till now, we thought real. In sleep there is no such intrusion, but the dream and the reverie do not differ from each other as long as they last.'

With reference to the occasional acuteness of the mind in sleep, it seems not unsuitable here to remark, that there are some persons who acknowledge to an unusual felicity of conception at the moment when they are waking. Sir Walter Scott experienced this singular lucidity, which seems half allied to that of a certain class of dreams. The present writer has also been often conscious of useful ideas and happy projects occurring to him for the first time at this peculiar moment. The state is certainly not that of full consciousness; it occurs just as sleep is breaking up. A young man whom I believed to be totally unknown to me called one day, and sent in his card requesting to see me. He was admitted, and addressed me easily and fluently about a situation he was in quest of, asking in conclusion for any information I could give that was likely to be useful. Setting down what was odd in this visit to non-acquaintance with the ways of the world, I gave the youth all the information I possessed, and by and by he took his leave, but not till he had asked if I should like to know how he prospered in his canvass. An impression was thus left upon my mind that there was some misunderstanding between me and my visitor, and that he was treating me all along as an acquaintance, while I conceived him (perhaps erroneously) to be a stranger. I thought little more about the incident; but during the ensuing few days it would now and then come into my mind as a somewhat odd one. Three mornings after, when I was awaking, but not fully awake, the idea occurred to me that the young man was probably the son of a widow lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, and whom I now remembered he resembled a little. And on inquiry, this proved to be the case. The wonder here is, that the idea should have occurred to me at such a moment, as it had failed to present itself when the mind was in a clearer state during two preceding days. I had never, to my knowledge, seen the young man since he grew up; but he may have come under my notice at the recent funeral of one of his relations, which I attended, though I have no recollection of seeing him there, and certainly if I did, never formed the faintest surmise of who he was.

This anecdote seems suitable as a preparation for that class of dreams which Dr Abercrombie calls 'the revival of old associations respecting things which had entirely passed out of the mind, and which seemed to have been forgotten;' about which he at the same time acknowledges that 'some of the facts connected with them scarcely appear referable to any principle with which we are at present acquainted.' The learned writer gives the following, as having occurred to a particular friend of his, and to be relied on in its most minute particulars:—'The gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the tellers' table, where money is paid, when a person entered demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting, who were, in turn, entitled to be attended to before him, but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy; and being, besides, a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying, that another gentleman requested my friend to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so, accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavouring to discover the error, but without success; when, at last, my friend returned home, much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamt of being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction with the stammerer, as now detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of; and, on examination, soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in the manner now mentioned, had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance.'

The most remarkable anecdote connected with this part of our subject is one which has been presented under fictitious circumstances in the tale of 'The Antiquary,' and which the distinguished author has since related in the notes to that novel:—'Mr R. of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tithe), for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes). Mr R. was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these teinds from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law-business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr R. thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr ——, a writer (or attorney) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never, on any other occasion, transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that, when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

'Mr R. awaked in the morning, with all the words of

* This curious anecdote occurs in the Phrenological Journal (X., 630).

† Essay on Dreaming in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine (LIV., 256).

the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but, on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them, so that Mr R. carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.'

'There is every reason,' says Dr Abercrombie, 'to believe that this very interesting case is referable to the principle lately mentioned; that the gentleman had heard the circumstances from his father, but had entirely forgotten them, until the frequent and intense application of his mind to the subject with which they were connected at length gave rise to a train of association which recalled them in the dream. To the same principle are referable the two following anecdotes, which I have received as entirely authentic; the first of them from the individual to whom it occurred. A gentleman of the law in Edinburgh had mislaid an important paper connected with the conveyance of a property which was to be settled on a particular day. Most anxious search had been made for it for many days, but the evening of the day previous to that on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement had arrived, without the paper being discovered. The son of the gentleman then went to bed under much anxiety and disappointment, and dreamt that at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father, his table was covered with papers connected with the affairs of a particular client. He awoke under the impression, went immediately to a box appropriated to the papers of that client, and there found the paper they had been in search of, which had been tied up by mistake in a parcel to which it was in no way related. Another individual connected with a public office had mislaid a paper of such importance, that he was threatened with the loss of his situation if he did not produce it. After a long but unsuccessful search, under intense anxiety, he also dreamt of discovering the paper in a particular place, and found it there accordingly.' In seeking to account for these instances, we must keep in mind that often occurrences fail to make any impression upon us, and do not become objects of conscious memory, although the memory of persons who were in our company at the time proves that we had full opportunities of observing and receiving impressions from them. When an effort is made to remind us of such circumstances, we are apt to deny their occurrence, having not the slightest recollection of them. But in such cases it would appear that an impression has been made, although no record of it has been kept; and accordingly some particular association may recall it. We have only to suppose conditions particularly favourable for the revival of such lost impressions as occurring at certain times during sleep, to account for the class of dreams under consideration. They seem, however, to prove that the mind sometimes enjoys an unusual clearness in sleep—that there is, in short, a peculiar lucidity occasionally experienced while we are in that state, which generally appears as a suspension of the mental powers.

We now approach the class of dreams which the superstitious are apt to set down as supernatural, but of which, of course, we can only conclude that we are ignorant of the natural principle concerned. Some dreams of this kind are mentioned by old writers. For example, Marcus Antoninus learned in his dreams several remedies for spitting of blood. Galen, having an inflammation of the diaphragm, was directed by a dream to open a vein between the fourth finger and thumb—an operation which restored him to health. 'It is related of Sir Christopher Wren, that, when at Paris in 1671, being disordered with "a pain in his reins," he sent for a physician, who prescribed blood-letting; but he deferred submitting to it, and dreamed that very night that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit offered dates to him. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him.'* It is possible that in these instances the remedies suggested may have been mere revivals of knowledge formerly acquired, but forgotten in the interval. But such a surmise is inapplicable to the following case, related by Dr Abercrombie:—'A gentleman in Edinburgh was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons, and the day was fixed for the operation. About two days before the time appointed for it, the wife of the patient dreamt that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which the operation would not be required. On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention, that the cure of popliteal aneurism without an operation is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case.' One cannot but be struck with the resemblance of this case to the alleged instances of clairvoyance among the practisers of animal magnetism. It is but proper, however, to advert to the explanation suggested by Dr Abercrombie, unsatisfactory as it is. 'It is likely,' says he, 'that the lady had heard of the possibility of such a termination [to her husband's illness], and that her anxiety had very naturally embodied it in a dream: the fulfilment of it at the very time when the event took place is certainly,' he admits, 'a very remarkable coincidence.'

Dr Abercrombie also relates a story which has been long current in Edinburgh, and the authenticity of which he believes there is no reason to doubt. 'A clergyman had come to this city from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger.' The learned author deems it possible that this dream might have been suggested by an anxiety, on the part of the dreamer, about the consequences of a fire happening at his house in his absence. He adds a few more cases, which he vouches for as entirely authentic. 'A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant; and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire; which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement: his companions went, and were all drowned. A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired; a long time elapsed without her being able to recover it; and, after

* Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience, 307.

many excuses, she began to suspect that something was wrong. She now dreamt that the watchmaker's boy, by whom the watch was sent, had dropt it in the street, and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and, without any allusion to her dream, put the question to him directly, when he confessed that it was true.' On these cases our author remarks, 'Such coincidences derive their wonderful character from standing alone, and apart from those numerous instances in which such dreams take place without any fulfilment.' But this is not a satisfactory explanation of coincidences so extremely peculiar, and we are tempted to imagine that a law is concerned of which we are ignorant.

Here it may not be inappropriate to relate a circumstance which happened to the writer of a somewhat similar nature, though he was awake at the time. I was walking home to dinner, when a train of association brought to my mind the apparatus erected near my house for the sports of my children, and the idea of a painful accident occasioned thereby was pressed forcibly on my mind, though this is a subject on which I am in general remarkably free from anxiety. I, as it were, saw before me a particular child with a deep gash upon her cheek occasioned by a fall, and so strong was the impression, that I could have scarcely suffered more from the sight of the actual object. Immediately after, I reflected upon the explanation usually given of such presentiments, which happen to be coincident with actual occurrences, namely, that we hear only of the rare and occasional hits, and never of the numerous exceptions. Of course, thought I, this is one of the numerous cases in which nothing occurs, and which are therefore overlooked. And this idea was not the less received by me, that the incident was of a kind of which I had no former experience. But in the course of the evening I was called out of my room by a servant, who seemed to have something very serious to communicate, and, being taken up stairs to one of the children's bedrooms, there found that one of them, different, however, from the one pictured in my vision (if I may so call it), had had a gash of two inches long inflicted on the crown of her head, from coming violently in contact with the belting of the room while indulging in a game of romps in bed. If this were one coincidence out of many cases of failure, it would not be worthy of notice; but as the only such case of presentiment I have any recollection of experiencing, it appears to me remarkable. It also tends to support the analogy which seems to exist between sleeping and waking conditions.

Having quoted already rather too liberally from Dr Abercrombie, I shall not adopt any of his examples of the highest class of marvellous dreams, but present, instead, a few which have been communicated by a respected correspondent:—A young lady on the eve of marriage, dreamed one night that she and her lover were walking along a pleasant pathside by side. Wide-spreading trees waved their lofty branches above their heads; her lover turned to her with a smile, and asked if he should show her the home which he had provided. She longed to see it, and they pursued their way; they came to a tangled thicket, through which they found a difficulty in passing. At last they suddenly came to an opening; a grave lay open before them; the yew, the cypress, and other dark evergreens were seen on every side; her lover pointed to the grave, and said, "There is our home." She wakened in violent agitation. The dream made a dreadful impression on her, and in a few days after, her lover's death was announced to her. She fell into a state of deep dejection, from which her sisters made every effort to rouse her; she attended them in their walks, but was ever pensive and sad. One day, while they were making some purchases in a shop, she loitered listlessly at the door. A woman carrying a basket filled with bunches of sprigs tied up together, advanced towards her, and asked her to purchase some. "I do not want them," she replied, without raising her heavy melancholy eyes from the ground. "Ah! miss, if you don't want them to dress out your rooms, you might like to have them to strew over the grave of some one that you love." These words touched the right chord, and she raised her sad eyes to the basket; there she saw bunches of the very same evergreens which her dream had exhibited round the grave of her lover. "Let me have the whole basket," she said, "at whatever price you please." Her sisters (from whom I had these particulars) found her pale and faint, with the basket which she had just purchased by her side. She planted the branches round the grave of her lover; some took root, and are now waving their green boughs over the faithful heart that lies buried there.

'Not less remarkable was the dream of Captain F——, a man of exemplary piety, and the strictest veracity. He was in the East India Company's service, and having served one-and-twenty years, was about to return to his native country on leave of absence for three years. Some nights before his departure from Calcutta he had a dream that his father died. It was so vivid, and so minutely circumstantial, that it made a very deep impression on him, and he entered all the particulars and the date into his pocket-book. In about six months after, on his arrival in London, he found letters from Ireland, where his family resided, waiting for him. They announced the death of his father, which had occurred on the very night of his dream. This was so singular, that when he joined his sister a few days after, he desired her to enter into no particulars relative to his father's death till she should hear him. "Sarah," said he, "I believe that my father did not die in his own room—his bed was in the parlour." "It was, it was indeed," replied she; "he had it brought down a short time after he was taken ill, to save him the fatigue of going up and down stairs." "I will show you the spot where it was placed," said Captain F——; he immediately pointed out the situation of the bed, exactly where it had been. He showed where the coffin had been laid; there was nothing connected with the melancholy event which he could not detail as minutely as those who had actually been present. Strange as all this may appear, it is nevertheless perfectly true. I have frequently heard it from Captain F—— himself, and from his wife and sister.

'Dr D——, who was Bishop of Down some years since, had a son, a very fine boy, a great darling of his parents. At breakfast one morning the child turned eagerly to his mother, by whose side he was sitting, and said, "Oh, mamma, I had a very odd dream last night; I thought there was a very curious and a very pretty box brought here, and it was to be my own, own box; my name was on it, and my age, and the day of the month, and the year; it wasn't like any of your boxes, mamma, but it was a great deal nicer, and a great deal prettier; it was a very odd-shaped one though; I never saw such a one; mamma, I'll show you what it was like." The child took some crumbs from his plate, and traced out the exact form of a coffin. "Mamma, wasn't that a curious box?" His mother was not superstitious, yet she felt her heart die within her, and she could not bear to let her boy out of her sight all day. It grew late, and it was time that she and the bishop should dress for a dinner party to which they were engaged. While they were at their toilet, the little boy went to the stable where the horses were being harnessed for the carriage in which his father and mother were to go. The boy prevailed on the groom to let him get on one of the horses, and he went to ride round the yard; the animal being spirited, and the child not being able to manage him, he was flung on the hard pavement, and killed on the spot.'

The first question which occurs respecting such dreams is, can the recital be depended upon? On this point we should think universal doubt were preposterous, considering that so many such circumstances have been detailed by respectable persons. The next question with many minds will be, are they natural events? Here

we should suppose no enlightened person could hesitate for a moment to answer in the affirmative. As natural events, then, how are they to be accounted for? The only reply is, that the principle, if it be one, is unknown to us.

The subject of dreaming is unfortunate in its being so much a matter of vulgar wonderment, for intelligent inquirers are thereby repelled from it. When regarded apart from all absurd marvelling, it is evidently a curious department of psychology, and one which deserves careful investigation. By a proper collection of facts on this subject, I have no doubt that an important advance might be made in the science of mind.

WESTERN BARBARY—ITS TRIBES AND ANIMALS.

The Barbary states, which occupy the northern edge of the Sahara or Great Desert,* were, till the present century, celebrated for harbouring a nest of pirates, who waged war against the rest of the naval and commercial world. A glance at the map will show that a more central point for the operations of sea-robbery does not exist on the face of the globe. Having full sweep of the Mediterranean on the north, the pirates of these states commanded the high road traversed by merchant ships sailing between Europe, the Grecian and Syrian Archipelagos, and Western Asia; while to the west, the trading voyagers through the North Atlantic, and to Western and Southern Africa, Eastern Asia (round the Cape of Good Hope), and the Americas, were within their reach. These local advantages were made the most of, and a system of plunder was carried on for ages, so successful and well organised, that commercial states were glad to compound for the atrocious felonies, by paying a yearly tribute to the Barbary states to get exemption from plunder. The spread of civilisation has, however, gradually lessened the maritime power of Barbary—its seaports are used for the purposes of legitimate commerce, and no black-mail is now paid, except in two instances. Spain and Portugal have been unable to get quit of the tax, and still pay it to the Emperor of Morocco.

One consequence of this change is, that regular commercial relations were gradually established by European states with those of Barbary, and in the metropolis of each territory resides a consul accredited from Great Britain, presided over by a consul-general who lives at Tangier, the chief port of Morocco. We bring our information concerning Barbary down to this point, to introduce to the notice of the reader a very entertaining work by the son of the latter official, entitled 'Western Barbary—Its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals.'† The author, having resided during many years with his father in Tangier, made himself perfectly familiar with the Moorish (Mogrebbin) dialect of the Arabic language; and being, moreover, fond of adventure, frequently joined the hunting expeditions of the natives into the interior of the country. Living during these excursions as they lived, he obtained a deep insight into their peculiarities of character, acquiring at the same time an acquaintance with the face of the country, and with the wild animals which inhabit the remoter districts. Much of this kind of new and valuable information is woven into a narrative of an expedition undertaken by Mr Hay, to procure 'for her majesty Queen Victoria a barb of the purest blood from some of the breeders of horses in the region around Laraiche.' Accompanied by the sheik, or chief of a neighbouring village, a Spanish gentleman, a Moorish soldier by way of escort, and a native servant, Mr Hay commenced his search for a steed. They had not proceeded far on their route when the party was overtaken by 'a venerable-looking Arab, well mounted on an iron-gray rat-tailed barb: on the bow of his high-peaked saddle rested the long Moorish gun; and in his right hand he carried a small stick, upon which were inscribed some Arabic characters. This I recognised as one of the holy batons given by sainted persons to those who are about to undertake a journey, as a protection on the road from robbers and from mishaps of all sorts. A simple haik was his only covering; his legs and sinewy arms were bare, and his slippered feet were armed with the Moorish spurs, which are merely silvered spikes of iron about a foot long, with a circle of metal at the hilt to prevent more than the point penetrating; but even with this precaution, I have heard of a bad rider giving a death-wound to his steed.' This man proved a most amusing travelling companion, for he was an excellent story-teller. At the commencement of his first tale (which is amusing, but too long and too barbarous in some of its details for extract), he became so excited by his own recital, that he suddenly broke off his story, 'and dashing his spurs into the flank of his barb, burst away at full speed, shouting "Allah! Allah!" His turban fell off—not accidentally, I am inclined to think—and the haik, loosed from his shoulders in the breeze, was poised in the air for a moment, and fell to the ground. He then fired, threw the rat-tailed on his haunches, and wheeling round, came back at full gallop. As he approached us he recovered his haik with the muzzle of his gun, and then, throwing himself on one side, stretched his long arm, and while yet in full course, whisked up his turban from the ground. In another moment he was by my side, replaced his head-gear with the greatest gravity, and continued his narrative as coolly as if he had merely paused to take a pinch of snuff.' To this specimen of Arab horsemanship, Mr Hay adds an anecdote illustrative of the extreme love these equestrians have for a favourite horse. Travelling, on a former occasion, in company with the unfortunate African traveller, John Davidson, he was proceeding between Mehedeea and Rabàt, when 'we were joined by a troop of mounted Arabs, one of whom was riding a mottled gray, the handsomest barb* I ever saw. Riding up to the man, I entered into conversation with him, and having put him into good humour by praising his steed, I told him I would make him rich if he would sell me the mottled gray.

'"What is your price?" said the Arab.

'I offered a hundred and fifty *mitsakel*, about twenty pounds sterling, a large sum in the interior. "It is a good price," said the Arab; "but look," said he, and he brought his horse on the other side of me; "look at this side of him—you must offer more." "Well, come," I said, "you are a poor man, and fond of your horse; we won't dispute about the matter; so, give me your hand.* What say you—two hundred?" "That is a large price truly," said the Arab, his eyes glistening, and I thought the horse was mine. But my eagerness, I suppose, had been too apparent, so the Arab thought I might go still further, and shaking the bridle, off he went at full speed. The mottled gray curled its tail in the air, and vanished to a speck in no time. I turned to speak to Davidson, and the next moment the Arab was at my side; and

* They consist of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli.

† By J. H. Drummond Hay, Esq.—forming one volume of Murray's Colonial and Home Library.

* The Moorish manner of striking a bargain.

patting the neck of his gray, he said, "Look at him—see—not a hair is turned. What will you give me now?"

'Davidson prompted me to offer even four hundred ducats rather than let the animal go. Again I began bargaining, and offered three hundred. On this the Arab gave his hand, and thanking me, said—"Christian, I now can boast of the price you have offered; but it is in vain that you seek to tempt me, for I would not sell my horse for all the gold you or any other man possess." Having said this, he joined his companions. Calling the kaid, or chief of our escort, I asked him if he knew the rider of the gray, adding, that I supposed he must be rich, as he had refused so large a sum? The kaid said, "All I know is, that he is a great fool; for he possesses nothing in the world but that horse, which he bought when a colt, selling his tent, flocks, and even his wife, to buy it." '

Many passages in Mr Hay's book exhibit in very terrible colours the oppressive nature of the Moorish government, the rapacity of which is scarcely to be paralleled. Relics of various nations which formerly conquered and colonised the country are often turned up from the earth by the peasantry. The law concerning treasure-trove is, that everything so found must be instantly given up to the imperial treasury, and the most barbarous cruelties are inflicted to extort confessions from individuals unfortunate enough to be suspected of having made any such discoveries. The following is an instance:—'Some years ago, when Alarby E'Saidy was governor of Tangier, and dealt out his justice by weight of gold and silver, one Mohamed, a poor countryman, who dwelt a few miles distant from the ancient city of Booammar, around which lie scattered many old ruins, was ploughing a slip of land which had evidently lain fallow for many years: the land had lately been given to him as a reward for two years' hard service in active warfare, under the banners of his sultan, against the rebel tribe Oodaia—a method not unusual of recompensing the militia, who constitute the armed force of this empire. In an adjoining field was a fellow-villager actively employed in the same pursuit. Now, Mohamed's ploughshare happened to strike against some obstacle, which, on examination, proved to be a large earthen vase of curious form. Mohamed, finding it sound, and thinking it might be of service to his family for fetching water from the village well, went to the border of the field, where he had left his outer garments, and there deposited it.

'The discovery, and honest Mohamed's subsequent movements, were not unobserved by his neighbour, who suspected from his silence that there was more found than an earthen pot. So, on returning from his day's labour, he told the village gossips that Mohamed had assuredly found a treasure; for he had marked him, whilst ploughing, turn up a large pot which appeared to be very heavy, and which he had immediately hidden under his clothes, and had not said one word to him about it, although he was hard by. The following was a market day, when the villagers of Booammar flocked as usual to Tangier. The news of Mohamed's discovery was soon spread among the town's folk, and it was not long ere it reached the soldiers, the alert spies of old Alarby E'Saidy, to whom they quickly reported the tale, with no few exaggerations. Mohamed, unsuspicious of impending evil, was disposing of his little produce, when the rude hands of two soldiers arrested him, and, as is usual in this country, without any reason given, dragged him before the gray-bearded hakem. "So I have caught you at last, you rascal. You have found a treasure, and not reported it. Speak, and let us know the amount; and look to your words." Mohamed told his story, which was a plain one; and begging for mercy, requested, in order to prove the truth of his statement, that a soldier might be sent to search his house and bring the pot, which would be delivered up by his family. The kaid agreed, and Mohamed was in the meantime confined in prison. The soldier made the search, and nothing was found but the empty vase. On this being announced to the Kaid Alarby, Mohamed was again brought before him.

'"I am not," said the ruthless magistrate, "to be imposed upon by such small cunning. Down with him, let him have five hundred stripes, and then see if he will declare his hiding corner for his ill-gotten wealth."

'To hear was to obey; and the unfortunate ploughman received full five hundred blows from the dreaded whip of Tsafilelts; but he persisted to the last lash in saying that he had found no treasure. "Back with him to the dungeon," said the kaid; and the wretched Mohamed was carried half senseless to prison. A month passed; and every day his poor wife trudged to town with his scanty meal; for Moorish authorities rarely bestow a morsel of food on the prisoners, leaving them to depend solely upon what may be brought by their families, who are not prevented giving the prisoners every kind of luxury, if they be able to afford it. The little property Mohamed possessed was soon exhausted. His wife had a young family, and having no means of supporting both them and her husband, extreme want soon stared her in the face. Exhaustion of body and anguish of mind brought on a violent fever, which confined her to the hut.

'Thus day after day passed away. No one brought Mohamed his usual pittance, and no one came to soothe him in his misery; so that, had it not been for the charity of some fellow-prisoners, the honest ploughman must have died of starvation. The jailer, however, was more humane than most of his trade; and, seeing the truly wretched state of his prisoner, endeavoured to intercede in his behalf with Kaid Alarby; but the tyrant was inflexible. "Let God be witness," said he, "I never will free him till he give up the treasure." Upon being informed of this, poor Mohamed fell on the ground, tore his beard, and swearing by God and his prophet, cried out, "There is no justice on earth; our religion and our law are all void! But hark ye," said he to the jailer, "tell the governor that I submit to his will, and he shall have the treasure: tell him to send with me guards, and I will deliver up my riches." Mohamed's eye looked wild as he spoke, and the jailer knew not whether he was frantic or in his right mind. "Aha!" said the kaid upon hearing of his having confessed; "I knew we should bring him to his senses. Send with him a couple of stout fellows; and let them be on the look-out that he does not conceal any part of his wealth."

'Mohamed was conducted with shackles on his legs to Booammar. As he entered the village, he learnt that his poor wife had died of sickness and grief, and that his children were supported by the miserable tell-tale, who had since bitterly repented of the injury he had thoughtlessly done to his honest neighbour, and had even offered the kaid a handsome present to induce him, to free poor Mohamed from thraldom. On reaching the ploughman's dwelling, the soldiers were about to enter with him. "Stop," said he; "every man's house is sacred; wait a little, and I will show you all." The soldiers would have disregarded Mohamed's request; but a murmur of indignation ran through the crowd of villagers at such disregard of their customs. A few minutes elapsed, when Mohamed again appeared at his threshold; but now he had his gun with him, and two little children were clinging to their father's knees, calling for notice from their long-absent parent. The soldiers fell back, thinking he intended violence to them; but this was far from the poor man's thoughts. He had attached a string to the trigger of his gun, and passing it behind the stock, now put the muzzle to his head. The soldiers, perceiving his object, were rushing forward to seize him, when he cried out, "Tell the kaid that this alone remains for me to give—my blood—let it be on his head!" and pulling the string, he fell a corpse. The soldiers returned, and reported what had happened. "Awa?" (is that all?) said the kaid; "so he lied after all—God have mercy upon his soul!" And thus was wound up the affair of the ancient vase.'

Beguiling the way with tales of the chase and personal adventure, Mr Hay and his party reached Laraiche—his destination. A book of travels in these latitudes would not be complete without a story of the wondrous feats performed by the far-famed snake-charmers. Accordingly, Mr Hay presents his contribution to the numerous snake-stories already in print:—'As we strolled through the market-place [of Laraiche], we met a party of Eisowy, or snake-charmers; they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos, three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blew, producing melancholy but pleasing notes. We invited the Eisowy to exhibit their snakes; to this they readily assented. They commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding a book, muttering in unison a prayer addressed to the Deity, and calling upon Seedna Eiser, who in Morocco is held as the patron saint of snake-charmers. Having concluded this invocation, the music struck up, and the snake-charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Strauss could have kept time to, around the basket containing the reptiles. This basket was made of cane-work covered with goat-skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake-charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake: this he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, whilst the reptile seemed to obey his wishes, by preserving its position on his head. The cobra was then placed on the ground, and standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before, the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively, and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the deserts of Soos, called leffa. They were of a mottled colour, with black spots; were thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long. The name leffa is given, I imagine, by the Mogrebbin Arabs to this kind of serpent from their resemblance, when in the act of darting at their prey, to the Arabic letter fa, le being merely the article transposed. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half coiled, and holding their heads in a slanting position ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, whilst their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy warded off with his long haik the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the leffas seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

'Now, calling on Seedna Eiser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs, from which there oozed a white and oily substance. He then put the leffa to his arm, which it immediately seized with its teeth, whilst the man, making hideous contortions, as if in pain, whirled rapidly around, calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn. Having laid the leffa down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth, and, pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, whilst the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted.

'Conceiving that the whole was a trick—that the leffa had been bereft of its poison, and that its bite consequently would be as harmless as that of a rat, I requested to be allowed to handle the serpent.

'"Are you an Eisowy?" said the man of Soos, "or have you steady faith in the power of our saint?" I replied in the negative. "Then," said he, "if the snake bite you, your hour is come! Bring me a fowl or any animal, and I will give you sure proof, ere you attempt to touch a leffa." A fowl was brought, and part of the feathers having been plucked, the serpent was again taken up by the charmer, and allowed to bite the fowl for an instant. The bird was put on the ground, and after running around as if in a fit for about the space of a minute, tottered and fell dead. Its flesh became shortly afterwards of a bluish hue. It is needless to say that after this I declined handling the leffa.

'The only way that I can account for the Eisowy escaping unharmed from the bite of the snake, is, that either he prevents the leffa, when in the act of seizing his arm, from using its fangs, and that the blood seen is drawn by the teeth only of the reptile, which are distinct from its fangs, or else that the Eisowy possesses an antidote to the poison, and that he puts it into his mouth and applies it to the bitten part during the dance.

'I have frequently witnessed individuals belonging to the sect of Eisowys, in whose company I have chanced to be during my sporting expeditions, handle scorpions or poisonous reptiles without fear or injury, the animal never attempting to sting or bite them. Whilst I was residing at Tangier, a young Moor who was witnessing the exploits of a snake-charmer ridiculed his prowess as a mere delusion, and having been dared by the Eisowy to touch one of his serpents, the lad ventured into the mystic ring, was bitten by a leffa, and shortly afterwards expired.'

Mr Hay was unsuccessful in finding a horse to his liking at Laraiche, and proceeded to Ibdowa. Here also he was disappointed; and from a cause which shows the barbarous despotism which is still practised in Morocco. He was met by the sheik of the place, who said—

'"I fear you will not find in all this district a suitable animal."

'"Where shall I seek a horse, then, O my best of friends," I inquired, "if it be not in Ibdowa?"

'"Listen," said he, "and understand. A few years past, my tribe boasted of the finest bone and blood in the country. The care of a Bedouin towards his mare was like that of a mother towards her child; never was it allowed to quit his sight; and if he heard of a famous stallion, were it on the confines of the deserts of Soos, he would travel in the season, and pay any sum to have a good cross for the mare he gloried in. When in foal, no horse of bad form, or below the standard height, was allowed to pass within view of the hara. But, as with all mortals, our day of sorrow has come, and the wreck of our former pride is yet to be witnessed among some sorry mares, which I will point out in yonder field, now from age and neglect unworthy your purchase. Look," said he, "at their degraded offspring, those colts which my slave is driving, look at their form and size; they are mere pack animals."

'"This is strange," I observed: "whence this neglect of your own interests?" The old horse-breeder looked at our kaid, and they both sighed and shook their heads in unison. "The reason," said the sheik, lowering his voice, "is, that of late years there is no security for property. If any Bedouin happen to possess a fine horse, and it reach the sultan's ears, the animal is seized, and the owner receives no recompense." The breeders, therefore, have no inducement to keep up the high-bred pedigree of their far-famed steeds, and the race in Morocco is fast degenerating.' After visiting several other places, Mr Hay was obliged after all to give up the object of his mission, and to return to Tangier without it. Subsequently, however, that gentleman's father, the consul-general, having been sent by her majesty's government on a mission to the court of the sultan, at Fas, succeeded in obtaining a horse of the description required.

Mr Hay has not followed a very consecutive plan in detailing his Moorish experiences; but their miscellaneous character gives the charm of variety. In an appendix, he presents some interesting particulars relative to the last victim of African discovery, John Davidson, who in the year 1835 formed the bold design of penetrating to Timbuctoo by the direct route across the

desert from Morocco. While prosecuting this attempt, he was, after many hairbreadth escapes, barbarously murdered.

MEDICINE-TAKING.

Medical practice is greatly debased by the less worthy of its professors, but the public are also to blame for much of its errors. Whether as a natural result of eagerness to see *something done* for the relief of their sick friends, or as a consequence of habits handed down from ignorant times, there is a very general prejudice against all practice which does not involve a liberal exhibition of medicine. It must of course often be that only a careful study of the case, directions for the proper care of the patient, and a supervision of the treatment which he receives, is all that is properly required of a medical man. Medicines may not be required, or may be calculated to produce injurious effects, even in the smallest quantities. But when the medical man finds that procedure such as he believes to be necessary is unfavourably regarded by those who call him in, and that, if he persists in it, they will discharge him and call another, he is very apt to give way, and order a few medicines such as he believes may do the least possible harm. He ought not to take this course; but the temptation is strong, and a regard to his own interest probably carries the day. Thus the practice of medicine is vitiated, the minds of practitioners are depraved, and the character of the whole profession is lowered.

The evil of much medicine-giving is greatly more prevalent in England than in Scotland, a consequence apparently of an ancient custom of the former country with regard to the remuneration of the humbler and most abundant class of practitioners—that is, the paying of them for medicine furnished, and not for attendance. The practitioners, finding they only can be paid for a visit if they order a draught, or box of pills, or set of powders, prescribe such articles accordingly, whether needed or not; the medicines are taken as a matter of course. Thus a prejudice is formed, to the effect that from illness of any kind medicine is inseparable, and an Englishman is very apt to take powders and pills on the slightest experience of an unpleasant sensation, or perhaps for no sensation of the kind, but only to prevent illness. Accordingly, an enormous amount of medicine is consumed needlessly in England. In London there are pill-warehouses like castles.* Large fortunes are realised by patent medicines of the most doubtful character; and the public health is by these means undoubtedly much injured. The Scotch have never had any mode of medical practice of this kind amongst them. Their medical men are generally paid for attendance. They therefore are not so apt as the English to think a practitioner inattentive or inactive when he orders no medicine; and they are a people not at all disposed to take doses at any time except for strong and compelling causes.

Of a great many anecdotes told to us by one well acquainted with English medical practice, we shall select one as an illustration of the extent of prejudice existing upon this subject, and its effects in corrupting practitioners. An elderly lady had received a hurt in her arm, which required the attendance of a medical practitioner residing at two or three miles' distance. He dressed it about twenty times, and saw it completely healed. Now was his time to consider how he should be paid. 'My only chance,' said he to himself, 'is to begin ordering medicine.' He therefore affected to think unfavourably of the appearance of the skin of her arm: it betokened a bad state of the blood. 'I shall send you something for it,' said he. He now began a course of medicine, to which the old lady very willingly submitted; and at length when it amounted to nine pounds, he admitted she was well, and sent in his bill. When he next called, she told him she had got the bill and was wishing to pay it; but 'I think,' said she, 'you must have surely committed a mistake in drawing it out.' 'What seems wrong, ma'am?' inquired he. 'If there be any error, of course we can easily rectify it.' 'Oh, why, you have nine pounds here for medicine—that is all very well—I have had *that*. But here you have three pound ten for dressing my arm. Now, you know, I had nothing there. You were only put to a little trouble, which was the same as nothing. I cannot understand this part of your bill at all.' 'Oh very well,' said he; 'if you think so, we'll deduct the charge for dressing.' It is needless to add that the balance was ample remuneration for his services as well as his medicines.

A judicious law has lately been passed to enable practitioners under certain regulations to charge for attendance as well as for medicine. This will probably tend to correct the public mind of England on the subject of medical practice, and in the long-run wean our southern neighbours from their extraordinary inclination for the blue pill and other superfluous abominations.* Meanwhile, let us endeavour to convince all who need such knowledge, that in a vast number of cases of illness, the only thing required is right disposal and treatment of the patient, for the direction of which medical skill is as necessary as for the dispensation of therapeutics. This skill has cost its possessor much time and money; it is therefore as well entitled to its reward when only employed in giving needful directions, as when prescribing medicines. Let no one suppose that a medical attendant is doing nothing when he does not dose, or give a great many orders. He often does his duty best by doing nothing; and even for this, supposing him to act with judgment and conscientiousness, he is fully entitled to his remuneration.

* It is a fact which we can state on excellent authority, that the quantity of the *blue pill* alone, lately shipped at once for South America by one drysaltery house in London, amounted to *six tons!*

LINGERING GOOD-BYES.

There are some persons in the world who, either from a desire to kill time, or an unbecoming irresolution of purpose, are so lingering and tedious in their good-byes, as greatly to detract from the pleasure of their visits, and prove a source of considerable annoyance and irritation to the more busy and energetic of their fellow-men. The annoyance is also aggravated by its untangible nature, and often by the good temper of the offending party. If your lingering trifler were a rough unceremonious fellow, there would be little difficulty as to the best mode of dealing with him; but he is generally so gentlemanly and polite a person, that one would not willingly offend his sensibility by treating him rudely; although it is often difficult to endure with anything like grace and equanimity so sore a trial of temper and patience. Protesting that he cannot stay a moment, he will frivolise away a couple of hours, without having any business to transact, or any information to communicate, and linger with a tedious pertinacity that betrays

* One of the cleverest of our medical writers thus frankly expresses his opinion of his own craft and of medicine-taking generally:—'I declare,' says Dr James Johnson, 'my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a "*conjectural art*"—that the best physicians make mistakes—that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks—that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all—and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy from drugs—these and many other facts will show that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But, as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes—rich and poor—with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life; and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions!'

a weakness of purpose truly silly and contemptible. He cannot stay, yet he will not go. He has nothing of importance to say, yet he still talks on. He shakes you by the hand, and bids you good-by again and again, and still he is not gone. He cannot stay and dine with you, neither will he let you dine yourself. He cannot sit down, and therefore keeps you standing; or he rises with well-dissembled earnestness, protesting he must go, but it is only to move a foot, and this step accomplished, he doggedly remains in that spot for another half-hour before he again moves. 'Parting is such sweet sorrow,' that he could bid good-by 'till it be morrow.' No limpet ever adhered more pertinaciously to the rock than does he to your side. The trifling conversation stops, the usual commonplaces are exhausted, and you now believe he is really going; but no, it is only to move half-way to the door, where, as if to recompense himself for his desperate effort, he plants himself more immoveably than ever. At last he again relinquishes his position, retrogrades 'unwillingly and slow,' and having arrived at the door, halts, holds by the handle, or plays with his hat, disputing every step with you as determinedly as though retreat were ruin; and there is no speculating with any certainty, although he has so long risen up to go, whether or not he may depart for the next hour. Wo to you if any stairs intervene between him and the street, for if so, he will yet make half a dozen resolute halts before he departs. Till he has positively bidden you good-by at the street-door, and moved away from the threshold, you are uncertain how much longer he intends to draw upon your patience; and at his departure, you find that two or three hours have been frittered away in dull unmeaning good-byes, and are left with vexed temper and dissipated thought, to vainly endeavour, by increased exertion, to redeem the time which has been irrecoverably lost.

To those who are economists of time, and whose time is their estate, and their only one, the visits of such persons are positive inflictions and social nuisances. The busiest and most valuable hours are often sacrificed, and the arrangements of an entire day put out of joint, by such tedious triflers. It is one of the chief principles upon which society is based, that every one should respect his neighbour's property as well as his own; and if these lingerers persist in vexatiously trying our patience, and tediously wasting our time, they must expect to be met with a frown instead of a smile, and their visits shunned instead of sought. That two fond lovers who live but for each other should be loath to separate; that friends whose next meeting will probably be distant, and doubtless uncertain, should protract their good-byes, is natural and pleasing; but it is contemptible, and argues a want of due appreciation of the value of time, and an indecision of purpose unbecoming any one who aspires to the name of man, to waste the time of a friend seen continually, and whose engagements and occupations ought to be a protection from such thoughtless trifling. If the irresolute lingerer stay, let him be in earnest; let it be understood that he intends to stay a while; and if he have any business at all, introduce it at once, remembering that if he deems his own time of little value, his friend may not hold his so cheaply. If he is going, let him be decided; let one good-by, one shake of the hand, suffice, and let him depart promptly, and such decision will not only have a beneficial effect on his own arrangements, but render his future visits more welcome. If every one were thus to protract his call, all punctuality must be sacrificed, the fulfilment of every engagement jeopardised, and the most important arrangements set aside; or the busy must shut themselves up from the annoyance of such lingerers. Many a valuable friend has been lost, many a pleasant companionship broken, by such trifling; for even the kindest eyes cannot be entirely blind to the absurdity of such weakness and irresolution, nor the most equable tempers always brook the vexatious hindrance of such tedious good-byes.

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

MADAME DE VERRE, A TALE OF SAUMUR.

In that pleasant land on the banks of the Loire, where the charms of the scenery are enhanced by those of the climate, in which there are frequently forty days between the 1st of January and the fête of 'St Silvestre,' or the 31st of December, without rain, where oranges are sold at eightpence a-piece, where the late frosts are seldom felt after the middle of May, and the dahlias rarely become black before the 15th of September—in the Garden of France, as the natives love to call the province of Anjou, and in the town of Saumur, dwelt a family called De Verre, of no great rank or celebrity, but possessing a small estate at Chauvigny, from which they added the territorial title to their generic name, and styled themselves De Verre de Chauvigny. Though unmarked by any elevation of rank or ability, they became remarkable from a series of uncommon circumstances in which they were involved. In 1622 or 1623 the heiress of this family married a Monsieur Guy de Verre, who also took the name of De Chauvigny, and by whom she had two sons, Claude and Jacques, who, according to the custom of the country, were indulged in every fancy, and allowed to have their own way, till that way became insupportable to all about them. Then came restraints and restrictions, punishments which produced no other effect than open revolt or secret disobedience, remonstrances which were unheeded, or considered as tyrannical innovations, till at length Master Claude, the eldest hope of the family, took the resolution of abandoning his home, and departing secretly, was not heard of for several years. All that his parents could learn led them to suppose that he had enlisted in the army under a false name; but nothing could be discovered which gave them any hope of recovering the fugitive. In the meanwhile Jacques the younger son, who was rather less headstrong than his brother, remained with his family, and after the death of his father, which took place in 1638, removed with his mother to Saumur, where he led a life of idleness and inactivity.

Every one who has dwelt in a country town knows the effect produced by the arrival of a regiment of soldiers in the place; how not only the idle and unemployed, but even the industrious and the busy, quit their labours for a while, to gaze on the novelty which thus happily breaks in upon the monotony of their lives. No wonder, then, that the arrival of a regiment of guards in the quiet town of Saumur threw all the world into a fever of delight. Groups assembled in every quarter through which the soldiers were expected to pass an hour and a half before they could possibly arrive, and amongst these expectant gazers, stationed on the bridge which crosses the Loire, was young Jacques de Verre, to whom the anticipated event of the day was a matter of high enjoyment. When the long-looked-for band arrived, greatly excited by the scene, struck by some fancied resemblance, and perhaps inspired with some previous idea vaguely conceived, he suddenly exclaimed, pointing to one of the passing soldiers, 'There's my brother Claude de Verre.' The man to whom he alluded caught the words, and laughing at the idea, nodded familiarly to the speaker, inquiring at the same time of one of the spectators the name of the youngster; and having, on arrival at his quarters, obtained farther information respecting the family, conceived the idea that, in taking upon him the character thus unexpectedly offered him, he might make his sojourn at Saumur both profitable and amusing. In the meanwhile Jacques, fully confirmed in his strange delusion by the smiles and nods of the soldier, hurried home with the news of

his brother's arrival. The truth of the tale was not for a moment questioned by his mother and family, who seemed fully prepared to deceive themselves—an event sometimes not very difficult with wiser persons than Madame de Verre, who, on the soldier presenting himself, gladly received him as her long lost son. The impostor was fêted and caressed as indulgent mammas are prone to fête and caress a prodigal son, and introduced to her friends and acquaintance as her first-born, Claude de Verre. The soldier, whose real name was Fedy d'Eranderie, passed a jovial time during the stay of his regiment at Saumur, and when ordered into Normandy, departed, carrying with him the maternal blessing, and a good store of ecus, which he probably estimated still more highly. In Normandy he married a Mademoiselle Dauplè, and took care duly to inform his adopted family in Anjou of the joyful event; some time after which, the affectionate son, having obtained leave of absence, returned to visit Madame de Verre, and had scarcely been more than a week at Saumur, when he appeared overwhelmed with grief. He had received information, he said, that his dear wife was dead, and was inconsolable for another week, but yielded at last to the kind exertions of his friends to cheer and comfort him. Fedy was a good-looking youth; his mourning habit became him; and the deep grief he had expressed for his lost wife made him a peculiarly interesting object to the unmarried ladies of the town, many of whom seemed anxious to repair the sad loss he had experienced; amongst others a certain Mademoiselle Allard, who, being possessed of some fortune, and well born, was considered by Fedy and his adopted family as a fit and proper match. An extension of his leave of absence was obtained, and in due time the marriage took place, Madame de Verre and her younger son Jacques being witnesses to the marriage contract, in which the adventurer was specified to be the son of Madame, and her husband, the late Guy de Verre de Chauvigny. The honeymoon sped swiftly away, and in due time, like other married people, their life went on in its usual tranquil peace, and Fedy became the father of two children; but a storm was at hand, entirely unforeseen by all the parties interested.

A stranger presented himself at the house of Madame de Verre, and with all due preparation, to avoid shocking her maternal feelings by too sudden joy, declared himself to be Claude de Verre, her eldest son. Instead of being received, as he had expected, with open arms, the stranger was desired to withdraw, as Madame was not to be deceived by such an audacious falsehood. 'Her son Claude,' she said, 'had been found long ago, and was living happily in the bosom of his family.' The new claimant, however, was not to be so easily disposed of. He possessed documents which could not be controverted, more especially when the flight of Fedy betrayed his imposture. The friends of Madame de Verre, who had never for a moment questioned the authenticity of the fugitive, and had protested that they should have recognised him anywhere as their old friend and acquaintance, were now astonished at her having been so easily deceived, and wondered that she should have listened for a moment to the absurd fancy of Jacques, without any question or inquiry; and were really sorry to say that they thought she had acted with great imprudence—not to say folly and weakness. But the annoyance of poor Madame de Verre and her younger son was not confined to these obliging remarks upon their conduct. The family of Mademoiselle Allard sought redress from the supposed mother-in-law and her son, as witnesses to the marriage contract, and demanded compensation. Law proceedings were instituted, and the strange tale spread throughout the land; when, to add to the dismay of the parties interested, the plot was thickened by the unexpected appearance of Mademoiselle Dauplè, whom the faithless Fedy had married in Normandy under the name of Claude de Verre, and whose feigned death he had so affectionately lamented.

The real hero of the tale—the veritable eldest son of the house of De Chauvigny—established his claim to his birthright by certificates of his service in his regiment, of his being taken prisoner at Valenciennes, his detention there, and subsequent release; all which were clearly proved. The two wives of Fedy d'Eranderie, thrown into the greatest distress, were disposed to make claims upon the real person whose fictitious substitute they had married. They each demanded to be received as his wife, and to have their children legitimated by him. But Claude felt himself under no obligation to either lady; and when they resorted to legal proceedings, he resolutely defended himself. The cause was finally brought before the parliament of Paris, where it was decided that the real Claude should enjoy his right, but that the ladies must abandon all claim to him. The impostor was condemned to death, *par contumace;* but he had vanished for ever. Madame de Verre and her younger son were condemned to pay a fine of 2000 livres to Mademoiselle Allard, whose children were declared legitimate, though the marriage was pronounced to be null and void, in consequence of the pre-contract with Mademoiselle Dauplè, who obtained no verdict at all; it being evident that the family of De Verre were not cognizant of her marriage with the impostor till after that event had taken place.

[We expect in an early number to be able to present an account of a case of recent occurrence in England, nearly similar to that of Claude de Verre.]

ETCHINGS FROM ORDINARY LIFE.

THERE are millions whose rise and progress in the world furnish most instructive examples, but who, from the quiet tenor of their lives, come not within the scope of public biography. We have often thought that memoirs of virtuous and successful men engaged in ordinary pursuits, if drawn up in a pleasing form, would be of more utility to the bulk of society than even the biographies of the great and renowned. In the latter case ambition may be excited; but it is only one in a thousand, endowed with extraordinary talents, fostered by patronage, or favoured by wealth and other adventitious circumstances, who can hope to imitate the model placed before him. Not so with the successful man in ordinary life. There is nothing in his career—no circumstances of birth, fortune, patronage, or uncommon talent—to forbid the emulation of any other individual; no obstacle which prudence, diligence, good dispositions, and fair-dealing may not overcome; no success which is beyond the power of these virtues to attain. It is from the histories of such men that we intend to present our readers with an occasional etching, giving veritable memoirs, but suppressing names where we know that the reverse would be unpleasing to those who have all along lived in the privacy of their own business circle. We begin with one whom we especially esteem, one whose intelligence, liberality, and frankness of manners, are passports to the affections of every man who has the good luck to be acquainted with—

THE RETIRED ENGINEER.

James Crawford, for so we shall call him, was born in a Lowland hamlet about fifty years ago, the youngest of three brothers, and the fifth in a family of seven. His father was joiner, cart, and mill wright to the surrounding tenantry; a humble but comfortable situation, as every one knows who is acquainted with the amount of business in this line which has been required in well-farmed districts since the beginning of the present century. James was educated at the school of his native parish, and well it was for him that the death of the ancient oddity who had usurped the instruction of the

parishioners for the previous sixty years, placed him under the tuition of a really amiable and well-educated man. Another advantage which he enjoyed was, that his elder brothers were beginning to be useful to their father in his yearly increasing business just as he was at the proper age for being educated. It was also the meridian of the thrashing-mill era, when flails were disappearing on every side, and no man was more busily or successfully employed than old Crawford. This fortunate juncture of affairs induced the old man to give his youngest son the best education which the schoolmaster could impart. Nor was the teacher slack in the performance of his duty; for, independent of the love he had for the tractability and innocent humour of the boy, he had also a dash of pride in his composition, and saw in the aptitude and acquirements of his scholars nothing so obvious as his own abilities. The fact is, he had a hobby; ciphering and mathematics were his chief delight, and to excel in these was the sure passport of the pupil to his affections. This it was which knit him so strongly to Jamie Crawford, than whom no boy could calculate with greater rapidity, draw a more accurate diagram, or solve a more intricate problem; and it was a vile slander on the part of the parish that attributed any part of the schoolmaster's affection to the presents which came from the dairy or poultry-yard of Mrs Crawford, or to the pretty face and handsome figure of her eldest daughter.

At the age of fifteen—there were happily fewer men-boys at that period than there are now—young Crawford was apprenticed to his father. We say *apprenticed*, for the old man, however indulgent to his family, was in his humble way a man of method, making no difference in the workshop between his own sons and the sons of those who came to learn under him. This resolution of binding James to the millwright's bench was not without remonstrance from Mrs Crawford and the schoolmaster, who talked of the boy's abilities, and of how easy it would be for the father, now that he could employ some six or eight workmen, 'to make something' of at least one of the family. The old man, however, had taken his resolution, and being somewhat *sicker*—a quality which he used to boast of having transmitted to his offspring—it was in vain to attempt reasoning him out of the matter. 'I dinna ken,' he would say, 'what ye mean by *makin' something o' him*, but I ken what a millwright is; and sae lang as he has his hands, he'll aye hae them to depend on. I'll mak his hands, and if he has got as gude a head as ye say, he'll soon hae the less need to use them.' In all this we cannot but think old Crawford was right: his son by a college education might have become a teacher, preacher, or even professor, but which, or if any of these, was a matter of the utmost doubt; whereas with the prospects which presented themselves to the practical engineer about thirty years ago, there was an absolute certainty of a young man of talent, steadiness, and perseverance, rising to eminence. The determination being taken, James applied himself to his tools with the utmost good-will, exhibiting the same docility, obliging disposition, and inoffensive humour which he had shown at school — making no pretensions, but doing everything well which he undertook; perpetually scheming and devising, so as to bring out the desired result with the least possible amount of labour. Nobody seeing the quiet steady boy at his bench could have predicted his future success, for up to this time he had shown no peculiar aptitude for mechanics. The stories which his mother used to tell in after-years of his juvenile ingenuity, might be told of any dozen boys having the same facilities. There was nothing very wonderful in the pigmy water-wheels with which he studded every rivulet, in his miniature windmill and pump, or in the work-box with the secret drawers which he constructed for his sister. Nor was there anything uncommon in a child of twelve lopping off his finger-nail while whittling with his father's tools; and the boy who cut asunder his drum to discover what caused the sound, showed quite as much curiosity as James Crawford, when he got himself nearly crushed to death by creeping inside a thrashing-mill to see how the machinery separated the grain from the straw.

During his apprenticeship, however, his mechanical genius began to develop itself. The same mental powers which had been trained to the solution of Euclid's problems, enabled him to contrive new adaptations of the machinery which his father constructed. His faculty for calculation was ever in request; and the plans which cost his father and elder brothers whole days of anxious labour, he sketched off in one-tenth of the time with the greatest precision. Nor was he less beloved for his obliging manners than on account of his abilities. He was the favourite at home, as he was in the neighbourhood, where his drollery was occasionally playing off some innocent trick; as in the construction of a musical snuff-box, which, when opened by the boys in church on Sunday, it was impossible to stop; in a similar contrivance which had half-a-dozen apparent openings, but none of which was the real one; or in the framing of a harmless man-trap, to catch the young ploughmen who were in the habit of serenading the girls of the neighbouring farm.

It was not in the mere acquirement of his handicraft that he spent the years of his apprenticeship; he was an industrious reader whenever opportunity offered, spending every spare penny in the purchase of books relating more especially to his own profession. This of itself cost no small amount of self-denial, for there were no Penny Cyclopædias or People's Editions in those days, and the income of a millwright's apprentice could not, unless under the impulse of a powerful determination, well afford the luxury of books and periodicals. Still, he stuck to his bench and books, improving himself as a draughtsman, and suggesting improvements on agricultural implements and machines. Being the best scholar and draughtsman in the little country workshop, he was occasionally sent to a distance to inspect and take drawings of new implements, of which a number were then beginning to make their appearance. On one of these occasions he visited Glasgow, then rapidly rising into commercial importance, and had, under the guidance of a workman who had been some time with his father, the good fortune to be admitted into several mechanical establishments. What he then saw struck him with more than wonder: the founderies, spinning-mills, steam-engines, and steamboats (the latter were still in a great measure novelties, under the enterprise of Bell, Dodds, Napier, and others), were to him like works of enchantment, compared with the country machines fashioned in his father's workshop. From this time his mind received a new impulse; and after a ten days' sojourn in the west, he returned with reluctance to his native hamlet. His soul was now centred in Glasgow, whither he was determined to go as soon as his apprenticeship was concluded. To fit himself the better for this new scheme, the whole of his spare moments were devoted to the study of machines and mechanical drawings; and many were the secret half-crowns which his mother gave him for the prosecution of his object, convinced, as she used to say in after-life, that Jamie's learning would 'mak him gang wi' an evener-up back than ever his father had done.' His ingenuity, which was accidentally brought under the notice of an individual then extensively speculating in Canadian land lots, procured him one of the most handsome offers that could be made to a young lad of nineteen. This, alike to father and son, was a powerful temptation; but James Crawford stuck to the terms of his indenture; and well it was, for although a township in Canada still retains the name of his would-be patron, that individual slipped from life a few years after rather more suddenly than honest men wish to do, leaving his employees a flush of I. O. U.'s, and somewhat above twenty thousand pounds less than nothing wherewith to pay them.

In the spring of 1818 James Crawford left his father's workshop for that of an extensively-employed engineer in Glasgow, carrying with him little more of the world's wealth than his tools, drawing instruments, books, and working-clothes. In this establishment he found all that scope for improvement which he had so ardently desired; and in less than eighteen months was advanced from the bench to be draughtsman and overseer of one of the most important departments. In this capacity he had occasion at one time to visit the iron districts of Wales; and the manner in which he executed his commission, and the information which he otherwise collected, proved so valuable to his employers in regard to one of their iron-founding concerns in Lanarkshire, that without hesitation they installed him junior partner in their business. In the new and unexpected position to which he found himself elevated, James Crawford retained all his former modest and unpretending manners, his usual frankness and affability. He clung to his desk and workshop with redoubled assiduity, keeping his eye on every new invention relative to the branches of engineering in which the firm were engaged. For this purpose, as well as for other matters connected with the business, he paid frequent visits to other districts, such as Wales, Cornwall, Newcastle, and Birmingham, and on one occasion to Belgium—a tour which, above all others, delighted him, and of which he drew up a sketch, evincing a degree of penetration which would have made him, had he directed his attention to that line, as clever a statist and political economist as he was now an engineer. In consequence of some misunderstanding, the original partners separated in 1827, and upon this James Crawford found himself in company with the senior member, and virtually at the head of one of the best machine factories on the Clyde. In a couple of years death removed his co-partner, full of years, riches, and honour, and left him the sole proprietor of a business worth three thousand a-year, independent of the capital he had managed to acquire during the previous years of his co-partnery. His career henceforth as a man of business furnishes few incidents. He acted, as he had all along done, upon the maxim which cannot be too frequently impressed on the minds of the young, that

> To do
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.

A large and rapidly-rising manufacturing town furnished abundance of orders, which he ever made a point of executing to the best of his abilities, giving a good article at a fair price, and keeping such workmen as were steady in their habits and thoroughly acquainted with their business. Receiving first-rate wages, and made as comfortable in all respects as the nature of their profession would admit of, his workmen were really a set of exemplary fellows, so much so, that 'a Crawford's man' soon became synonymous with an artisan of the first class. In his business with other men Mr Crawford was always prompt and punctual, rigorously performing every promise, and making a point to exact the same of others in return. With this hereditary *sickerness*, he retained his frank and obliging manners—a man of strict business habits, but the most social and agreeable of companions 'when that same business,' as he used to say, 'was locked up in the counting-room.'

During all this tissue of success, the reader will naturally be inquiring what of the Crawfords in the country hamlet? This is easily and satisfactorily answered. James Crawford, on his promotion as junior partner, had married one of his early school companions, a farmer's daughter; and having no children, he was enabled to bestow the greater attention on his relatives. Old Crawford had died shortly after James had left the paternal roof, in consequence of an injury which he received from a fall; the second brother had emigrated to Canada; and the elder retained the country business of millwright. The surviving sisters, two in number, had married decent tradesmen; and at the time of James's first promotion, his mother was in the enjoyment of a cottage and garden, and a few hundred pounds which his father had earned. For these his poor relatives he did all that a kind and prudent son and brother could do. Acting upon the maxim of making every man, if possible, rely upon his own exertions, he did not foolishly squander among them his money, nor did he bring them to live in a sphere which old-established habits rendered them incapable of enjoying. On the contrary, he kept them in their accustomed spheres, yet made them to rise, as it were, by their own endeavours. Thus his brother has at the present moment one of the most extensive businesses as agricultural implement-maker and millwright; his mother (some time dead) was kept comfortably in her little cottage, enjoying her cows and poultry as she did when he was a boy; his sisters' husbands, unfitted, through want of education, to high duties, were assisted to other means of earning their livelihood than by manual labour; while their children, by Mr Crawford's kindness, were educated for higher professions. 'I cannot tame the old sparrows,' he would say, 'but I'll catch their brood as young as I can.' One nephew is now a surgeon, another a merchant; a third was at one time accountant in his uncle's office, but swindled him out of a couple of thousands by forgery, and fled to America; and a fourth, trained as an engineer, was associated with him in partnership in 1839. Thus he provided for his relatives; not forgetting his old teacher, who received, while alive, numerous presents of the best books and finest instruments—donations which he prized beyond money or estates.

Thus did James Crawford actively and steadily pursue his career till 1841, when he bequeathed to his nephew the good-will of his business, and retired on a fortune of L.50,000, and the annual proceeds of several patent inventions. He could have easily held on, and trebled that sum; but he had no heart for lucre, and only sought such a competence as that to which he thought his diligence and toil entitled him. Five years had he been an apprentice, four a journeyman, and twenty in business on his own account; and all this was surely deserving of the leisure and quietude of a country life. For this purpose he purchased a snug little estate in his native county—the height and consummation, be it told, of his worthy lady's ambition. In his business he was no doubt eminently successful; but his success was only the natural reward of his talent, diligence, and perseverance. With the exception of the loss by his nephew, and another by a joint-stock speculation (which, by the way, was the first and last of his *specs*), he met with no heavy losses. He seldom required pecuniary accommodation, and as seldom granted it. Amid all the crises and crashings which have taken place during the last fifteen years, he stood unscathed; and for this reason, that he never speculated or carried his business beyond his means. He might have attempted, like some, to make ten thousand instead of three thousand a-year, but to do so, he must have laid himself under bank obligation, and put himself helplessly within the power of those sudden fluctuations in market value which have proved so disastrous. This he avoided by being prudently contented with his ways and means, and undertaking no more than could be properly conducted under his own personal superintendence; the result of which procedure has been his present repose and independence. He is yet a hale man, and thus reasonably enjoys himself and his fortune, instead, as is too frequently the case with the mercantile, who toil to amass enormous fortunes till old age overtakes them, and then withdraw amid disease and decrepitude when enjoyment is out of the question.

And now that our engineer was 'a country gentleman,' he carried to his estate the same improving and enterprising spirit. The old manor-house was pulled down (for it was in ruins, the estate having been worn

out and beggared by the spendthrift son of an ancient family), and a new and elegant mansion erected in its stead. Water and gas-light, conveniencies hitherto unknown in country residences, were introduced into every apartment, while baths and heating apparatus were established for the general comfort. Lawns, roads, gates, cottages, &c. underwent a complete revolution; and the neighbouring lairds even ventured occasionally to sneer at the 'engineer's improvements.' Now, however, as great a revolution has taken place in their minds as he produced on his estate. They are beginning to envy the comforts and elegances of the engineer's mansion, and those who can are rapidly following his example. With respect to his lands, the same spirit manifested itself; and being fortunate in having three intelligent and enterprising farmers, his endeavours met with a ready co-operation. New modes of farming, better roads, better constructed farmsteads, improved implements, and the like, are now to be seen on the estate; and the surrounding tenantry, who at first jeered at his schemes and 'newfangled notions,' have been utterly confounded by the crops which they see raised on the Crawford estate. 'Od, I'm thinking he's no sic a fule after a',' remarks Farmer Brown. 'Nay, nay,' says his brother, 'it's no a fule nowadays that can make fifty thousand in twenty years.' 'That may be,' retorts Farmer Smith, 'but a fule may gather money, when it requires a wise man to spend it.' Such are the sage remarks of the neighbours on the subject of Mr Crawford's improvements; though it is perfectly obvious that they are following in his footsteps as fast as their landlord's means will allow. Our retired friend, besides, is in the highest esteem in the district; looked up to, advised with, and sought after. He is in the happy enjoyment of his well-earned fortune, employing it usefully and beneficially, and fulfilling every duty of a British landlord.

Such has been the career of the retired engineer. Is there anything in his case which is beyond the power of an ordinary man to imitate? He was nothing indebted to fortune, to birth, or to accident; he married no wealthy widow, no rich master's daughter fell in love with him, nor did he ripen under the sunshine of any man's or party's patronage. He devoted himself to his business; read, studied, and improved himself, while others were idling or dissipating. He lost no opportunity of acquainting himself with new discoveries and inventions, travelling many miles on foot when he was too poor to take the public conveyance. He had a kindly disposition, was affable, honest, and trustworthy. Above all things, he adhered to one pursuit: his business was the centre to which he made all his other acquirements converge. He was not led into ruinous speculations by ambition, but strove to do his best in the line he had chosen; and the result has been, an age of honourable ease and independence.

THE FAIRIES NOT LOST.

The fairies are gone! Oberon and Titania, with all their train, lie embalmed in the winding-sheet of the poet's fancy; but he who contemplates his fellow-beings with the eye of imagination, will raise up to himself a vision of beauty and heart-stirring truth, that will compensate him for all the turmoils of world-cares and anxieties. Look at those fairy beings of the *material* world—those tender buds of humanity, the little children around us—what creation of the poet's brain can compare with those lovely little creatures for trickery, waywardness, and pretty caprices? Talk of Robin Goodfellow's laugh! What a genuine thing is the laugh of a child! It is as if sorrow never had been, and never could be, the companion of that soul. There we have the spirit of Puck in our homes and in our streets—the spirit of irrepressible and unaffected merriment. The creative power of the fancy is a blessed gift in itself; but he substantiates that gift who converts it into the ordinary occurrences of daily life, drawing from them the honey-bag of sweet and joyous thoughts; and I am one who, having had my sorrows, can still believe that there is a sunny side to almost all the events of our life, if we will but turn to it with a sincere and faithful heart. No fairy mirth ever exceeded the mirth of happy children. Only observe a bevy of them seated on a door-step, joining in tiny chorus to the directing melody of an elder precentor. The soul of music is there, for it is the music of the heart. The dance of fairies round a mole-hill of wild thyme, footing it to the cricket's song, is a lovely object of the fancy; but look at a knot of infants, hand in hand, or holding each other's frocks, dancing to a street-organ. How absorbed are they in their pastime! how zealously they perform their little rites, totally unconcerned and unconscious of observing eyes! Will any after-occupation in life be more seriously entered upon by them, or more conscientiously fulfilled? Then, for the gravity of children, how profound it is! I know of nothing more intense than the seriously-inquiring face of an infant—the face of Newton on the threshold of a discovery could not have been more eloquent: one might fancy it capable of solving the great mystery of life and death. Again, observe two or three of these little creatures, seated knee to knee, and one of them imparting to the company some recent event that has occurred in the neighbourhood, or is debating the propriety of admitting a fourth to partake in their solemnities; no grave council of state can be more occupied—more earnest. Yet, again, if we are amused with the human jealousies and sparrings of the fairy Oberon and Titania, when each, to obtain possession of the little page left in her care by the Indian woman; his tiny majesty commits himself by royal poutings, and upbraidings, and plots, and crooked chicaneries, while his consort asserts her prerogative by a consistent obstinacy of purpose to retain the boy; so that, as Puck says—

> 'Now they never meet in grove or green,
> By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
> But they do square; that all their elves for fear,
> Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.'

Have we no counterpart in the manœuvrings, and plots, and counter-plots, bickerings, and angers of our little human fairies; their *casus belli* turning, perchance, upon the possession of a doll, or the fee-simple of a doll's house? Truly may it be said that 'the poetry of earth is ceasing never;' for there *is* poetry, or the power of creative intellectual embellishment, to every action and substance throughout all nature; and we do not neutralise or destroy the action or substance by such process of the fancy—we sublimate, and present it in the most agreeable form to the senses.

'Poetry,' says Hazlitt, 'is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself.' In all human beings the poetical faculty (or an apprehensiveness of the beautiful in nature) exists in various degrees of intensity; but it still exists; the consummation of the faculty lies in producing those feelings in the form of winged words. I repeat, therefore, that we have our little fairies of the *material* world—our graceful and lovely children; and he who contemplates them and their miniature ways with an eye of fancy, will multiply his sources of pleasure, and at the same time amplify his own heart's benevolence. The child may indeed be said (in one sense) to be the 'father to the man;' for they read us many a wholesome lesson in sincerity and true wisdom. Little children are the bright emanations of omnipresent lovingkindness; they are the pure snow shed in the dawn, before the smoky atmosphere of day has stained its splendour.

Experience has told us that our term of years is extended by a consociation with children; and I am sure that (next to a conscience void of offence) nothing more tends to keep the heart young, and fresh, and green, amid the winter snows of age, than the habit of accustoming one's self to sympathise with, and take delight in, the actions of this fairy race of our own species. The habit itself keeps the mind young; and the mind im-

perceptibly acts upon the body. This, upon a very essential point, may be denominated 'poetical utilitarianism.'

Let me not be thought indiscreet when I say (for I do say it in the implicit adoration of the unbounded love that dwelt in the Divine Speaker), 'Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

[Extracted, with the concurrence of the author, from Mr Charles Cowden Clarke's Lectures on English Poetry—section on the Midsummer Night's Dream.]

THE FIRST BOOKS.

Among the Greeks the earliest books were in verse, which has everywhere been prior to prose. The oldest book extant *in prose* is Herodotus's History. The most ancient printed book *with a date* is a psalter—the truly beautiful *Psaltorum Codex*—printed in 1457 at Mentz (that is, Mayence, on the Rhine)—not at Metz, as sometimes stated, which is situated in the ancient province of Lorraine. Caxton printed Raoul le Fevre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes* (without printer's name, place, or date), which, there is every reason to conclude, was the first book ever printed *in the French language*. Mr Hallam states that the earliest works printed *in France* bear the date of 1470 and 1471, whilst there is little doubt that Caxton's impression of the Recueil was printed during the life of the Duke of Burgundy, to whom its author was chaplain, and, therefore, in or before 1467. Caxton commenced a translation at Bruges in 1468, and finished it at Cologne in 1471; this was the first book printed *in English*. In a little book entitled Francis Adams's *Writing Tables, with Sundry Necessarye Rules* (1594), we read that 'Printing was found out at Mentz in 1459, and first brought to London by William Caxton, mercer.'

The first book printed *in England* is said to have emanated from Oxford in 1468, under the title of *Exposicio Sancti Jeronimi in Simbolo Apostolorum*. Its claims to be regarded in this light have, however, been much discussed, and will be found summed up in Mr S. W. Singer's treatise upon it, privately printed in 1812. Mr Bagford and Mr Lewis are of opinion that the first work printed in England was *The Game and Playe of Chesse, translated out of the French, and imprinted by William Caxton. Fynysshed the last day of Marche*, A.D. 1474. It is certainly the first book to which Caxton has affixed a date, and is consequently highly prized by book collectors. Trevisa's translation of Glanville's treatise *De Proprietatibus Rerum*, printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1507, is the first book *printed on paper made in England*. The first book containing *English woodcuts* is Caxton's *Mirrour of the World* (1481), a folio volume so rare and valuable, that the Duke of Roxburgh's copy of it sold for three hundred and fifty-one pounds fifteen shillings, and even a damaged copy has been sold for nearly twelve pounds. Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso* (1590) is the first English work containing *copper-plates*. The first collection of *English maps* is Saxton's folio volume, now extremely rare in its perfect condition, consisting of thirty-five maps and an illuminated portrait of Queen Elizabeth, published in London 1579. Hearne says he 'often consulted Saxton's maps, and found them of great advantage.' The first *county history* published in England is Lambarde's *Peramblulation of Kent* (1576). The first *printed* volume containing *English verses* is John Watton, or Wotton's *Speculum Christiani*, printed at London by William Machlinia, and now exceedingly rare, a copy of it being valued at from fifteen to thirty guineas. Surrey's translations of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid* are universally allowed to be the earliest English specimens of that noblest of all metres, blank verse. The first book published on the subject of genealogy was Kelton's *Chronycle*, printed in 1547, with a genealogy of Edward VI. *Ferrex and Porrex*, written by Sackville, who died in 1608, is the first regular English tragedy. The first *English Bible* was published by Miles Coverdale, who died in 1568. *The Almanac for Twenty-five Years*, printed in 1577, is the first almanac ever published. The first London bookseller's catalogue is that of Andrew Maunsell, who published in folio *The First Part of the Catalogue of English Printed Bookes* (London, 1595); though we have seen the priority ascribed to Robert Scott's *Catalogus Librorum ex Variis Europe partibus advectorum* (1674). The first printed notice of Shakspeare *by name* occurs in a work entitled *Polimanteia*, or the Means to Judge of the Fall of a Commonwealth, whereunto is annexed a Letter from England to her three Daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, Inns of Court, by W. C. (Cambridge, 1594). Mr Clerk, a landsman, was the first who reduced our *naval tactics* to a systematic form, and his excellent treatise was a great favourite with Nelson, who would frequently desire his chaplain, Mr Scott, to read it to him. The first English book upon *navigation* was published in 1626, and entitled *An Accidence, or Pathway to Experience, Necessary for all Young Seamen, or those that are desirous of going to Sea: by Captain John Smith, sometime Governor of Virginia, and Admiral of New England.* The author says in his dedication, 'I have been persuaded to print this discourse, being a subject I never see writ before.'

One Roberts was the first systematic writer upon *trade* in the English language, and his treatise upon the subject, entitled *The Merchant's Mapp of Commerce* (1638), to which his portrait is attached, gained him great reputation. The first book on *surveying*, published in England, is Sir Richard de Benese's *Boke of Measuring of Lande, as well of Woodland as Plowland, and Pasture in the Field; to Compt the true Nombre of Acres of the same* (1560). To be sure there is a *Boke of Surveying* printed earlier—about 1540—but it relates only to agriculture. Robert Record, who died in 1558 in the King's Bench prison, where he was confined for debt, was the first person who wrote on arithmetic in English (that is, anything of a higher cast than the works mentioned by Tonstall); also the first who wrote on geometry in English; the first who introduced algebra into England; the first who wrote on astronomy and the doctrine of the sphere in English; and finally, the first Englishman (in all probability) who adopted the system of Copernicus. The very rare and valuable work by Apicius Cœlius, entitled *De Arte Coquinaria, Libri X*, published at Mediolani in 1498, is the first printed treatise on cookery, and is an exceedingly curious book, throwing much light on the feasts of the ancients. Copies of it have sold for prices varying from two to ten guineas. But in beauty it is surpassed by the great Italian receipt book, entitled *Ricettario Fiorentino* (1574), a folio volume, wherein the culinary art is handed to posterity in splendid print, enriched with woodcuts and an engraved title-page. Bernard Breydenbach's *Sanctarum Peregrinationum in Montem Syon* (Mayence, 1486) is perhaps the first book of *travels* ever published, and contains very remarkable illustrations; amongst others, a view of Venice more than five feet in length, and a map of the Holy Land more than three. The work is in folio, and usually valued at ten guineas. Braun and Hogenberg's six folio volumes, entitled *Civitates Orbis Terrarum*, published at Cologne in 1572, contain the first engraved *perspective* views, including many of places in England, particularly the famous palace of Nonsuch. The first Greek edition of the Psalms of David, and the first Greek impression extant of any part of sacred writ, is the folio edition printed at Mediolani in 1481. A copy of this rare work, bought of a bookseller for the small sum of four shillings, was resold for five guineas to Dr Askew, of whom it was purchased by another person for sixteen guineas.

INDUSTRY AND GENIUS.

There are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence; and many expedients have been invented by which the toil of study might be saved. But

let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

THE DYING GIRL.

And thou art dying, beautiful and young,
When smiles of joy should on thy lips be playing,
And thou shouldst bound with sportive glee along,
Where merry maids are in the meadows maying.
The spring sun shineth through thy window-pane,
The pleasant breeze with balmy breath is sighing,
And thou canst hear the feathered minstrel's strain,
In that still room where thou art pale and dying.

Why is thy spirit summoned to the skies,
Untried by years, unvisited by sorrow?
Why art thou called, ere yet thy gentle eyes
Have feared to look upon the coming morrow?
Thy cheek hath never paled with anxious care,
Thy heart hath never throbbed with guilty sadness;
Even as thyself thy course was pure and fair,
Hallowed by love, and cheered with looks of gladness.

Why didst thou leave thine own immortal heaven,
For earthly guests to cherish and caress thee?
Why unto us wert thou, sweet spirit, given,
And called away when we had learned to bless thee?
Why wert thou fashioned lovely to the sight?
Why were thine eyes with tender radiance streaming?
Why didst thou come, young being of delight,
To fade like mirage on the pilgrim gleaming?

Selfish and weak!—why should we wish thee here?
Pass to thy home, unspotted, happy spirit;
Hasten on blissful wing to that glad sphere,
Where thou wilt glory evermore inherit.
Mingle and dwell among the angel-band;
But, oh! while stars beneath thy path are burning,
Think thou at times upon our sinful land,
And plead for those whose gaze is upwards turning.

—*From 'The Wandering Angel, and Other Poems,'* by John Bolton Rogerson. 1844.

THE PITCHER-PLANT.

There is not, perhaps, among the numerous examples that occur of the provident economy of nature in the vegetable part of the creation, a more remarkable instance of contrivance adapted to circumstances, and of means suited to the end, than what is evidently displayed in a plant which is commonly met with in Ceylon and other islands of the East, and which has obtained the appropriate name of the *pitcher-plant* (*Nepenthes distillatoria*). Being the inhabitant of a tropical climate, and found on the most dry and stony situations, nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, without which it would have withered and perished. To the footstalk of each leaf, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery, or dew falls, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction probably is occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere; and the expansion of the fibre does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water, when gradually absorbed through the handle into the footstalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open. —*Barrow's Cochin-China.*

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

This curious tree, which is a native of Madagascar, belongs to the same natural order (*Musaceæ*) as the plantain and banana. It is known in that island by the name of 'Ravenala,' to general readers as 'The Traveller's Tree,' and to systematic botanists as the *Urania Speciosa*. It forms a striking feature in the scenery, as it does in the economy, of its native country; and is thus described by Mr Backhouse in his recent *Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa*:—Clumps of these trees, composed of several stems rising from the same root, are scattered over the country in all directions. The trunks, or more properly root-stocks, which are about three feet in circumference, sometimes attain to thirty feet in height; but whether of this elevation, or scarcely emerging above ground, they support grand crests of leaves of about four feet long and one foot wide, but often torn into comb-like shreds. The head is of a fan-like form, and the flowers, which are not striking for their beauty, are white, and produced from large horizontal green sheaths. The foot-stalks of the leaves, which are somewhat shorter than the leaves themselves, yield a copious supply of fresh water, very grateful to the traveller, on having their margins cut away near to the base, or forced from contact with those immediately above them, especially those about the middle of the series. The root-stock is of a soft cellular substance, and the fruit, which resembles a small banana, is dry, and not edible. This remarkable vegetable production is said to grow in the most arid countries, and thus to be provided for the refreshment of man in a dry and thirsty land. Probably the water may originate in the condensation of dew, and be collected and retained by the peculiar structure of the leaf: it has a slight taste of the tree, but is not disagreeable.

INFERIORS.

As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so low that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore what benevolence would dictate, prudence should confirm. For he that is cautious of insulting the weakest, and not above obliging the lowest, will have attained such habits of forbearance and of complacency as will secure him the good-will of all that are beneath him, and teach him how to avoid the enmity of all that are above him. For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.—*Colton.*

EMPLOYEES.

They that are in power should be extremely cautious to commit the execution of their plans not only to those who are *able*, but to those who are *willing*. As servants and instruments, it is the duty of the latter to do their best; but their employers are never so sure of them as when their duty is also their *pleasure*. To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you—you have commanded only his hands.—*Colton.*

SELF-CONCEIT.

Those who either, from their own engagements and hurry of business, or from indolence, or from conceit and vanity, *have neglected looking out of themselves*, as far as my experience and observation reach, have from that time not only ceased to advance and improve in their performances, but have gone backward. They may be compared to men who have lived upon their principle till they are reduced to beggary, and left without resources.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

* Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mollett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 7, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London—Saturday, August 22, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 35. New Series. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1844. Price 1½d.

A DAY ON THE BANKS OF DOON.

Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, died forty-eight years ago. Of his children, three sons survive, men now of course arrived at a mature period of life. The eldest, Robert, who is a person of considerable natural talent and accomplishment—a linguist, a geometrician, and, like his father, a poet, though one not reaching the same excellence—is a retired officer of the board of stamps and taxes, Somerset House: he resides in the town of Dumfries, where his father and mother died. The second son, Colonel William Nicol Burns, returned about a twelvemonth ago from India, after an absence of thirty-two years. The third, Major James Glencairn Burns, has for some years lived with his family at Gravesend. The two last belonged to the Indian army, and their services have secured them the means of independence for life. When these two gentlemen visited their native country last summer, it occurred to several kindly-hearted persons that the occasion demanded some public notice. The children of Burns were nearly unknown in a land with which their father's name was indivisibly connected. The comparative neglect with which the great poet had been treated in his lifetime, might yet be in some degree expiated by honours paid to those who, if he had been alive, would have been most dear to him. It was therefore right and fitting that a ceremonial welcome should be given by the people of Scotland to these inheritors of an illustrious name. The justness of these views was acknowledged as soon as they were propounded, and that in so cordial a manner, that it was quickly determined to erect, near Burns's native cot on the banks of Doon, a pavilion calculated for the accommodation of a large company, a field being at the same time set apart for the reception of the multitude not immediately concerned in the proceedings. All proper preparations being accordingly made, the fête took place on the 6th of August.

I left Edinburgh to attend the festival on the preceding evening, accompanied by a large party, amidst whom I had the pleasure of including my esteemed friend Mrs S. C. Hall, besides several other labourers in the field of literature. The rapidity of a railway journey, a fine evening, and the anticipation of the morrow's excitements, conspired to raise our spirits to a high pitch, and to make the time pass with more than its usual speed. Dashing quickly through Glasgow, we were transferred to the Ayr railway amidst a scene of pell-mell confusion which left us nothing for our luggage but a desperate exercise of faith. Just as I was resigning myself in spirit to the mercy of Fortune, a wheel (not hers, but a cart's), which a woman was endeavouring with frantic energy to raise to the top of our carriage, had nearly fallen upon me. However, after great struggles, we attained comfortable seats, and were soon gliding swiftly over the dales of Renfrewshire. A brush through the chimneys of Paisley—a stoppage—another rapid shoot over the country—another village, and another stoppage—a lovely lake, across which the snipes glided slowly and unalarmedly away at our approach—and then a passing survey of the milk-producing slopes of Cunningham, brought us far on our journey. And now the sun set behind the hills above Largs, descending through alternate bars of blackness and of gold; and then out we burst upon the low sandy coast of Kyle, with the magnificent serrated outline of Arran walling the opposite side of the Firth of Clyde, the surface of which was only sufficiently ruffled to give life to the glitter which was cast down upon it from the glowing west. A few more stoppages at the little towns upon our way, and we arrived in Ayr about nine o'clock.

It became evident to us, as we wended to our hotel, that the town had got into a state of intense excitement. The streets were all alive with crowds streaming wildly to and fro. Criers vociferously proclaimed broadsides of the festival. Men were busy here and there adorning triumphal arches with flowers and evergreens. Several shows were in full clang and outcry. Carriages were perpetually driving up to hotel doors in a state of distraction, and then plunging away again. We got into our engaged apartments at the King's Arms in that peculiar state of mind which only recognises an intense fear lest everything should be done in ten minutes. We set to an extensive tea in a frantic haste worthy of a mail-coach stoppage with the first horn already blown; and it was not till all was done and carried off, that we began to think there was perhaps no need for having been in such a hurry, seeing that we had nothing to do till next day. Every one was, however, determined to be very happy. There being a pianoforte in the room, we had a merry strain struck up, and a dance effected by the younger members of the party. Songs, too, were sung, and all the jokes of the earlier part of the journey reviewed, and once more laughed over. Parties who had been in two several railway carriages told all that had happened them respectively to each other, three several times over. And every few minutes individuals went out of the room and came in again, totally unable to give an account of themselves. All was glee and *abandon*, and everybody professed to be quite sure that the next day was to be one of the most brilliant of the season.

From six in the morning, the bustle and excitement of the streets was renewed. Feet tramped measuredly past; bells rang; drums and fifes sounded from unknown remotenesses. But a sad change had come over the weather: there was a strong east wind, with fog, and cloud, and cold. The anxious peeper, on satisfying himself of this state of things, could only rush back to bed overpowered with the gloom of his feelings. By

and by, the noise and stir of the streets increasing, it became impossible to lie longer. It was now eight o'clock. Waves of fresh people were every now and then pouring into our street from train and steamer, the gentlemen walking arm in arm very statelily, the commoners rushing headlong along, grasping bunchy blue umbrellas in the centre. At intervals a troop would pass, composed of the people of some particular district, or some lodge or society, headed by a flag and a pair of bagpipes or small band. The broad blue bonnet abounded, and there were some specimens of the checked plaid, but not so many as would have been seen in Teviotdale. Pale women, in bombazet gowns and white frills, sat quietly at windows, gazing out at the passing groups. We assembled in the parlour for breakfast, less mirthful than on the preceding night, but still determined to hope the best, notwithstanding that the steel hand of the barometer had sunk half a degree away from the brass one. Things did not look well; but still no one believed that there would be much rain. It might be a dull day, or a few showers; but not a rainy day. The various component portions of the procession were now seen passing towards the place of muster; and still the fresh crowds of comers poured in. The gaiety which brilliant suns give was wanting; but nevertheless there was much animation.

Amidst the bustle we got into a carriage which had been bespoken for us, and with a popular author on the box, another standing on the projecting step at the left side, and an eminent vocalist perched on a similar situation on the right, we were only a few yards from the inn door, when we had to draw up at a side to allow of the passing of 'the procession.' This was a series of bodies more or less public, headed by the magistrates and town councillors, who designed to march in order through the town, and thence to the scene of festivity, three miles off, thus presenting what was now felt to be eminently necessary, a spectacle for the gratification of the assembled multitudes, but a few of whom, it might be readily supposed, were to witness the proceedings in the pavilion. On it came, flanked by thronging masses, and looked on from crowded windows and house-tops—a strange and motley line, chequered with music-bands, and gay with the glory of banners and flags. There were the town officers, with their old-fashioned scarlet coats and odd-shaped halberts. There were the respectably-dressed civic dignitaries. There were the farmers and shepherds of Ayrshire, the children of those amongst whom Burns was reared—the very class to which he belonged, and therefore realising the material man himself to common apprehension. There were the local lodges of free masons, including the Kilwinning *mother lodge*, so called as being the most ancient in Scotland, and the origin of all the rest; all adorned with their various sashes, aprons, and other insignia; and the sword invariably borne by the weakest and oldest-looking man of the party. One group—the St John's Lodge of Greenock—were dressed in black small clothes and white silk stockings, as men would have been fifty years ago for a ball. Next after the masons came King Crispin's masquerade—first a champion in armour; then a handsome and gaily-dressed British prince on horseback, followed by his attendants; then an Indian prince with bow and arrows, also mounted, and duly retinued; then a very grave personage representing King Crispin himself, walking, huge-crowned, truncheoned, with his robe borne by pages, and followed by a very dignified-looking council. Next after were two other masqueraders, but of a different character—Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie. Next a group of Highland chieftains in proper costume; and after these masons again, and Odd Fellows without number. On it came, stretching fully a mile in length, and every twenty yards of it giving, from brass instruments, fifes, drums, and bagpipes, a different tune—the only exception being 'Free and Accepted Masons' from two contiguous bands at once, but on different keys! Most of the tunes were those of well-known songs of Burns. One—'the Peacock'—a beautiful melancholy air—had an affecting association to my mind, remembering it as that to which the ill-starred poet composed his farewell to the Tarbolton Lodge, on contemplating his escape from the calamities which beset him by a voyage to Jamaica. Last in the procession came the workmen of Messrs Smith of Mauchline, the ingenious manufacturers of wooden boxes from one piece, which are now so universally in use—bearing on a small platform a splendid Scotch thistle, which had been reared at Mossgiel, the farm of Burns—

> The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
> Amang the brairded bear—
> *I turned the weeder clips aside,*
> *And spared the symbol dear.*

The two last lines formed a legend painted above the hardy plant itself—lines never to be pronounced by Scottish tongue unmoved—a burst from the heart which would have given Burns a name with us, though all the rest of his verses had been mere commonplace. And thus worthily closed the procession—a semi-grotesque show to many, but to me otherwise; for I had no doubt that half the men composing it were in some way connected through their fathers with the personal history of the wondrous bard of Kyle, and could tell something new about that history, so strangely composed of the merry and sad. There even might be some who had themselves met the poet in the flesh, and enjoyed his eloquence, or withered under his satire. I may here remark that our party encountered, on this occasion, but one person who had seen Burns—an elderly lady, whose head he had patted as she was playing one day at pall-all with a companion in front of the house of Mr Aitken, the friend of the poet, to whom he inscribed his Cotter's Saturday Night—the companion being a daughter of Mr Aitken, with whom Burns was then going to dine. It was something to have even this to say at a time when scores of thousands had come to pay homage to the memory of the great poet.

Ho for the Doon! Roads there were several, but one was set apart for the procession, and forbidden to carriages. We took that nearest to the sea, and soon came in sight of the Brown Hill of Carrick, with its ancient tower of Newark 'bosomed high in tufted trees,' and Greenan erected like a spear on the outmost verge of the cliff overhanging the flood. Dark skies—coldish wind—trees bending to the blast—road-sides full of holiday folk all tending one way. On we go. But now the rain begins to descend, and pity for the white gowns and stockings, and the good summer bonnets. To the left, across several fields, we get glimpses of the stir upon the other road, and of the triumphal arches by which it is glorified. Skirls from pipes are heard too in that direction. And now we pass the cottage at Bridgehouse, where the last surviving member of William Burness's family—his youngest daughter, Isabella—has, by the generosity of her country, obtained a happy, and, I trust, final shelter, with her heroic daughters, from the nipping winds of adversity. We long to see the sister of Burns in a home so fitting in all respects; but the door is closed, and all are away. On, then, by Belleisle and Mount Charles, and along the bank of Doon, to the scene of festivity, which we quickly reach. Here the way-sides were dense with people. Behind us is the natal cot, signalised by a green and flowery arch. Kirk Alloway's yard is dotted with groups of a new kind of worshippers. The trees are laden with boy perchers, half hid in the branches. Every now and then some one tinkles the bell which yet adorns the east end of the deserted house of prayer—realising the character of the place to an unexpecting sense. Before us is the beautiful Corinthian monument—and there is worthy Thomas Hamilton who built it. The pavilion—a vast shingle palace, alive with flaunting flags—is farther on to the left. Glimpses of scaffolds and platforms, and teeming crowds, are caught in the direction of the bridge. The rain is now happily ceased, and the people are at their

ease again. There is even clear sky, and Phœbus seems as if anxious to break out, that he may see the apotheosis of his favourite son. We here left the carriage, which the regulations would allow us no longer to retain, and sought the beautiful cottage of David Auld, half fearful to intrude where so many must needs be besetting him, yet not quite able to resist the temptation, especially as Mrs Hall was desirous of seeing the well celebrated in Tam o' Shanter, which is included in the pleasure-ground. In Mr Auld's vestibule we met the prime personages of the fête coming out from the parlour in which they had assembled, and these, after a few hurried greetings and introductions, we presently accompanied (by invitation) to the scaffold specially erected for them near the pavilion; for the word had been given that the procession was approaching.

The position of this structure at the head of a slope above the old bridge of Doon—the bridge celebrated by Burns—was happily chosen to present the procession in a striking point of view. We had little more than arranged ourselves, when the head of it was seen passing the bridge, beneath a triumphal arch surmounted by the figure of Tam o' Shanter. The Earl of Eglintoune formed the central figure—a handsome nobleman in the prime of life. At his right hand stood Mrs Begg, the bard's sister, a venerable matron in a black dress. On the left were ranged the three sons of Burns, and beyond them stood Professor Wilson. Mr R. B. Begg and his two sisters, Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, Mr R. Carruthers of Inverness, the writer of this paper, and several others, formed a second row, and behind these again stood the Lord Justice General (Boyle), Mr Charles Neaves, advocate, and several of the country gentlemen of Ayrshire. It was most interesting to reflect on some of these conjunctions, particularly on that of the earl with Burns's immediate relations, for his lordship's grandfather (then styled Colonel Montgomery of Coilsfield) was the 'sodger Hugh, my warrior stented' of Burns, and in his house had lived the humble lass whom the poet has made immortal as Highland Mary. Now the descendants of the peer and the peasant were met on different grounds, the latter being the honoured party. Such meltings of the spirit of aristocracy, even in a country where it is said to be more unbending than in any other in the world, may the cogent spirit of intellect achieve. The sons of Burns are men of middle stature, or slightly under it, with a large share of the peculiar aspect of their father, the eldest having exactly his form of head, while William possesses his dark and expressive eyes, as do also Mrs Begg and one of her daughters. A trying scene was now awaiting them.

The procession—the procession—it comes—it is on the bridge. Clang goes the music—deeply sounds the bass drum—wave the flags. Hither moves the face-presenting multitude. Already white handkerchiefs are at some eyes. The neglect of a great poet fifty years ago is now—this day—this hour—to be expiated. Here stand the persons who are to be the objects and recipients of a nation's contrition. Can we doubt that the liberated spirit looks on, and is at length appeased? But here they come, and here they pass, one moment's look of eager curiosity mixed with reverence and love being allowed to each—for still the press is behind. Generally there is silence—the genuine language of such feelings—but whenever a band passes, playing a Burns tune, warmer emotions arise, and burst in long-sustained cheers. The principal persons on the platform receive the throng uncovered, and the long hair of the noble-looking professor streams like meteor on the gale. Not a man passes unmoved, except the solemn Crispin, who, as beseems royal state, alters not a muscle, nor turns an eye. Thousands have now passed—but still they pour along underneath that flying Tam o' Shanter, and thousands are still behind. The brae in front of us is a mass of gazers. And still distant screams of pipes are heard, and flags are caught far off through openings amongst trees. On they move—mass after mass—music after music—and still the handkerchief is seen at those eyes which sixty years ago beheld nightly the reverential scene in the cotter's home. To have lived to see such a day! At length the loft-borne thistle with its legend closes the march, while the last band plays 'Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.' This was worthy climax, and there was no resisting it. Bosoms swelled, and cheers far beyond all that went before burst forth. The thistle itself coming within reach of the professor, he seized a handful of its flowers, and with manful disregard of its punishing prickles—madly forgetful of its national motto—tugged it away from the stem. These were distributed amongst the persons on the platform. It was now time to move off to the pavilion. But all was not yet over. The crowd now closed upon the front of the platform, and endeavours were made by hundreds of eager men—yea, also women—to get a shake of the hand of a Burns. The gentlemen good-humouredly surrendered themselves to this impulse, and gave evidently the highest possible pleasure to scores of their father's admirers. 'I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies!' cried one enthusiastic rustic who had got a shake from the major—quoting an affecting poem, in which the bard alludes to his anxiety for the welfare of his family, then less numerous than it afterwards became. It was in such traits or escapes that I read the real character of this festival—an offering up of a nation's best feelings at the shrine of a name which it can never now think of, without the sense that it belonged to one whose large heart felt for all—the consciousness that that name is now, and ever will be, its glory, as for a time it has been its shame.

The large field of the pavilion was now crowded with the groups which had formed the procession, and with the general multitude, and wild eager enthusiasm pervaded all. We paused not, however, to contemplate this scene, but made our way to the banquet-room, and planted ourselves in a cluster beneath the vice-president's gallery. A vast square room (strictly speaking, 120 feet by 110), having the roof supported by two rows of light pillars, and a gallery at each of the four sides, and having narrow tables with seat-benches placed longitudinally, so that the sitters might all face towards one middle line, had been prepared for this special occasion. By and by the company had all assembled, and quietly taken their places. It was only mortifying to think that there had been no physical possibility of receiving the whole multitude, and that consequently the fête was over to the majority when its most interesting part was only about to begin to the few. About two o'clock the proceedings in the hall commenced by a grace being said by one of the parish clergymen, and the light meal or lunch which had been prepared was then quickly eaten. Let it be observed, however, that the president, the Earl of Eglintoune, had the children and other relations of Burns by his side, besides the Lord Justice General, his own lady, and several gentlemen of local importance; while the vice-president, Mr Wilson, was flanked by a few individuals of the latter character, and by Mr Alison, author of the History of the French Revolution. It now appeared that, although a considerable number of literary men had been invited from England, only one (Mr Charles Mackay, author of 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions') had come; besides whom, the only representatives of the English literary class who graced the festival were Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, and Mr Douglas Jerrold. Even of the literary men of our own country, a lesser number had come than might have been expected; a fact, however, which the absent may well be presumed to have the greatest cause to regret.

It would be inappropriate here to repeat much of what was said by the various speakers, and what the newspapers have already commemorated so well. But I cannot altogether overlook the speeches. That of the president in proposing the memory of Burns was graceful, and even eloquent, although, at the same

time, comparatively short. It has been reported word for word as it was uttered. 'It is only,' his lordship said, 'because I conceive that my official position [lord-lieutenant of Ayrshire] renders me the most formal and fitting, although most inefficient mouthpiece of the inhabitants of this county, that I have ventured to intrude myself before you on this occasion, and to undertake the onerous, although most grateful duty, of proposing in such an assemblage the thrilling toast of the memory of Burns. This is not a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement—it is not a banquet in which a certain number of toasts put down on paper are to be received with marks of approbation—it is the enthusiastic desire of a whole people to pay honour to their national poet. It is the spontaneous outpouring of a nation's feeling towards the illustrious dead, and it is also their desire to extend the hand of welcome and friendship to those whom he has left behind. Here, on the very spot where the poet first drew his breath—on the very ground his genius has hallowed—beside the old kirk which his verse has immortalised—beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to his memory—here we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage at the shrine of genius.' At the words *repentant people*, the whole of the company sprung up as by a preconcerted arrangement, and shouted their assent to the expression. It was a historical moment of the intensest interest. The earl then proceeded to enumerate some of the men of literary talent who were present, and added—'In short, every town, every district, every class, every sex, and every age, have come forward to pay homage to their poet. The honest lads whom he so praised, and whose greatest boast it is that they belong to the Land of Burns, are here. The fair lasses, whom he so prized and sung, have flocked hither to justify by their loveliness their poet's words; while the descendant of those who dwelt in the Castle of Montgomery feels himself only too highly honoured to be permitted to propose the memory of him who wandered, then unknown, along the banks of Ayr. How little did that pious old man, who dwelt in yon humble cottage, when he read the "big ha' Bible"—"his lyart haffets now grown thin and bare"—how little did he guess that the infant which then prattled on his knee would one day be the pride and admiration of a nation—that he would one day be enrolled a chief among the poetic band—in originality second to none; in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the keen perception of the beauties of nature, equal to any who have ever revelled in the fairy-land of poesy. Well may we rejoice that Burns is our own—well may we rejoice that no other spot can claim to be the birthplace of our Homer, except the spot on which we stand. Oh that he could have foreseen the perpetuity of fame he created to himself! oh that he could have foreseen this day, when the manly and the fair, the poet and the historian, the peer and the peasant, vie with each other in paying their tribute of admiration to the untaught but mighty genius whom we now hail as the first of Scotia's poets! If so, it might have alleviated the dreary hours of his sojourn at Mossgiel. It might have brightened the last dark days of his pilgrimage upon earth. And well does the poet deserve our homage. He who portrayed the Cotter's Saturday Night in strains unrivalled in simplicity, and yet in fervid solemnity and truth—he who breathed forth the patriotic words which tell of the glories of a Wallace and a Bruce in language which has immortalised alike the poet and the warrior—he who culled inspiration from the humble daisy, and thundered out the heroic words of the Song of Death—he who murmured forth in strains the very incarnation of poetry and of love, and yet who could hurl forth the bitterest shafts of satire—a poet by the hand of nature, who, despising, as it were, the rules of art, yet triumphed over the very rules which he set at nought—at whose name every Scottish heart beats high—whose name is a household word in the palace as well as the cottage—of whom should we be proud, to whom should we pay homage, if not to our own immortal Burns?'

The address of Professor Wilson, in proposing a welcome to the sons of Burns, was in the happiest strain of that extraordinary man—perhaps the most brilliantly gifted for such a purpose who lives amongst us. Mr Wilson is now near sixty, but hale, florid, and vigorous, as when he stepped the first in all manly exercises, or pedestrianised as an ardent-minded youth the mountains and vales of his native land. Time, if it has thinned his hair, has thereby only rendered more remarkable a magnificent head and face, calculated by nature to express the possession of singular mental gifts. The arm uplifted in eloquent gesticulation, the eye darting keenly forward under the pent-house brows, are as arresting of the soul of the listener as ever. The addresses of this bright-minded person are spoken poems, glowing with beautiful description and generous feeling—eccentric slightly in tone, but noble effusions in the main. After some preliminary observations on the occasion of the meeting, and alluding with tenderness to the failings of Burns, he said—'Among those who are regarded as the benefactors of their race, none can deny that Burns is entitled to hold a distinguished place. Even he it was who reconciled poverty to its hard lot—who lightened the burden of care with his music, and even with its charm sometimes reconciled grief to its grave—he who, by the immortal song, has sanctified for ever the poor man's cot, and that by a picture which genius inspired by piety could alone have conceived—a picture how tender and how true! of that happy night in which, by some sweet transition, the working man is prepared for the hallowed day of God—for that day on which a heavenly calm is breathed over the earth, that is nowhere seen so purely as 'mong those who inhabit the hills and dales of our own beloved land. I hold that such sentiments as these afford a justification of the works and of the character of Burns, both moral and intellectual, that places him beyond the possibility of detraction, amongst the very highest orders of human beings who have benefited their race by expressions of noble sentiment and of glorious thought. Yet I would fain occupy a short time longer, while I say that there is a voice heard above and below, and round about, not the voice of mere admiration, as expressed by men of taste or criticism—a voice which has been heard of old, and which has struck terror to the hearts of tyrants—a voice which it is more delightful to hear in times of peace, for then it is like the sound of distant waters, or the murmur of summer woods, or the noise of the sea which ever rolls even when it rests—I mean the voice of the people of Scotland, the voice of her peasantry and of her trades, the voice of all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—the voice of our working men. I shall not pretend to draw their character, but this I will say, that now, as of old, they do not choose to be dictated to in the choice of those names which with them shall be household words—that they are men from whose hands you might easier wrench the weapon than you may wrench the worship from their hearts. They have chosen for their love men of truth, of sincerity, of integrity, of resolution, and of independence; they have loved the open front and the bold eye which fears not to look upon the face of clay. They do not demand from one and the same person inconsistent virtues; they are no lovers of perfection or perfectibility, and they seem to have loved most those who have been subjected to strong and severe temptations, and who, whether triumphant or failing, have struggled manfully in the fight; whose souls have loved their country, and who have had no passion so strong as the good of the people. Could a people like this look upon Burns, and not admire and love him, reverence his virtues, sympathise with his sorrows, and lament over and reverently cover his faults? Why did they love him? Because he loved his order, nor ever desired for one moment to quit it.

They loved him because he loved the humblest condition of humanity. They loved him for his independence —an independence which has been absurdly denied, because it was sometimes expressed in not sufficiently courteous phrase. But it should be remembered that he stood up not for his own independence only, but for the independence of the class to which he belonged—an independence which in most periods of history has been insulted by the pride of superior station, and often counted absolutely as a crime. They loved him for the sunshine which he threw upon the most despised of their condition—not by representing the poor man as an object for pity, but by showing that there was something nobler to be found in their ranks than the greatest philosopher ever dreamt of—that greater moral purity, or more devotion, piety, and affection, was nowhere to be found than among the tillers of the soil.'

The other speeches of the afternoon were generally well given and well received, and for four hours there was no perceptible relaxation of enjoyment amongst the company. At length the time of parting arrived, and the meeting broke up in as decorous and orderly a manner as it had assembled, not one untoward circumstance of any kind having occurred. Unfortunately, the long suspended rain had now begun to descend, so that the return of the great majority of the banqueters was performed in discomfort. With some little difficulty I got my party of ladies into their coach, and driven back to town, which we found thronged by dabbled strangers of every order, all of whom seemed nevertheless to maintain their good humour, the general feeling being one of thankfulness that the spectacle itself had been effected in fair weather. We spent the evening happily in our room at the King's Arms, and next day returned to Glasgow, fully convinced that Tuesday the 6th of August, 1844, had been by many degrees the most interesting and delightful we had ever known.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE COLUMBIDÆ—PIGEONS.

THE COLUMBIDÆ—represented by the common house-pigeon—are distributed over every region, with the exception of the polar zones. Though early noted for their beauty, and for their gentle and affectionate dispositions, only one out of a great number of species has been brought into subjection to man, and of this one, it may be said that it is lodged and fed rather than domesticated. It is with this species and its varieties that most British readers are familiar, few being aware that there are many other species, nay, genera, rivalling the parrots in the brilliancy of their plumage, and surpassing the quails in the incredible numbers in which they congregate during their migrating seasons. They are all exclusively, or nearly so, vegetable feeders, and being extremely voracious, lay heavy contributions upon the products of human labour—a support which, according to some, is by no means repaid by any service which they perform to man, or by the value of their flesh, feathers, or other exuviæ. Be this as it may, the Columbidæ continue in undiminished numbers, are still regarded as emblematical of all that is gentle and affectionate, and present many peculiarities in structure, habits, and distribution, which render them an interesting family of the feathered race.

Though the pigeons are readily distinguished from any other family, ornithologists are not agreed as to the precise place they should hold in their systems of classification. From their general structure, they have been ranked under the order Rasores or scrapers; while in minor points, and in many of their habits, they resemble the Insessores or perchers. This fact, conjoined with some other circumstances, induced Cuvier, and after him the majority of naturalists, to assign to them a station at the end of the Gallinacea, thus regarding them as a link between the Poultry and Passerine tribes. This arrangement has much to recommend it, in as far as there seems an insensible gradation from the fruit-eating pigeons of Africa and India, with their strong bills, and feet formed for clasping, to the ground-doves of tropical America, which seldom or never perch; and from these, again, to other members of the family, which, by their longer legs, crests, and wattles, approximate still more closely to the true gallinaceous form. Strictly speaking, however, the Columbidæ constitute a family essentially distinct from true poultry birds, and are as much isolated from any other group as are the psittacidæ or parrots. Distinct as they appear when viewed as a whole, they present several remarkable variations among themselves; hence the subdivision of the family into certain groups or genera, as the following:—The fruit-eating pigeons of Africa and India (*Vinago*), magnificently plumaged, and of strict arboreal habits; the turtelines (*Ptilinopus*), also fruit-eaters, but of smaller size and with slenderer beaks than the preceding, and confined to the Indian and Australian islands; the true pigeons (*Columba*), as the house and ring-dove; the turtles (*Turtur*), so well known by the poetical allusions to their gentleness and affection; the ground-doves of South America (*Peristera*), which live almost entirely on the ground; and some other aberrant genera allied to the latter group, which form the so-called transition into the gallinaceous type. These groups or genera, though differing from each other in point of size, brilliancy of plumage, nature of food, and habitat, present a great similarity in what may be termed the general characteristics of the family. None of them are birds of large size, or are furnished with weapons of attack; all are timid and gentle in their dispositions, love quietude, and live exclusively, or nearly so, on vegetable food. They are in general furnished with a fine glossy plumage of various colours; are rather elegant in form; and are all well adapted for flight. They live in a state of devoted monogamy, billing and caressing each other with the warmest attachment, build nests of the simplest construction, lay only two eggs of white colour, rear several broods during the year, both parents engaging in the acts of incubation and feeding the young. The bill is strait, the tip hard and horny, more or less arched, the base covered with a soft naked membrane which partly covers and protects the nostrils. The orbits of the eyes are more or less naked. The feet are furnished with four toes, three before and one behind, and these formed for perching rather than for running or walking. The voice of the Columbidæ differs from that of all other birds, consisting of a simple guttural *coo*, or a repetition of that note upon different keys, and with greater rapidity, according to the passions by which the bird is at the moment inspired. One of their chief peculiarities is the double dilatation of the crop, which expands on each side of the gullet, and which the bird is capable of distending with air, as is remarkably shown in the common cropper or pouter. It is in this receptacle that the food of the young is elaborated, by being impregnated with a milky fluid, this fluid being more or less abundantly secreted according to the age of the squabs. When the brood are very young, their food is disgorged by the parents in a soft and pulpy state; as they grow up, it is less macerated, till they have reached the age of squeakers, and then the grains are expelled from the crop almost in their original condition.* The longevity of the pigeon has been variously estimated, Buffon and others mention seven or nine years as the ultimatum; we ourselves have kept them for fourteen years; and Mr Daniel relates a case of a common house-

* This curious provision in the pigeon is the nearest approach among birds to the mammæ of a higher class of animals. From the changes which take place in the state of the crop during the breeding season, the pigeon may be almost said to have, like the mammalia, periods of lactation. The fluid is of a grayish milky colour, coagulates with acids, and forms curd; so that after all, '*pigeon's milk*' is not the rare and impossible commodity which the common joke supposes.

pigeon having attained the age of twenty-one. Such are the general characteristics of the family; we shall now glance at the distinguishing features of the several genera.

The fruit-eating pigeons (*Vinago*), which inhabit the tropical regions of Africa and Asia, are the most brilliant, as they are the largest of the family. In all of them the predominating colours are green and yellow of various shades, contrasted with patches of azure, purple, or reddish-brown. They live entirely on fruits and berries, for which purpose their beaks are stronger and harder than others of the family, and their feet are almost as well adapted for climbing as those of the parrots. Inhabiting the recesses of the tropical forest, their tints are so arranged, that it is difficult to distinguish them from the verdure and blossom amid which they dwell. In one species, the Vinago Aromatica, this adaptation is very remarkable. The fig of the banyan, on which it feeds, is red, while the leaves are green; and as if to render the security of the animal perfect, its plumage is exactly of the same shade, while its eyes are brilliantly red, so that, according to an observer, 'you might look for many minutes before you can see one, although there may be fifty in the tree.' In their habits, the fruit-eating pigeons are shy and timorous, and are generally seen in limited flocks, except at the breeding season, when they pair and retire into the recesses of the forest. They are all voracious and busy feeders, and some which, at certain seasons, live upon the soft covering or mace of the nutmeg, become so loaded with fat, as frequently, when shot, to burst asunder when they fall to the ground. On this point 'we may notice,' says Mr Selby, 'the remarkable provision Nature has made for the propagation as well as the dissemination of this valuable spice; for the nutmeg itself, which is generally swallowed with the whole of its pulpy covering, passes uninjured through the digestive organs of the bird, and is thus dispersed throughout the group of the Molluccas and other islands of the East. Indeed, from repeated experiments, it appears that an artificial preparation analogous to that which it undergoes in its passage through the bird, is necessary to assure the growth and fertility of the nut; and it was not till after many unsuccessful attempts had been made, that a lixivium of lime, in which the nuts were steeped for a certain time, was found to have the wished-for effect, and induce the germinating tendency.' The turtelines (*Ptilinopus*) are also fruit-eaters, and differ from the preceding genus chiefly in being smaller and of more slender make, having the tail square instead of pointed, and being furnished with a less hardened beak. They are even, if possible, more brilliant in plumage—green, yellow, and orange being the prevailing colours, interspersed with patches of purplish-red and bright blue. They inhabit the Indian archipelago and the islands of the Pacific, luxuriating on the numerous fruits and berries which teem in those sunny climes.

The genus *Columba*, or true pigeons, embraces many species both native and foreign, of whose forms and habits the ring-dove, the wood-pigeon, and the rock or common dovecot pigeon are sufficiently typical. Of this genus, so well known, no description is necessary, unless it be to point out how much their form, colours, &c. are modified by their habits. Like the fruit-eaters, they are wild and timid, usually living in extensive flocks, except during the breeding season, when they separate in pairs. Their food consists chiefly of grain, pulse, acorns, beech-mast, and other seeds, and occasionally of the tender shoots of particular plants. These they gather on the ground; hence their plumage is of a more sombre hue than that of the fruit-eating genera already described. Their bills are also more slender, though still of average strength, and their feet are better adapted for walking than for grasping. Their tails are generally square, and their wings strong and pointed, thus fitting them for long and arduous flights. In all this we perceive the unerring provision of Nature: their colours resemble the objects by which they are generally surrounded, their feet require less-developed grasping powers than the arboreal genera; having no nuts and fruits to break, their beaks are more slender; and having to roam more abroad than the former, which only move, as it were, from tree to tree, their wings and tails are admirably adapted for rapid flight. 'Oh!' says the persecuted Psalmist, 'that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee far hence and be at rest.' The species of this genus are the most widely distributed of all the pigeons, being found in almost every region of the globe. If living on the products of human labour more than any of the others, they are also more useful, inasmuch as their flesh is sapid and nutritious, and their feathers and droppings of considerable value.* Of the many species which rank under the genus Columba, we shall notice only the ring-dove, the rock-dove (the original of the house-pigeon), and some of the more remarkable varieties, as the carriers, pouters, tumblers, &c. which art has produced from that species.

The ring-dove or cushat (*C. palumbus*) is, with the exception of one or two foreign species, the largest of the genus Columba. It inhabits every country in Europe—permanently the southern regions, and periodically those which are subjected to long and severe winters. In Britain it is a constant resident, and must be familiar to every reader. Its hues are very brilliant, forming, with the chestnut-shouldered pigeon of the Pacific, a gradation from the arboreal to the common pigeons. The cushat is a wild and shy bird, loving the recesses of the forest, and incapable of being domesticated, even though hatched and reared within doors, as we ourselves can testify after some dozen of protracted trials. The dovecot or house pigeon—the only species which has been taught to reside in an artificial habitation—will form, if carefully treated, a permanent attachment to its residence; not so the ring-dove, which, however carefully and tenderly reared, will, so soon as it obtains its liberty, betake itself to the nearest plantation. Ring-doves breed twice a-year, in spring and in autumn, during which time they live in pairs; but on the approach of winter they assemble in flocks, and haunt the stubble-fields, or those woods abounding in beech-mast, acorns, and berries. In severe winters they approach the stack-yards, or more frequently the turnip-fields, on the leaves and tops of which root they feed with avidity. And here we may observe a remarkable effect which has been produced on the numbers of the cushat in Scotland by the introduction of the turnip, and the general progress of cultivation. Attentive observers have remarked that this bird has more than trebled its numbers within the last twenty years, partly from obtaining better accommodation in the young woods which have been planted for shelter, and partly from deriving a steadier supply of winter food from the turnip. The ring-dove is therefore an enemy to the farmer, unless it be considered that the havoc which it makes among the seeds of the wild-mustard, charlock, &c.—those pests of cultivated ground—repays in some measure the tax which it levies on the produce of his industry. Its flesh no doubt is excellent, and little inferior to grouse from the beginning of summer till mid-winter; but so soon as the bird partakes of the turnip, its flesh tastes so strongly of that vegetable as to be unfit for the table. There is nothing very peculiar in the habits of the cushat. Its nest is of the simplest construction, consisting of a few loosely interwoven twigs, so scantily laid down, that we have often seen the eggs from below even at a distance of twenty feet. They build at all heights, and in any sort of tree, though under our own observation the various species of fir, beech, and large hollies were the favourite resorts.

* The droppings of the pigeon-house have been long used in our own country for various purposes; but by no means to the extent observed in the East. The Persians invariably apply it as a manure for their melons, and without doubt they raise the finest in the world.

The wood-pigeon (*C. œnas*) is very nearly allied to the ring-dove in all its habits and manners, and even feeds and congregates with it in winter; but it is really a different species—inferior in point of size, elegance, and brilliancy of plumage. The voice of this bird in the woods during the summer evenings—Tŭ-hōō-tū-tŭ-tŭ—has a fine effect; Campbell speaks of it in one of his poems:

'And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.'

Indeed the cooings of many of the arboreal pigeons accord so intimately with our associations of all that is gentle and innocent, that one cannot listen to them without being impressed with feelings which no other sounds in nature, save that of the human voice itself, could inspire. The effect to which we allude is finely illustrated by the following anecdote, related by Audubon, of the Zenaida dove, which inhabits the *Cays* or small islands in the Gulf of Florida:—'A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of a well-known cay, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was (although I believe by force) with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be "the noblest work of God"—an honest man.'

The wild rock-pigeon or bisset (*C. livia*) is, according to most naturalists, the original of our own dovecot pigeon, house-pigeon, and all its fanciful varieties, as Jacobins, fan-tails, tumblers, pouters, carriers, &c. In a wild state, it is found on all the rocky coasts of the old world, frequenting in our own country the islets and sea-board wherever it can obtain a suitable resting-place. As the well-known dovecot pigeon, it requires little description. Compared with the arboreal pigeons, its feet are better formed for walking, its colours less resemble that of foliage, its bill is more slender, as grains, pulse, &c. constitute its chief food, and its lighter body and longer wings are more perfectly adapted for rapid flight. Though brought under subjection to man, the cot-pigeon cannot be said to be domesticated; it is merely lodged and fed—man having substituted an artificial cavern, and little recesses in a dovecot, for that of its native rocky habitat. It easily submits to the change; for if a pigeon-house be built in a quiet but pleasant situation, not far removed from water and food, kept clean and in repair, there is no difficulty in establishing a colony to any amount. They are extremely productive; for, though only laying two eggs at a time, they breed monthly for the greater part of the year; and the young ones soon pair, and follow the example of the parents. Thus, Linnæus computes the increase from one pair in four years at not fewer than 18,000! Though the inhabitants of the dovecot cannot be said to be domesticated, there are several varieties of house and fancy pigeons which show an extreme attachment to man and to their dwellings—nestling on and caressing the hand that feeds them, and exhibiting symptoms of uneasiness during the absence of those with whom they are especially familiar. James Melville, in his Autobiography, relates the following affecting anecdote of a pair which were the playmates of an infant son who died:—'I can nocht forget a strange thing at his deathe. I had a pair of fyne milk-white dowes, whilk I fed in the hous: the ane whereof, the day of his deathe could nocht be holden af his cradle, but stopped from sitting above it, crept in and sat under it, and died with him; the uther at my hame-coming on the morn, as I was washing my hands, came, lighted at my foot, and piteouslie crying "pipe, pipe, pipe," it ran a little way from me. Then I called for pease and beanes to give it; but they showed me it would nocht eat. I tuk it upe and put pickles in the mouth of it, but it shook them out of the throat, and parting from me with a pitiful piping, within two or thrie houres died also.'

Of the numerous varieties of the common pigeon, to which the art of the pigeon-fancier has given rise, our space will not permit us to give any detail. Singling out individuals of the house-pigeon noted for some peculiarity in their forms or colours, the fancier has been enabled to produce very remarkable varieties, and boasts of his power to bring out any colour quite to a feather. Of the most esteemed fancy varieties, Mr Selby enumerates the Roman, rough-footed, crested, Norway, Barbary, Jacobin or ruffed, laced, tarbit, broad-tailed and narrow-tailed shaker, tumbler, helmet, Persian, carrier, horseman, pouter or cropper, smiter, turner, and spot pigeons. Of these the carrier (*C. tabellaria*) is by far the most celebrated, having been employed from remote antiquity in the carrying of despatches where secrecy and speed were the objects in view. Exhibiting a greater attachment to the place of its birth, and to its offspring, than any other variety, advantage has been taken of this feeling by man, and the bird employed in his service. Being carried out in a basket to a short distance, they are then set free, and generally return to their homes: the distance is gradually increased; and after a training of this sort, and good treatment at home, the carrier-pigeon may be safely intrusted at almost any distance. By means of these birds intelligence (written on a small billet of silk paper, which is fastened under the wing so as not to impede the flight) has been carried eighty miles in three hours, and sometimes at the rate of forty miles per hour! At one time they were much used in the East as messengers, forming actual pigeon posts; and many interesting anecdotes are recorded concerning the feats they performed, for which the reader may consult the article 'Carrier-Pigeons' in No. 229 of our former series.

The turtles, including the genera *Turtur* and *Ectopistes*, are generally much smaller than the common pigeons, have the bill slender, their feet formed for walking or perching, the tail somewhat pointed, and the wings more rounded and less fitted for bold flights. They resemble the pigeons in their habits; feed upon the ground, but roost and breed in the woods. The collared turtle (*T. risorius*) is perhaps the best known of the group, being a common cage-bird, and kept for the gentle and affectionate dispositions which, while in pairs, they exhibit towards each other. 'The love of the turtle' has long been proverbial, as is, indeed, that of most of the doves; but those who have studied the habits of a colony in a pigeon-house, will bear testimony with us that broken faith and deserted mates are by no means uncommon—a result, we presume, of that fatal proximity occasioned by their artificial habitation. Of this group, the passenger-pigeon (*E. migratorius*) is one of the most wonderful in its instincts and numbers. It is a native of North America, where it breeds in such immense numbers as to darken the air for a considerable time when the flock takes flight, and to destroy the trees and herbage beneath where they settle. Catesby, Wilson, and Audubon, have each, in their own manner, described the comings and goings of these countless swarms, and have attempted computations of their numbers, reckoning many hundred thousand millions in each of the flocks which they witnessed. From these authorities, which have been so often quoted, we pass on to that of another eye-witness,

Mr Featherstonhaugh, as narrated in his recent journeyings in the southern states of America:—'A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad; flocks of them, many miles long, came across the country, one flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and in their swift motion creating a wind, and producing a rushing and startling sound that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewed with young birds, dead and alive, that the Indians in great numbers were picking up to carry away with their horses; many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrified remains. A forest thus loaded and half-destroyed with these birds presents an extraordinary spectacle, which cannot be rivalled; but when such myriads of timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us.'

The ground-doves, which complete the family of the Columbidæ, consist of the systematic genera *Peristera*, *Chamepelia*, *Phaps*, and *Geophilus*. They are distinguished from the preceding groups by their terrene habits; they feed and live almost exclusively on the ground, and build on lowly shrubs, if not on the ground, like the gallinaceous tribes, to which they more nearly approach. As a necessary accompaniment of their habits, their colours are still more sombre than the turtles, being often of a dusky brown or earthy tint. Their wings are round, and in many instances concave, as in the partridge and grouse; their feet are better formed for walking than for perching, and some of them run with so much celerity, as not inaptly to merit the appellation of *partridge pigeons*. They are a numerous race of birds, and vary in size from that of the common turtle to that of the woodcock, but present no trait or feature deserving particular notice.

Such are the Columbidæ, to a detail and classification of which several elaborate monographs have been devoted; but concerning whose numbers, distribution, and habits, the reader may glean all that is especially interesting from the above curt and hasty sketch. Only four species—the rock-pigeon, the ring-dove, the wood-pigeon, and common turtle—are natives of Britain; but the remains of larger species have been found fossil in the bone caves of England, proving not only the high antiquity of the family, but its once more prevalent distribution in our island.

THE COMMONPLACE.

Any person who looks round the circle of his acquaintance, will find at least one individual who passes through the world almost unheeded; for it is most likely his misfortune not to possess any characteristic prominent enough to distinguish him from the rest of mankind. His countenance is so commonplace, that a short walk in any much-frequented street will show us at least a half-dozen sets of features of a similar cast. His height is so very ordinary, that at least thirty per cent. of his fellow-men measure the same number of feet and inches. His shape is neither handsome nor disproportioned. Had, indeed, he been blessed with a deformity, it would have set a mark upon him by which he might have been known from other persons of his own age and status.

Nor is it his outward aspect only which herds an individual of this class with the multitude. There is as little to distinguish him from the mass in his mind as in his person. He has neither ambition nor energy to dart a-head of the crowd. He does exactly as other people do, and would not do anything which other people do *not* do for the world. He is timid, reserved, and apparently grave. Of conversation he has little, and it requires a strong stimulant to set his tongue in motion: argument is of course quite out of the question with a man who seldom has courage to differ aloud with the most extravagant opinions. Though he never asks questions, he will answer them; but when he does, he is sure to tell you something you know already. As the snail comes out when it is touched, and again retires into its shell, so do the commonplace require to be stimulated by a question ere *they* will 'come out.' Having spoken, they shrink back under the crust of conscious insignificance.

Despite all these defects, however, the commonplace are among the most useful members of society, only their usefulness begins where that of more brilliant spirits ends. Feeling their general deficiencies, they court favour by doing what a great many other people decline. In fact it is only their readiness to oblige—their unfailing good-nature, which prevents them from being utterly overlooked and neglected. When, for instance, a party is being made up, Mr Nobody is added to the list of guests because there is some old lady to see home. He is always ready to carve, so is asked out to dinner now and then. When three persons are inclined to have a game at whist, he is preferred to 'dummy;' or when seven want to dance a quadrille, he is asked to join merely because he makes the eighth. He is invited to pic-nics for the sole reason that his contributions will increase the stock of champagne, and reduce to each paying member of the party a proportion of the general expenses. Besides his uses in these respects, the commonplace man is of signal service at the social board and in the midst of conversation, for this seemingly paradoxical reason; he seldom talks himself. If every convive were a wit, a genius, or a philosopher, there would be no contrast, no relief; like a play, all of whose characters are kings, or a picture, with all lights and no shadows. Hence the commonplace perform an important part in a social tableau; they harmonise contrasts; they are the neutral tints which blend the high lights of intellect with the deep shadows of stupidity. Where there are voluble talkers, they are invaluable; they listen well, and relieve the monotony of a long story by exclamations which encourage the narrator, and which no one else will condescend to make; such as 'indeed!'—'really!'—'how strange!'—'remarkable!' with a carefully nursed and very impressive 'extraordinary!' for the catastrophe. Again, the commonplace man never winces at a sly jest which may be aimed at him. Indeed he rather likes it—he is delighted to be taken notice of on any terms.

To all rules there are exceptions; and a few of the commonplace make desperate struggles to be known and distinguished from the general herd. Some adopt a conspicuous style of dress; others eccentricity of manners. They often try to disguise the hopeless commonness of their figures by means of odd-shaped hats, many-hued waistcoats, and curiously-coloured gloves. It has often been a matter of surprise what becomes of certain extraordinary cravats and stocks one sees displayed in hosiers' shops: some of an ultra cerulean blue, spangled all over with gilt stars. Observation, however, will show that they are manufactured for the commonplace, who alone are seen to wear them. Even these expedients are often found to fail, and the victims of Nature's impartiality occasionally call in her aid to help them out of the crowd into which they feel themselves to be so firmly wedged. They let their hair grow to inordinate lengths, coax their whiskers into strange shapes, while those who are very bold indeed mount mustaches. In nine cases out of ten, however, not one of these expedients succeed, and even in the

tithe of instances in which the object is gained, the notice attracted is seldom of a flattering kind.

Another extrinsic expedient resorted to by the commonplace is that of taking unto themselves high-sounding Christian names. Whether the extreme prevalence of the name of 'Smith' gives rise to the notion, or whether it be a fact, cannot be decided; but certain it is, that this popular cognomen and commonplace people are very generally associated. At a random, but moderate computation, at least a moiety of the commonplace are called 'Smith.' Out of this legion a few of the bolder spirits, scorning the shackles of non-individuality which this name fastens on them, put a preface of prenomes to that which they inherit from their ancestors. This, then, accounts for the frequent occurrence of 'Constantine Agrippa,' 'Mackenzie Mackintosh,' 'Pelham de Crespigny,' and a hundred equally euphonious prefixes, which end like the bathos of an extravagant poem, in the sirname 'Smith.' Upon paper, this expedient answers. So long as the writer of the classical or aristocratic signature keeps out of sight, your imagination is very likely to picture him as something more than common. His high-sounding names make a great effect in advertisements, play-bills, and the prospectuses of joint-stock companies; but once get introduced to him—once stand face to face with him, and the grand associations called up by his Christian names when in print, vanish like the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' His appearance, manners, and conversation are perhaps so intensely commonplace, that the only name which it is possible to be suggested to your mind, is that which he in reality bears—Smith.

In truth, all such struggles as those we have described are useless. The really commonplace will be commonplace in spite of the most persevering struggles, so long as these efforts are directed to mere externals. It is only by mental exertion, and the cultivation of intellect, that their emancipation is to be worked out.

EVENINGS AT ASHLY.

'My dear Mary,' said my cousin Mrs Melville, as I was opening the play-room door, 'do not go to the children just yet; I want to consult you on a little matter which often distresses me regarding their winter amusements;' and so saying, she put her arm within mine, and led me along the old-fashioned corridor, which from time immemorial had been the chosen spot for in-door consultation, and for those more private and whispered communications which would not suit the publicity of the family circle. I daresay there are many who have lived in old-fashioned country houses who may remember some such spot, where, in wet days and in the hours of lingering recovery after illness, loving friends walked up and down in deep converse, linked arm in arm and heart in heart. Such is the old corridor at Ashly, where I have spent many happy days in youth among a large family of cousins. I have seen the old father and his silver-haired companion treading it with feeble step, joyous youth making the old walls ring for very glee; and many were the important letters, casting the die of life, which have been opened, and their contents communicated, in the calm and nun-like quiet of the corridor walk. There is a beautiful bay-window at its termination, looking down upon a knoll of green sward, shaded by two old spreading trees, beneath whose quivering foliage many generations have successively gamboled in glee. But even those among whom I played have passed away; the churchyard and the foreign clime could tell many a tale; but with these I have nothing to do at present. Ashly is now in possession of my eldest cousin Horace, who, during the last three years, had been in India: his are the children who now play on the green knoll in the summer evenings, and his is the amiable and intelligent wife who, in his absence, watches over his precious family, and with whom, on the evening in question, I found myself pacing the favourite walk as in the olden time, and talking of their amusements.

'My dear cousin,' said I, in reply to her remark, 'surely you can have no lack of amusement for the children.' 'Not exactly lack of amusement,' she said, 'but lack of proper amusement. The winter evenings are long; and I find that, after a day spent with the tutor, something beyond mere play is required to interest and amuse the mind.' 'And have they not games?' I asked. 'Yes,' replied Mrs Melville, 'but it is surprising how soon they grow tired of them, playing as they do almost always alone. Hunt the slipper, Chinese puzzles, and dissected maps, cannot retain their charm for ever.' 'And can you wonder,' I exclaimed, 'when we elder children so often tire of our amusements? Have you not often felt, my dear cousin, in returning home after spending an evening in society, the contrast between one in which the mind has lain dormant — music without soul, conversation void of charm—and that when lively and refreshed feelings tell us that minds have mutually been operating upon each other?' 'Ah,' said my cousin, 'that is just what I want for the children; I want games to exercise and expand the mind; and where am I to get them?' 'Well,' I replied, 'I am glad you have spoken of this subject, although I regret that I should have forgotten till this my last evening at Ashly, that it was my intention to have taught the children some of the German games, which afforded me so much pleasure when I was lately on the continent, and which appear to me just what you wish for the children. One in particular might be tried, and I think with success, which is called *The Traveller*. Suppose the children, tutor, and yourself, all gathered together; one is chosen as the master of the house, and one as the traveller, who goes out of the room, and enters it knocking for admission. The master of the house demands "Who is there? What do you wish for?" "I am a traveller," he replies, "and want a lodging for the night." "Come in," says the master of the house; "but give us a pledge of your good conduct." The traveller having done so, is invited to take his place at table, and to give an account of his travels. He commences by tracing out his tour, and by naming the principal cities, rivers, and mountains, in regular order, which he has seen; he then mentions the productions, customs, and peculiarities of the country, and permits any question to be asked regarding them. If any mistake be made—if, for example, a town be named which does not lie in his way, or a production spoken of which will not grow in the country—the company immediately fall upon him with their handkerchiefs, and he is chased out of the room, and a forfeit demanded; and the same thing takes place if he is unable to answer any question put to him; but if correct throughout his narrative, he retains his seat as an honoured visitor.

'The little family in Germany by whose winter amusements I learned this game, consisted of several children and their father, who took the traveller's place first, in order to show them the way. He described a voyage from Hamburgh to Bergen in Norway, and from thence by land to Drontheim. The appearance of the sea, and of the curious little island of Heligoland, where the men live almost constantly on sea, and the women are employed in baking and building, was given at full length. Bergen, its commerce, and its fir-trees, are next described; and then the high mountains which run through the country, on whose summit is perpetual winter, while the valleys below are full of flowers and verdure. He then tells them of the inhabitants, who with wonderful speed run up and down the mountains in their large wooden sledge-shoes; of the avalanches, and of the places of repose, which, like nests, are perched here and there for the refreshment of travellers. He is then asked to describe the birds and natural pro-

ductions of the country; and the children begin to fancy that they will never catch him in a fault, when he tells them, probably to cause some amusement at the moment, that of all the fruits which grow there, he preferred the cocoa-nut. "Out, out!" cry the children; "Cocoa-nut in Norway!" and they fall upon their poor papa with their handkerchiefs, and chase him out of the room. Others in their turn become travellers, and in the course of their journeys many things are described which are very amusing, and doubtless new to the younger members of the family, such as the interior of a ship of war, a fine museum,' &c.

'This will just suit me,' said Mrs Melville as I finished; 'amusement and instruction combined. The large atlas shall be carried into the schoolroom to settle all disputes, and to-morrow evening we shall begin.' 'Well,' said I, 'begin it systematically, letting them study one country thoroughly before they pass to another. Of course there will be many difficulties at first, and much reading will be required; but try it perseveringly throughout the winter, and let me know how it succeeds. In summer play-hours, no such games are wanted.' 'No,' replied my cousin, as we paused before the deep bay-window, where every well-known object appeared wrapped in its mantle of snow; 'in summer we require but little help, so long as we have the green earth and the sunny skies. But now,' said she, smiling, 'since you have taught me so much, I cannot be selfish any longer; and your time is short, so let us go to the children;' and so saying, she passed before me, and opened the play-room door, where the whole of her large and interesting family were gathered together. 'What!' said Mrs Melville, as we entered, 'you are all very quiet to-night!' 'Yes,' replied a little fellow who seemed almost asleep on the floor, surrounded by the fragments of a puzzle; 'I have made up my map so often, that now I think I could do it with my eyes shut.' 'Yes, mamma,' said my favourite Annie, who sat by the fire with a book in her hand, 'the big boys were tired of our games, and we all went to our several occupations.' 'And what are you doing, Willie?' said I to a little one, who with an unusual look of thought sat poring over a book by the lingering daylight. 'Learning my geography lesson,' he replied; 'and I cannot learn it, these long names so puzzle me, and yet I should like to know something about the places too. I have seen some of them in mamma's picture book in the drawing-room.' And so you shall by and by, my little fellow, thought I to myself, thinking of the Traveller, but I said nothing. 'Come, my dear children,' I said, 'this is my last evening; let us have some of our old songs, and sing our glees together. In a moment books and toys were thrown aside, and the room resounded with their joyous melody, which continued till the hour of rest.

Next morning I left Ashly, and was soon plunged in the midst of so many more weighty cares and anxieties, that I am ashamed to say I had nearly forgotten the Traveller, till the following letter from my cousin many months after recalled it to my recollection:—

'The Traveller,' says Mrs Melville, 'is in great favour with the children, and I have cause daily to rejoice that a game as amusing as it is instructive engages their attention. During many weeks after you left us, their little journeys did not go beyond England, and it was very pleasing to see in how short a time the peculiarities of the different counties became fixed in their young minds, by drawing forth their individual tastes and predilections. The mining and manufacturing districts, with minute details of their several operations, were given at full length by the elder boys; while my gentle Annie lingered among the woodland counties, among the noble oaks and beeches which are old England's glory; and her enthusiastic descriptions of the ruins, the forests, and the peaceful scenes which I had myself seen, frequently brought tears into my eyes, from a mixture, I believe, of those indescribable feelings with which the mind's eye looks upon loved spots through the mist of past years, and also from the conviction, that if ever she herself should visit these scenes, the information she now gathered respecting them would doubly enhance their value.

'The Emerald Isle next engaged their attention, and due justice, I assure you, was paid to the noble lakes and still nobler hearts which find their home among its verdant plains.

'The little ramblers then began to perambulate the continent of Europe; and it was really amusing to find what variety of climate and of *dramatis personæ* passed in review before us in one short evening. The Moorish palaces and "dim enchantments" of Spain drew forth the latent chivalric feeling of one; the second bounded in thought with the chamois over the sublime and picturesque mountains of Switzerland; while a third brought before us in panoramic review the far-famed shores of the Mediterranean and the blue waters of the Adriatic. The gay Frenchman and the mountain-loving Swiss passed in succession before us. We paused under the sapphire skies of the south, and heard the idle and impassioned Italian give forth the rich music of his country, and our hearts turned to the simple strains of the Tyrolese, which he sings in the cloud-capt mountain land where centre all his deep and strong affections. Italy and Greece, with their classic memorials, found ample and hallowed place in Annie's heart; while the boys went northward, and with the enthusiasm of boyhood, rejoiced in the rigours of the Polar regions, to which the little ones listened with breathless interest—fraught as they were with the stirring details of reindeers, and badgers, and bears.

'In general, I have recommended that they do not leave one portion of the globe till its distinctive characteristics are impressed upon their minds; but occasionally, by way of variety, a long voyage possesses great attraction; and last night, by some strange coincidence, we found that no less than three of us had been forming minute acquaintance with the rich and brilliant scenery of Brazil. Such descriptions of wonderful apes and beautiful flowers; of insects, and reptiles, and splendid birds; of fragrant woods and creeping plants; such an assemblage of wonders poured in from all sides upon us, that I could liken it to nothing but the mountain torrents of that rich country, which return to their beds laden with diamonds and gold. The tutor tells me that the geography lesson in the schoolroom has entirely changed its character, and is become an hour of interest and of intellectual enjoyment; and what particularly amuses me, are the lively dissertations to which I frequently listen at the nursery dinner-table, where rice, and sago, and arrowroot are now invested with an interest which in former times was quite unknown. But, my dear friend, you must come among us and judge for yourself.'

To this latter clause in my cousin's letter how fondly did my heart reply; but among the many changes and chances of this present world, I found it impossible at the time to follow my inclination. My thoughts, however, were frequently with the dear children in the winter evenings; and as the budding spring time approached, I thought with delight of again witnessing their joyous gambols from the corridor window; but the summer passed, and my hopes fell like the autumn leaves; and spring had again clothed the valleys in green, and hung out its blossoms on the old trees, ere I found myself on my way to Ashly.

During this long interval an event had taken place which added greatly to the anticipations of enjoyment with which I generally travelled northward, and this was no other than the return from India of my cousin Horace, who had always appeared to me not only as the most affectionate of fathers, but as one of the most refined and cultivated men I had ever met with. On reaching Ashly, I found that by some unaccountable contretemps I was later than was expected, and that I had arrived simply in time to dress for dinner. The meeting between my cousin and myself, and his family, was thus necessarily only that of a few moments, and I

hastened to my room to execute the necessary toilet arrangements.

On my return to the drawing-room, I found the family party augmented in numbers by two officers who had been with my cousin in India, and also by a very quiet pensive little man, who I afterwards discovered had just returned from making a tour in Syria. My cousin Horace, who possessed in great perfection the peculiar tact of giving out of his own boundless stores of information exactly that which suited his guests, and at the same time of beguiling them into conversation upon subjects on which they were most at home, and therefore most likely to please the listeners, so guided the 'table-talk' of the day, that before we were aware, we were all deeply engrossed by the graphic accounts which the two officers were giving us of almost every quarter of the world which it had been their good fortune to visit. They were evidently men of enterprise and taste, who had travelled through the world with their eyes open; and such were the results of their observation, and such the charm and good feeling of the narrators, and such the enthusiasm and delight with which I listened to them, that the process of dinner had far advanced before I noticed that Mrs Melville had been for some time in vain attempting to catch my attention, and direct it to the children. Often, very often had it been my fate, when mingling in society, to witness the uninterested attention which mere politeness apparently forced the younger auditors to give to conversation like the present. A shipwreck, or an encounter with some wild monster of the forest, would, to be sure, for a time seem to rouse their interest; but the peculiarities of climate, of custom, and of scenery, were listened to with that vague look which too plainly tells that they know little indeed of that quarter of the globe where the narrator has seen and suffered so much. It often strikes me how much we lose by want of interest in such subjects. We all love the objects which are blended with our recollections of youth, be it the breezy mountain with its purple thyme, the sea-side common with its golden whin, or the deep woodland, which was full of song, as the days were of sunshine and our young hearts of joy. We love them all, because we know them well, and they are linked with happiness; but there are many glorious scenes on this rich earth which are open for the mind's enjoyment, and although they be not linked with personal associations, and our foot may never wander among them, we may reap much enjoyment by cultivating an acquaintance with them by study, and through the researches of others. Literature and art will come to our aid, the hothouse and the museum will expand our minds like a flower to the sunshine, and we shall find ourselves happier and more useful members of society by partaking of that mental feast which the Great Creator, and painter, and planner of all has spread for our enjoyment. But I am digressing, and must return to the dinner-table at Ashly, and to the children, to whom I now paid careful attention.

They were listening with evident interest and delight as their father's guests conducted them in thought from country to country; and when opportunity offered, they with great modesty made such inquiries as showed they were not unacquainted with the inhabitants and products. Dessert was now placed on the table, and the fruits and preserves formed a new topic of inquiry; and from these we wandered far away among woods and gums, spices, and gems, and ivories; and such was the delighted interest of the children, that ere long they succeeded in unlocking the treasures of the pensive little man's mind, and in bringing from him, in beautiful and glowing language, an account of his tour. A long and happy hour was now spent wandering in thought with him from Lebanon to Carmel, and among the summer oaks of Bashan. Descriptions of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives were listened to with that deep and solemn interest becoming their hallowed import; and many were the animated eyes bent upon the narrator, as he proceeded to recount the wonders of the desert, the flights of the wild Arabian, the majesty of the cedar, the rich verdure of the terraced hill-sides, and the grace of the palm-tree, where hang the rosy dates brilliant as corals: and as onward he went, and drew near the beautiful Palmyra, I saw Annie noiselessly lay down her knife and fork, and follow him with breathless interest among the white marble columns, the still and touching beauty of that fair and far-famed desert queen. Soon the narrative finished, and, with tears of deep interest, and of much enjoyment in her eyes, Mrs Melville proposed that we should retire. The elder boys remained in the room; but Annie and the young ones, who followed us, made their escape by a side door, and were soon at play in the garden. 'And now, my dear friend,' said Mrs Melville, putting her arm within mine, 'are you not pleased? Horace is quite delighted with the children; he has so much to tell, and is so happy to have such intelligent listeners. The Traveller has done much for them; mind, and memory, and taste, are improved. Did you not see it to-day? Say, my dear Mary, were not you delighted?' By this time we had reached the old familiar window, and their merry voices were ringing in our ears. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am very happy indeed: and more so, that I again see them beneath these dear old trees. They look as if they enjoyed their play more than ever, after their minds have been occupied.' 'That is just what I find,' returned my cousin. 'Their winter and summer amusements are exchanged with increasing delight. Their field and hill-side rambles please them more than ever; and they are constantly telling me that the more they know of foreign countries, they feel they would not exchange, for all their gorgeous beauty, the greenness and verdure, the twilight and sweetly-scented flowers of our own beloved land.'

And so I found it during the many rambles which I enjoyed with them in the course of the following months. Their acquaintance with foreign climes had expanded their minds, and given them a fund of amusing interest among themselves; and while it did so, they were led to value more deeply the beauties and privileges of their own free and fair country.

During the evenings of that beautiful summer, we very frequently played at the Traveller, seated under the old trees in the orchard; and it was difficult to say whether father or children were most pleased; he fighting his 'battles o'er again' to his attentive audience, and they in their turn delighting him by their accumulating stores of useful and accurate information.

But calm and pleasant as these evenings were, the happy time came to a close with me, and a letter of importance hastily summoned me to a distance.

The last evening we spent together was a very wet one, which consequently precluded those out-door amusements which were always encouraged in fine weather; but this evening we were all together in the drawing-room. 'We are not going to ask you for any new game this time,' said Annie, as I seated myself among them for the last time; 'we have still so much of the world to travel over.' 'Well,' I replied, 'you are not going to ask, but I am going to give, not a game to supersede the Traveller, but one which may at times be a variety, and the one, I think, will eventually assist the other. It comes from the same source as the Traveller, and is called *The Academy of Sciences*.' 'What a learned name!' exclaimed the children. 'Do not be frightened, my dear children,' I said; 'you will find nothing very formidable in the new game. In the first place, you must make choice of the wisest person among you as your president, and another much younger may be secretary, and then you must choose your several departments. One may be a historian, one a geometrician, one a philosopher, one an orator, and another a poet; there may be naturalists, artists, sculptors, engravers. If at any time, when young friends are with you, you find yourselves too numerous for those I have named, there can be two historians;

one may speak of ancient, and one of modern history; and there may be three naturalists, one for each kingdom of nature. Meantime, the president must have ready written on cards questions relative to the different sciences. For example, in history, "In what country was the making of glass first discovered?" "Of printing?" "Of the colour of purple?" "Where did Charles XII. of Sweden die?" In geography, "What are the largest rivers and highest mountains in the world?" "What productions are found in Russia that are not found in England, and in England that are not found in Russia?" In geometry, "What is a straight line?" "An angle?" &c. In natural history, "Which is the most curious among apes?" and so on. These cards are then put in a vase, and when seated all round the table, the secretary puts in his hand and draws forth one, which is handed to the president, who reads it aloud, and the academician to whose subject it refers must answer it, or else pay a forfeit. The questions at first must be very simple, and of course there must be considerable study and reading on the various subjects, and I should advise each one to choose his science at first, and keep it steadily without change for a considerable time. The knowledge you have acquired in playing at the Traveller will greatly assist you, and in due time I am sure you will reap much instruction from the Academy of Sciences.'

'And now, my dear children, I have just one other matter to speak to you about, and that is the subject of *forfeits*. I have often been vexed to see the silly use that is made of this amusing part of a winter evening's entertainments. "Questions behind the door," and "hopping all round the room," may do very well for once, but they soon become extremely tiresome. Now the Germans, who are a grave and knowledge-loving people, manage these matters in a different way. I am going to give you an account of one of their games at forfeits. "What shall the owner of this forfeit do?" cried one. "Name a great man, and at the same time repeat an anecdote of him." "Well then," was the answer, "Henry IV. of France." "And the anecdote?" "One day while amusing himself on all fours with his children, the Spanish ambassador was announced. The king without moving from his singular posture, with his little son riding on his back, looked up for a moment, and asked the ambassador if he were a father? 'Yes,' was the answer. 'In that case,' said the king, 'we shall finish our game.'"

"What shall the owner of this forfeit do?" was again asked. "Tell us one of the most recent of modern discoveries." That of taking likenesses by the Daguerreotype process was immediately named. Others were in the same style. One was asked to mention one of the most lovely and at the same time one of the most painful sights in the world; another to repeat a proverb; another to name a man whom he should take as the model of any particular virtue. One was called on to cite from history a man remarkable for his justice, and Aristides and the well-known anecdote of the shell were immediately given to the company. Now, my dear children, I would not have all forfeits regained in this precise way; I should occasionally have an amusing story told, or a song sung, and so by a due mixture of grave and gay, I think you might make this part of your amusements more suitable to all ages among you.'

'Thank you, thank you,' cried many little voices at once; 'we shall certainly try it, and if the new game and the new way of playing at forfeits afford us as much pleasure as the Traveller does, we shall indeed be delighted!'

Some friends from the neighbourhood were now announced, who came to take leave of me; and next morning found ample employment in packing up and in parting from the dear children, and at noon I left them all standing beneath the portico, and I was driven far, far away from Ashly.

My cousin has since written me that the young academicians are all very busy, and that both games are in great favour. Captain Melville is generally the president himself; and when, after some time, he has seen great attention and heard correct answers from the children, he frequently rewards them with a book on the subject of their study, which is read not merely as an amusement at the time, but with a view to its being impressed on the mind, and afterwards brought to bear on the games; and this greatly tends, my cousin thinks, to check the desultory habit of reading so common among children.

How and when I may again make one of their number, and play among them, I cannot tell; at present it seems as if the time were so very far distant, that I cannot feel justified in withholding till then this brief account of the Ashly amusements of the two last winters; and most certain I am that if any family of young people will patiently commence as they did, they will in time join with them in thinking that there is much amusement, much instruction, and much real enjoyment to be found, however formidable in name they may be, in the two games of the Traveller and the Academy of Sciences.

THE DOCKS OF LIVERPOOL.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there stood, on a creek of the river Mersey, a town containing a population of six thousand, which, on account of its being near a pool that was greatly frequented at one time by a sea-bird named the Liver, was called *Liverpool*. The principal commerce of the port was with Ireland and the Isle of Man, and many of the inhabitants supported themselves by fishing. Since then, the population has increased fiftyfold; the ancient creek has been filled up, and its site is now occupied by a colossal custom-house; the old sea-beach is a line of commodious docks, and the spot which was once the resort of sea-birds, a 'monstrous pitchy city and sea-haven of the world.' The vast trade of manufacturing Lancashire with America, of which the Mersey is the outlet, has been the principal cause of Liverpool having risen so rapidly from being a small port, dependent upon Chester, to become, what its inhabitants with good reason call it, 'the second commercial city of the empire.'

Liverpool is situated at the mouth of the Mersey, which flows past the town in a direction almost due north into the Irish sea. The breadth of the river at Liverpool is only about 1000 yards, or a little more than half a mile; but at Eastham, nine miles farther inland, its breadth increases to three miles. The outlet being thus comparatively narrow, the tide flows with great velocity; the rate of spring-tides being 6¾ miles per hour, and neap-tides 4½. There are a number of sandbanks at the mouth of the river, and also near Eastham, but the channel at Liverpool is free from such obstructions. The depth in the middle of the river opposite the docks at low water spring-tides is 60 feet, and these tides rise to the height of 29 feet. The waters of the Mersey have always a very muddy troubled appearance, and no one can be at all surprised that fish should have 'fled from it, vexed by innumerable keels.'

The docks are built by the side of the river, almost in a straight line; their length from north to south being about two miles and a half, and their total area 120 acres. Their number, exclusive of basins, passages, &c. is sixteen; and the general appearance of each may be thus described. It is a large space enclosed by high walls, having three modes of ingress and egress at each end; one for pedestrians, one for wagons, and another for vessels. The latter opens into a basin communicating directly with the river. The water is retained by large gates that open inwards, and over the narrow passage communicating with the basin are bridges which open in the centre, and are moved to the side when vessels require to pass. At high-water, when a number of vessels are leaving or entering the dock, it is common to see crowds of people collected on each

side the passage, waiting with much impatience for the bridge to be closed again. The interior of the docks is fitted up with large sheds, the roofs of which are supported on massive iron pillars. Between the shed and the margin of the dock there is only a narrow footway, so that vessels can be laden and unladen without interruption from the weather. There is always a deafening din and bustle about some of the docks. The creaking of the windlass that is hoisting the goods, the rattle of the trucks wheeling them to the shed, the clatter of the wagons carrying them away, and the various dialects in which the business is carried on, make up a perfect Babel of noises. Nor are the sights that meet the eye less varied than the sounds which assail the ear. In one place the pedestrian has to leap out of the way of a huge bale of cotton rolling down an inclined plane from a vessel's side, in another he finds himself walking on ground rendered slippery by oil and molasses; here a cargo of hides is emitting no very savoury smell, and there innumerable bales of manufactured goods from the interior of Lancashire are glittering in snowy packages, so neatly built and hooped that one wonders if they are really meant to be taken asunder. In one vessel the sailors will be seen hard at work scrubbing the decks, or making some repairs in the rigging, while in another will be seen a crowd of emigrants, principally Irish, lolling listlessly about the forecastle and over the bulwarks. In small wooden offices, mounted on wheels, there are clerks busily at work: men are employed weighing and marking bales and boxes; custom-house officers are looking with lynx eyes after the interests of the revenue; and anxious shipowners and captains are considering when it will be desirable for their vessels to clear out. Property to a vast amount is lying about quite exposed, and many of the articles are shipped and unshipped in a way that people should try to forget when they come to use them. Policemen are stationed wherever there is ingress to the dock, and they keep watchful eyes on all that pass out and in. Small neat cottages are erected at the end of each dock for the accommodation of the officers connected with its management, and it is a pleasing sight to witness bright flowers growing up the sides of these cottages, and turning their petals to the sun as gaily as though they were flourishing in their native valleys.

Between each dock wall and the river there is generally a long quay, or parade, from which an uninterrupted view of the river and the opposite coast of Cheshire can be obtained. The finest of these parades is that at the Prince's dock, the length of which is nearly half a mile, and its breadth 33 feet. This parade is considered one of the finest walks either in the town or the neighbourhood; for at present Liverpool is almost utterly devoid of any public promenade, and has no place for recreation that can for a moment compare with the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, the 'Green' of Glasgow, or the Inches of Perth. The Prince's Parade is accordingly a great resort of the inhabitants, and sometimes on a fine summer Sunday evening it is so crowded, that it is difficult to force a passage. The view from the Parade at high-water is both interesting and delightful. The river is crowded with vessels of all kinds, and bearing the flags of many nations, either coming into port or taking their departure. Many small ferry steamers are threading their way among these vessels, or collected at a landing-place which is thronged with passengers. At the mouth of the river, on the Cheshire side, is seen the Rock Lighthouse, and near it a fort for the defence of the shipping, containing fourteen guns, and capable of accommodating one hundred men. In the neighbourhood of this fort is a small fashionable bathing-place called New Brighton, which is a favourite summer resort of the more wealthy inhabitants of Liverpool. Opposite Liverpool are the small towns of Berkenhead, Woodside, Seacombe, and Egremont, which are rapidly rising into importance, and appear destined yet to form one vast commercial town. Pleasant villas have been erected near these places by wealthy merchants, who come over to business by the ferry steamers that ply every half hour. Near Seacombe is a large creek called Wallasey Pool, which it is intended to convert into an extensive dock. A bill has been obtained to effect this object, and the works are to be begun during the present autumn, and will, it is expected, be completed in three years. The area of the dock will be 150 acres, and warehouses are to be built all round it. When completed, it will be the largest dock in the world, and will add very considerably to the importance of the Mersey as a commercial entrêpot. Further up the river are seen several old hulks, which are used as quarantine ships for vessels from the Levant, &c. Near them is the station for the North American mail steamers. These vessels are among the largest of their class which have been built. Their burden is 1200 tons each, and their voyages across the Atlantic are made with the utmost regularity. In summer, one of them is despatched on the 4th and 19th of each month; but in winter on the 4th only. The mails for Canada and the other British colonies are conveyed to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and those for the United States are taken to Boston. The shortest time in which the passage from Halifax has been performed is nine days and a half. The interior of these steamers is fitted up in the most magnificent style. No expense has been spared in decoration; and the comfort may be said to be equal to that enjoyed in the best hotel on land.

There are very few small boats to be seen on the river, considering the extent of the shipping. The work which at other ports is done by small craft, is here done by steamers. A steam-tug company has been long established, and a great portion of the vessels are towed both in and out of port by the tugs of that company. There are four life-boats stationed in the Mersey, two of which are kept at Liverpool, and two on the Cheshire side of the river. A master and a crew of ten men are kept at each station to man the boats, and they have been instrumental in saving many lives. The pilot-boats belonging to the port are twelve in number; they are very strongly built, and capable of encountering rough stormy weather. No foreign vessel, or British vessel trading to foreign parts, or coasting vessel above 100 tons burden, can refuse a pilot; and pilots refusing to conduct vessels subject themselves to a penalty of L.10.

The docks are built on the side of the river in the following order, commencing at the north:—

Clarence Dock and half-tide basin,	area	9	acres	4773	yards.
Trafalgar Dock,	...	6	...	2643	...
Victoria Dock,	...	5	...	4159	...
Waterloo Dock,	...	6	...	1153	...
Prince's Dock,	...	11	...	3889	...
George's Dock,	...	5	...	2593	...
Canning Dock,	...	3	...	4575	...
Salthouse Dock,	...	4	...	3665	...
King's Dock,	...	7	...	3896	...
Queen's Dock,	...	10	...	3101	...
Union Dock,	...	2	...	3505	...
Coburg Dock,	...	4	...	2198	...
Brunswick Dock,	...	12	...	2744	...

Besides the above, there are basins, graving-docks, &c. which occupy an area of more than thirty acres. The first of these docks, the Clarence, is used solely by the steamers that ply between Liverpool and the various ports of Ireland, Scotland, and the north of England. The largest vessels that are to be found here are the Glasgow steamers, which, as a line of coasting steamers, may be said to be quite unrivalled either in this or any other country. They generally make the passage from Liverpool to Greenock in about eighteen hours.

A considerable traffic in cattle and other agricultural produce is carried on between Liverpool and the south of Scotland and Ireland. This trade is conducted almost entirely by the steamers which lie in this dock, and it is a most amusing sight to watch the landing of a large

quantity of live stock from one of them. Such cargoes are landed on the parade between Clarence dock and the river, and the lowing of the cattle from Dumfriesshire, blended with the grunting of pigs from Ireland, makes up as *natural* a concert as was perhaps ever given at Exeter Hall. The Trafalgar dock contains generally small coasting vessels and steamers. In this dock several large steamers have been built, among which we may notice the Bentinck, intended to convey the mails between Calcutta and Suez, and in which service it is now employed. The Waterloo dock generally contains some of the New York packet ships or 'liners,' as they are usually called. Many of these vessels are more than a thousand tons burden, and they are all fitted up in an elegant style. It is a splendid sight to see one of them coming into port with a fair wind and full tide. The departure of one of these vessels with a number of emigrants is always a scene of great interest. The quay is crowded with the friends and relatives of the emigrants, and many tears are shed, many kind words spoken, and many blessings sent from full hearts after the wanderers. As the vessel moves slowly down the river, some of the emigrants may be seen hanging over the bulwarks gazing wistfully at the shore, or waving their adieus to their friends among the crowd, while others are gathered together in a conspicuous part of the vessel, and cheering with great vehemence, as if to keep up their own spirits and the spirits of those they have left behind.

At the bottom of Chapel Street, near the corner of Prince's dock, is the Telegraph station. The telegraph is on the roof of a warehouse, and intelligence is communicated by the movement of its arms. On Redston Hill, in Cheshire, opposite Liverpool, there is another station which communicates with a regular line along the Welsh coast to Holyhead, distant from Liverpool seventy-two miles. So rapid and effective is the communication, that intelligence of the arrival of a vessel off Holyhead is communicated to Liverpool in about five minutes. It was a curious coincidence, that the first vessel whose arrival was telegraphed by this line was an American packet ship called the *Napoleon*, and the intelligence of its arrival was carried out to America in another packet ship called the *Josephine*.

At the south end of the George dock there is moored the hull of a frigate which is now used as a mariner's church, where an ordained clergyman officiates every Sunday. On the parade of this dock there is a very handsome edifice containing public baths. The principal ferry steamers, the Welsh and Isle of Man boats, and the Dublin mail packets, take their departure from this parade or quay, so that it is continually thronged with travellers of all ages, sexes, and conditions in life, and has always a very bustling animated appearance. In the Coburg dock, near the south end, the North American steamers lie when they are lading and unlading. This is the dock in which the Great Western is always found when she is in port. Near the Coburg is the Brunswick dock, which is mostly occupied by timber vessels. Instead of sheds, there is a large open space around this dock, which is more convenient for unshipping timber. Near it are a great number of very extensive wood-yards. There are several graving-docks for vessels requiring to be repaired. These, of course, are always dry, and they are so constructed that the vessel stands upright, being kept in that position by means of fixtures on either side.

Of the immense traffic carried on in the docks of the Mersey, this is not the place to give any elaborate detail; but the reader may be enabled to form some idea of its amount from the following statement of the number of vessels and their tonnage which have been entered on the shipping lists of the port on particular days during the current year:—There were, on

Feb. 9,	746 vessels whose tonnage was	164,695
May 3,	602 - - - - -	96,324
July 20,	755 - - - - -	184,200

In the above statement, the steam-vessels lying in the Clarence dock, and others plying on the river, and to various ports in Wales and the Isle of Man, are not included; nor are those undergoing repairs in the various graving-docks. The number of the latter at the same dates was as follows:—

Feb. 9,	16 vessels whose tonnage was -	8608
May 3,	14 - - - - - - -	6182
July 20,	21 - - - - - - -	8137

Of the 755 vessels that were in the docks on 20th July, 52 were loading for various ports in England and Wales, 30 for ports in Ireland, and 37 for ports in Scotland; 196 were loading for foreign parts; and some idea of the great trade between Liverpool and America may be conveyed by the fact, that 90 of these vessels were loading for various parts of that continent, while 50 were loading for ports in Europe, 15 to Africa, 30 to the East Indies, 5 to the Levant, 4 to China, and 2 to Sydney in New South Wales.

From this passing sketch the reader may form some idea of the colossal magnitude of the Liverpool docks, which will shortly, if they do not at present, stand unrivalled in the maritime history of the world.

A NEAPOLITAN FESTIVAL DISTURBED.

Near the entrance of the renowned grotto excavated by the ancients under the mountain of Posiligio, to serve as a short communication between Naples and Pozzuoli, there is a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose shrine is almost concealed by numberless offerings in gold, silver, and other precious metals, as tokens of the wonderful cures and blessings obtained through her supposed mediation. Her festival is celebrated on the 8th February, and on that day the inhabitants of the capital and its populous environs, and even the court, go to pay their veneration to the miraculous Madonna, and their annual offerings to the priests that monopolise her miracles.

Joachim Murat, who, whilst king of Naples, had the means and opportunity of gratifying his fondness for Oriental display, always celebrated this festival with the utmost pomp and splendour. At the appointed day in 1811, he appeared in the military cloak and sabre of Charles IV. of Spain (part of the spoil of his Spanish conquests), both covered with jewels of the highest value, and looked more like a knight-errant of old than a modern warrior. A military review having been arranged, several thousand men were mustered, and went through various complicated evolutions. After this a naval review took place. The Neapolitan flotilla, consisting of two men-of-war carrying 74 guns, three frigates of 40 guns, and several brigs and sloops gaily decorated with flags, left the beautiful bay in full sail, followed by numerous private yachts and pleasure boats, and steered towards the island of Capri. A naval sham fight had been arranged to take place on their return.

About three o'clock a grand procession was arranged on shore at the Villa Reale. It was headed by twelve magnificent carriages containing the king and his suite, guarded by a squadron of the royal lancers and their admirable band of music. Eleven of the carriages were each drawn by eight thorough-bred horses, and in them rode the great officers of the household, the ministers, and princes and princesses of the royal family; to the twelfth, which had formerly been the state-carriage of Charles IV. of Spain, and which contained the king and queen, were harnessed twelve Arabian gray horses. All the ornaments of this splendid vehicle—consisting of elaborate chasings and a massive crown—were of pure gold. The carriages were followed by the king's staff and a body of the royal cuirassiers. At this moment the Villa Reale (which is situated on the sea-shore) presented a magnificent spectacle. A vast number of people of all classes had assembled on the spot to view the procession, whilst the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with elegantly-dressed company. The palaces of the Strada di Chiaga, which overlook the Villa Reale,

were filled with the wealthiest families in the kingdom, ambassadors, and other distinguished foreigners. The concourse of spectators of all descriptions stretched for nearly two miles, in a straight line, and presented a *coup-d'œil* extremely picturesque and imposing. Everything was joyous, and the entire city seemed abandoned to the pleasures of the festival.

Scarcely had the procession begun to move, before a brisk cannonade was heard from the sea towards Cape Posiligio. The attention of the multitude was immediately directed to that quarter; for it was believed that the sham fight had begun before the appointed time. Presently two frigates and several smaller vessels appeared, doubling the cape, and making their way into port with all possible speed; the firing from the ships in pursuit being, all the while, kept up. In short, the fight was to all appearance so admirably managed, that the procession was entirely neglected, every person looking at its progress, and applauding the admirable look of reality which the Neapolitan flotilla was giving to the engagement. While the excitement produced by the chase was, however, at its highest, the crowd on shore were astounded by the firing of an alarm signal from the castle of St Elmo, and which was never heard unless at the approach of an enemy, or at the commencement of a revolt. This astonishment was turned into a panic of alarm, when it was perceived that instead of a sham, a real fight was going on; for three English men-of-war now hove in sight. To add to the general distress, several stray shots struck the shore.

It would be impossible to describe the scene of terror and confusion which followed. The screams were truly terrific, and re-echoed mournfully in the bay and on the hills. Thousands of ladies and gentlemen threw themselves on their faces; many fainted; and the rest betook themselves to flight. As all wished to be the first out of danger, the gates of the Villa Reale were soon choked up by the fugitives, and became impassable to all. Murat, informed of this unexpected English visit, left the state-carriage, and, followed on horseback by his staff, went to direct, from the Castle dell 'Uovo, the defence of his fleet and his capital.

After this, a real fight began by sea and land, which lasted until night put an end to the gallantry of the assailers and defenders. The latter, however, sustained great injury in their ships and batteries: while the former, after amusing themselves with disturbing the festival, and frighting almost to death the people of Naples, sailed away, and no vestige of them was to be seen the next morning. The Villa Reale, however, presented a sad aspect; its beautiful flowers, and exotic shrubs and plants, were almost all destroyed; its alleys were covered with broken hats, parasols, shoes, gloves, reticules, and other articles of wearing apparel; and the hospitals and private houses were filled with persons who had been injured—not by the English shots—but by the consequences of their panic-terror.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF THE WASHITA.

In the morning the weather had cleared up, and the sun broke out in great force, so, having lighted our fire, and dried our effects, my son went to the stream for a pail of water to make our ablutions. We now found out that we were really at the Hot Springs of the Washita, [State of Arkansas], for there was a very great difficulty in procuring cold water, the springs occupying a breadth equal to 400 yards of the base of the ridge; and all of them—at least thirty-five in number—falling into the brook, raised its temperature to that of a warm-bath, especially in places where springs of hot water came through the clay-slate. Finding this to be the case, I thought I might as well go to the water as have the water brought to me; so taking my brushes and towels, I sallied out, and was exceedingly pleased with the picturesque effect produced upon the slope of the ridge by the volumes of vapour proceeding from so many fumeroles. A gentle smoke seemed to emerge from an immense thicket of arbusta and young plants, all of which, in full leaf of a brilliant green, made a fine contrast to the naked oaks already stripped of their leaves. The water in the brook was pleasantly tepid, and having no one to intrude upon my privacy, I made a profuse use of it, and wading about, found that the hot water came through the slate in an immense number of places; yet, mingling with the water of the brook, it did not scald my feet, although on the shore I found that if I insinuated my fingers a few inches below the gravel, I was obliged to withdraw them instantly. Fishes are never found in this stream when the waters are low; but when it is much raised by floods from the mountains, then trout, perch, and other fish are taken in all parts of it. One of the inhabitants told me that towards the northern end of the travertine, where there was a considerable pool, he had often seen the fish gliding below, and that upon such occasions when he would throw a few crumbs in, they would dart upwards, and getting their noses into the stratum of hot water at the top, would instantly wheel about and disappear. Frogs and snakes, too, when they fall into it inadvertently, stretch themselves out and die. We were so charmed with the novelty of everything around us, that we got some corn bread and a little milk from Mrs Percival, and sitting down by one of the springs, the temperature of which was 148 degrees Fahrenheit, we made our breakfast there, the water being sufficiently hot for the purpose, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We were not a little amused with the uses the settlers made of these waters: the facility of obtaining hot water was fully appreciated by them, for they never seemed to boil any water for any purpose, nor to drink any cold water: a tree, smoothed off on the upper side, was laid across the stream at a narrow part, so that they could easily cross and supply themselves for the purpose of washing their clothes, and on a shelf near the door of each cabin was always a pail of mineral water, with a gourd to drink it from. Some of the springs are quite tasteless, others have a slight chalybeate flavour, but certainly the first neither communicated a foreign taste to tea nor coffee. The highest temperature of these springs at the time I was there did not exceed 148 degrees, but there had been a good deal of rain, which had no doubt lowered it. If there was no admixture of atmospheric waters, it is probable they would mark a few degrees more; indeed an individual here with whom I became acquainted, showed me a memorandum which a visitor had given him during a period of long drought, where a particular spring was noted at 156 degrees Fahrenheit.—*Featherstonhaugh's Slave States.*

ADULTERATION OF GREEN TEA.

The following facts relative to the adulteration of this indispensable article of consumption, cannot be too widely promulgated. They are taken from a paper entitled 'Observations on the Green Teas of Commerce, by R. Warrington, Esq.' published in a late number of the Chemical Gazette:—On submitting a sample of green tea, supposed to be spurious, and which had been seized by the excise, to microscopic investigation, the author found that the variation of tints which had led him to this mode of examination was dependent on adventitious substances mechanically attached or dusted on the surface of the curled leaves. The principal part of this powder was of a white colour, interspersed with particles of an orange and of a bright blue. From the abraded dust of this sample, obtained by agitation, some of the latter were separated, and proved on examination to be Prussian-blue; the orange portion was apparently some vegetable colour; and the white and principal part was found to contain silica, alumina, a little lime and magnesia, and was probably kaolin or powdered agalmatolite, more particularly from the rubbed and prominent parts of the tea assuming a polished appearance. A great variety of other samples of teas were submitted to examination; but in all cases they were found to be faced with various substances, to give them the bloom and colour which is so distinct a characteristic of the green teas of commerce. The unglazed varieties appear to have had no blueing material applied. Very high qualities of glazed teas have this facing apparently tinted of a uniform pale blue before application; while others, still of high quality, and embracing the great part of the samples examined, have both the white and blue particles very distinct, the latter varying in its quantity; in the low qualities, as Twankay, being pretty thickly powdered. When this facing was removed, the tea was found to be of a black colour, but without the

corrugated aspect presented by black teas ordinarily, and which evidently arises from the higher temperature to which they are subjected during the process of curing or drying. The substances separated from these green teas were sulphate of lime, a material analogous to kaolin, and Prussian-blue, together with some yellow vegetable colouring body. It is evident that the whole of these teas come to this country in a dressed or adulterated state, a conclusion which is satisfactorily confirmed by the opinions and observations of individuals long resident in China.

THE HOSPITAL SHIP.

The Dreadnought hospital ship is moored in the Thames, opposite to Greenwich Hospital. Formerly a ship of war, she fought at Trafalgar under Captain Conn; she captured the Spanish three-decker, the San Juan, which had previously been engaged by the Bellerophon and the Defiance, and did duty in battle and in storm as one of England's boasted wooden walls. For many years

> 'Her march was o'er the mountain waves,
> Her home upon the deep.'

But her ninety-eight heavy guns are changed for feather-beds, to accommodate four hundred suffering, destitute sailors—her decks have become wards—her captains, doctors—her crew, nurses—and now, like an aged warrior, she rests upon former exploits and glory; leaves battle and carnage for peace and benevolence; and in old age ministers to the sick seamen *of all nations*. Should the outside of this floating hospital suggest an inspection of the interior, a boat will in a few minutes place the visitor upon a staircase leading from the water's edge to the upper deck. A card sent to the officer in charge, with a civil request for leave to see the ship, will secure the required favour. The patients are ranged upon the lower decks, the port-holes affording the necessary ventilation. The cabins are converted into surgeries, and the whole arrangements are very complete and satisfactory. Whoever examines them, and reflects on the benefits they confer upon destitute seamen, will scarcely leave the Dreadnought without giving his mite towards its support.—*Pictorial Guide to Greenwich.*

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation, in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are flooded by a summer shower; yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.—*Dr Johnson.*

IDLE VISITS.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door as beggars their daily bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and then sallies forth to distribute it amongst his acquaintance.—*Colton.*

CONTENTMENT.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Dr Johnson.*

THE OTTER IN INDIA.

We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes on the bank. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandbanks, uttering a shrill whistling noise as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested in the sight. It has always been a fancy of mine, that the poor creatures whom we waste and persecute to death for no cause but the gratification of our cruelty, might, by reasonable treatment, be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindoo shows here a better taste and judgment than half the otter-hunting and badger-baiting gentry of England.—*Bishop Heber's Journal.*

THE LITTLE TEACHER.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

With dark foreboding thoughts oppress,
I wandered forth one summer day,
Hoping abroad to ease my breast,
And grief allay.

Deep in a lone and green retreat
I laid me down with many a sigh,
When lo, a daisy at my feet
Allured my eye.

Methought with sympathetic smile
It seemed to pity and reprove,
And thus my bitter care beguile
With words of love:—

'Sad mortal, cease these anxious sighs;
Why sit you thus in sorrow here?
Does not each leaf that meets thine eyes
Reprove thy fear?

'Although a mean unheeded flower,
My daily wants are all supplied;
And He who brought me to this hour
Will still provide.

'The light and dew, the sun and rain,
Are hourly sent to foster me,
And fearest thou God will not deign
To think on thee?'

Ashamed I rose, rebuked my care,
And blessed the teacher of the sod,
Resolved to chase away despair,
And trust in God.

SAGACITY OF THE CAT.

Passing by the back-window of a neighbour's house a short time since, I saw a favourite Tom cat seated on a table near the window, beside a narrow-necked cream-jug containing milk; no person was in the kitchen. He was smelling the milk, and endeavouring to reach it with his tongue, but could not; at last he inserted one of his fore-paws, and withdrew it, the fur saturated with milk; after he had licked it clean he dipped again, and kept repeating the process as long as I remained observing him, which I did for several minutes, and then left him to his employment, for I thought he had well deserved his reward by his ingenuity.—*The Zoologist.*

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

The desire of knowledge is not more natural than is the desire of communicating our knowledge. Even power would be less valued, were there no opportunity of showing it to others; it derives half its value from that circumstance. And as to the desire of esteem, it can have no possible gratification but in society. These parts of our constitution, therefore, are evidently intended for social life; and it is not more evident that birds were made for flying, and fishes for swimming, than that man, endowed with a natural desire of power, of esteem, and of knowledge, is made not for the savage and solitary state, but for living in society.—*Reid.*

Printed by William Sandbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Rivers, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, August 31, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 36. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1844. Price 1½d.

SELF-DENIERS.

It can scarcely be regarded as otherwise than unlucky, that, while one half of the world are self-indulgent overmuch, the other half are self-denying to a degree almost equally reprehensible. Some know no restriction upon the gratifications which they are to allow to themselves; with others it is only to themselves that they are severe or illiberal. Generally a spirit of excessive self-denial is the effect of early habits of economy and application, which were appropriate and laudable at the time when they were formed. Unfortunately men cannot always readily adapt their modes of life to changed circumstances: the law of habit forbids such rapid transformations. Hence it is that we so often see them exhibiting, in wealth and ease, the rigidly parsimonious life proper to a state of humble struggle, and transferring to a fine mansion the maxims which are suitable only in a cottage. And hence also it is that wealth so often passes unenjoyed from the hands of those who have earned it, into the possession of others who will know it only in its expenditure, as if making and spending were things incompatible.

It would be startling to many who have fulfilled, or humbly and earnestly endeavoured to fulfil, all the great duties of life, to be told that they have omitted and never thought of one great duty—the duty towards themselves. But this, strange as the averment may appear, is a duty as much neglected as perhaps any other. There is no peculiarity of human character more conspicuous than the inability to allow one's self the least relaxation from customary tasks, or the slightest addition to ordinary comforts. Amongst the respectable portions of society, persons are every day met with who exhibit this character in all shades of intensity, from the downright miser, to him who, with a competency secure, fears that all will go to wreck if he allows a headache to detain him in bed a minute beyond his customary time. Generally founded as it has been upon generous and conscientious principle, and as generally unattended by any shade of an exacting spirit towards others, it is impossible, nevertheless, to view such a failing without some degree of the ridicule which is due to all absurdities. But ridicule is not alone due to it, for it is often attended with such consequences as to become liable to serious censure.

The almost unavoidable effect of the predominance of one decided self-denier in a domestic circle is to make the rest careless and over-easy. A mother, for example, who is of this disposition, is extremely apt to monopolise all the duties of housekeeping, to the exclusion of her daughters, who accordingly grow up ignorant of, and inexperienced in, those very accomplishments which the matron deems the most essential to female excellence. A father professedly rears a son to assist him in his business; but being one of those anxious self-devoted beings who find no peace unless when everything is done by themselves, he cannot fully intrust any of his duties to the youth, who consequently not being called upon to exercise the full powers of his mind, and never having the stimulus arising from responsibility, grows up a sort of waste being, becomes negligent and self-indulgent, or, if possessed of irrepressible activity, devotes it to some frivolous pursuit. I have seen several young men thus all but lost, not because they were intentionally bad, but because their parents were in the opposite extreme. A man often thinks that no one can do well or think well but himself, and the consequence of such overweening self-conceit is, that it leaves him to do and think for all—his servants and children becoming unavoidably the idlers which he assumes them to be.

While a self-denier may be able to endure all the supererogatory duties and severe privations which he chooses to impose upon himself, his character is not for this reason sure to remain unaffected. Often this habit of doing what others should do, leads to a pride in ourselves and contempt for our fellow-creatures, which are alike ungraceful. Often does the temper imperceptibly become sour and irritable for want of enjoyments which we might innocently have. It is easy, speaking comparatively, to suffer unflinchingly when we have self-gratulations to support us; but it is not so easy to continue cheerful, confiding, and amiable, amidst a life which gives toil without relaxation, and partakes of no enjoyments. The effort may be made—human nature may struggle with its inclinations, and these may be to appearance got the better of; but still the fact remains, that we have all of us faculties desiring exercise, and tastes craving gratification, and these are not to be continually disappointed of their appropriate objects, or at least they cannot all be repressed and set by, without our whole nature suffering some deterioration. A cheerless life unavoidably takes the sweet principle from our composition; and when we do not, or will not enjoy, we never see others do so with any degree of good-will. Thus it is that the spirit of self-denial, which in some circumstances is so great a merit, shows itself in others as only a blight to domestic peace, and a source of far-spreading vexation and trouble. Thus it is that men of the greatest excellence in some respects do occasionally become known to their fellow-creatures, and particularly to the sharers of their homes, as only objects of terror and antipathy. The most exact rectitude, the most laborious exertions for a dependent family, and even a respectable share of practical benevolence, will fail to secure esteem when accompanied by that severity of spirit which so often takes its rise in a system of self-denial, protracted till it has become a fixed habit exclusive of all the milder

feelings. A person who has carried self-denial to this excess, may be said to have transformed a virtue into a vice, and made himself detestable by the very means which he originally adopted to obtain a good name.

While it is good, then, to practise self-denial—while this stands as an essential to all virtue, and in itself a great one—while we worship it, as is right, as the source of many of the greatest of acts called heroic, and the principle which carries men above the condition of savages, since it is what places them above being always on the borders of want—let us also be on our guard against carrying it to excess. Let us endeavour to secure its beneficial fruits, but avoid the evils which it is also capable of producing. Man is a being of wants: he cannot have all of these systematically denied without suffering therefrom. He must not self-deny overmuch, as otherwise he is sure to produce more harm, to others as well as to himself, than good to either. He must here, in short, be restrained by a regard to that moderation in which all virtue consists. He must not allow good intentions to hurry him so far away from a common class of failings as to run into an opposite and equally vicious extreme.

The philosophy here inculcated may serve in some cases to suggest a means of banishing domestic unhappiness. It must often happen that the growing bad temper complained of in an important member of a family, has no other source than a too constant self-denial of innocent enjoyments, or a too close application to duties which, while not much liked, or absolutely hated, are yet unmurmuringly submitted to. With such a key as to the cause of this affection, it may sometimes be found possible to remove it. Such persons should be, as far as possible, tempted into innocent pleasures, and induced to relax in their excessive application. By the very act of sharing in the pleasures which their fellow-creatures enjoy, they will learn to sympathise with those fellow-creatures, and will become better men, because kinder and more yielding, by doing many things which almost appear frivolous, or indulging in what would at another time appear to them as culpable idleness. If they can by and by get into a habit of allowing themselves to be human, they will become a source of happiness to all around them, and their conversion may be considered as completed.

THE CROSS OF SANTA ROSALIA.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

In no place which came under my notice during my days of American travel, have I retained a more vivid interest than in the Mexican village of Santa Rosalia, and yet I came only within a few hundred miles of it. My connexion with the navy of the republic of Texas rendered crossing the frontier matter of serious difficulty and danger. At Corpus Christi, however, in the society of Mexican and American smugglers, of casual trading parties, and in the other towns of Texas, some wholly peopled by this mixed Indian and Spanish race, I acquired considerable knowledge of their manners, habits, and modes of life. I was personally acquainted, too, with some of the individuals who composed the disastrous Santa Fé Expedition, and from them I largely increased my stock of information. One evening, when wind and weather bound at Corpus Christi, our schooner tossing angrily on the bay, and ourselves snugly ensconced in the mud cabin of Old Dohorty, roasting ducks on our ramrods, and smoking the delectable weed through corn cob pipes, I induced a young Irish officer to favour us with a narration, of which I took ample notes at the time, and which I now carefully transcribe, merely drawing upon my own resources for language, because I cannot hope to imitate his rich dialect, but preserving the facts and mode of narration.

'I believe you are all aware that the Mexican women are, in extreme youth, superbly beautiful. Dark, even sometimes swarthy, there is still about them a tenderness, a liquid melting of the large and eloquent eye, a rosy tinge in the cheek, a glossy blackness of the hair, which, combined, produces a whole of great loveliness. Indeed, though most Englishmen prefer the northern style of beauty, yet were you to see some of the exquisite, innocent girlish creatures which adorn a Mexican fandango, they could never be effaced from your memory. The Texan prisoners,* composing Colonel Cooke's division, were halted a whole day at St Rosalia, and I being of this party, and on parole, employed my leisure in strolling about the neighbourhood. The village itself, with its miserable huts and indolent population, afforded no temptation for any one to remain in it, and I accordingly followed my own fancy. A walk of about half a mile brought me to a small wooded dell, beside which was a little plain, which I at once recognised as the scene of many a murder and savage deed of blood. No country is more infested with robbers and brigands than is the republic of Mexico at the present day: the constant revolutions which occur, let loose upon society a vast horde of marauders, who gain their living by rapine, seldom unaccompanied with murder. Cowards always have a leaning to assassination; and the same gang which would fly before one well-armed Englishman, have no hesitation in putting to a cruel death such of their own countrymen as they may fall in with, whom they then rifle and abandon on the wayside. Whenever a man meets with this tragic fate, his friends erect a cross on the spot, frequently cutting the name of the murdered person on the wood, with his age, the time of his death, and his occupation. They also cast around the foot a heap of small stones, one being added on each occasion when a prayer is said for his soul: the number of the departed's friends, and their great or little solicitude for his welfare, are thus easily ascertained. On all roads throughout the land, numbers of these rude wooden crosses are met on every day's journey; and of the Barranca Secca, a noted haunt of these *ladrones*, Brantz Meyer thus speaks:—"The quarter of a mile through which the ravine extended was literally lined with crosses, marking the spot of some murder or violent death. These four or five hundred *mementos mori* seemed to convert it into a perfect grave-yard." †

It was the sight of some half dozen of these signs which satisfied me that I had fallen on evil ground; but, despite the associations brought up in my mind, I speedily fixed my attention on one feature of the scene. In a corner of the field of blood was a cross of more careful workmanship than the rest, placed, too, at the head of a grave, and surrounded by a little bed of flowers carefully railed in and protected from the inroads of cattle. Crouching down at the foot of the cross, in so close contact with the earthen mound as to be at first scarcely distinguishable, was a female, motionless, and seemingly in the act of prayer. Perceiving that she paid no attention to my presence, I advanced nearer, curious to know what could bring a woman to this spot thus alone and unprotected. I was within five yards of the spot ere she moved; then slowly rising, and fixing her eyes inquiringly and reproachfully upon me, she turned towards the village. Never had I seen anything so ethereally beautiful as that face. About sixteen, her form was wrapped only in a coarse petticoat and chemise; but Phidias or Praxitiles never limned anything so faultless and exquisite. Her bare ankles, her tiny feet, were perfect models for a sculptor; and her face, as pale as a cheek of the purest and richest olive could become, was—oh, how beautiful! Her full, dark, and lustrous eyes, beneath their silken lashes and penciled brow, looked out upon the world as if she had no communion with it. The expression was sad, weary, and wobegone. I saw at once a tale of love, of misery, and

* For an account of the Santa Fé Expedition, see the Journal, No. 22, new series.

† Mexico as It Was, and as It Is.

disappointment; and when the fair apparition had disappeared, I turned towards the cross. It told nothing.

It would occupy far too much of your time to detail how and by what means I succeeded in unravelling the mystery of that scene. I did so, however, and now give you, my friends, the benefit of what has made a deep and lasting impression upon me. Maria Guerra was the only daughter of Hezoos Guerra, the owner of a small portion of land near the village of Santa Rosalia, and the keeper of the apology for an inn which adorned that locality. From extreme youth she had been remarked for her singular beauty, and it was universally prophesied that she would, when arrived at a proper age, be elevated to the dignity of some great man's wife, and be thus transferred from the village to the capital. Maria, however, was not ambitious. She tended her father's hut, drew water from the well, irrigated his pumpkins, and laughed at the flatteries of the young sparks of the neighbourhood. When she had reached the age of fifteen, without even having an accepted lover, it was looked upon as something quite remarkable in a country where women are often mothers two years earlier. Maria, however, took no note of time, but sang and danced at the village fandangos, and chirruped in the open air, like any other bird of song, and was a very child in all her actions. There is for every one a time, and poor Maria's was soon to come.

Early one morning she stood by the village well-side, her left arm leaning upon a mud-wall close at hand, and her other hand clasping the bucket which she had just filled. Her beautifully curved and half-open lips disclosed teeth of dazzling and pearly whiteness, her eyes were cast upon the ground, when the sound of a horse's footsteps sounded near, and raising her head, she beheld a cavalier approaching. The rider was one of the arrieros (carriers of valuables, jewels, money, &c.), in their usual picturesque costume: a broad-brimmed steeple-crowned *sombrero*, covered with oil-skin, shaded his brow; his body was cased in a short leathern jacket, fancifully embossed with painted nails, like the old buff coats of the feudal soldiery; while his leathern trousers, with rows of buttons at the seam, prevented the chafing of the saddle, and leggings guarded his feet and ankles. In front of him were the *armas de agua*, or large skin cut in two parts, the ends of which on one side were fastened to the saddle-bow, the other two being tied behind him, so that his legs were entirely free from rain; before this were fastened his pistols; while by his side hung his

> "Toledo trusty,
> That for want of fighting had grown rusty."

From the peak of his curious saddle hung his *lasso*, a long running noose wherewith to catch his horse in the morning, and behind was strapped the *serape*, or blanket-cloak, with a slit in the middle, through which on occasion the head was passed.*

When I inform you that the arriero was young and handsome, it will the less surprise you that Maria blushed, and looked pleased, when the horseman demanded, in the politest manner of a man who had seen the world, a drink of water for his steed. The maiden cheerfully complied; and ere the task was executed, they were friends. The young man had, it seemed, suddenly discovered something wrong about the harness of his horse, which absolutely required his dismounting to remedy it; and though, when on his feet, even with the assistance of Maria, he could not find out the defect, yet he vowed he was glad to be able to stretch his legs after a long ride. Maria suggested his adjourning to her father's inn, though nothing could be farther from her wishes; and the young man, as if divining her secret thoughts, declined the proffered hospitality. Close to the well was a grassy bank, shadowed by the broad-leaved plantain, and the thready pride of China, the "feathery palm," so as to form, with lacing vines and creeping plants, a perfect bower, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Could these two young people have had the courage to be frank, both would have said, "Let us hie yonder; let us sit down; and speaking and listening, let us learn by mutual conversation if, on better acquaintance, we like one another as well as we now do, judging only from outward appearance." But could we be thus methodical in all things, much of the illusion of life would be gone. The young arriero, therefore, hesitated lest he should be thought too bold, while Maria seized her bucket, as if about to lead the way to the village.

"It was already warm," the arriero observed, casting a sidelong glance at the shady bower, and fastening his horse to one of the well-posts.

"It was very warm!" Maria quite agreed with him on that point; and if the caballero would like to rest a few minutes, she would walk slow enough to be easily overtaken.

Josef cleared his throat once or twice, and then ventured to remark that the walk would be more pleasant together; "and," he added, "I am sure I shall not find my way myself to your father's inn, where I must stop to-day and to-night, for my horse is quite lame, and I am too fatigued to advance without rest."

Now Maria knew that the road to her father's door was as straight as a line, that the horse looked fresh and hale, while that the cavalier could ride at that moment fifty miles, was self-evident; and had she been a coquette, she would have raised one of these objections. As it was, she laughed, laid down her pitcher, and saying, "I see, signor, you are in a gossiping humour, or have had some terrible adventure, and want to tell it, so I will please you," led the way to the bank. Had there been within twenty miles of that spot a clock, watch, or other noter of time, its longer hand would have fairly turned round thrice from twelve to twelve again ere they thought of rising. Young, without care, seeing in each other the very beau ideal of the opposite sex, these hours were the happiest of their lives. Josef told of his travels, of his visits to the capital, of wondrous things the maiden had never dreamt of, sang the last song which was popular in the city of Mexico, and declared his companion to be the most beautiful creature that had ever crossed his eyes in all his rambles. Maria almost looked as if she thought him the handsomest youth that ever bestrode a steed, and in her innocent girlish way soon let him see that her heart was unshackled, a discovery which appeared to give the arriero great satisfaction. He in return told her frankly that he was without a sweetheart; and ere they rose from that bank, true to the impetuous Mexican character, they had mutually vowed eternal love and fidelity. No sooner did Josef induce Maria to whisper "yes," than his ecstacy knew no bounds; he leaped from the bank, drew his horse to him, mounted, and, despite her cries and laughter, placed the blushing girl before him, and spurring his steed, dashed furiously across the space which separated him from the village inn.

Old Guerra, who had been wondering at his daughter's absence, was more surprised at the mode of her return than at the delay; but as he instantly recognised Josef as the son of one of the richest arrieros on the road, his surprise was not unmingled with pleasure. Josef explained the circumstances of his meeting with the daughter; and, amid sundry smiles and shakes of the head, gave a complete history of the morning's adventures, despite the blushes of Maria. He was careful not to leave out that great stroke of generalship, the lame horse, at which Hezoos Guerra laughed until the tears rolled down his bronze cheeks; and when he heard their romantic betrothment detailed, at once sanctioned it, with the exceptional clause of six months' probation. Josef appeared not exactly to understand this part of the compact; but as Maria seemed to think her father quite correct, he was fain to submit; old Guerra, however, could not help thinking

* On all things relative to Mexican costume and manners, consult 'Meyer's Mexico,' a most useful and agreeable work.

with a very bad grace. The father in an ordinary case had been right, but the lover's impetuosity in this instance had been wisdom.

Six months, therefore, were to be passed, and Josef determined to spend the time as profitably as possible, following his avocation as an arriero, with the intention of entering into some business in one of the populous cities on the occasion of his marriage. His journeys, however, were very much shortened, and he usually contrived to pass once a-week through Santa Rosalia, where Maria always received him with a joyous smile, and bade him adieu in tears. Week after week passed, and the time of their union drew nigh; Maria advanced into full and blooming womanhood, and Josef vowed that each visit gave him the opportunity of discovering some new grace. At length ten days only were wanting of the time: Josef arrived in the village loaded with presents, among which a handsome *reboso* or shawl was most remarkable, and intimated that one important journey would end his career as an arriero. Maria heard this with joy, and bidding him not forget the wedding-day, allowed him to depart. The arriero or carrier in Mexico is often intrusted with sums of great magnitude. In a country without banks, without roads, without accommodation for the better kind of travellers, this is necessary, and never is the trust repented, as far as the men themselves are concerned. "Often ill-looking and ill-clad," Meyer says, "I have never been more struck with the folly of judging of men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the arrieros. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trousers, and well-greased jerkin, that has breasted many a storm —a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat when sending it to your tailor for repairs— is frequently in Mexico the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months, on toilsome journeys among the mountains and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with; he overcomes them all—is scarcely ever robbed—never robs; and at the appointed day comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares or monies have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, bondless, and unsecured, with nothing but his fair name and unbroken word. When you ask him if you may rely on his people, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honour should be questioned, exclaim, 'Soy José Maria, senor, por veinte annos, arriero de Mexico —*todo el mundo me conosce.*'"*

Josef, whose reputation, though not quite so widespread as that of his friend, was still very great, had, a few days before his parting with Maria, been summoned to the hacienda or plantation of a rich proprietor, thence to bear the sum of six thousand dollars in silver and gold to a creditor of Don Rafaele de Gama, the lord of the estate. Proud of the faith put in him, Josef had mentioned the fact at Santa Rosalia, and as the money was to be borne to the city of Mexico, intimated his intention of passing through the village on a certain day, and being married, and proceeding on his journey with his bride. The two brothers of Maria quizzed him somewhat on his impatience for the union, and there the matter dropped. Maria awaited the day with calmness —her pure and innocent soul little imagined the fearful tragedy which was about to be enacted.

On the eighth day the young Guerras disappeared with several other young men in the village, intimating their intention of being back in time for the wedding. Maria shook her head, and vowed she would never forgive them if they were absent from her nuptials, and then suffered them to depart. The ninth day came, and Maria was only a little paler than usual; the tenth, and she rose to keep a promise to her lover. On the high road near the dell which I have mentioned, there is a little hill, on the top of which, beneath a shady grove, Maria was used to meet her Josef on his return from his journeys. A long line of road could be seen from the spot, to the right of which was the field of blood. Maria did not wait long ere, far on the plain, she saw a horseman hurrying rapidly towards her, leading a second by the bridle. She felt it was Josef, and seating herself on a grassy bank, awaited his arrival, herself entirely concealed from view. Each moment brought the impatient rider nearer, and soon she could distinguish, first, the valuable packet on the led horse, then the gladsome features of her lover, who in five minutes more would be at her feet. Suddenly, when within two hundred yards of the spot, he reined in his steed violently, jerked the led horse forward, gave it a smart lash, and away came the faithful animal at a hard gallop in the direction of the village. With loud execrations a party of men disguised, and with their faces blackened and disfigured, rushed upon the arriero, with vows if he did not recall the retreating beast, to put him to death. Maria saw no more; she had recognised two of the robbers; all she could tell was that pistols were fired, that swords were clashed, that two horrid shrieks re-echoed around, and then Josef was at her feet.

"Mind not, mind not, my dearest," cried he; "I could not help it; it was in self-defence; and two have paid dearly for their villany."

"Which two, Josef?" said Maria with a calm smile, which ended, however, in a look so ghastly, that the arriero started back in affright. "Come, let us see; it cannot be; I must dream;" and, supported by her lover, the poor girl hurried to the scene of the struggle. The two men whom Josef had shot were those who had planned the robbery, who were foremost in the attack —the young Guerras.

Neither spoke, but when the arriero placed his beloved mistress on the horse before him, she was senseless. How sad, how changed since that happy day when, smiling and merry, she had struggled for freedom on that same steed's neck! They reached the inn. Josef told the tale: all, even the priest, absolved him, and vowed that as he had but acted in self-defence, no blame could attach to him. But Maria was inexorable. She would never marry, but devote the remainder of her days to praying for the soul of her erring kindred; she pressed Josef's hand kindly, told him that she, too, absolved him, but there was now no happiness in the world for her. She could see him, talk to him of old days, but wed the man who, however unwittingly, had slain her brethren, was more than she could have courage to go through with. Josef was awe-stricken, and his lips refused their office when he would have remonstrated with her; and then, with scarcely a farewell, he sped furiously on his way. Who can tell the thoughts of that miserable man? Blood upon his hand, his fondest hope dashed to the ground in one moment, he felt sure he should turn out a villain; and often afterwards he would describe the sensation of recklessness which gradually came over him.

Meanwhile the Guerras were buried, and the father alongside them, dead of horror and disappointment; while poor Maria constituted herself the guardian of their grave, and the earnest mediator with Heaven for those whose wretched avarice had brought desolation and misery on so many. It was thus I saw her when the greater part of her time was spent, and doubtless the poor thing is each day at the foot of the cross still.

Since my return to England, I have often heard from my friend, who is now settled in the city of Mexico, and it is a paragraph in a late letter of his that has tempted me to tell this story. 'Had I not married, I should say I had lost all faith in romance; but Benedicts have no business with romance. But will you credit it? Josef, on his arrival in Mexico city, retired home, and after some months, sickened, so badly indeed, as to cause his father and mother to give up all hope of his recovery. While in this state, his mother, with that maternal piety which is, I believe, peculiar to no

* I am Jose Maria, sir, an arriero of Mexico for twenty years—*all the world knows me.*

country, made a pilgrimage to Santa Rosalia, bearing with her the bishop's formal absolution for her son's offence. That her task was difficult, can be best judged from the fact, that she was daily, during a whole month, at the cross of Santa Rosalia. At length, however, the picture of her dying lover, and, more than all, the absolution of the prelate, of sufficient power in the people's eyes, in a superstitious semi-Catholic country like Mexico, to efface the deadliest sin, had its weight, and Maria departed with the worthy old lady. Though grave beyond her years, and with a settled sadness on her brow, she is now to a certain degree happy. Time, absence from the dread scene, and a fond husband, have all had their influence, and I am sorry to say there is now no one to tend the cross of Santa Rosalia.'

SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE English lake district comprises a portion of the three counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster. The picturesque beauties of its scenery are probably unequalled in any other part of England. It presents attractions no less interesting to the antiquary, in the remains of the abbeys of Furness, Calder, and Shap, of the feudal fortresses of Penrith, Brougham, and Dacre, and of several Roman stations and Druidical erections; while the many rare plants with which it abounds, and its rich variety of stratified and unstratified rocks, furnish abundant matter for employment to the student of nature. 'We penetrate the glacier,' says Cumberland, 'and traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, while our domestic lakes of Ulleswater, Keswick, and Windermere, exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colourings of rock, wood, and water, backed with so stupendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such as no English traveller should leave behind him.' The lake district is, moreover, the spot with which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Wilson, and others of our great modern poets have been intimately connected, and from which many of their finest poems have emanated. A visit to such a locality is calculated to confer no common pleasure, and we purpose laying before our readers some of the fruits of a few weeks' sojourn in the midst of its beauties.

Approaching the district from the north, we enter it at the ancient market town of Penrith, seated at the foot of an eminence near the southern verge of the county of Cumberland. When the northern part of the country was parcelled out among the followers of William the Conqueror, the district in which Penrith is situated was 'a goodly great forest full of woods, red-deer, and fallow-deer, wild swine, all manner of wild beasts, called the forest of Inglewood;' but like many other ancient forests in this country, it now retains no other trace of what it once was, except the name. Penrith is a neat clean town, containing but little worthy of notice. To the west of it are the ruins of its ancient castle, which was dismantled by the parliamentary party during the great civil war. In the churchyard is a singular monument of antiquity, consisting of two huge stone pillars covered with what are supposed to be Runic carvings. The neighbourhood of Penrith abounds in interesting objects, at the head of which stands Brougham Castle, occupying a striking situation near the junction of the rivers Eamont and Lowther. This celebrated fortress, now in ruins, was for many generations the property of 'the stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France,' whose wild adventures, loves, and wars, occupy so conspicuous a place in our annals. In 1617 the Earl of Cumberland feasted James I. in Brougham Castle on his return from Scotland; of which entertainment, which was of a magnificent description, there is a curious memorial still in existence—a folio volume, printed in 1618, entitled 'The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle, in Westmerland, in the King's Entertainment given by the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland and his Right Noble Sonne the Lord Clifforde, composed by Mr George Mason and Mr John Earsden.'* The Countess's Pillar is a short distance beyond Brougham Castle: it was erected in 1656 by the famous Lady Anne Clifford; 'a memorial,' as the inscription says, 'of her last parting at that place with her good and pious mother—in memory whereof she has left an annuity of L.4 to be distributed to the poor within the parish of Brougham every second day of April for ever upon the stone hereby. Laus Deo.' This interesting memorial of affection has been illustrated by no fewer than three of our great poets—Rogers, Wordsworth, and Mrs Hemans—the first of whom has referred to it in these lines:—

> 'Hast thou through Eden's wild wood vales pursued
> Each mountain scene magnificently rude,
> Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
> That modest stone by pious Pembroke reared,
> Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
> The silent sorrows of a parting hour.'

Brougham Hall, an old and picturesque building, the patrimonial mansion of a man who has occupied a large space in public attention during our age, stands on an eminence not far from the ruins of Brougham Castle, commanding extensive views of the surrounding country, and, from its situation and beautiful prospects, termed 'the Windsor of the North.' At a short distance, in a field on the right of the road, is King Arthur's Round Table—

> 'Red Penrith's Table Round,
> For feats of chivalry renowned'—

a curious circular intrenchment, about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with two approaches directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured that the enclosure was designed for the exercise of the feats of chivalry, and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators. Besides its traditionary importance, this place is interesting as the spot where King Arthur is represented in the 'Bridal of Triermain' as having held the tournament at which the contest was carried on for the hand of his daughter. Higher up the river Eamont is

> 'Mayborough's mound and stones of power,
> By Druids raised in magic hour'—

a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently-sloping hill. In the centre of the area is a large block of unhewn stone, about twelve feet in height, supposed to have been a place of Druidical judicature. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The celebrated relics of antiquity called 'Long Meg and her Daughters,' are six miles north-east of Penrith; the former consisting of a square unhewn column of red freestone, fifteen feet in circumference, and eighteen feet high; the latter forming a circle three hundred and fifty yards in circumference, and composed of sixty-seven stones, some of them ten feet high. Of this interesting monument Wordsworth says, 'Though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.'

> 'A weight of awe not easy to be borne,
> Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
> From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
> When first I saw that family forlorn.

* An account of the famous family of the Cliffords will be found in No. 615 of the Journal, first series.

> Speak thou whose massy strength and stature scorn
> The power of years—pre-eminent and placed
> Apart to overlook the circle vast—
> Speak, giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
> While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night.
> Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
> At whose behest uprose on British ground
> That sisterhood in hieroglyphic round,
> Forth-shadowing some have deemed the Infinite,
> The inviolable God that tames the proud!'

Another object of local note in the neighbourhood of Penrith is Lowther Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, who is the owner of immense possessions in this district. The building, which is of recent origin, has a double front, one in the castellated style, the other in the Gothic cathedral style, a circumstance noticed by Wordsworth, who has a sonnet commencing—

> 'Lowther! in thy majestic pile are seen
> Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
> With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
> Union significant of God adored,
> And charters won and guarded with the sword
> Of ancient honour.'

The interior is adorned with many master-pieces of the ancient painters, and the productions of Chantrey, Westmacott, and other sculptors. Here is also a *fac simile* of the famous Wellington shield, carved in solid silver, representing in a regular series the victories gained by the duke. The effect of the whole pile is strikingly grand. The park in which it stands abounds with fine forest trees, and is watered by the swift-flowing river Lowther, remarkable for its pellucid clearness. Altogether, the extent of prospect, the grandeur of the surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversities of surface, the gray and tree-crowned crags, the extensive woods and command of water, render this one of the finest scenes in the north of England. The Lowther family, which possesses unrivalled power in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, is of great antiquity; but, unlike their former neighbours the Cliffords, of little or no historical note. One of the family was attorney-general to Edward III. Another of them was warden of the west marches in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and when Queen Mary fled into England, he conveyed her, by the direction of Elizabeth, to Carlisle Castle. The first earl, who died in 1802, succeeded to the three great inheritances of Mauds Meaburn, Lowther, and Whitehaven, which had belonged to different branches of the family; and inherited also two millions of money left by his kinsman Sir James Lowther of Whitehaven. He was remarkable for his eccentricity and caprice, and is not unfrequently described by those who still remember him as 'the bad Lord Lonsdale.' The English Opium Eater, who has given a number of curious anecdotes regarding him in his 'Lake Reminiscences,' says, he was a true feudal chieftain; and in the very approaches to his mansion, in the style of his equipage, or whatever else was likely to meet the public eye, he delighted to express his disdain of modern refinements, and the haughty carelessness of his magnificence. The coach in which he used to visit Penrith was old and neglected, his horses fine, but untrimmed; and such was the impression diffused about him by his gloomy temper and his habits of oppression, that, according to the declaration of a Penrith contemporary of the old despot, the streets were silent as he traversed them, and an awe sat upon many faces. In his park you saw some of the most magnificent timber in the kingdom—trees that were coeval with the feuds of York and Lancaster, yews that perhaps had furnished bows to Cœur de Lion, and oaks that might have built a navy. All was savage grandeur about these native forests—their sweeping lawns and glades had been unapproached for centuries, it might be, by the hand of art, and amongst them roamed not the timid fallow deer, but thundering droves of wild horses. Lord Lonsdale (in the words of a contemporary writer) 'went sometimes to London, because there only he found a greater man than himself; but not often, because at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man.' Even in London, however, his haughty injustice found occasions for making itself known. On a court-day, St James's Street was lined by cavalry, and the orders were peremptory that no carriages should be allowed to pass, except those which were carrying parties to court. Whether it were by accident or no, Lord Lonsdale's carriage advanced, and the coachman, in obedience to orders shouted out from the window, was turning down the forbidden route, when a trooper rode up to the horses' heads and stopped them. The thundering menaces of Lord Lonsdale perplexed the soldier, who did not know but he might be bringing himself into a scrape by persisting in his opposition; but the officer on duty observing the scene, rode up, and in a determined tone enforced the order, causing two of his men to turn the horses' heads round into Piccadilly. Lord Lonsdale threw his card to the officer, and a duel followed, in which, however, the outrageous injustice of his lordship met with a pointed rebuke; for the first person whom he summoned to his aid in the quality of second, though a friend and a relative of his own, declined to sanction by any interference so scandalous a quarrel with an officer for simply executing an official duty. In this dilemma he applied to the late Earl of Lonsdale, then Sir William Lowther, who accepted of the office—a service which his lordship gratefully remembered; for, by a will which is said to have been dated the same day, Sir William became eventually possessed of a large property which did not necessarily accompany the title. Another anecdote is told of the same Lord Lonsdale, which expresses in a more affecting way the moody energy of his passions. He loved with passionate fervour a fine young woman of humble parentage in a Cumberland farm-house. Her he had persuaded to leave her father, and put herself under his protection. Whilst yet young and beautiful, she died. Lord Lonsdale's sorrow was profound: he could not bear the thought of a final parting from that face which had become so familiar to his heart. He caused her to be embalmed; a glass was placed over her features; and at intervals, when his thoughts reverted to her memory, he found a consolation (or perhaps a luxurious irritation) of his sorrow in visiting this sad memorial of his former happiness. Mr Pitt was first brought into parliament for one of the boroughs of Lord Lonsdale, then Sir James Lowther. When Pitt became prime minister, Sir James was rewarded for his services by being raised to the dignity of an earl. Yet so indignant was he, says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, at finding himself last on the list of newly-created earls—though the three noble individuals who preceded him were already barons of many centuries old—that he actually attempted to reject the peerage, preferring to remain a commoner rather than submit to so great a mortification. With that avowed intention he repaired to the House of Commons, where, in defiance of all impediments, he would have proceeded up the floor and placed himself on one of the opposition benches, as member for the county of Cumberland, if the sergeant and deputy-sergeant had not withheld him by main force. Means were subsequently devised to allay the irritation of his mind, and to induce his acquiescence in the order of precedence adopted by the crown.

Leaving Lowther, with its magnificent domains, we return to Penrith for the purpose of visiting, by a slight detour on our way to Ulleswater, the remains of Dacre Castle, long the residence of the famous border family of Dacre, the descendants of that fierce baron who derived his name from his exploits at the siege of St Jean d'Acre, and whose crest

> 'Once swept the shores of Judah's sea,
> And waved in gales of Galilee.'

A quaint old writer, giving an account of the edifice, says, 'Dacker Castle stands alone, and no more house about it; and I protest looks very sorrowful for the loss

of its founders in that huge battle of Towton Field, and that total eclipse of the great Lord Dacres in that grand rebellion with Lords Northumberland and Westmoreland in Queen Elizabeth's time, and in the north called Dacre's Raide.' Dacre Castle is now occupied as a farm-house. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Turning our steps from Dacre Castle towards the romantic lake of Ulleswater, and passing through Dalemain Park, we reach Pooley Bridge, where the river Eamont, clear as crystal, issues from the lake. Ulleswater is nine miles in length, and its extreme width is about three quarters of a mile; but the eye, it has been justly said, loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores and the grandeur of the fells that rise beyond. It spreads everywhere in an easy curve, beautifully broken in some parts by promontories, which divide it into three separate portions or reaches, as they are locally termed. At the foot of the first reach stands Dunmallet, a steep and conical hill covered with wood. Here there were formerly the traces of a Roman fortification; and on the summit of the hill, which commands a fine view of the lake, a monastery of Benedictine monks once stood. The character of this view is nearly that of simple grandeur; but the mountains surrounding Ulleswater in this neighbourhood do not rise to so great a height as those which extend along the middle and upper reaches. Following the road to Patterdale, which skirts the west margin of the lake, we reach the second bend, which assumes the form of a river, and contains in length nearly two-thirds of the lake. According to Mrs Radcliffe, this part of Ulleswater brings strongly to remembrance some of the passes of the Rhine beyond Coblentz, though the cliffs which rise over the lake do not show the variety of hue or marbled veins that frequently surprise and delight on the Rhine, being generally dark and gray, and the varieties in their complexion, when there are any, purely aërial; but they are vast and broken, rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it, while the mass of water below accords with the dignity of that river in many of its reaches. This bend of the lake is closed in by Birk Fell on the left, and on the right by Stybarrow Crag, far away above which is seen 'the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.' On its eastern shore are the broken precipices of Holling Fell and Swarth Fell, 'now no longer boasting any part of the forest of Martindale, but showing huge walls of naked rock,' and scars and ravines formed by the winter torrents. On the west are the grassy hillocks and undulating copses of Gowbarrow Park, 'fringing the water sometimes over little rocky eminences that project into the stream, and at others in shelving bays, where the lake, transparent as crystal, breaks upon the pebbly bank, and leaves the road that winds there.' 'In Gowbarrow Park,' says Wordsworth, 'the lover of nature might linger for hours. Here is a powerful brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood. Here are beds of luxuriant ferns, aged hawthorns, and hollies decked with honeysuckles, and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets.' In the middle of the park there is a hunting seat called Lyulph's Tower, a square gray edifice with turreted corners, battlements, and windows in the Gothic style, built by Charles, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, and bequeathed by him, along with Gowbarrow Park, to Henry Howard, Esq. of Greystock Castle. It stands on a green eminence a little removed from the lake, backed with woods and with pastures rising abruptly beyond to the cliffs and crags that crown them. In front, the ground falls finely to the edge of the lake, and is scattered over with old trees, and darkened with copses, which mingle in a variety of tints with the light verdure of the turf beneath. The lake is here seen to make one of its boldest expanses as it sweeps round Place Fell—an enormous mass of gray crag—and enters Patterdale, its third and last bend. This reach is the smallest and narrowest of the three, but greatly superior to the others in the mingled grandeur and beauty which surround it. On the left side,

> 'Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink.'

On the opposite shore the rocks are lower and richly wooded, and a tract of meadow land or pasture frequently interposes between them and the water. The view is closed at the upper end by the massy broken rocks which guard the gorge of Patterdale. Passing through Gowbarrow Park, in the vicinity of Lyulph's Tower, a stream is crossed by a small bridge, about a mile above which is a beautiful waterfall called Airey Force. The banks are finely wooded, and the surrounding scenery is remarkably magnificent. This glen is the scene of Wordsworth's 'Somnambulist,' the opening stanza of which thus speaks of the scenery we have described:—

> 'List ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower
> At eve, how softly then
> Doth Aira Force, that torrent hoarse,
> Speak from his woody glen!
> Fit music for a solemn vale!
> And holier seems the sound
> To him who catches on the gale
> The spirit of a mournful tale
> Embodied in the sound.'

A mile beyond Airey Bridge we cross another torrent, called Glencoin Beck, which here divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The highest reach of the lake is now fully in view, expanding into an oval shape, and its majestic surface spotted with little rocky islets. A short way farther on is Stybarrow Crag, a lofty and deeply-scarred promontory, terminating a mountainous ridge that descends from Helvellyn. At this spot, where the steep mountain approaches almost close to the water's edge, a party of Scotch moss-troopers were repulsed by the dalesmen under the command of a person of the name of Mounsey, who from this exploit acquired the title of 'King of Patterdale,' which was borne for many years by his descendants. Patterdale Hall, the patrimonial estate of the family, was sold only a few years ago to Mr Marshall of Leeds. A short way farther on we reach the village of Patterdale, peeping out from among trees beneath the scowling mountains which enclose the head of Ulleswater. The church is an ancient white building, furnished with oaken benches, and harmonising well in the simplicity of its structure with the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. In the churchyard is a yew-tree of remarkable size. Here neither 'storied urn nor animated bust' marks the last resting-place of the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet,' who have been gathered to their fathers with no other monument than the green mound.

> 'In this churchyard
> Is neither epitaph nor monument,
> Tombstone nor name, only the turf we tread,
> And a few natural graves.'

Here lie interred the remains of Charles Gough, a young man of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, who perished in the spring of 1805. This unfortunate 'young lover of nature' attempted to cross Helvellyn from Patterdale, after a fall of snow had partially concealed the path. It could never be ascertained whether he was killed by the fall or had perished from hunger. After the lapse of three months, his body was found at the foot of a tremendous precipice called Striding Edge, guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

> 'This dog had been through three months' space
> A dweller in that savage place.
> Yes—proof was plain, that, since the day
> On which the traveller thus had died,
> The dog had watched about the spot,
> Or by his master's side.
> How nourished there through such long time,
> He knows who gave that love sublime,
> And gave that strength of feeling great,
> Above all human estimate.'*

* Wordsworth, vol. v. p. 43.

This affecting instance of brute fidelity has also been commemorated by Sir Walter Scott in the well-known lines beginning,

'I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn.'

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

BLOOD-LETTING.

Now, as in former times, there is hardly any accident in which the person consulted as to the treatment, would not instantly and fearlessly recommend blood-letting from the arm. It is therefore an important point to decide whether a remedy so universally recommended, and so implicitly relied on, is in every case advantageous; and whether there are not, on the contrary, cases in which it may be positively dangerous.

It must certainly be admitted that the practice of general, or rather indiscriminate blood-letting, has in its favour all the authority which high antiquity may give. In the middle ages, the only physicians were to be found among the monks. As most of these were, by the rules of their order, prevented from quitting their monasteries, and were consequently incapable of attending accidents and many serious diseases, they delegated their medical functions to the surgeons of those days, who, however, were contented with the humble rank of tonsors, or, vulgarly speaking, barbers. That blood-letting was considered by these men as the principal exercise of their art, may be easily seen from the signs which they adopted to denote their occupation; the pole, or bleeding staff, with painted fillet, and the barber's basin 'lined with red rag to look like blood,' being equally significant emblems of their calling.

When the Reformation swept away the poor man's physician, the monk, the barber still remained; and the mass of the people, deprived of their only source of medical knowledge and medical remedies, were driven to the universal phlebotomy practised by that operator. To this cause is no doubt to be ascribed the custom existing in this country of indiscriminate bleeding. Many persons make a point of being bled in the spring and fall of the year, not as a remedy for any particular disease, but as a general precautionary measure.

When I was serving my indentures, now some thirty years ago, we bled the poor gratuitously every Sunday morning. Great was the number of applications; but rarely, if ever, were we called upon to give an opinion as to the necessity or propriety of the operation. Nor has the practice been restricted to the human race: the veterinary surgeon, or rather farrier, has been equally zealous in the cause with the barber of old; and all animals, no matter what the complaint, exhaustion or plethora, whether proceeding from over-work or over-feeding, inflammation or depression, in all cases was the phleme applied alike, and in the same rude way; the blood being suffered to fall unmeasured to the ground, as recklessly as though the operator possessed the power to restore that which he so freely abstracted.

In most cases, if the general bleeder were asked to give some reasons for the operation, he would not know where to find them; not in medical books or lectures certainly: the law, if it do exist, is a '*lex non scripta*;' and perhaps the best thing he could say would be, 'that it is a popular practice, and popular opinion forced him to it.' Surely this is a sorry excuse for one pretending to scientific knowledge and medical responsibility.

The value of blood-letting in all inflammatory diseases, and in most cases of congestion, is too well established both in theory and practice to admit of the slightest doubt. But this very value which it possesses is another reason why it be not abused; for it is clear that the indiscriminate practice of blood-letting is the reason which has made certain members of the profession object to it altogether, even in those cases just mentioned.

It is highly important the public should know that it is only in cases of inflammation and congestion that blood-letting is permissible, and as such do never arise suddenly, *in no cases therefore of accident or suspended animation in its various forms is it ever to be used.*

To explain the reason of this rule, it will be necessary to describe more minutely the nature, or rather the immediate consequences, of accidents in general.

In all cases of sudden and severe violence, partial or complete insensibility is produced; the surface of the body will be found pale, bloodless, and cold; the pulsation feeble, if not altogether imperceptible; the brain, being for the time paralysed by the shock, the heart ceases to beat and the arteries to pulsate. The blood, therefore, does not receive its revivifying properties from the lungs, which also become inactive, from the respiratory muscles being deprived of their nervous influence; the veins, however, not so immediately depending on the vital powers of the heart still continue to return blood unfit to sustain life to that organ, which consequently becomes loaded with this black and impure fluid.

If the state of suspended function we are now considering were caused by the presence of the black blood with which the heart is loaded, it would certainly be a valid reason for venesection; but as the presence of such blood is not the cause, but the effect of the cessation of nervous energy by depletion, we should only increase the debility, and probably break the slender thread by which life is suspended.

It is curious to observe how many of those wise precautions, which providence has adopted for the preservation of life, are looked upon as the direct causes of death! Thus, when either from hemorrhage, or during the temporary cessation of vital energy which sometimes occurs, and is marked by the presence of syncope or fainting, blood will not flow on the opening of a vein; this, which in the case of hemorrhage, by affording time to arrest the bleeding, often saves the patient's life, and which in all cases should be looked upon as an effort of nature to rally her feeble powers, is here deplored as a most unfortunate event. How often do we read in accounts of accidents, that 'a talented surgeon was called in, who attempted to bleed, but, alas! in vain;' as if the success of the operation would have retarded that death which in fact it could only have hastened.

What, then, is to be done at this moment of danger? Stimuli are clearly the most obvious remedies; and as one of the most easily procured and most efficacious, brandy naturally suggests itself. If the power of swallowing remains, at once give brandy (or any other spirit) in warm water. *Do not alter the recumbent position of the body.* Apply warmth either in bed or bath, and in extreme cases use artificial respiration; in short, proceed in the same way as if the patient were being recovered from drowning.

After a short time, if the remedies have been promptly applied, the heart resumes its functions, the skin its heat, and the brain its *vital* sensibility. It is now that the skill and attention of the surgeon are eminently required; for the too rapid reaction of the system often produces dangerous inflammation. To prevent this justly dreaded evil, perfect rest, absence of stimuli, abstemious diet, and medicinal remedies, are required. Should these fail, then, *but not before*, is bleeding to be employed.

The general rules then to be borne in mind respecting accidents, in order to make ourselves useful at the moment of danger, are—1*st*, That in all accidents, the first symptoms are those of depression, and consequently stimuli are required. 2*d*, That all unnecessary motion,

particularly raising the patient from the recumbent position, is to be avoided.*

The only case of accident (if accident it can be called) opposed to such treatment is that of apoplexy. Here, however, the whole train of symptoms is entirely opposite, and cannot be mistaken for those above-described. The face is suffused and tinged with purple blood, the heart beats more strongly than in health, and the heat of the body is increased rather than diminished—such symptoms are evident proofs of the necessity of bloodletting. In such cases raise the body to the sitting posture, to lessen the volume of blood thrown *to* the brain; lay bare the throat, to remove any obstruction to the return of blood *from* the brain; and pour cold water on the head in a high and *continuous* stream, until medical assistance arrives.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Two papers under this name, drawn up by Mrs John Ballantyne, appeared in the Journal last year. At the request of some friends, she has been induced to draw upon her memory for the materials of one more paper on the same theme.]

It is now forty years since my first introduction to Sir Walter Scott. I must ever remember with some degree of shame my conduct on that occasion. Young, half spoilt by flattery, and newly married, I resolved, when I heard Mr Scott spoken of as a great lion, to let him see that his roar, mane, and claws, had no terrors for me. Accordingly, when he addressed me at table, asking me to drink wine with him, or to sing, I affected not to hear him, or gave him only very laconic answers. It would not be worth while to tell this tale to my own discredit, were it not to add that Scott, instead of taking offence, so won me by his kind and polite behaviour, that, ere an hour had elapsed, I was heartily ashamed of my folly. Here was the nobleness of the true lion indeed.

Of Sir Walter's many legendary stories, I chance at this moment to remember one which he used to relate with a considerable mixture of comic effect. I shall transcribe it as correctly as my memory will permit; but the reader will of course understand that the rich unpremeditated grace of his manner is beyond recall. 'During the height of the border feuds, when every petty chieftain held despotic sway, and had the power of life and death over his vassals or dependents, it was no unusual thing for a culprit, on very slight offence, to be ordered out for execution on the nearest tree or pole which happened to present itself, with short time allowed for shrift. The grim guardian, or castellan, of these border fastnesses was sometimes a nobleman of high rank; at others, some petty upstart laird. These wardens of the marches, under the reign of Elizabeth and her successor James I., couching in their dark and gloomy dens, like giants of romance, were the terror of evil-doers. Each had to secure himself in his stronghold as best he might; and was compelled to have a body of soldiers ready at a moment's call, armed cap-a-pie, who kept constantly on the look-out. The approach to these dens was perilous in the extreme. A cork-screw staircase, dark as pitch, and almost perpendicular, allowing but one person to ascend at a time, and guarded by strong double iron doors, the opening and shutting of which sounded like thunder, led to the apartment of the governor; one of whom, a small landholder or laird, being notorious for the way he used his "brief authority," was on one occasion informed that a culprit had been caught in the very act of bagging the whole of his honour's poultry—cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks, and all, not even sparing the old clocker herself! The fate of the culprit was very speedily decided; he was sentenced to be confined in a dark cell, till his honour had arrayed himself in his robes of authority, when forthwith he was to be hanged on a tree in the courtyard of the castle. The governor, having descended from his tower of strength, and being surrounded by a body of soldiers armed to the teeth, appointed one of them to the office of executioner. The door of the cell being now unlocked, the prisoner was called by name, and commanded to come forth and receive the punishment he so justly merited. By this time the story of his captivity and consequent death-doom had spread, and the castle was surrounded by a dense crowd, all prepared to attempt a rescue. After repeated orders to come forth, the prisoner still refused to leave his hiding-place. At last his honour, losing all patience, commanded the executioner to enforce obedience. "Hoot, man," cried that grim officer, "come awa, noo; come oot, and be hangit, and dinna anger the laird, ye fashious deevil that ye are!" at the same time dragging out the unfortunate culprit into the courtyard. "Will I?" answered he; "wha'll be the gowk* then?" and quick as lightning bursting from the soldier's iron grasp, with one cat-like spring and a "hooh!" he cleared a low unprotected part of the rampart wall, and fell unhurt into the arms of his companions below, who, with a tremendous shout, which seemed to shake the lion's den to the very foundation, cheered him on his escape; while he, doubling and winding like a hare before the hounds, was soon out of reach of his pursuers.'

Besides his story-telling manner, he had another quite distinct, in which he was accustomed to utter any snatch of poetry in which he felt deeply interested, such as a verse of a Border ballad, or a simple but touching popular rhyme. I can never forget the awe-striking solemnity with which he pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey:—

'Earth walketh on the earth,
Glistering like gold,
Earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it wold.
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers,
Earth sayeth to the earth
All shall be ours.'

The astonishing facility, rapidity, and carelessness with which he wrote for the press, is not the least remarkable feature in the history of his works. He never revised them, and I believe never saw them after they were sent to the printing-office. This recalls to my mind an anecdote in which Mr James Ballantyne was concerned. Saving that the manner was a little too theatrical, James's readings from English books, and particularly from poetry, were singularly delightful. His voice was sonorous, his articulation clear and distinct, his mode of utterance correct, and his ear musical. Entering the library one forenoon, I found Mr Ballantyne reading. 'Hermione,' said he, 'listen to these lines; *can* anything be finer?' He then read from a poem very popular at the time; but we had not been many minutes thus engaged when Mr Scott joined us, and insisted that Mr Ballantyne should continue to read. 'Never mind, James, who your author is, or what may be your subject—go on, go on.' Without allowing him to perceive it, I managed to watch the Minstrel's countenance narrowly as Mr Ballantyne continued to read. He, at the first few lines, nodded his head in approbation; then, 'Very good, very good indeed!—charming!—powerful!' I soon saw that the upper lip began to elongate, and even to tremble; then a tear started into the small gray eye. He was soon quite overpowered, not only with the beauty of the composition, but with the charming manner in which Mr Ballantyne read it; and snatching up his staff, he strode across the room, and looking over the reader's

* The blood, although a living fluid, is governed by the laws of motion of fluids in general. It therefore flows more freely in a horizontal than an upright position. Where hemorrhage has occurred, or whenever great debility is present, this is a point of the greatest importance to attend to. The heart may retain sufficient power to send the blood to the brain in the recumbent, although not in the erect position; and, consequently, many a person in these circumstances, in attempting to rise up in bed, has sunk back lifeless on the pillow.

* Literally cuckoo, but meaning fool or simpleton.

shoulder, discovered, to his manifest discomfiture, that it was the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He indignantly dashed the offending tear from his eye, uttered an impatient 'Pshaw!' and exclaimed, 'God help me, James, I am losing my memory!' The same thing happened subsequently as my husband read some pages in his hearing from one of the novels—I have forgotten which—but I well remember that he never appeared to be flattered on such occasions, but, on the contrary, evinced great impatience.

Let me here record an instance of his benevolence. One day, at a very numerous and rather ceremonious dinner-party at my own table, there was a scarcity of spoons; and what added in no trifling degree to the awkwardness of the circumstance, just at the precise moment when one servant was handing them to another behind the dining-room door, for the purpose of washing them, there occurred a most determined pause in the conversation. Nothing could have been more completely *mal-apropos*—for the silence was so profound, that no sound was to be heard save the whispering of the servants and the washing of the spoons. At last my husband drank, 'Relief to all in distress,' which broke the spell, and set us all a-laughing, while Mr James Ballantyne, who had an apt quotation from his favourite author Shakspeare ready on all emergencies, called out to me, in his sonorous tones—

'My lord, my lord, methinks you'd spare your spoons!'

'Not I, indeed, my lord,' responded I, 'for I have none to *spare*.'

'A hit—a very palpable hit,' answered Mr Ballantyne.

'Not amiss,' observed Sir Walter, nodding his head gently from side to side, as was his manner on some particular occasions; but shortly afterwards I observed that he became silent and abstracted, appeared to be ruminating, drew down the upper lip to an unusual length—a change seemed to have come over him, and it was some time before he was altogether himself again. The following day, a parcel addressed to myself, in Sir Walter's well-known hand, was presented to me, containing a dozen of the handsomest table-spoons which could be procured in Edinburgh.

The stories told by Mr Creech the bookseller, some of which lately appeared in the Journal, were much relished by Scott, whom I have often seen laughing at them till the tears ran over his cheeks. Alas that those days of boundless jocundity, when I lived in an atmosphere of merry whim and tale, and daily saw the ablest men of my time in their moments of highest excitation, should be gone never to return! Creech's droll anecdotes were a source of never-ending amusement; for though he told them frequently, they never were quite the same thing. Every repetition brought out something new, and each new feature was invariably an improvement. Scott never failed to have something to add as a sort of rebound to all other people's stories. For example, Creech one day threw us all into fits with an account of a minister in a north-country parish, who had so grievously offended his flock, that with one consent they rose upon him, drove him from his pulpit with a storm of cutty stools, kicked him out of the church, and finally thrashed the precentor also—most unheard-of conduct surely: yet immediately after the tale was concluded, we heard Scott saying in a slow and infinitely whimsical voice:—

Oh what a toon, what a terrible toon,
Oh what a toon was that o' Dunkeld!
They've hangit the minister, drooned the precentor,
Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

I know not where he got the lines; but their effect at the moment was overpowering.

I shall now conclude this truly rambling paper with another story of Creech, which used to be a prime favourite in our circle. 'In my young days,' said he, 'there was an old gentleman, proprietor of an estate near Edinburgh, who, besides being a man of considerable classical taste, was an antiquary, and, having in early youth travelled on the Continent, was a proficient in the French and Italian languages. He was a fine body on the whole, but passionate to a great degree, and extremely irritable on certain points. He was in the habit of giving fine French and Italian names to almost everything he possessed; and in order to put him into a tempest of rage, it was only necessary to make a mistake, and mispronounce the name of anything. His mansion, for instance, he called *Bella Retira*. Part of an old dilapidated church wall which he had enclosed within his grounds, which was in view of the house, and which he had taken infinite pains to cover with ivy and other creeping plants, he was pleased to denominate *L'Eglise de Marie*. He was indefatigable in his exertions to drill the servants and country folks into a proper mode of pronunciation—with what success may easily be imagined; but being a most severe disciplinarian, he enforced obedience by dint of a good stout oaken cudgel, which he always carried about with him for the express purpose of initiating the clowns and clodhoppers into a classical and correct mode of speech. Strolling about his own grounds one day, he encountered a young man, the son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood, and being curious to discover by what barbarous nickname his mansion and the ivy-towers would be distinguished, affecting to be a stranger to the locality, he asked the young man the name of that ruin, pointing to the church wall—"What's the name of that ruinous church, my man? can you inform me what they call it?" "Is't yon bit auld gray-stane dyke yonder, wi' the dockens grown owre the tap o't? Ou ay (scratching his head, by way of refreshing his memory); they ca' that *Legs-my-leary*, I'm thinking." "Legs-my-whatty, ye stupid donnert idiot?" raising his oaken cudgel, flourishing it furiously, and making an effort to chase and chastise the delinquent, who only escaped a sound thrashing by taking to his heels. The old gentleman had barely got time to breathe and recover a little from his excitement, when he was accosted by a countryman bearing a basket on his arm, who, very respectfully touching his hat, asked him to direct him to *Bullrowtery*. "Bullwhatery, ye fool?" exclaimed the laird in a fury; and flourishing the cudgel in a very hostile manner—"I'll Bullrowtery ye; can ye no give things their proper names, man, and say *Bella Retira?*" "Deed no," was the answer; "I'm no just sae daft's a' that—I no'er fash my thoomb wi' ony sic havers; Bullrowtery's as guid common sense as *Bellyrowtery*, every bit and crumb: there's sax o' the tain, and half a dozen o' the tother; and ye'd far better gang hame and curl your wig, than rin after folk to lounder them because they canna speak nonsense." Which logic made so deep an impression on the worthy old gentleman, that from that hour he resolved to lay aside his cudgel in some snug corner, and trouble his head no more about orthoepical blunders.'

COMPETITION IN GAS AND WATER COMPANIES.

In the evidence taken before the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts, Mr Hawksley, engineer of the Nottingham waterworks, states an opinion which goes counter in some degree to common prejudices, and will strike most persons as novel, but is nevertheless, we are persuaded, worthy of attention. Speaking of gas-works for small towns, where the expense of an act of parliament cannot be afforded, he states that, often when such works have been commenced, and are doing well, competitors step in and ruin the prospects of the original adventurers. Hence there is a reluctance to invest money in such works, without an act protecting from competition. Being asked what is the operation of this introduction of a second company, Mr Hawksley answers:—'Usually injurious to the interests of the proprietors and of the public. Two capitals become invested; two sources of

wear and tear are created; two managements, and two complete sets of officers must be maintained; two causes of loss and leakage are established, for all which the public must and do ultimately pay, as well as for the enormously expensive conflict to obtain the act of parliament, and for the rivalry and strife of several subsequent years. It may be mentioned that in some districts of London, three, four, or five companies have pipes, and are occupied in performing the service which might be quite as effectually rendered by one, and perhaps by that one, under proper supervision, at half the cost of the present supply. These companies seldom continue in *active* competition for long periods. Finding the competition ruinous, they coalesce openly, or enter into a private understanding, by which the public are deprived of the benefits of the supposed competition. The charges are either increased, or remain fixed much above those at which a single company would willingly supply. It may be affirmed that the metropolis might, under proper arrangements, be efficiently suppled with gas at 5s. per thousand feet, instead of at the 8s. or 9s. now charged; and yet the companies are in general ill remunerated for the capital they have invested and the risk they have encountered; and this evil arises solely from the great amount of capital brought into the field to encourage competition, and to satisfy the complaints against a monopoly which exists only in consequence of the omission of parliament to subject single companies to a supervising authority, competent to afford an equal protection to the interests of the public and of such companies.' Actually, at Manchester, where there is but one gas-work (one under the management of the public), the charge for gas per 1000 cubic feet is 5s. 2d. In Liverpool, where there are two companies, the price is 6s. 2d. Yet notwithstanding the lower price, and a smaller manufacture, Manchester has been enabled to apply to the improvement of the town, and in increase of assets, as much as the two 10 per cent. dividends of the Liverpool companies—'thus showing that two companies will cost the public more than 20 per cent. more than one company.'

Mr Hawksley states that there is the same inappropriateness in rival companies of all other kinds working with a superfluous capital. 'Second companies,' he thinks, 'would be wholly unnecessary, but for original defects in the system of legislation. In nearly all cases, the objects sought to be obtained by the introduction of rival companies would be infinitely better obtained through the agency of an authority instituted for the double purpose of enforcing the compliance of the original companies with the provisions of the acts under which they are established, and of protecting them from the aggressions of interested parties, and of capitalists stimulated to the conflict by the hope of pecuniary gain. For example, in the case of Liverpool, there are two capitals employed in supplying the town with water on the old system. I believe it would be found that one of these companies could, with but small additions to its means, supply the whole of the water required for public purposes, had there been any authority to interfere and adjust equitably the additional charge to be made for the extended supply. But the usual mode of intervention was in this case resorted to. A third capital of L.100,000 has been introduced to effect purposes which might have been obtained at probably one-third the expense. This additional capital has been raised for the attainment of a nearly single object, namely, the extinction of fire, and will entail a lasting tax and an annual expenditure of large amount upon the inhabitants.' For a further illustration of the principle, Mr Hawksley adduces the case of the city of Glasgow, in respect to its gas-works. 'That city was supplied by one company, which, as its consumption of gas and its works extended, went on reducing its charges. The quality of its gas was proved and admitted to be excellent, the price very reasonable, and the manufacturing power more than sufficient. But its supposed prosperity excited the cupidity of another body of speculators, who, hoping that they might share the extending field of supply, made application for a private act. The diminished and diminishing price was incontrovertible; but the company had refused to supply consumers during the day, on the ground that the expense of a day-supply to the few consumers requiring it, would, from the leakage of the extensive system of pipes to be kept charged for that purpose, be wholly disproportionate to the return. This, along with other minor allegations, was thought to justify the resolution that the preamble of the bill was proved, and that a further supply to the city was needed. Now the consequence was this, that a further capital of L.150,000, or more, has been driven into a field where it is almost entirely superfluous. The interest of all this capital must and will be charged on the public within the field where it is obtruded. By the introduction of this other company, the cost of the gas will be increased or kept up at least 1s. 8d. per 1000 cubic feet, even although the consumption of gas should increase so much as 30 per cent. This will of course constitute a permanent tax in whatever form it may arise.'

The principle concerned in these cases is, we believe, fully established in political economy: further illustrations of it may be found in a paper entitled 'Competition,' in the eleventh volume of this Journal. And practically, we have no doubt it would be advantageous to the public to have water and gas supplied in all instances by one company, if proper provisions could be made to insure to the community the benefit of any improvement in the company's circumstances beyond a certain moderate rate of profit.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

At the conclusion of the legend of Claude de Verre in a late number, a similar English story of personation was promised. This story we proceed to relate, only premising that the materials are supplied to us by one of the parties who suffered from the imposition. We need scarcely remark what a curious light such anecdotes throw upon the liability of the mind to be deceived by those inlets to all its ideas—the senses.

Our informant, Geoffrey Randell, is, it appears, the eldest son of a hard-working and industrious man, who has been for many years the carrier from the village of Chedworth to the town of Cirencester, and who succeeded in bringing up with credit a family of eight children, four of whom were sons.

In 1828 John Randell, the youngest of this family, being then sixteen years of age, procured the situation of letter-boy in the family of Sir W. B. Guise of Rendcombe Park, which is situated about three miles from Chedworth, his native place. Here he remained for two years, and during his servitude was remarked for being of a somewhat reserved and eccentric disposition. One Sunday morning, in April 1831, Geoffrey Randell was crossing the market-place of Cirencester, on his way to church, when he met one of the servants from Rendcombe Park, who to his surprise had been despatched for the letters instead of his brother. From this person he learnt the afflicting intelligence that John had suddenly disappeared the day before, and no one knew whither he had gone. Geoffrey instantly repaired to Rendcombe to obtain such information respecting his brother's flight as might, he hoped, lead to a discovery of the route he had taken. Nothing satisfactory, however, could be learned, and all subsequent inquiry was equally fruitless. Days, weeks, months passed away, and no tidings of John Randell were received. At length it was supposed that he had gone to America, as he had often expressed a wish to do so, for many persons were at that time emigrating. So strong was this belief in the family, that from every person who was known to be going to the new world, a promise was exacted that they would seek out the lost young man, and if they found him, communicate by letter with his brother or parents. In the autumn of the same year Geoffrey

Randell had occasion to go to the Isle of Wight, and actually made a point of visiting all the American merchantmen in Portsmouth harbour, in the hope of finding his brother amongst their crews; but his search was in vain.

Years passed away, and no tidings having been received, less pleasing conjectures were formed as to the fate of John Randell. In the meantime the rest of the family were dispersed, being called away from their native place by their various avocations. Sophia, the eldest sister, filled a situation first at Henley-on-Thames, and next at Hurst in Berkshire. Elizabeth, another sister, lived at Gosport, near Portsmouth. These, with Geoffrey, were the immediate and chief actors in the story; for Amy, the youngest sister, and the brothers Moses and Alfred, were so situated as to be out of the reach of the deception practised on the other relations.

The scene of the continuation of this true story is laid at Hurst. Sophia Randell had made the acquaintance of a young man named Holloway, a blacksmith—an acquaintance which ended some time afterwards in matrimony. One evening in April 1836, exactly five years after John Randell's disappearance, Holloway, being in a public-house at Hurst, was forcibly struck by the likeness which the features of a stranger who was in the room bore to those of his intended, Sophia Randell. Having heard about her lost brother, he immediately asked the man if his name were Randell, and if he did not come from the neighbourhood of Cirencester? The stranger replied in the negative, adding, that his name was James Hains, and that he was a native of Warwickshire. This did not satisfy Holloway, who, on pressing him more closely, got the stranger to admit that he knew something of Gloucestershire. When other questions were put, he prevaricated, and young Holloway was much strengthened in his conviction that the man was John Randell. To make sure, however, he made an appointment to meet him on the following evening, and in the morning told his father what had happened, desiring him to go to the house and see the stranger. This Mr Holloway senior did, and declared on his return that 'he would swear it was Sophia's brother, if he were among a thousand people.' The appointment at night was duly kept, but for some time the stranger refused to satisfy young Holloway's inquiries. It happened, however (whether by accident or design, is not mentioned), that the landlady, in setting out his supper, placed the knife on the left-hand side, upon which he exclaimed, 'I will have my supper, but am not left-handed.' Holloway caught at this, and retorted, 'No, but you know your sister Sophia is!' Upon this the man said that it was useless to deny it any longer: he *was* her brother.

At this announcement young Holloway bestowed every proper mark of regard upon his new friend, and insisted on his becoming his guest in his father's house, whither they both retired. The next day the lover set out for a neighbouring village, where Sophia Randell was staying, to communicate the news to her. Having done his best to prepare her for the interview, he accompanied her to his father's house. Here she was introduced to one whom she supposed to be her long-lost brother. The scene was affecting, for the young man wept, and declared he fully repented of the past, while the young woman—being completely deceived by the appearance and manner of the youth—was so much agitated that she swooned. When she had sufficiently recovered, she wrote to her brother Geoffrey, and the contents of that letter will show the clever use the deceiver made of the facts he had caught up in conversation from Holloway and Sophia Randell concerning the individual he pretended to be. The epistle is dated Hurst, April 19, 1836. 'You will scarcely believe, when you see the contents of my letter, that our dear and long-lost brother was lost and is found, dead and is alive again. My dear father and mother, I beg you will all make yourselves happy now, for he has been doing very well ever since he left home. His first start was to London, and there he engaged himself to a butcher, where he continued nearly twelve months, and for a long time he has been with a horse-dealer. He has been something of everything, and he just got into a good place with a travelling family, but unfortunately was put into a damp bed, by which he took a violent cold, and was obliged to leave his service, as the family were going to France; and as the Almighty had so ordered it, they happened to be staying at Hurst when he was taken ill, but thank God he was taken good care of. His master paid him a month's wages and his doctor's bill, and provided him with everything he wanted. I think they behaved very well to him indeed. We have no one to thank for finding him but the blacksmith, whom I have sometimes before mentioned in my letters. I have always told you I had found a father and mother at Hurst, and now you have all every reason to join with me in your prayers for them, as they have now acted as a father and mother to our dear brother, as well as to me.' After detailing the circumstance of the accidental meeting of young Holloway and her supposed brother in the public-house, she proceeds:—'The first words poor John spoke to me was to ask for his dear father and mother, and then all of you. He sends his kindest love to you all. He is heartily sorry for what he has done, and begs you will all forgive him. He would have come home, but was obliged to go to London to meet a gentleman to whom he was hoping to be engaged as servant. I would tell you more, but my time now will not permit. I am sure you will all make yourselves happy now: and now, dear brother, pray let this letter go home as soon as possible, and write to me as soon as you can, as John is very anxious to hear from you all, and to know what is said about his being found, as I shall write to him in London. He has faithfully promised to write to me every two or three months, which will be a great comfort to us all. I cannot write more now, but will send all the particulars when I write again. Excuse my bad writing, as my hand shakes with joy. I am happy to say John has got comfortable lodgings in London, which he has made his home ever since he left me.—From your overjoyed sister, SOPHIA RANDELL.'

It was not true that the false John Randell had departed for London. He had induced the young woman to say so on some plausible plea, but in reality to avoid meeting Geoffrey at too early a stage of his deception, lest he should at once be discovered; for he had good reason to suppose that the elder Randell would have posted off to Hurst immediately to meet his lost brother. His great object now was to find out what relations he should lay claim to, and other circumstances connected with the family. This he managed to do, first, by conversations with Sophia and Holloway, and next by going to the post-office (at Twyford) and obtaining possession of the answers to her letter. These he opened, read, re-sealed, and delivered, owning laughingly to what he had done, and saying he was anxious to know the feelings of his family towards him. He remained several days at Hurst, hospitably entertained, Sophia and Mrs Holloway (the young blacksmith's mother) providing him at their joint expense with several new shirts and other articles of clothing. Hearing, however, that Geoffrey Randell was really on his way to meet him, the impostor set off to London; and not the least singular circumstance in this little romance is, that Geoffrey Randell arrived only one hour after he had taken his departure. Having learnt every particular from his sister, Randell proceeded to the metropolis, but only ascertained that his supposed brother bore a very bad character. In spite of every exertion, he did not meet with the young man, and returned to Cirencester without accomplishing the object of his journey.

Nearly two years elapsed, and nothing more was heard of the pretended John Randell; but on the 30th of December 1837 a letter was sent to Sophia, scrawled on three dirty pieces of paper. It was penned in Northampton jail, where the writer was confined under sentence of seven years' transportation. The Northampton

Herald, of December 30, 1837, contained the following under the Northampton Borough Sessions' Report:—'John Bryan [an alias adopted by the impostor] pleaded guilty to the charge of stealing a watch, value twelve shillings, and a pair of boots, from a room at the Cross-Keys Inn, the property of the ostler. The prisoner had also been previously convicted for stealing several articles of wearing apparel from a stable at Leamington—seven years' transportation.' The epistle ran thus:—'John Randell to my sister Sophia—Little did I think of writing such a letter to you as this, dear sister; I hope it will find you, father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all my friends well, as it leaves me as comfortable as you can expect. Dear sister, I was taken on the second of October, and have been laying here in great distress ever since. Dear sister, this is the third time I have wrote to you, and received no answer. Dear sister, I hope you and my brothers will be friends to me at this time, as I am in great distress, and am sorry that, through my bad conduct, I am transported for seven years. Dear sister, I should be happy to see my brother Jeffery, but they will not admit any one to see me. Dear sister, I hope you and my brother will take it into consideration, and I hope you will not fret yourselves more than you can help. Dear brother and sister, I hope you will forgive me for all that is past, and be a friend to me in this distressing case; and I hope you will send me some money, and ask my brother Jeffery if he has got a greatcoat to send me whilst I am here, and when I leave I will write to you again. Dear sister, I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible, and grant the favours which I ask you for. Dear sister, I hope you will excuse this writing, as it is unbeknown to our Governor; we are obliged to make what shift we can. Dear sister, direct your letters to me for John Brion, County Gaol, Northampton, as I did not like to make use of my own name. Remember me to all inquiring friends: so I remain yours, John Randell; and though I have been absent in body, I have always been present in mind. Dear sister, do not make use of my name in your letter, as there is no one who knows it in this place. Be careful what you write in your letter, as the governor reads all letters that come in. I hope you will return me an answer as soon as possible. I am in want of a little money.' This letter was enclosed to Geoffrey; and he wrote to the convict, who, in his reply (evidently the composition of a more skilled hand than the former scrawl), said, amongst other things, 'A combination of unfortunate circumstances has led me rapidly into that career of misconduct which now places me in the greatest wretchedness. Had I the good fortune to have met you in Berks, I should not be as I am now; I was not then tainted with the propensities to crime which have brought me to this deplorable condition. After I arrived in London, the gentleman I was with in Berks behaved very kind to me, and wished me to return to my friends at Cirencester. After I stated my case to him, he even offered to pay my coach hire to Cirencester; but having left you, my dear brother, under such unpleasant circumstances, I could not be prevailed upon to return. If you send me a greatcoat, you can make a parcel of it, and also a neck handkerchief, with a pair of worsted stockings, and a trifle of money, if you can, as I am utterly destitute. You can make them in a parcel, and take them to the coach-office, where you can book them for Northampton, and direct to John Randell, County Gaol, Northampton. So, dear brother, with the deepest contrition and sorrow for the trouble I give you, believe me, your ever affectionate, but unfortunate, brother, JOHN RANDELL.

'Give my love to my father, mother, brothers and sisters, my uncles and aunts, and all inquiring friends.'

Upon the receipt of this, Geoffrey sent a greatcoat, with several other articles of clothing, some useful books, two pounds ten shillings in money, and 'some apples from Chedworth, from a tree my brother himself had planted when a boy.' Shortly afterwards, the convict was removed to Portsmouth, and put on board the Leviathan hulk, and Geoffrey Randell determined to go and see him for the first time. We give an account of this interview in the author's own words:—'My brother had now been absent nearly seven years; therefore, going now as I did, under the full conviction that I was about to see him in the person of this convict, it may cease to be a matter of wonder that I should not discover the fraud, for what difference of features I beheld, I concluded they were now become fixed. My feelings certainly were highly excited to behold a relative in so degraded a position. One manœuvre I resorted to, in order to see if he remembered me; I stood and gazed intently at him without uttering a word, and when he spoke to me, his first words were, "Well, Geoffrey." Thus was I satisfied so far that I was not deceived. This was to me a most painful meeting; and when I took my departure, he sprang forward on the deck, and embraced me with the utmost seeming affection, and as I left the ship in a boat, he put his hand through the grating of a window, and waving it after me, bade me a parting adieu. I left him now thirty shillings, and various articles.'

Indeed, during the whole time the convict was at Portsmouth, he levied heavy contributions on the kind-hearted Geoffrey; and not only on him, but on Elizabeth Randell, who happened to be settled at Gosport, and who visited the impostor as often as was permitted by the authorities. She gave him several sums, besides allowing him, for two years, a shilling a-week to enable him to procure white bread, a luxury not included in the ordinary rations. Neither did the misplaced affection of these worthy people end here. Geoffrey, on returning home, addressed a letter to the secretary of state for the home department (Lord John Russell), praying for a mitigation of his imaginary brother's sentence. To this application it was answered by his lordship's secretary (May 16, 1838), that his lordship, on carefully considering the case, regretted 'there was no sufficient ground to justify him, consistently with his public duty, in advising her majesty to comply with the prayer thereof.' But the ardent wishes of Geoffrey Randell were not to be daunted by a first repulse. Since his conviction, the prisoner had addressed several letters to him, many of which contained — amidst artful solicitations for money — passages of apparent contrition. Geoffrey copied and embodied them in a second petition for a remission of the sentence; but in vain. A third application by G. Randell personally at the home office in September 1839 met with a more favourable reply. He was told that, if his supposed brother conducted himself as well as he had done hitherto, he would be restored to liberty in four years instead of seven. Early in January 1840 the convict was removed to Plymouth, there to serve for the remainder of his shortened term. During all this time constant applications for money were made, and granted.

In July 1841 G. Randell received a letter from the impostor, filled with the most ardent expressions of attachment, and communicating the pleasing intelligence that the writer was restored to liberty, but asking as usual for more cash. On the day after its receipt, Sophia and Elizabeth Randell sent for Geoffrey's perusal letters *they* had received, containing exactly the same words as that addressed to him. This looked like an endeavour to extract sums of money from each of the family without the other's knowledge. The kind-hearted Geoffrey, after first refusing, eventually sent ten shillings, with directions how to travel from Plymouth to Cirencester. The day came when Randell hoped to receive into his home a reformed, repentant brother. All the anxiety and expense he had suffered was to be repaid by the presence of the lost relation; but a new and bitter disappointment was in store. A letter came to Geoffrey Randell at the moment he was expecting his brother, dated Plymouth Jail. The impostor had again 'got into trouble,' and wanted five pounds for his defence on his trial. He had only been liberated sixteen days when he stole a check for fifty pounds from the master of a ship. For

this robbery he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. Nor did his crimes end here, for almost immediately after his condemnation he made his escape from prison, having first knocked down and robbed his jailer. A week after, the ruffian was retaken at Liskeard in Cornwall, brought back to Plymouth, finally tried for the new offence at the Exeter assizes, and sentenced to transportation for life. Despite all this, he had the hardihood still to send letters to Geoffrey Randell, containing solicitations for money; 'but,' says the latter, 'I never sent him any more. I have likewise destroyed the letters, for the sight of them brought continually to my mind feelings of the deepest remorse and regret, to think I had such a worthless relative; and, in fact, from that time, July 1841, until February 25, 1843, I scarcely ever enjoyed an hour's happiness; for his fate, of which I never had the slightest doubt, haunted me night and day.' Thus, more than a year and a half after the impostor had been sent out of the country, the Randell family continued to believe that he was their brother.

It is now necessary to relate the accident by which the delusion these worthy people had laboured under for five years was cleared up:—One day towards the close of 1842, two young men, who had known John Randell in their boyish days, were walking through a street in Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, when one of them seeing a person at a distance, declared him to be John Randell. He knew him, he said, by his walk, which was very like that of old Mr Randell. His companion, on closer inspection of the individual pointed out, at once exclaimed, 'Yes, that is John Randell!' They afterwards made themselves known; and Randell invited them home, where he introduced them to his wife. Upon this Mrs John Randell wrote to her husband's father, and the letter having been sent to Geoffrey, he lost no time in answering it, 'asking,' to use his own words, 'many questions of a family nature, which I knew a stranger could not answer; for I could not possibly believe that it could have come from my brother, whom I considered to have been banished for ever. To this letter I received a most satisfactory reply. My next step was to write to propose a meeting, either for me to go to Wolverhampton, or my brother to come home. To the latter he acceded.' The brothers met on the 25th of February 1843. 'I confess,' Geoffrey continues, 'I could not satisfy myself that it was my brother until I had conversed with him on several topics; so completely was my imagination beclouded with the thought that he was dragging out, in a far distant clime, a miserable existence in hopeless captivity. It was to me and all my friends, when fully persuaded of my brother's identity, a source of unfeigned joy, and, I trust, of gratitude to a merciful God, to learn that he had not only never been in disgrace, or placed in unpleasant circumstances during his absence, but had both been steady in his conduct and fortunate in his situation of life.' After leaving Sir W. B. Guise's in April 1831, John had supported himself creditably: for seven years he had continued in one service near Wolverhampton, had saved between one and two hundred pounds, and was in a creditable situation when he visited his native home in 1843.

It would seem surprising that John Randell had not once communicated with his friends during the twelve years of his absence. In answer to a remark to this effect made by Geoffrey, he replied, 'that it was what he had long earnestly desired; but he felt ashamed to come, as he had remained so long without communicating with his friends.' The feelings of the whole family must have been intensely gratifying, first at having found a long-lost son and brother, and next at finding him to be a respectable member of society, instead of such a wretch as the impostor who had been mistaken for him. 'I have been repeatedly asked,' says Geoffrey Randell, in concluding his narrative, '"who was this man?" which question I am utterly unable to answer, as I have not the remotest idea who he is, or from whence he came.'

Every one will be struck with the well-intentioned benevolence of each of the individuals imposed on by the false brother. Geoffrey never ceased to succour and assist him till his bad conduct would have rendered it a crime to do so any longer. We cannot help pointing out that little trait of feeling (which would have softened any heart but that of an utterly irreclaimable villain) which Geoffrey evinced in sending with the first parcel of clothes and money 'some apples from Chedworth, from a tree my brother himself had planted when a boy.' In another place this kind-hearted person, so far from regretting the losses he had sustained, says of the fellow who had duped him—'What I did for his comfort I regret not in the least; for the sacrifice of that is now much more than counterbalanced, in having discovered that my brother is not the outcast and degraded character I had considered him to be.' The ready help rendered by Sophia (now Mrs Holloway) at the beginning of the imposture; the additional comfort supplied by Elizabeth at the hulks—all show this to be an extremely benevolent and excellent family. These considerations render the little story of real life as affecting as it is singular.

PREFACES AND ADDRESSES.

The origin of prefaces involves a pleasant bit of antiquity. Nares, in his excellent *Glossary*, says that *proface* was long a 'familiar exclamation of welcome at a dinner or other meal, equivalent to "much good may it do you;"' from what language derived, was long uncertain; but he gives etymological evidence that 'we had it from the Norman romance language.' In a quaint old letter, we read—

> 'Thus, *proface* ye with the preface:'

In Shakspeare's *Henry IV.* we have—

> 'Sweet sir, sit—most sweet sir, sit—proface;'

and in one of Heywood's epigrams—

> 'Reader, read this thus; for preface, *proface*,
> Much good may it do you!'

This old hospitable welcome of *proface* is forgotten at our feasting, but is still found at the threshold of books, inviting us to a banquet for the mind. Prefaces would soon be out of fashion, however, if authors and editors could be convinced of the truth of the old proverb, that 'good wine needs no bush,' and that no apology nor recommendation of theirs can give character to the dishes they have prepared, unless these possess the merit of pleasing the taste and gratifying the appetite. Many authors find it exceedingly difficult to write a good preface to their own books; while some few have been celebrated for their skill in this species of composition. Dr Johnson wrote the preface to Dodsley's *Preceptor*, and to various other works.

The prefaces of old books are remarkably quaint and amusing, and generally written in an off-hand careless style. An ancient almanac in the Harleian Collection has the following preface:—'*To all who buy Almanacks.* Gentlemen; a good New-year to ye: and I believe you wish the like to us too, for that is but manners; but this is not all I have to say to ye. Do you think these sheets were printed for nothing? No: the bookseller swears that if he thought you would not have bought um, he would never have published um: and he swears further, that if you dont buy um now, he will never print um again. Thus, you see, 'tis in your power either to vex or please him. Do which you will, and so farewell.' Geoffrey Whitney, in offering his delightful *Emblems* (1586), says, 'Trusting that my good-will shall be waighed as well as the work, and that a pearle shall not be looked for in a poor man's purse, I submit my doings herein to your censures. In a poetical address, signed S. G., prefixed to William Stokes's *Vaulting-Master* (1652), horse exercise is thus recommended:—

> 'This to your weakened limbs will strength restore,
> Making that brawne that was but veal before.'

A scarce work, entitled *Theoremata Theologica*, or Theological Treatises, by Robert Vilvain of Excester (1654), has these two lines by way of preface:—

> 'If critics aught in reading shall offend,
> Know that I nought but weighty things intend.'

John Bunyan, in the poetical preface to the second part of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, says—

'Now may this little book a blessing be
To those that love this little book and me;
And may its buyer have no cause to say
His money is but lost or thrown away.'

The first edition of that excellent work, *Puckle's Club, in a Dialogue between Father and Son*, has the following verses appended to it:—

'Go, little book, and show the fool his face,
The knave his picture, and the sot his case;
Tell to each youth what is, and what's not fit,
And teach to such as want, sobriety and wit.'

Archbishop Parker's version of the *Psalms* is introduced by a preface consisting of fifty verses of rhyme, only a short specimen of which we need quote:—

'Herein because: all men's delight,
Bene diverse found in mind:
I turned the Psalmes: all whole in sight,
In rhythms of divers kind.

And where at first: I secret meant,
But them myself to sing:
Yet friends' requests: made me relent,
Thus them abroad to bring.

Us song should move: as sprite thereby,
Might tunes in concord sing:
God grant these psalms: may edifie,
That is the chiefest thing.'

John Marston's *Metamorphoses of Pigmalion's Image, and Certaine Satyres* (1598), has this curious address:—'To the world's mightie monarch, GOOD OPINION, sole regent of affection, perpetual ruler of judgment, most famous justice of censures, onely giver of honour, great procurer of advancement, the world's chiefe ballance, the all of all, and all in all, by whom all things are that they are—I humbly offer this MY POEM:—

Thou sole of pleasure, honour's only substance,
Great arbitrator, umpire of the earth,
Whom fleshy epicures call vertue's essence—
Thou moving orator, whose powerful breath
Swales all men's judgments, GREAT OPINION!
Vouchsave to guild my imperfection,' &c.

Some works contain addresses not to the public, but to the bookseller. In Gent's *Poetic Sketches* (1808) is the following:—

'Thy spirit, groaning like th' encumbered block
Which bears my works, deplores them as *dead stock*.
Take up the volumes, every care dismiss,
And smile, gruff Gorgon, while I tell thee this:
Not one shall lie neglected on the shelf;
All shall be sold—I'll buy them in myself.'

A rare and witty little book, entitled *The House of Correction, or certaine Satyricall Epigrams, written by J. H., together with a few characters, called Par Pari, or like to like, quoth the Devill to the Collier* (1619), consoles the bookseller in these words:—

'Nay, fear not, bookseller; this book will sell;
For be it good, as thou know'st very well,
All will goe buy it: but say it be ill,
All will goe buy it too; thus thou sell'st still.'

Robert Heath's scarce little book of *Epigrams* (1650) has this admonitory address:—

'TO MY BOOKSELLER.

I've common made my book, 'tis very true;
But I'd not have thee prostitute it too;
Nor show it barefaced on the open stall
To tempt the buyer: nor poast it on each wall
And corner poast, close underneath the play
That must be acted at Blackfriars that day:
Nor fee some herring-crier for a groat,
To voice it up and down with tearing throat;
Nor bid thy 'prentice read it and admire,
That all i' the shop may what he reads inquire:
No: proffered wares do smell. I'd have thee know
Pride scorns to beg—modestie fears to wooe.'

From this curious extract we learn that, nearly two centuries ago, the announcements of new works were stuck up or placarded under the playbills of the time.

THE SNOWDROP, DAISY, AND DANDELION.

In a recently published address on the value of Natural History as a branch of education, Mr R. Patterson of Belfast thus alludes to the above flowers: 'Let us examine some of our common flowers—let us take, for instance, the one which is the firstling of the year—the snowdrop. Its drooping head and its snowy blossom make it seem peculiarly delicate and fragile—

"Coldly pure and pale,
Like weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale."

It comes forth amid the storms of winter, and yet looks as if the first breath of the rising gale would destroy it for ever. But this is not the fact: its apparent weakness constitutes, in reality, its strength; from its seeming fragility arises its power of resistance. The head droops, the three outer leaves of the blossom, to use the ordinary and popular terms, overhang the other portion of the flower, and, like a penthouse, fling off every drop of rain. The stalk, by which the blossom is attached to the stem, is so extremely slight, that it does not impede its turning with every change of wind. From whatever point, therefore, the gale blows, the flower presents its back to the blast, and, thus protected alike from wind and rain, it lives unhurt in the midst of all the inclemencies of winter.

'But the snowdrop is here known only as a garden-flower. Let us turn to some of those which are everywhere common. Let us, for example, take the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" which spangles our meads and pastures. Many are the poets who have paid to it their homage; none more gracefully than Montgomery:—

"'Tis Flora's page; in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer's reign,
The daisy never dies."

Those who have all their lives been looking at this flower, but who have never examined it with the discriminating eye of the botanist, may perhaps be surprised to hear that it is not the simple thing for which they take it; that it is not, in fact, one flower, but a numerous assemblage of flowers growing together, and enclosed in one common flower-cup or calyx. Every one of the minute roundish yellow parts which form the centre of the daisy is, to all intents and purposes, a distinct flower, and produces its own distinct and separate seed. Every one of the flat, white, "crimson-tipped" portions, which give to the daisy its star-like aspect, is also a distinct flower. Is not this fact strange in itself? But more strange are the beneficent contrivances by which the safety of this humble plant is secured. Its white rays fold closely over the yellow disc at night, and also during rain, and thus serve as a protection to the precious pollen, on which the fertilisation of the plant depends. This is in itself a beautiful provision for plants which grow in humid and uncertain climates. When once the important object for which this precaution is needful has been attained, the petals lose sensitiveness, and close no longer. A new provision now comes into operation. The seeds are formed; but that they may not be endangered during the process of ripening, the calyx or flower-cup contracts, shields them from the weather until they are fully matured, then expands, and, bending downwards on the stalk, facilitates their escape.

'Let us take up another common flower—let us take one which is common everywhere, even by our dusty waysides—the despised dandelion. It resembles the daisy in being an assemblage of distinct florets, and in the precautions, different, but not less effectual, for the safety of the unripened seeds. But when the seeds are ripe, we behold a singular and beautiful apparatus employed for their dispersion—a winged appendage has been supplied to each. From every seed springs a stalk or shaft, surmounted by a star of down of the most delicate texture: a breath, as every child knows, is sufficient for their dispersion; and, carried along by the winds of heaven, the seed is scattered abroad over the earth.

'If, by the communication of these and similar facts, which each can verify for himself, we can bring the young to look with admiration not only on the beauty of flowers, but on the skill and wisdom manifested in their structure, we enable them more justly to appreciate the passage, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow," and so far we aid in the elucidation of a text of Scripture.'

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face for actions for which others

are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk in life in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy abode, listen with attention to your 'tale of symptoms,' and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer; but depend upon it he is not your friend.—*Enfield.*

CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness may be defined to be the emblem of purity of mind, and may be recommended under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness, as it produces affection, and as it bears analogy to chastity of sentiment. *First*, it is a mark of politeness, for it is universally agreed upon that no one unadorned with this virtue can go into company without giving a manifold offence. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences; the more they are advanced in civilisation, the more they consult this part of politeness. *Secondly*, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age, itself, is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust. I might further observe, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health, and that several vices both of mind and body are inconsistent with the habit of it. In the *third* place, it bears a great analogy with chastity of sentiment, and naturally inspires refined feelings and passions. We find from experience that through the prevalence of custom the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us, while, on the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples fly from the first appearance of what is shocking; and thus pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind by these objects that perpetually encompass us when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.—*Addison.*

A BACHELOR BLACKBIRD.

The following curious anecdote is related by Mr Saul of Fortgreen Cottage, near Gurstang, in a late number of the Zoologist:—'Last year a male blackbird resided in my orchard, and, as it appeared, failed in finding a mate. As early as February he began building a nest under some long leaves by the side of a fenny place, having first scratched away a little earth in order to make a level site for the nest. When the nest was finished, it was completely concealed from the sight, and protected from rain, by the long leaves bending over it; so close was one of the leaves, that the bird had to lift it up every time he went in or out, a feat I frequently watched him perform. About two weeks after this nest was completely finished, the same bird built a second in another part of the orchard; and in this second nest I often saw him sitting later in the season. When the leaves were on the trees, he built a third nest in a thorn-bush. During the time he was engaged in these three nests he would continually perch in one of the highest trees in the orchard, and send forth his rich and melodious song, as if to invite a partner to join in his family cares, but always without success.' And served him right too, for his atrocious disregard of the rules of politeness and gallantry. What would society think of the ladies were they so facile as to be wheedled into copartnery in this style—tempting as the mansion might be to which they were invited—without the proper attentions, anxieties, jealousies, protestations, and so forth, which make up the sum-total of legitimate courtship?

RECREATION.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve; as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting—labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut; and so cuts, that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE PASSING RAILWAY TRAIN.

Poesy is creation; whoso planned
Railways—the mighty veins and arteries,
And telegraphic wires, the nerves of nations,
And fiery engines rushing o'er the land
Swifter than flight, or ploughing through the seas
'Gainst wind, and tide, and elemental strife;
Promethean spirits conquering time and space,
And quickening all the pulses of their race
Throughout one vast organic globe of life,
Made rich by them with wonderful creations,
Such as the opiate fancy never dreamed,
Even in Araby—*poets* should be deemed,
If any should; for poetry is 'making'
As well as writing—to be seen no less than said.

Lo! here is poetry—the Railway Train!
First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming brass,
The mighty moving arm; and on amain
The mass comes thundering like an avalanche o'er
The quaking earth; a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone like whirlwind sprites,
Scarce seen; so much the roaring speed benights
All sense and recognition for a while;
A little space, a minute, and a mile.
Then look again, how swift it journeys on—
Away, away, along the horizon
Like drifted cloud, to its determined place;
Power, speed, and distance, melting into space.

Manchester, 24th July. H. R.

MENTAL ENJOYMENT.

If I am regardless of sensual comforts and pleasures, if I am not greedy of dainties, if I sleep little, &c. the reason is, because I spend my time more delightfully in things whose pleasure ends not in the moment of enjoyment, and that also make me hope for an everlasting reward. Besides, thou knowest that when a man sees that his affairs go ill, he is not generally very gay; and that, on the contrary, they who think to succeed in their designs, whether in agriculture, traffic, or any other undertaking, are very contented in their minds. Now, dost thou believe that from anything whatsoever there can proceed a satisfaction like that of believing that we improve daily in virtue?—*Socrates.*

FALSE HUMILITY.

It is a false and indolent humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much, for everybody can do something. Everybody can set a good example, be it to many or to few; everybody can in some degree encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly; everybody has some one whom they can advise and instruct, or in some way help to guide through life.—*Miss Talbot.*

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, September 7, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 37. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1844. Price 1½d.

'ADVICE TO THE POOR GRATIS.'

The medical profession obtains deserved esteem for the liberality with which it acts upon this notification; but such generosity is not confined to the professors of the healing art—unless, indeed, we are to take the profession as one embracing in some sense all mankind, which would be so far justifiable, as almost everybody conceives himself to be able to cure his neighbours. It may be said of the whole community, with little violence to truth, that they are willing to give advice to the poor gratis. No one grudges his advice. It is a ready money which all have in ample store, and are ever prepared to disburse. Nay, the public may even be said in this respect to exceed the medical men in bounty, for they are willing to give advice to the rich, as well as to the poor, gratis.

To put this to the proof, announce your being afflicted with so simple an ailment as the toothache. Are you not sure, in that case, to get an advice on the subject from every one who may be in the company at the moment? No. 1 cries, 'Have it out!' 'By no means,' says No. 2; 'why part with a tooth which may yet serve you? Have it stopped up!' No. 3 suggests creosote; No. 4 laudanum; No. 5 brandy; to which No. 6 will perhaps add—'and water.' Others will recommend—hot fomentations, external applications of ice, chamomile flowers, flannel bandages, ginger, tincture of myrrh, essence of cloves, and peppermint lozenges. The hydropathist tells you to sleep in a wet sheet, and the homœopathist to take an invisible dose of poison; whilst a facetious friend will in all probability throw the whole code of counsel into the shade, by producing that much-worn jest of Joe Miller, which recommends you to fill your mouth with cold water, and sit on a fire till it boils. A burn or scald is the subject of an equal amount of contradictory but gratuitous advice. One tells you to hold the sore to the fire, giving as a philosophical reason, 'that it draws out the heat;' perhaps upon Dr Hanneman's principle of *similia similibus curantur*. Others severally suggest the application of cold cream, raw potatoes, flour, scraped lint, turpentine, wadding, pomatum, spirits of wine, and, in short, a hundred things all different from each other. In the case of an accident in the street, a different piece of advice is equally sure to proceed from some dozen of the bystanders. Verily, the regular men with diplomas are far from being the only people who give advice on medical matters gratis.

So also with other afflictions. Who ever experienced any downcasting misfortune, but he was sure to receive a vast quantity of good advice as to the conduct which he ought to pursue upon the occasion? Some advise means of repairing or overcoming the evil. Others are sedulous to make the unfortunate person aware that misfortunes must be submitted to. They advise him to bear, which is a very remarkable kind of advice, since it is almost impossible for the advised party to help following it. Unfortunate and poor people of all kinds receive a vast quantity of good advice, of which, it is to be feared, they do not always make a good use. The rich have no wish to conceal from them the arts by which they themselves have thriven, but, on the contrary, are perpetually advising them as to the proper means for improving their circumstances. Unfortunately, it is not always possible to take advantage of these hints. A widow with a large family may be imagined visiting a wealthy brother-in-law, to lay before him a statement of her unfortunate circumstances. He receives her with the most affectionate urbanity, condoles with her misfortunes, admits their extent and severity, and promptly comes forward to relieve her distresses, before she has even had time to ask it, with—his advice. He counsels her, in the kindest and blandest tones, by all means to procure her eldest daughter a situation. He suggests the expediency of getting one of her boys into some asylum for orphans. Then for herself, a housekeeper's situation in a nobleman's family is exactly suitable. Admirable advice this, could a widow with few friends and no influence contrive to follow it. As things stand, it is of about as much use to her as that of a certain fashionable physician is to his pauper patients, when, from sheer force of habit, he advises them 'to take a little claret-whey, with occasional carriage exercise.' Still, the intention of the giver of the advice was the same. It is not his blame that the widow cannot profit by his benevolent recommendations. And it must be admitted that, for one good advice which falls to the ground, from the inability of the patient to act upon it, twenty are lost through his mere stupidity, or his self-conceit.

Even to be poor only in experience or sense, is sufficient to draw forth a large share of this form of benevolence. Only appear a little irresolute about your course, or fearful of not proving competent for what you are entering upon—be young, be frivolous, be accessible, or simple—and you are sure to have twenty persons of immense sagacity and knowledge of the world immediately around you, offering, nay, pressing upon you, advice gratis. 'John, if you are wise, choose the law; you have a bachelor uncle high in the profession.' 'William, avoid that family of the Scampers; the young lady would never make a proper wife for you.' 'You're a young man, Thomas; take a situation as a clerk, and don't go into business for yourself for some years yet.' You publish a juvenile volume of poems, and twenty critics, in the greatest concern for your interests, immediately advise you to desert the dangerous society of the Muses: Byron himself received such an advice from the Edinburgh Review. 'It is our desire,' said his lord-

ship's benevolent censor, 'to counsel him that he forthwith abandon poetry.' There would be a vast deal more good advice given to thoughtless and inexperienced persons than what is, were there always good opportunities of presenting it. But, in a great majority of cases, it is found quite impossible to get the advice offered. For example, a merchant is entering upon an adventure which all other people believe will be ruinous. Hundreds are saying, 'If I only could get him advised, he might be saved from ruin.' They fear to offend, and keep their advice to themselves. A gentleman with obscure perceptions of arithmetic, and large capacities of enjoyment, is overspending his income, and hopelessly encumbering his estate. Every other gentleman in the county is brimful of advice suitable for him, but dreads uttering it, lest it be taken amiss. A young lady is understood to be engaged to marry a young gentleman who is thought, by all besides his intended's family, to be unworthy of her. All declare their eagerness to advise against the match, but refrain from similar motives. Thus an incredible quantity of good advice is pent up, and utterly lost; which all must hold as very much to be deplored.

While Advisativeness is a feature in all characters, there are some in whom it is unusually well developed. Impressed with a strong sense of their superior intelligence and wisdom, they are eager to diffuse the benefits of these qualities amongst their less gifted fellow-creatures. Being so fortunate as to be always right in their views and opinions, they labour to force these upon the attention of all who they think may be the better of them. Mention to one of this select corps that you have been insuring upon your life in the Magnum Bonum Mutual Life-Assurance Society—'Oh, my dear sir,' he will say, 'let me advise you to sell out there, and take a policy in the Royal Proprietary.' You inquire why, and learn, '*I* insure in that office.' Supposing you mention a school to which you are going to send your sons, he will, with equal anxiety for your good, advise you to send them to a certain other seminary—for why? '*My* boys go there.' After a brief argument on some speculative subject (advisers do not like long arguments), he will cut short all with—'Let me advise you, as a friend, to give up these eccentric sentiments; they cannot but be fatal to your prosperity in life.' You vainly endeavour to get any reason from him beyond, '*I* think very differently.' Men of this kind are well known to ministers of state, conductors of literary works, and public men in general, in consequence of their being so eager to extend to all persons in critical situations the benefit of their extraordinary sapience. Her majesty's advisers are probably the most advised of all men. Without any exact knowledge of the fact, but judging from mere general appreciation of human nature, I would venture to say, under a considerable penalty, if wrong, that the Home Secretary does not get less than twenty letters of the most profound advice per diem, at an average. These gentlemen it is who write letters to the Bench of Bishops in the newspapers, advising how to rescue the church from those dangers to which it is so much accustomed. It is they who recommend proper sites for all public monuments. They are also great in deciding on the comparative merits of contending lines of proposed railways—matters on which they cannot but be disinterested, seeing that they have not a pound of stock in either, but are only anxious to discriminate as to how other people should spend their money. Such a monitor-general deems no subject too humble for the exercise of his gift. He is as ready to advise ladies how to extirpate warts, as generals how to fight battles. He tells a housekeeper by what means she may save a shilling a-month in the purchase of coffee, with the same gravity as he writes a letter in the papers to the chancellor of the exchequer, developing to him a first-rate plan for paying off the national debt. Sent into the world to scatter advice over it broadcast, it is nothing to him how it falls, or where it germinates. Only let him say, 'I would advise you,' and he is content.

How lamentable to think that scarcely any of the advice that is thus sown so liberally comes to any good. 'Advice to the poor gratis' is a notification which were as well not made, for nobody takes advantage of it. Where lies the cause of this sad waste and misexpenditure of good counsel? Is it not in the fatal word *gratis*? All know well that things to be had for nothing are never esteemed. But put a price on anything, and mankind instantly begin to imagine there must be some value in it. Let me for once, then, be an adviser, and recommend my sage friends to cease giving counsel gratis. Let them assign a scale of fees for good admonitions, and upon no account ever give the *quid* till they have touched the *quo;* and they may be assured that none of their recommendations will ever then be allowed to fall to the ground.

SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

From Patterdale to Ambleside, a small town situated at the head of Windermere, is a distance of ten miles. The first part of the road, as far as Brothers' Water (a mountain tarn which is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of two brothers having been drowned in it), winds through level meadows skirted by hanging woods and lofty mountains, down whose sides

'A hundred torrents rend their furious way;'

but the remainder of the way lies through a rugged pass, truly Alpine in its character, and winds along a contracted valley, with a lofty and naked mountain impending on the left. A steep and difficult path, by the side of which a torrent tumbles and foams over its rocky channel, leads to the summit of this famous pass, where we find Kirkstone, a huge fragment of rock,

'whose church-like frame
Gives to this savage pass its name.'

Besides its picturesque attractions, this spot is interesting as having been the way by which the Roman legions must have passed on their march to the station at Ambleside. The whole scene is solemn, and profoundly impressive. At a height so great, it may be easily supposed that the tumults of the world have been left far behind, and that no sound of human life breaks in upon the intense and awful solitude that reigns for ever in this romantic pass. And the traveller is fully prepared to say, with Wordsworth, in his fine stanzas on this memorable place—

'Within the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills;
Where, save the rugged rock, we find
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man. * *
Aspiring road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide.'

The descent from the small spot of table-land at the summit to the town of Ambleside at the foot of the mountain, a distance of three miles, is sudden, precipitous, and in some places frightfully steep, and not a little dangerous; for the road being only the original mountain track of shepherds, gradually widened and improved from age to age, is carried over ground which no engineer even in Alpine countries would have viewed as practicable. The views of Windermere and the valley of Ambleside obtained during the descent are very fine.

The small market-town of Ambleside is built in pleasing irregularity on the side of a hill commanding charming prospects of the parks of Rydal and Brathay, and the lake of Windermere. It stands upon the spot formerly occupied by the Roman station, Dictis, and is surrounded by mountains on all sides ex-

cept towards the south-west. The situation is peculiarly delightful, and its beauty is heightened by the presence of the rivers Rothay and Brathay, the two principal feeders of Windermere lake. Ambleside is one of the few places where the annual custom of rush-bearing, which once prevailed in most parts of England, still lingers. The garlands of rushes, which are formed with great taste and elegance by the young women of the village, are deposited in the church on a Saturday, and remain there during divine service on the Sunday, when each girl takes her respective garland, and all the bearers walk in procession, preceded by a band of music. The origin of this simple ceremony must be traced back to those primitive times when the floors of churches were unpaved, and a covering of rushes was employed to protect the feet from the damp earth. The strewing of rushes was not, however, confined to churches; private houses and even palaces had no better garniture for their floors in the olden times. In 'Newton's Herball to the Bible,' mention is made of 'sedge and rushes, with the which many in the country do use in sommertime to strawe their parlors and churches.' Henzer, in his Itinerary, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says, 'The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*,' meaning rushes; and Shakspeare, in his Romeo and Juliet, speaks of those who

'Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.'

It became of course necessary at intervals to clear away the old covering, and strew fresh rushes in its place; and the annual renewal of the rushes was converted into a festival, and was attended with various ceremonies and rejoicings. In some few places the ceremonial has been preserved to the present day.

A mile from Ambleside is

'Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake,'

with all its bays and promontories reposing in gentle yet stately beauty. Windermere is about twelve or fourteen miles long, and from one to two in breadth, and sweeps like a majestic river with an easy bend between low points and eminences that, shaded with wood, and often embellished with villas, swell into hills cultivated to their summits. For several miles along the western shore, however, a range of rocky fells rises over the water; and on the north, the lofty mountains which surround the head of the lake are disposed with uncommon grandeur of outline and magnificence of colouring. Two miles from Ambleside we reach Lowood Inn, a favourite residence of visitors to the lakes, delightfully situated on a small bay, and commanding a magnificent view of the whole upper part of Windermere. Close at hand is a small villa called Dove's Nest, which will be viewed with interest as having been at one time the residence of the late Mrs Hemans; and at no great distance, perched on the hill-side, is Elleray, the property of Professor Wilson, which, in the words of its owner,

'rests upon the brow
(Beneath its sycamore) of Orrest Hill,
As if it smiled on Windermere below,
Her green recesses and her islands still.'

A mile and a half from Lowood is one extremity of the 'long vale-village' of Troutbeck, remarkable for the rude picturesqueness of its many-chimneyed cottages, with their numberless gables and slate-slab porticos. 'The cottages,' says Christopher North, 'stand for the most part in clusters of twos and threes, with here and there what in Scotland is called a *clachan*—many a sma' toun within the ae lang toun—but where, in all broad Scotland, is a mile-long scattered congregation of rural dwellings, all dropped down where the painter and the poet would have wished to plant them, on knolls and in dells, on banks and braes, and below tree-crested rocks, and all bound together in picturesque confusion by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamore, and by flower-gardens and fruit-orchards rich as those of the Hesperides?' Great part of the land in this neighbourhood is in the hands of a class of small proprietors, locally termed 'statesmen,' in whose families the same properties have been hereditary for many hundred years. They are a sturdy independent race, distinguished for the possession of many virtues, which in not a few cases are unfortunately alloyed by an inveterate propensity to litigation. It is stated by one well acquainted with their character, that of 'all the people that on earth do dwell,' your Troutbeck statesmen are the most litigious and most quarrelsome about straws. Not a footpath in all the parish that has not cost a hundred pounds in lawsuits. The most insignificant stile is referred to a full bench of magistrates. That gate was carried to the Quarter Sessions. No branch of a tree can shoot six inches over a march wall, without being indicted for a trespass. And should a frost-loosened stone tumble from some *skrees* down upon a neighbour's field, he will be served with a notice to quit before next morning. Many of the small properties hereabouts have been mortgaged over head and ears to fee rascally attorneys. Yet the last hoop of apples will go to the land sharks; and the statesman, driven at last from his paternal fields, will sue for something or another, *in forma pauperis*, were it but the worthless wood and second-hand nails that may be destined for his coffin.

Pursuing our route along the eastern margin of Windermere, many exquisite views are obtained of the lake, the whole length of which stretches out before us,

'With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst the evening clouds.'

'There is not,' says the author already quoted, 'such another splendid prospect in all England. The lake has much of the character of a river, without losing its own. The islands are seen almost all lying together in a cluster—below which all is loveliness and beauty—above, all majesty and grandeur. Bold or gentle promontories break all the banks into frequent bays, seldom without a cottage or cottages embowered in trees; and while the whole landscape is of a sylvan kind, parts of it are so laden with woods, that you see only here and there a wreath of smoke, but no houses, and could almost believe that you are gazing on the primeval forests.' About two miles from Lowood we reach the mansion-house of Calgarth, which we looked upon with deep interest for the sake of the illustrious dead, for there long dwelt Bishop Watson, 'the Defender of the Faith; and there, within the shadow of his memory, still dwell those dearest on earth to his beatified spirit.' From Calgarth to Rayrig is almost a continuous forest, but interspersed with glades, and occasionally enlivened with open uplands. At this part of our route the road proceeds along a terrace, 'to which,' says Professor Wilson, 'there was nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains not only in Westmoreland, but—believe us—in all the world.' Passing through the stately woods of Rayrig, we reach the pretty village of Bowness, which has been not inaptly termed 'the capital port town of the lakes.' It stands upon the edge of a large bay, and with its irregular roofs, white, blue, gray, green, brown, and black walls, its fruit-laden trees, central church tower, and environing groves, presents a most picturesque appearance. The church is an ancient edifice, with a square tower, and a large and curiously painted chancel window, which originally belonged to Furness Abbey. It is divided into seven compartments, and exhibits sketches of Scriptural subjects, Roman Catholic superstitions, ancient legends, and armorial bearings of several noble families. Entering the church, it was impossible not to feel the beauty of the lines in which it has been described by Wordsworth in the 'Excursion:'—

'Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;

With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed
Like leafless underboughs 'mid some thick grove
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the walls—
Each in its ornamental scroll enclosed;
And marble monuments were here displayed
Thronging the walls, and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared with emblems graven,
And footworn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid.'

Here lie the earthly remains of Bishop Watson, distinguished only by a small plate containing a brief record of his name, age, and death. The finest edifice in Bowness is the school, which has been recently rebuilt on a most munificent scale by the late Mr Bolton of Storrs, and is only much too splendid for the purpose for which it was designed. The view from the front is exquisitely beautiful, comprising the whole of the upper half of the lake. The mountains round the head, into the recesses of which the waters seem to penetrate, arrange themselves in the most graceful forms, and the wooded heights of the opposite shore cast a deep shadow upon 'the bosom of the steady lake.' Opposite Bowness is Belle Isle, the largest island in Windermere, upon which stands

'A Grecian temple rising from the deep,'

the residence of the proprietor, Mr Curwen. Belle Isle was formerly the property of the Philipsons, an ancient Westmoreland family, who were also owners of Calgarth. During the great civil war, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, had both espoused the royal cause. The elder, to whom the island belonged, was a colonel, and the younger a major, in the royal army. The latter, whose name was Robert, was a man of high and adventurous courage, and from some of his desperate exploits had acquired, amongst the Parliamentarians, the appellation of Robin the Devil. After the death of the king, though the war had subsided, private malice and the desire of revenge long kept alive the animosity of individuals. A certain Colonel Briggs, an officer in the Parliamentary army, resided at this time in Kendal, and under the double character of a leading magistrate and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was secreted in his brother's house on Belle Isle, went thither, armed with his double authority (for he was

Great on the bench, great in the saddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of War as well as Peace),

with the view of making prisoner so obnoxious a person. The major, however, was on the alert, and gallantly stood a siege of eight or ten days, until his brother came to his relief. The attack being thus repulsed, the major was not a man who would sit down quietly under the injury he had received. He therefore raised a small band of horse, and set forth one Sunday morning in search of Briggs. Upon arriving at Kendal, he learned that the colonel was at prayers, and proceeding straight to the church, he posted his men at the entrance, and dashed forward himself down the principal aisle into the midst of the congregation. Whatever were his intentions—whether to carry his enemy off prisoner, or, as is more probable, to shoot him on the spot—they were defeated: the colonel was not present. The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them, and the major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round and galloped down the next aisle. As he was making his exit from the church, his head came violently in contact with the arch of the doorway, which was much smaller than that through which he had entered. His helmet was struck off by the blow, his saddle-girth gave way, and he himself was much stunned. The congregation, recovering from their astonishment, attempted to make him prisoner. But his followers made a furious attack on the assailants, and the major killed with his own hand one of those who had seized him, clapped the saddle, ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendal, calling on his men to follow him, and with his whole party succeeded in making good his retreat to his asylum in Belle Isle. The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit that it could be nobody but Robin the Devil. This incident is referred to by Sir Walter Scott, as having furnished him with a hint for his description of a similar adventure in Rokeby, Canto VI.—the murder of Wycliffe by Bertram of Risingham:—

'All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed—
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
The vaults unwonted clang returned!
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddle-bow his pistol drew;
Grimly determined was his look,
His charger with his spurs he strook.
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham.
Three bounds that noble courser gave,
The first has reached the central nave;
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third he was at Wycliffe's side. * *
While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But floundered on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore;
And bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way;
'Twas while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once,' &c.

Some distance below Belle Isle, at a place where the lake suddenly contracts, and where two promontories extend to meet each other, a public ferry has been established, of which we availed ourselves to reach the western shore. In crossing the lake, we obtained what was perhaps the most interesting view on Windermere, and could not but admire the extraordinary clearness of the water, through which we could see far below the inhabitants of its deep recesses as they played in shoals, or occasionally

'sporting with quick glance,
Showed to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold.'

Near the ferry a pleasure house has been erected by Mr Curwen of Belle Isle, on a spot commanding fine views of the surrounding scenery. The prospect, however, requires a fine day in order to be seen to advantage. Its character is of that beauty which disappears almost utterly in wet or drizzly weather. Further to the south, but on the eastern shore, Storrs Hall, the fine mansion of Mrs Bolton, is seen standing on a promontory which projects into the lake. Its late owner, Mr Bolton, was the friend of Canning, who was in the habit of paying frequent visits to this enchanting spot to obtain a temporary rest from the cares and toils of public life. Lockhart, in his Life of Sir Walter Scott, gives a graphic description of one of these visits, to which the presence of Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, and Wilson, gave peculiar interest. 'It has not,' he says, 'I suppose, often happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honoured and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. There was "high discourse," intermingled with as gay flashings of courtly wit as ever Canning displayed, and a plentiful allowance on all sides of those airy transient pleasantries in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through

the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight, and the last day Professor Wilson ('the Admiral of the Lake,' as Canning called him) presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried kind happy Mr Bolton and his guests. The three bards of the lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators.'

From this spot the lake gradually narrows, till it becomes in reality 'the *river*-lake;' and at a place called Newby Bridge, six miles from Storrs Hall, it finds an outlet in the river Leven, which carries its waters into Morecambe Bay.

SURETISHIP.

THE unpleasant nature of the obligation called suretiship need not be enlarged upon: it is universally felt and acknowledged. Yet there is a vast number of offices and situations to which parties are not eligible, unless they can bring forward satisfactory security for the sums which may be intrusted to them. Individuals, seeing friends thus depending for the means of a livelihood, or of advance in the world, upon obtaining guarantees for their intromissions, are often induced by humane feelings to undertake such obligations; and how frequently they suffer loss through this friendly act is but too well known. On the other hand, individuals who might obtain certain situations if they could give proper sureties, often fail to do so, from either their inability to get security, or their honourable dislike to ask a friend to undertake such a hazard in their behalf.

The intellectual progress of our country has at length furnished a solution of this class of difficulties. It has been found that, however uncertain may be the contingency of a fall before temptation in an individual, there is a determinate and regularly recurring number of such lapses out of a wide number of cases—the same principle holding here as in the annual criminal statistics of a country, which are always nearly uniform, allowing for progressive conditions. The idea of founding upon this natural fact a society for making suretiship a matter of business, was first explained to the public in the Dublin Review for August 1840, by the first writer of the day on this class of subjects, Augustus de Morgan. He showed that, 'if a thousand bankers' clerks were to club together to indemnify their securities, by the payment of one pound a-year each, and if each had given security for L.500, two in each year might become defaulters to that amount, four to half the amount, &c. without rendering the guarantee fund insolvent;' also that, 'if it be tolerably well ascertained that the instances of dishonesty (yearly) among such persons amount to one in five hundred, this club would continue to exist, subject to being in debt in a bad year, to an amount which it would be able to discharge in good ones.' In 1842, these ideas were realised by the establishment, under favour of an act of parliament, of 'The Guarantee Society, for providing security for the fidelity of persons in situations of trust, where securities are required, on payment of an annual premium; capital one hundred thousand pounds.' There is something startling at first sight in such a society; but its advantages are readily discovered.

The first of these undoubtedly is its enabling a clerk or other salaried agent, of good character, to obtain at once, and without obligation to others, such security as he may require. To quote a pamphlet upon the subject,* which has fallen into our hands—'One or two instances of deserving individuals, debarred of their well-earned reward, may convince the reader of the serious hardship that the system of private suretiship often inflicts upon the deserving. They are selected from two very different ranks in life, and will be sufficient evidence of the truth of the position here laid down.

'First, with respect to the army. The reward for merit, accompanied with pecuniary advantage, is very limited in this branch of the public service. Suppose the officer to be educated in the military school, and immediately drafted into the army (which is a very common case), his whole life will have been spent either on service or in the barrack. He may have distinguished himself upon the field of battle, and obtained a company by exertion amidst the greatest dangers. To the veteran of this description the paymastership is the only pecuniary reward that can be enjoyed while upon active duty with his regiment. He is shipped from colony to colony, and the war-office authorities, anxious to afford substantial reward, may have the opportunity of offering him this appointment for services brought under their especial notice. In this case the most unexceptionable sureties are required to the amount of L.2000, and hundreds of meritorious officers have reluctantly been forced to decline the office, which it would have greatly benefited them to accept, and gratified the authorities to have conferred. An example amongst officers of this standing is not wanting to acknowledge the importance of the honourable help to be obtained from the Guarantee Society, and the society itself is under obligation to the authorities of the war-office for the support given by them to the society in its infancy.

'The second case to which I would allude is of another class. A person who had entered the establishment of one of the large clubs, in the neighbourhood of St James's palace, upon daily pay, conducted himself with so much propriety, that he was gradually promoted to the office of assistant butler. The butler died, and as valuable articles were intrusted to his keeping, it was important that none but a trustworthy person should be appointed to the vacancy. The club was protected in this appointment by a bond to a considerable amount. The good character of the assistant-butler recommended him to the house committee, who unanimously selected him for the vacant office. The necessity of providing sureties, however, was an insuperable bar; the man had no friends of sufficient property to whom he could apply for such a favour. It was most desirable that his services should be secured, and as the Guarantee Society, which at that time had scarcely commenced business, offered the means of removing the difficulty, some members of the committee of management communicated with the society; inquiries confirmed the opinion of the good character of the man; the society became his sureties, and a deserving, well-qualified person obtained his reward for good and faithful services.'

It also appears that the Guarantee Society furnishes security under circumstances which form a great improvement upon the private mode. It not only institutes a rigid investigation into the moral character of the applicant—rejecting him if there be any deficiency in this respect—but it exercises a care over the parties concerned, demanding that the employer shall exert due vigilance over the employed. Private parties, acting as

* Suretiship: the Dangers and Defects of Private Security, and their Remedies. By Charles Saunderson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1844.

securities, are usually prevented by delicacy from making any inquiry about the footing on which employer and employed may stand; and, when failure takes place, they are usually at a loss to ascertain how far the alleged defalcation is real; but the Guarantee Society is under no scruple on these points, and facts prove that it is well for them to be so. On the other hand, employers who conceive themselves to be amply protected by private sureties, often find that these either were fallacious at first, or in the course of time have become so, their minds being too much engrossed with other objects to admit of their exercising due care. But a society making suretiship a business, and possessing an ample capital, may be depended upon with absolute confidence.

Mr De Morgan, in the able paper which has been quoted, anticipated in some degree the objection, that security obtained on commercial principles from a society would exercise a less control over the moral feelings of the assured party than does a private guarantee. On this point Mr Saunderson is still more explicit, and we extract his observations in full. 'The only consideration,' he says, 'which remains worthy of notice, is the effect that the introduction of this principle will have upon other general interests of the community, especially with regard to morality. The rarity of a prosecution by sureties sufficiently attests the weakness of the moral control that private suretiship exercises in the relations between the employed and their bondsmen. It is sufficient for the surety that he has incurred a heavy penalty; and it would evince great ignorance of the world to suppose relatives would further expose their family honour by public proceedings against the offender. Under such feelings, the worthless servant escapes punishment: he may form other acquaintance and other friendships; he possibly may obtain another employer and other sureties, and run a similar round of folly and vice, and eventually plunge into greater delinquencies. The proceedings of the Guarantee Society, on the contrary, appear well calculated to arrest such a course of events. Upon the first defalcation, if it be not a case of gross fraud, the individual may be called upon to protect the society from pecuniary loss, his employer still having the right to prosecute. If this can be accomplished, when a second application for guarantee is made, the answer of the society to the proposed master would be, "We will not guarantee A. B. a second time; we believe he can be employed more usefully than in offices of pecuniary trust."

'The individual is by such means most probably saved from the temptation that would constantly beset him. If the circumstances attending the defalcation afford evidence of serious criminality, prosecution will certainly follow. The society have their personal interests to protect, and will in such a case exert the only real check upon the positively dishonest—namely, the certainty of exposure and punishment. Upon this subject no doubt can exist: the appointment of the solicitors to the Association of London Bankers for the Prevention of Fraud, as the society's solicitors for the prosecution of defaulters, is positive proof of the society's determination that punishment shall follow a violation of laws instituted for the protection of the community at large.

'The success of the Guarantee Society must therefore lead to a diminution of fraud and dishonesty.* In further proof it may be stated, that of parties whose default the society have had to make good, some are now undergoing the penalty awarded by the law as a punishment for dishonesty, while other delinquents have absconded to avoid the consequences of a prosecution.'

We are, upon the whole, impressed with a strong sense of the soundness of the principle involved in the establishment of this society, and believe we are only doing an acceptable duty to a large portion of our readers in making them aware of its existence.

* The experience of the society has already shown to the directors that fraud by servants, under private sureties, is committed to a serious extent in the commercial world. Cases daily arise to prove how totally inadequate and defective the system of private security is as a preventive of crime. Under the present system, with the exception of certain of the bankers, whose excellent association is a safeguard to the best principles of civil society, and one or two other prosecuting associations, the punishment for such crimes falls upon the surety, who is altogether unprotected; and the worthless delinquent is left to continue his depredation upon the unwary public.

FAITH—A TALE.

Every town and city has its promenade, where the inhabitants or visitors make it 'their custom of an afternoon' to lounge. This is either specially provided, as in continental cities, by public gardens and esplanades, or else the people choose one of the streets wherein to make their daily perambulations. Regent Street in London, Sackville Street in Dublin, and Princes Street in Edinburgh, have been selected by the respective inhabitants for this purpose. It is in the last of these that the first scene of the little drama we are about to describe is laid.

One sunny afternoon in 183–, Princes Street was unusually crowded. Never, perhaps, was there a more brilliant display of spring fashions than adorned the fair promenaders, who made the street gay with their presence. Here a mother was sedately chaperoning her fair daughters, glancing now and then to either side, well satisfied with the unusually elegant appearance of the damsels, now that the weather was fine enough to admit of abandoning winter costume. There an infantry officer from the castle loitered beside a couple of young ladies, bending his head towards the prettier, that the soft nothings it pleased him to utter might be heard with greater distinctness. Sisters leaned on the arms of brothers, fathers took care of daughters. At one moment a cavalry officer from Piershill dashed past on his hack, bowing as he rode to the various ladies whose acquaintance he had made at the assemblies or elsewhere. Open carriages, with tastefully-attired occupants, drove slowly past; and, in short, the street appeared to contain what the newspapers call all the 'beauty and fashion' of Edinburgh.

Amidst all this gaiety, there was one individual who did not partake of it. He had already paraded the pavement several times, and from the anxious scrutiny with which he reviewed every lady he met, it was manifest he sought amongst the crowd one bright particular star on whom all his thoughts were concentrated, and for whom all his sighs (and they were deep and frequent) were heaved. At length, as he crossed the end of Castle Street, the young lady he sought was seen to approach. She was not alone, which appeared to be a terrible disappointment to the expectant. Her mother was with her; and one glance told him that a certain question, the issue of which he looked forward to with the most intense eagerness, had been decided against him. Eyes, the expression of which he had studied for months, had manifestly been weeping. He passed the two ladies, for he was too agitated to address them. With watchful gaze, however, he followed their steps, and once or twice was on the point of overtaking and speaking, but prudence checked him; for he felt that, should his worst fears be realised, his emotions would master him, and the result would be quite ridiculous in the public street. This forbearance was, after a time, rewarded. The ladies stopped for a minute, and having exchanged a few words with Mr Panson (the young lady's father), whom they accidentally encountered, went into a music-shop. The lover instantly quickened his pace, passed the old gentleman without recognition, and followed the two ladies into the shop.

Having succeeded by a mighty effort to control his feelings, the intruder addressed Mrs Panson and her daughter as one intimate with them. The elder lady returned his salutation with some degree of coldness. Miss Panson turned pale, and trembled. They had come to try a piano, and walked into an inner room.

Burton (that was the lover's name) followed them—a proceeding which evidently did not accord with the views of the mamma, for she frowned, and inquired whether Mr Burton had come to buy any music? He replied in the negative, but still hovered near them. The truth was, he was anxious to speak a word to Maria Panson without, if possible, being overheard. After a time, they were for an instant hidden behind a cabinet-piano; this was the moment; he seized it, and whispered, 'Be at the ruins at eight.' The young lady made a motion of assent, and Burton almost immediately afterwards took his leave. As he turned to go, he encountered a third person, who had entered during his agitation quite unperceived—no other than Mr Panson, who, on shaking hands, asked, 'Did you get my note?' Burton answered in the affirmative.

'Then I shall see you at six?'

'Punctually,' was the reply; and Burton left the shop.

It will now be necessary to change the scene, though not to a very great distance from where it was first laid. For the information of those who have never been in Edinburgh, it will be necessary to state that the space between Princes Street and the castle rock is occupied with gardens, so that the street from which they take their name has houses only on one side, the other being bounded by the railings of the gardens. At the base of the steep ascent which leads from the gardens to the castle is a picturesque ruin, half shrouded in ivy, being the remains of an outwork covering a spring, from which the garrison in early times was supplied with water. Beside it is an alcove, made to look ruinous by the hand of art. This was the spot indicated to Miss Panson in the words which Burton uttered in the music-shop; and here, as the hour of eight approached, a young man, attired in an infantry uniform, was seen pacing up and down. Restlessness and disappointment, with violent grief, were depicted on his countenance and by his actions. For a moment he would pause in the middle of the graveled walk, as if plunged in the most profound meditation. Then he continued his promenade with the haste of a man walking against time. For one moment he sat on the bench in the ruined rather than ruinous alcove, and the next he rose, and striding to a point from which he could see one of the entrances to the gardens from Princes Street, he strained his eyes in the twilight to seek the object of his sorrows. A spectator observing the restlessness of the young officer, would have imagined that he was either suffering under some terrible annoyance, or that he was very much in love. The latter conjecture would have soon been verified; for presently two female figures made their appearance; one of whom, on seeing him, quickened her pace, so as to leave her companion behind. In an instant the lovers met!

It has been said that only light griefs are loquacious; 'deep sorrow hath no tongue.' Thus it seemed with these despairing lovers. Instinctively she had placed her arm in his, and they wandered far up the steep ascent beside the castle rock, ere the agitation of either had sufficiently subsided to allow of their breaking silence. The first words were uttered by the lady; indeed it may be observed, that on such occasions it is the lady who generally *does* speak first.

'All, then, is over,' she exclaimed, 'and this is to be our last interview!'

'Such is the decree which has been pronounced,' replied Edward Burton. 'I kept the appointment with your father this evening. I cannot repeat to you what he said, for that would pain us both unnecessarily; but it was decisive. My pretensions to your hand at this or any future time are summarily rejected!'

Miss Maria Panson became so agitated on hearing this, that her lover found it necessary to place her in a garden seat near to which they had by this time wandered. Edward did all in his power to lessen her grief. He reminded her that, though forbidden to engage themselves to each other, it was still in their power to maintain their attachment, in the hope of better times. After a few years' foreign service, it might be his fortune to attain such promotion as to entitle him to claim her as his bride. 'Maria,' he said at length, passionately, 'may I hope that you will continue constant to me?'

The young lady raised her head and looked steadfastly at her lover through her tears; she gently returned his grasp, and, in tones made tremulous by the struggles of some feeling wounded by the suspicion which the question implied, asked, '*Could* he doubt her?' Edward, as if ashamed of underrating the constancy of a heart which he believed to be solely his own, intreated forgiveness, and made the warmest protestations of his own unfailing attachment. At this moment the lovers were startled by the drums of the castle—a signal for separation which Edward dared not disobey; for early the next morning the regiment, in which he was an ensign, was to march, and he was obliged to appear at a preliminary muster. There was no time for words. Edward drew from his pocket a coin nearly severed in half; one portion he presented to Maria, the other he retained. They quite broke it, each keeping a moiety; the meaning and impressiveness of which ceremony must be well known to those who are versed in ancient Scottish customs, and who have read Scott's pathetic novel, 'The Bride of Lammermuir.' By a mighty effort Edward tore himself from his fair companion. As the soldier bent his slow and sorrowful steps towards the castle, he paused for a moment, and drew from his breast a small packet with which Maria had on a previous occasion presented him. It contained a lock of her hair, and he kissed it fervently; and, in imitation of the chivalry of old, he inly vowed that these tokens should cheer him in moments of despondency, and animate him in the hour of danger. With this high-souled resolve he passed the gate which opens on the esplanade, and hurried off to his quarters to prepare for duty.

Maria, on her part, was found by her young companion weeping bitterly, and scarcely able to support herself. With kind solicitude her friend helped her along, and strove, with words of soothing and encouraging consolation, to blunt the sharpness of the grief she suffered. It was growing dark, and they quickened their pace. In the gloomiest part of the grounds, where the path is almost hidden by overhanging trees, they heard to their great alarm footsteps overtaking them. This induced them to double their speed; it was useless; the heavy tread of a man still gained upon them; and in another instant Maria heard her name pronounced in a tone of impatience, not unmixed with anger. On looking round she beheld her father!

The result was, that Maria's misery was increased tenfold, and that night was without doubt the most wretched she had ever spent, as her disordered and careworn appearance next morning fully indicated.

After breakfast Mr Panson took his daughter kindly by the hand and led her into the study. Her heart beat violently, for she had a presentiment that Edward was to be the subject of their conversation. 'My dear Maria,' he commenced, 'neither your mother nor myself can see you in this state of affliction—in spite of the imprudence on your part which has led to it—without feeling deeply afflicted. Let me reason with you a little on the engagement you would have entered into with Mr Burton. Let me assure you it is from no caprice or hardness of disposition that I have so decisively negatived your mutual wishes. He is, I confess, a well-conducted, and, for aught I know to the contrary, an amiable young man; but his profession, as well as his want of fortune, are obstacles to any hopes of happiness as your husband. It was therefore my duty to reject him as a son-in-law. You, an only daughter, must have either followed him to India, and deprived your parents of your much-cherished society, or have remained burdened with an engagement indulging in a fruitless hope that young Burton would

carve his way to fortune with his sword, which is in these days the worst of all instruments for making money.' When her father adverted to the idea of her going abroad, and leaving him and her mother, Maria's tears fell fast, and she remembered that, amidst the strong feelings which had lately agitated her breast, she had never *definitely* thought of that event as forming a necessary consequence of her union with Edward.

'Besides,' continued the kind father, 'you are young, and the ardent feelings of youth are not always to be trusted. Burton has been your only lover; your affections have yet to be tested by the adulation and addresses of others. You may change!'

'Never!' interrupted the young lady with firmness.

'Make no rash vows, my dear; and I trust you *have* made none. Unknown to you, I witnessed the parting scene in the gardens last night.' At this announcement Maria started, and a crimson blush suddenly overspread her face. 'Nay, child, I have no wish to reproach your imprudence,' Mr Panson added; 'you suffer enough already; for *at this time* I believe your grief, and the love which it springs from, to be sincere. One thing, however, I must forbid; and that is correspondence: for understand, that no latent hope of ever gaining my or your mother's consent to the match must linger within you. Remember, not a letter must be sent to or received from Edward Burton; and this is the last time his name shall ever pass my lips.' Maria spent the rest of the day in her chamber, and it was months ere she recovered her wonted cheerfulness.

It is necessary to the due development of our story, that the reader's imagination should help us to pass over a space of twelve years. In that period many changes had taken place; none more rapid and important in their consequences than the position of our Eastern empire. Amidst these Burton took a not inglorious part. He proved himself on several occasions a good and brave soldier, and his gallantry was rewarded with promotion, which he earned, however, not without some sacrifice of bodily health; and after having long endured the trying influence of Eastern climes, he obtained his majority and leave of absence to return home. Amongst all the chances and changes which a dozen years had produced, the general appearance of Princes Street, Edinburgh, was only altered by the display of a few additional shops, and the handsome front of a club-house, which had recently been erected. The trees in the gardens had grown taller, and the ruins had received a few more strokes of the picturesque from the legitimate artist in that line—Father Time. Still the street itself was enlivened by gay company—elegantly attired ladies, military danglers from the castle, and cavaliers from Piershill, abounded as heretofore.

On a spring afternoon quite as sunny as that on which our story opened, a travelling carriage was drawn by four horses up to the door of Mackay's hotel. Its occupants were a gentleman whose complexion betokened a recent residence in a warm climate, and a lady, who, as she stepped from the carriage, was remarked by the casual passers-by who caught a glimpse of her face, to possess great beauty. Travellers who go about in coaches-and-four are invariably indulged with the inn's best room, and accordingly the lady and gentleman were ushered into the front drawing-room, the windows of which looked into the Princes Street gardens.

'Dinner, sir?' inquired the waiter, bowing low enough to let his towel of office touch the ground.

'Decidedly!' replied the traveller with the unhesitating promptitude of a hungry man.

'For two, sir?'

'Of course, and as soon as possible.'

'Meantime,' rejoined the lady, 'send up my servant.' The waiter bowed again, turned on his heel like an automaton, and left the room.

'Well, darling,' said the husband, 'here we are at last in my native city of Edinburgh. I shall almost dread to inquire after old friends; twelve years makes sad havoc amongst them.' He walked to the window, and looked at the passers-by for a short time. 'Yes—all new faces. Out of the hundreds of acquaintances I left behind me, there will scarcely be one to greet me on my return.'

'Yes, *one!*' replied the wife, placing her hand on his shoulder. 'Welcome, welcome, dearest Edward, back to the place of your birth; I love it for your sake.'

This affectionate speech was accompanied with a little endearment, which nearly overthrew the husband's firmness; but it does not do for soldiers to be overcome, so he answered quickly, 'You must love it for its own sake, Milly. It is a beautiful place. Look at those gardens; are they not refreshing to see in the heart of a crowded city?'

The lady admired the slopes, the walks, and the bold rock shooting up perpendicularly from the earth. At last her eye wandered to the ruins, and she inquired what they were. The gentleman was a little disconcerted; stammered; but at length managed to get out, that he had not the slightest idea. At this moment his eye caught the figure of an old friend between the trees. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'there is Waterton; I am glad he is in town; he shall be amongst the first I will seek out. You will like him amazingly; he is an excellent fellow—and so droll.'

The dinner was soon despatched, and plans arranged for the evening. The lady was to write letters to her friends in London, and the major (for, to keep the reader no longer in suspense, the 'arrivals' were Major Burton and *his wife!*) intended to seek out Waterton. To carry out the first intention, Mrs Burton rung for her writing-desk. Her maid answered the summons, but in a state of the utmost agitation. She trembled, and taking up one corner of her apron for fear she should have occasion to cry, exclaimed, 'Please, ma'am, I could almost hang myself with vexation; for, please ma'am, I thought I put your desk into the rumble, and I didn't.'

'Then it is left behind? How very provoking.'

'Oh, no matter!' said the major; 'tell Johnson to give you mine.' Whereupon the girl flew out of the room like a person who had escaped some appalling danger.

'There were things of consequence in my desk,' said Mrs Burton; 'letters which I should not wish all the world to read.'

'Some of mine perhaps?' returned the major. The lady assented. 'That *is* perplexing,' he continued; 'but never mind, you can use my desk for the present; here is the key.' The desk was brought. Mrs Burton began her task of letter-writing, and the husband sallied forth to discover the abiding places of a few of his old friends—Waterton amongst the rest.

When the lady had finished her first epistle, she could not find the wax; and while ransacking every part of the desk, all of a sudden out flew a little drawer. Though startled at first, she was much more startled afterwards: something was concealed in this mysterious little recess. With trembling hand she opened a small paper packet. It contained a lock of hair, and (destruction to her mental peace!) *auburn* hair—not the jet black lock she in a moment of romantic folly gave to her husband during his loverhood! But lest that should fail to make her wretched, there was another evidence of more than equivocal import. She had read the Bride of Lammermuir, and knew the full meaning and intent of that severed half-sovereign! She had a rival! Some fair-haired Lucy Ashton!

In the midst of her distress, Major Burton returned, bringing news that he had met with Waterton, who promised to come in to take his negus, and be introduced to the bride. She received the information with greater indifference than pleased her husband. She looked pale and agitated. He asked her the cause. Mrs Burton said nothing, but with dumb though effective eloquence displayed the lock of hair and the love-token. It was now the major's turn to turn pale

and become agitated. For a time he could not reply; and when he made the attempt, muttered something about a former engagement, youthful folly, and the other excuses always uppermost on such occasions.

'Of course,' said the lady in a tone of pique, 'I can have no right to inquire into circumstances which happened before we met. But you have deceived me!'

'Deceived you, Millicent; I am incapable of——'

'Nay, do not sink deeper into falsehood. You *have* deceived me. When we formed our solemn engagement, I was made to believe that no former one existed.'

Major Burton stood a little abashed, and wisely thought that the best way was to own his fault, and to sue for forgiveness. This he did; but the lady appeared inexorable. 'Come, dearest,' he said beseechingly, 'be a little charitable. At all events, whatever feeling you may have to expend on the affair, let me enlist it in favour of the unhappy girl to whom your irresistible attractions have made me false. I own that the hopeless misery she must have felt on hearing I had become the husband of another, has indeed cost me many a pang, and formed a bitter drop in the cup of happiness you, dear Millicent, have filled.' The major said this with so much emotion and earnestness, that his wife could scarcely help being affected. She demanded to know the whole of the circumstances. He told her honestly and without reservation. He did not conceal the pledge of eternal fidelity he and Maria Panson had exchanged at the ruin in the garden—a pledge the token of which was now lying before them.

Next to love, pity is the strongest passion which warms the breast of woman; and if any resentment lurked in Millicent Burton's heart against her husband, it was now turned to pity for the wretchedness into which she was unwittingly the cause of plunging a confiding and perhaps amiable girl. 'For *her* sake,' she said, 'I cannot forgive you. At least you might have written to break off the engagement before proposing to me.'

'But we were strictly prohibited from corresponding. Poor girl! I must own I dread to inquire after her. I feel acutely the wrong I have done; it is irreparable.'

'I fear she will prove a dangerous rival to me!' replied Mrs Burton, in a tone meant to be jocular, but in reality not much pleased with the deep remorse her husband professed.

'No, no, Milly; let the honesty with which I have confided to you every tittle of that unhappy affair banish so unworthy a thought; nothing but a full confidence in the strength of my own and your affection would have wrung the painful disclosure from me. No; if we *should* meet—if, by the interference of friends, and by the exercise of that strength of mind which I know Miss Panson to possess, she *can* endure to behold me the husband of another, be it yours to pour the balm of friendship into the wounds I have made. You *will* be her friend, Milly?' Mrs Burton placed her hand in that of her husband, and said with a sigh she would.

At this moment Mr Waterton was announced. The introduction to Mrs Major Burton was soon made, and the two friends were speedily engaged in an interesting conversation concerning the fate and fortunes of several of their old cronies. Nothing, however, could exceed the caution with which Burton avoided the smallest allusion to the Pansons. And Waterton, though he named several of their acquaintances, never once mentioned them: refraining perhaps on account of the delicacy of the subject in the presence of the major's wife. When, therefore, the lady rose to retire, upon the plea of fatigue, Burton's heart beat fast with apprehension. He dreaded to hear the truth which he feared would come out in his wife's absence. How could he justify his falsehood, the effect of which he did not doubt had been disastrous? Perhaps the victim of his faithlessness was—— But he dared not anticipate the truth. He would know it presently, for Mrs Burton had left the room. The reminiscences of bygone days were then renewed; but, to Burton's astonishment, his friend fought as shy as before of the subject of the Pansons. This helped to increase the major's fears. Delicacy evidently prevented Waterton from shocking his feelings by some fatal disclosure concerning Maria. He was the destroyer of her happiness, perhaps—he shuddered to think—of her life!

After a long gossip Waterton left, and Burton retired to his chamber fully convinced that he was one of the vilest perjurers upon earth!

Before parting, Waterton made the major promise to dine with him, and bring his wife. Next day at the appointed hour they made their appearance at Waterton's house. Burton's spirits were much depressed. He dreaded going into society, knowing that sooner or later the crisis must come; that some person who knew the Pansons would blurt out the fate which he doubted not had befallen his victim. In this mood he entered the drawing-room, his wife hanging on his arm. To his surprise he beheld Waterton romping with three children, whose likeness to him at once pronounced a very near relationship. He greeted his guests heartily, and said Mrs Waterton would be down immediately.

'Why,' exclaimed the major, 'you never told me you were married.'

'No,' said the host; 'delicacy forbade that.'

'Delicacy?'

'Yes; and when you know *whom* I have married, you will understand my reserve—but here comes a better explanation than words can give.'

The door opened, and Mrs Waterton entered. She welcomed her guests with great cordiality. Burton started; he trembled with amazement; and his first impulse was to exclaim, 'Miss Panson?'

'Yes,' interposed Waterton, 'Miss Panson a dozen years ago, but Mrs Waterton now. Why, your friend and I have been married these ten years!'

'Miss Panson married!' repeated Mrs Burton with unfeigned pleasure, as the last suspicion of a rival was thus banished from her breast. 'Oh, my *dear* madam, how very delighted I am to know you;' and she seized both her new friend's hands and shook them heartily.

This, then, was the love-stricken broken-hearted damsel whom Burton had conjured up in imagination! This was the wreck his broken faith had pictured! Instead of a pale grief-burdened lady, he beheld a matronly, but still pretty woman, full of life, gaiety, and happiness. 'The fact is, my love,' whispered Mrs Burton to her husband as they went down to dinner, 'you are not the desperate lady-killer you think yourself!' The major was at first conspicuously chopfallen; and some remote allusions to the Princes Street gardens, in which Mrs Waterton took the lead, gave him so much uneasiness, that they were after a time not repeated. A glass or two of champagne, however, nerved the soldier for a downright assault on his former engagement with his friend's wife; and when the ladies had retired, he and his host entered laughingly into the subject of their respective marriages. Each of course (as all husbands do after dinner) spoke raptures of his wife. 'Besides all my love,' said Burton, 'I owe my Millicent a deep debt of gratitude. Possessed of a large fortune, she preferred sharing it with me, then a poor subaltern, to marrying one of the richest men in Calcutta.'

'For my part,' returned the other, 'until Maria's father died, which he did three years since, the only fortune I got with my wife was herself, and part of a half sovereign which——'

'Nay, nay, spare me on that point!' exclaimed Burton, rising to join the ladies in the drawing-room.

Young reader, the lesson to be derived from this little sketch is—beware how you trust solely to the ardent and inconsiderate feelings of youth; vows uttered under their influence are invariably 'rash' ones, which a venerable maxim tells us we ought never to make. Actuated by the blind impulse of violent emotions, we

are sure to deceive ourselves—imagining that we are perfectly sincere, when we are merely impelled by a giddy and untoward passion, nothing abated by the well-meant interference of relatives and friends. The consequence of such conduct is, that the integrity of the promises then made is as unstable as the feelings that prompt them. Had Edward and Maria really loved as they thought they did on parting, they would never have broken their 'FAITH.'

THE SCIENTIFIC PHENOMENA OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE diffusion of science has not a more efficient agent than the familiar explanation of familiar occurrences. Every appearance in nature, however trivial it may seem, is governed by laws as immutable as those which regulate the revolutions of the globe itself; and to know well that which is simple and common, is the best and only preparative for the investigation of what is difficult and obscure. The discovery of natural laws, and the familiar explanation of them, require different gifts of mind—gifts which are very seldom possessed by the same individual. The former demands patient investigation, powerful grasp of intellect, and extensive knowledge of relative causes and effects; whereas the latter depends more on the pleasing aptitude of expression, and the institution of comparisons between things known and the thing to be described. Both gifts are, however, alike indispensable to the dissemination of science; and it detracts nothing from the merit of the original discoverer, that the individual who renders the discovery familiar should meet with an equal share of approbation. The one addresses himself to those whose learning and habits of mind are kindred to his own, the other to the young, or to men whose time and toils forbid the acquisition of vast learning, but who are nevertheless capable of understanding, and of deriving enjoyment from the knowledge of Nature's operations, when rendered intelligible to them. Convinced that the condition of the masses will improve with their knowledge, and that the young can only be successfully instructed in science by leading them upwards from things familiar and obvious, we feel pleasure in noticing every honest effort, however humble, which is made towards the accomplishment of these desirable objects. One of the most successful of the many recent attempts in this line is that of Mr Gower,* wherein familiar objects and everyday occurrences are explained in a manner so clear and winning, that he must be a very dull individual indeed who does not rise after its perusal with a perfect knowledge of every subject which it treats.

The plan of this little trifle is as familiar as its style. The author begins with the bedroom, leads his pupil through the breakfast-parlour, a morning walk, the kitchen, the study, and the enjoyment of a summer's evening—explaining as he goes the laws which relate to the more prominent objects and operations. In introducing Mr Gower's tiny treatise to notice, we can only glance at a few random passages, recommending the whole to every schoolboy and beginner in science.

'The current of air and smoke which ascends the chimney is again an object to attract our attention—caused by the same expansive power of heat. The air, as it passes through and over the fire, becomes greatly increased in bulk, and consequently lighter; that is, a gallon of air expanded to double its bulk, or two gallons, will weigh only as much as it did before it was so increased, which causes it to ascend through the denser part, leaving its space to be filled by cold air from the door or window. By this means the fire is supplied with the proportion of fresh air necessary for combustion, whilst a considerable quantity of rarefied air ascends the chimney, carrying up with it the smoke or dense vapour which arises from burning bodies. It may be inquired how it is that, when a fire is lighted in a room, the air does not descend the chimney to supply it, because that appears the easiest access to the outside air; and this, if the chimney were very large, and quite open above, so as to admit space enough for an ascending and descending current, might be the case. To obviate this, if the chimney is large, we contract the opening at top by putting on a chimney-pot, by which means the current of ascending air is rendered so strong through the small aperture as to prevent the external air from entering. We are very frequently disturbed by smoke coming into our rooms, particularly at first lighting a fire, and more especially when other fires in the house have been burning some time previously. When this is the case, it will occasion a downward current of air in the chimney, caused by the other fires requiring a supply of air; and the open chimney being the easiest way by which the air can find admittance, this occasions the chimney to smoke when the fire is first lighted; but if the door of the room is closed, and a slight portion of the window opened, the room is cut off from communication with the other fires, and the smoke will then ascend the chimney. When the fire is sufficiently established to cause a good draught, the window may be again closed, and the door opened without further annoyance, because the air to feed the other fires in the house will no longer find this chimney the easiest way of introduction, and some other means of entrance will probably soon discover itself. Sudden gusts of wind are apt to cause chimneys to smoke, by removing the equality of the atmospheric pressure on the outside, whilst the interior pressure is not exactly subject to the same influence. During the gust, the perpendicular pressure of the atmosphere above is partly removed by the velocity with which it passes over, in the same manner that the pressure or weight of a cannon-ball is removed from the earth while it is flying along, its velocity having overcome its gravity or weight; but when it loses its velocity, its weight again becomes perceptible, and it falls to the ground. The consequence is, that during the time of the gust, whilst the pressure is removed, there is a rapid draught up the chimney, caused by the want of resistance above; but the moment the wind lulls again, this pressure returns, the upward draught is suddenly checked, which causes a momentary obstacle to the ascending current, and a puff of smoke in the room is the most probable result. Some particular direction of wind will generally influence a chimney in this way more than another, either from some peculiarity in the situation of the chimney above, or from the apartment being more or less immediately influenced by the same cause; for, it is clear, if the variation of pressure above and in the room is simultaneous, no confusion will take place, but if the one happens a few seconds after the other, a contrary effect will be produced.'

Taking a glance over the breakfast-table, we are reminded by Mr Gower 'that a bright silver tea-pot will make better tea than an earthenware one, and for this simple reason, that bright surfaces radiate, or throw off heat much slower than black and dull ones; consequently the tea is kept hotter. From this we may learn that, whenever heat is to be retained, a bright polished vessel should be employed; but, on the contrary, if we want a vessel to absorb heat rapidly, a black dull surface is the best. The quickest boiling saucepan, therefore, will be one which is black on that part exposed to the fire, but bright on the portion which comes only in contact with the air; the black part as a good conductor, to allow the heat to approach the water, the bright as a bad radiator, to prevent its escape. Woollen, as we before stated in the instance of the carpet, is a bad conductor, therefore a very proper substance to wrap round anything which is to be kept hot; and by the same reasoning, although it may sound rather contradictory, it will equally keep any substance cold; for instance, a piece of ice wrapped in woollen will be much slower melting

* The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life. By Charles Foote Gower, Esq. J. Ridgway, London: 1844.

than another piece not so enveloped. Heat and cold, we must remember, are only relative terms, as there is no precise point where heat ends and cold begins.'

Again, 'Evaporation always produces cold, because the heat required to convert water into steam must be withdrawn from the surrounding medium; hence wet summers are often succeeded by cold winters; the greater evaporation produced from the excessive moisture having reduced the temperature of the earth. That evaporation produces cold, may be immediately proved by moistening the palm of the hand and exposing it to the wind, thus causing evaporation, when cold will be very sensibly felt, and the more so if we use a volatile fluid, such as sal-volatile or spirit of wine, the greater rapidity with which they evaporate producing a greater degree of cold. It is from this reason that remaining in wet clothes is so dangerous; the evaporation that takes place during the time they are drying carries away so large a portion of heat from the body, as almost certainly to induce cold, and all the thousand diseases which follow in its train. When a person is obliged to remain in wet clothes, the best method to adopt is to prevent evaporation by covering them with a Mackintosh, or any other garment which will best keep the moisture in, and if this is effectually done, the person will feel little inconvenience from his damp clothes; the warmth of the body will soon communicate itself to the damp garments under the Mackintosh, and as the steam cannot escape through it, there is nothing to produce a greater degree of cold than if the garments had been dry; let it not, however, be supposed that I recommend keeping on wet clothes, I merely advise this proceeding in cases where it cannot be avoided.'

But it is not alone on the mere physical laws of nature that Mr Gower is fluent and attractive; he is equally pleasing when he turns his attention to organic phenomena. 'The soil, considered mechanically, is merely that substance in which the plant projects its roots or anchors, by which it attaches itself to the locality where the seed is deposited; but even in its mechanical part, it is of much consequence that it should be adapted to its situation, and to the species of vegetable production that is to be cultivated upon it. In some situations, it will be beneficial to have a sandy soil, to aid in disposing of a too abundant supply of moisture, whilst in another situation, such as a sloping hill, a sandy soil would be very disadvantageous, and one better adapted to retain moisture far preferable. An instance of a purely mechanical soil may be seen by sowing some seeds of mustard and cress in a piece of moist flannel, which, if kept warm, will be found to vegetate; the blanket, however, only acts the part of keeping the plant in its proper position and place, for its nutriment is derived from the air and water with which it is supplied. Most soils contain some portion of vegetable matter, on which their richness depends; but by constantly cropping, this rich matter becomes exhausted, and therefore the best soils, without the addition of manure, will soon lose their productive qualities; those however of the best mechanical construction, will be the most easily restored to a healthy state.

'There are certain elements contained in every plant, without which it cannot exist: different plants contain different elements, and in different proportions. Many of these are derived from air and water, which was the case in the mustard seed, though it is doubtful whether this plant would produce seed without some further nourishment: air and water may suffice for the stalk and leaf, but still not be enough for the perfecting the plant. The business of the agriculturist, therefore, should be to consider what are the elements required to bring the seed to be sown to perfection, and then to examine what portion of these elements remain in the soil—what will be supplied by the air and moisture; and if there is a deficiency of any one elementary ingredient, he must add it in the manure which is to be carried to the land. The practical farmer will perhaps smile at this theory, and say he has never failed in producing a crop of wheat, although he is quite ignorant of the elements of which it is composed. But though he may be ignorant of their names, he has proved himself thoroughly acquainted with their properties by the success of his labours: that success has been the result of his inquiry and experience, and he has by it arrived at the conclusion that certain manures and certain treatment are best suited for the production of certain crops; and if he were to examine these manures chemically, he would find they contained the elements required.

'Plants and flowers, left to the guidance of nature, soon establish themselves in those places best suited to their wants, whilst in situations not congenial to them they soon wither and die. The wallflower chooses for itself some old ruin, where it finds a plentiful supply of lime, furnished by the old mortar. The common nettle contains saltpetre, and hence is always found around stables, out-buildings, and other localities where saltpetre is generated. The violet finds itself a shady bank; the forget-me-not and the iris, also, will be seen frequenting the brooks and streams, with many more, that seek each its peculiar locality. It may be inquired how it is that these indigenous plants grow, year after year, in the same place, without exhausting the soil, whilst if the farmer rears the same crop for several successive years, it will be sure to fail. The difference is this, that in the one case the plants perish, but the elements remain to promote a fresh growth the following year, and those parts which have returned to air and water can be again supplied by those fluids; but the farmer's crop has been removed from the land to return no more, and consequently the elements for that species of crop will soon be expended, if not renewed by manure or some other matter contained in them. The first is a natural, the second an artificial state.'

This is well and intelligibly spoken of plants; let us next observe how our author treats of man—his habits and acquirements. 'The eye is very much the creature of habit, much more so than we are accustomed to believe, till, being placed in some situation perfectly new to us, we become convinced of the truth of the assertion. Some years ago, coming rather suddenly amongst some mountainous scenery, to which the author was quite unaccustomed, he observed, grazing on the hills, which did not appear far distant, some animals, which from their size he mistook for goats, but upon a nearer approach they proved to be oxen; and having once become acquainted with the fact, the eye immediately adapted itself to the distance, and he could not again be deceived in the size of the object: returning to the same place from whence he had first seen them, they no longer appeared the size of goats, but of full-grown oxen. Now this clearly showed that the eye was unable to measure the size of the object, whilst the distance it was off, owing to the novel features of the scenery, could not be determined.

'To exemplify this fact to some friends, he tried the following experiment from a window commanding a view down a beautiful river, on which vessels of considerable magnitude were frequently passing. Without mentioning what he intended, he cut out in paper the picture of a vessel, with her ropes and sails, about one and a half inches in height, and pasted it on the middle of a pane of glass, in such a situation that, looking through a paper tube fixed to a screen on the other side of the room, the miniature ship appeared exactly in that part of the river where ships were usually seen sailing; the paper tube prevented the observer from seeing the cross-bars of the window, which would have dispelled the illusion. Thus the deception was complete; the observers, ignorant of the contrivance, fully believed that they saw a large vessel sailing on the river.

'It is this principle of keeping the spectator in ignorance of the distance the picture he is looking at is from him, that so greatly increases the deceptive effect of those beautiful exhibitions, the dioramas and panoramas, and other works of the same description, which are now carried to such wonderful perfection.

'A person accustomed only to the scenery of England, with its trees and houses, and every well-known object rooted in his mind, is quite at a loss, when first catching sight of the different description of buildings, trees, and scenery that meet his view on his arrival in the Eastern world, for a standard by which to measure their size; and generally imagines them to be not nearly so large as they are, till, approaching nearer, he discovers man, or some other familiar object, which at once serves as a scale by which to estimate the objects presented to his view.'

Such are a few specimens of Mr Gower's endeavours to familiarise the young and unlearned with the deductions of science, and to inspire them with the desire to know the why and wherefore of every natural appearance and occurrence which presents itself. The step which the author has taken is no doubt short, but still it is one in the right direction. Its only defect seems to be the want of illustrative diagrams, which in many cases would greatly facilitate the conception of the reader; but this—if Mr Gower's design be persevered in—is a deficiency which can be readily remedied.

THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.

BY THEODORIC BROWN.

While making a tour through Canada a year or two ago, I fell in with a young man who owned a farm in one of the districts that were then only beginning to be settled. He had resided in a part of England in which I had many friends, with some of whom he was himself acquainted; and from talking of scenes in which we had both taken part, and calling up 'old familiar faces,' we became very intimate. During my stay, he gave me a narrative of his experience as an emigrant, and as it may serve to show what a settler in the station of a gentleman, but with little capital, would have to go through before arriving at even comfort, I shall endeavour to present the main incidents to the reader, without, however, mentioning the particulars of real names or places, as I have not permission so to do.

Henry Robertson, as we may call my friend, was the son of a merchant, who ranked high among his class in one of the large provincial towns of England, and who had risen by his own merit from the station of a friendless and penniless clerk, to become the partner of his employer; and on the death of that gentleman, the sole representative of a well-known firm. His partner, when he died, was a widower, and left behind him to his guardianship an only daughter of eighteen years of age, with directions that the fortune which he had left her should be allowed to remain in the capital of the firm until she had attained her majority, when it was to be invested in the funds. At this time Henry Robertson was at college, studying for the profession of medicine. He had hitherto thought of Mary Hervey merely as a very pretty, but spoiled girl, who used to hide away his hat, and put ripe gooseberries in his boots; but on hurrying home upon receiving intelligence of the death of her father, he was much surprised at the change which had taken place in her appearance. He had not seen her before for more than a year, she having been on a visit at his last vacation; and during that time she had changed from a pretty girl to a beautiful woman. It is not my hint, however, to speak of love matters. 'Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing;' and this being expedited by the ready consent of friends, the young couple were in due time united in wedlock. No sooner was this irrevocable step taken than the misfortunes of the world broke upon them like a torrent.

The bridegroom's father died of apoplexy, the young wife's dowry was swept away by the ruin of the business; and in a short time my friend Robertson was reduced to poverty. Robertson was very young, and knew nothing of the world, and his pride forbade him to seek employment in any subordinate situation. He had received a letter from an old schoolmate, who had, with several relations, and a considerable capital, emigrated to Canada a year or two before, and whose descriptions of the country were confined to an account of sporting adventures, and of the pleasant life of a settler whose means are large, and who consequently need not engage in more hard work than is agreeable to him. Robertson had scraped together a few hundred pounds by the sale of articles that in his present state were useless to him, and he resolved to employ it in forming a little paradise amidst the wilds of the western world. As for his wife, she had some forebodings when she thought of the voyage; but for the rest, she considered it very romantic; and, besides, she had not been married long enough to begin to doubt the infallibility of her husband. They made up their minds to settle in a part of the country where there were none to know them, on account of the small way in which they would be compelled to begin. Accordingly, the husband purchased a choice assortment of fowling pieces, and the last patent plough; and as they must at first live in a homely way, the wife resolved to take nothing with her but useful silk gowns, with the exception of one or two only of a better sort, which were reserved for dress. Knowing that their relations were averse to the step they were about to take, they engaged a passage in a first-class packet-ship, without taking leave of more than a very few friends. I shall pass over the voyage, merely remarking that they fully experienced all the usual sea-going miseries; and if repentance for the step which they had taken was not in their thoughts, yet its place was filled up by doubt and anxiety.

On arriving at New York, Mrs Robertson was much comforted by observing that its inhabitants did not differ in any material degree from those of civilised countries in general. They spent a day or two here, which made a not inconsiderable inroad into their small capital, and then started for Canada; of course going to see the Falls, as these were not much out of the way; and as Mrs Robertson was in rather delicate health, they travelled slowly and expensively. They were both disappointed and somewhat indignant at not having met with either a deer or a recognisable Indian in the whole four hundred miles of their journey, although they travelled through the locality of many of Cooper's tales—unless a Blackfeet, who was exhibited by a wandering showman, could be taken into consideration. Having seen the Falls, they went to Toronto; and after a week's residence in that place, Mr Robertson made, as he thought, a very advantageous bargain for the purchase of a hundred acres of land in a part of the country which, as the agent informed him, was remarkable for its picturesque beauty, and which perhaps would be the most desirable spot in the whole world when it became a little more settled, as its society was at present small and scattered. The agent also enlarged on the hospitality and good humour of an Irish gentleman, a friend of his, who had an estate in that immediate neighbourhood, and who would be happy to accommodate Mr Robertson until his own house was built. As soon as the terms were agreed upon, and the money paid down—which, however, with some necessary purchases, very nearly amounted to the whole of their little store—the agent wrote, by a farmer who was going that way, to Mr O'Donohue to make preparations for the reception of the young couple, who were to set out in a few days.

The sun was just rising on a beautiful morning in the beginning of August when the emigrants started to take possession of their location, and to see it for the first time. Their wagon, which was driven by a young Irishman calling himself Tim, whom they had engaged as a farm-servant, was merely a wooden box mounted on four high wheels, and having a couple

of 'runners' lashed alongside, which looked something like an enormous pair of skates, and served to convert the vehicle into a sleigh in winter. Immediately behind the Irishman Mr and Mrs Robertson were seated, and behind them was a large pile of goods, covered with a piece of canvass to protect them from the weather. It consisted of a small short-handed plough that could be turned among the stumps, the one that had been purchased in London having, by the agent's advice, been sold to an old settler whose land was sufficiently cleared to permit of its use—a cross-cut saw, three axes, and a few augers, which are the only tools used by the backwoodsman in building his house, or in making wagons or sleighs. Besides these there were a table, a bed and bedstead, half a dozen chairs, a Yankee stove, which within the space of some two square feet contained an oven and places for three saucepans; while a host of other things of less importance occupied every other available place. The whole was drawn by a span of good trotting horses, cart-horses similar to ours being unknown in America, and our party dashed along the road at some seven miles an hour, Tim having lived long enough among the Canadians to acquire a habit of quick driving. On they went, sometimes with the wheels on one side a foot higher than on the other, sometimes bumping against a log that had been placed across a mud hole of unknown depth by some farmer who had been a sufferer from it, and sometimes the wagon making its progress by short leaps as they passed along a corduroy road, or causeway made of round logs placed across the path in some part that had before been impassable. For three days they travelled in this manner, stopping on each of the first two nights at a log tavern, and on the third at the house of a settler, there being no accommodation for the public in that quarter. Even in the first part of the journey the roads were very bad, producing a motion in the springless wagon sufficient, as Tim said, to have churned all the butter in creation in five minutes; but as they left the settled districts behind them, matters became much worse, and the whole country bore an aspect of great dreariness. They rode for miles along a narrow winding path through the woods, skirted by gigantic trees whose trunks arose without a branch to the height of some fifty feet before spreading out, the dead stillness only broken when the loud tap of the woodpecker, or the scream of the jay, would be heard echoing from a distance; and only occasionally would the solitariness of the scene be broken by the signs of civilisation in the shape of a small clearing reclaimed from the forest. The young couple were rather disheartened at the aspect of affairs, but consoled themselves with the idea, that perhaps the soil of the district through which they had as yet passed might prevent it from becoming more populous, and that the neighbourhood of their own and Mr O'Donohue's farm would present a strong contrast; but as the evening of the third day brought with it no change, and they knew that they could not be far from their location, some faint ideas of the true state of affairs forced themselves into their minds. At last, however, after having ridden for four or five hours through an uninterrupted forest, they came to a small clearing. It was a piece of ground of about fifteen acres, in the centre of which was a small log-house, with a barn of about twice its size, and surrounding them were unfenced fields of wheat, potatoes, and Indian corn, among which, however, black stumps might still be seen; and the whole was backed by the dark gloomy forest. Our travellers had observed thus much of the scene, when their attention was drawn to four figures, who, on the sound of the wheels, rushed from the house in the direction of the road. The foremost was a tall bony man, with a very ragged jacket and trousers, having upon his head a small fur cap, through a hole in the top of which some of his own sandy locks might be seen. This article, on nearing the travellers, he snatched from his head, and hurled it in the air, giving at the same time a most unearthly yell. The remainder of the party consisted of two boys, dressed like their father, and whose clothes seemed to adhere to them by magic, together with a fat woman, who bustled along after the rest. As soon as the man came within hailing-distance of the wagon, he shouted out, 'Isn't it Mr Robertson?'—and upon an answer in the affirmative being given, he indulged himself with another yell, during which our emigrant sprang from the vehicle.

'I suppose you were informed of my coming by Mr O'Donohue?' inquired he.

'Mr O'Donohue!' exclaimed the other with a comic expression of countenance, 'sorra a Mr O'Donohue is there in the whole neighbourhood, barrin' myself, and a cousin of mine livin' fifty miles off up by the lake.'

'But are you the person to whom Mr Tims of Toronto wrote about us?'

'To be sure I am,' was the reply; 'didn't he say that you would stop with me till your own place was built?'

Mr Robertson made no remark, but turned to his wife, and said quietly, 'Mary, this is *the* Mr O'Donohue.'

'What do you mean, Henry?' inquired she in a tone of astonishment.

'This is Mr O'Donohue,' he repeated, 'and I suppose this is his estate which we see; is it not?' turning to that gentleman.

'What else is it?' responded the Irishman.

Henry said nothing, but, with his hands behind his back, walked up and down for a minute or two. At last he stopped, and taking Mr O'Donohue by the hand, said, 'I am sorry to have given you so poor a return for your kind reception, but the fact is, I was misled by the agent as to the character of the district. I expected to have found it a more settled place, and from his description of you, I fancied that you were a gentleman farmer.'

'And isn't it a gintleman farmer that I am—what else? Why, we're all gintleman farmers in these parts; never a servant is there in the whole continent anyhow. But if the lady will come out of the wagon, the boys will take it into the barn beyant there, and we'll have a bit of a bite ourselves comfortable. There is nothing that makes a man hungrier than disappointment, *I* know.'

Mrs Robertson and Tim accordingly descended, and the whole party walked towards the house, Mrs O'Donohue hastening on first to see if everything was 'dacent,' and to expedite the culinary operations that had been hurriedly commenced on the first glimpse of the strangers.

The building upon the outside looked much neater than the generality of such dwellings tenanted by the Irish in Canada. In the front it showed a door and two windows, while a third had been commenced among the shingles of the roof, but remained unfinished from the want of glass, and in the meantime was closed up with boards. Several of the panes in the other windows were wanting, and their place was supplied by some ancient articles of clothing; but this was owing not so much to the dearness of glass, as to the distance of any place from which it could be procured. The door opened into the only apartment, unless a sort of loft beneath the roof could deserve the appellation of a second one. One end of this room was separated from the remainder by a curtain composed of deer-skins and blankets thrown across a line. The principal object was the fireplace, which was quite a little room of itself; and although the weather was warm, there was as many maple logs as two men could carry blazing on the hearth, and on little heaps of hot ashes raked out from the fire were one or two iron pots, a small iron oven, and a frying-pan, emitting an odour grateful to the senses of the hungry and wearied travellers. A roughly-made table occupied the centre of the apartment, presenting a strong contrast to some half-dozen well-finished chairs, the manufacture of the Yankees, and which by this ingenious people are formed by machinery, even to the seats. These, together with a bedstead and

a Connecticut clock, formed the whole of the furniture contained by the visible portion of the room. But Mr and Mrs O'Donohue seemed impressed with the idea that the travellers must be starving; the lady alternately engaging herself in laying out the table, and in hurrying to the fireplace in order to assist her daughter, a barefooted damsel of about fifteen; while her husband was employed in filling a large jug from a keg of whisky which stood in a corner, and in superintending the cookery of some dried venison, which he seemed to consider his exclusive province. The meal was prepared in a wonderfully short time, and our emigrants fell to with appetites of which they would have been ashamed a few months previously, but which did not appear to satisfy their kind entertainers, who very earnestly pressed them to persevere. After they had eaten heartily, whisky and cider were passed round, the former, however, to the surprise of Mr O'Donohue, being but slightly partaken of, with the honourable exception of Tim, who very satisfactorily proved, before the evening was over, that he at least was no teetotaller. The Robertsons were tired and sleepy, the length of their journey, with the constant change of scene, having deadened their minds even to the sense of their disappointment; and accordingly they were introduced behind the before-mentioned curtain, where there was another bed. For the next hour Mr O'Donohue and Tim were rather uproarious, in spite of the whispered remonstrances of the hostess; and the curtain being partially opened while that lady was removing some article of clothing from it, those two gentlemen were discovered seated upon the ground in a corner, very affectionately embracing each other.

The next morning the male inmates of the log-house walked out to inspect Mr Robertson's land. After proceeding for two miles along the road, bounded on either side by the forest, Mr O'Donohue stopped where a stream crossed the road, and pointing to the woods on the other side, he said, 'That's your lot lying along the burn there, and it's about as good a piece of land as you'll see anywhere in these parts, or, for the matter of that, in Canady rather; not to talk of the water power, which will be worth something in its day. It's all beech and maple.'

'Yes,' said the new landholder despondingly, 'that is the worst of it—it is *all* beech and maple, and I am sure I don't see how I am to get rid of it.'

'Nonsense, man,' said the Irishman; 'didn't myself and the boys clear our farm betwixt us, and it isn't often you'll see a handsomer sight than it is now; and it's a hard case if you, and Tim, and us three, can't make a good clearing before the winter sets in.' The first thing they did was to walk round the lot, in order to ascertain the boundaries, which were marked out by the trees being chipped at certain intervals, and to find the best site for a log-house. This they determined at last should be on a small rising some forty or fifty yards from the banks of the stream, and to mark the spot, three or four trees were cut down with an axe they had brought with them. This instrument—which in the hands of the backwoodsman opens, as if by magic, a path for the progress of civilisation, and which also in many cases is the only tool he uses in building his house or making his furniture—resembles a wedge, or perhaps a better idea of its shape might be given by supposing it to be a cross section, four or five inches long, of a gigantic razor, and this illustration is still further carried out by the keenness of its edge. The handle, which is slightly curved, is about two feet and a half in length, and although made of tough ash, it looks so slight, that one would suppose it would break in two at the first blow. Robertson, as is the case with all choppers on their first trial, was soon worn out and dispirited. After working a couple of hours, he found it almost impossible to hit the tree twice in the same place. Mr O'Donohue, however, gave him much advice and consolation, and pointed to his son, a weakly boy of thirteen, who by a little practice was now able to chop in one day, without fatigue, as much as would suffice to have knocked up entirely the strongest man who was unaccustomed to this work; and, assisted by Mr O'Donohue's advice, he found that in the course of a few days the labour became much easier for him.

However, in spite of all encouragement, he became exceedingly dispirited and enraged with himself for his carelessness in not properly ascertaining his real chances of success as a farmer before he laid out his money in land, and exposing his wife to what would be considered hardships by even the poorest class in the country where she had so lately lived in affluence. He now repented of his weakness in refusing the assistance of friends, because he should have been at first obliged to fill a subordinate situation, although one far superior to that in which his own father commenced life. His wife, however, acted like a sensible woman, and instead of reproaching her husband, which would inevitably have made him cease all endeavours at the first difficulty, and rendered her own life miserable by souring his temper, she cheered him on by the good-humoured manner in which she treated the many little disagreeables to which she was exposed. When by herself, she shed many bitter tears, perhaps not so much from the change in their circumstances, as from the effect it had on her husband; but when he came in after a hard day's chopping, he always found her neatly dressed and in good spirits, the supper ready, with dry stockings and slippers airing before the fire, and everything at hand that she thought would administer to his comfort. And then she built such delightful castles in the air, that, although Robertson generally shook his head doubtfully at them, it was always with a smile; and in whatever mood he might have come home, he always departed in the morning in good spirits, and full of hope for the future.

In the course of a fortnight, great progress was made in clearing the farm; but Mrs Robertson could not help seeing, that although her husband had got over his first disappointment, his health was suffering much from his hard and unwonted labour. Every evening he seemed to be paler and more exhausted; and yet, in spite of her remonstrances, he persisted in allowing himself no rest. At length, having one day been exposed to the rain, and looking more exhausted than usual, the O'Donohues joined with his wife in insisting that he should stop at home the next day, and he reluctantly consented. But it was now too late; for, on awaking next morning, his teeth were chattering, and he complained to his wife of cold, while to her feeling his brow was feverish and hot. He had the fever and ague.

The poor lady now began to experience real troubles. Her husband was laid up helpless in bed for the whole of the long winter, without the possibility of obtaining medical advice. She had now good cause for tears, although her lot was happiness itself compared with that of many wives of poor emigrants, who, if their husbands were ill, had neither money to support them nor assistance in carrying on the farm as she had. But it was a sad trial to her, as this was the first sickness that had taken place since their marriage; and she was without a friend to talk with or feel for her, if we except the rude but well-intentioned consolations of Mrs O'Donohue. Her own health began to suffer from anxiety and the little rest she gave herself; and if we add to this, that she was confined with her first child near the end of the winter, we may conceive that our young couple did not gain a very favourable idea of the life of an emigrant. However, affairs began to present a more favourable appearance after this; the husband's health improved every day, and the rapidity of his convalescence was increased by knowing that he had now another incentive to exertion, and by the accounts that Mr O'Donohue gave of the goodness of the land and of the excellence of its situation, and in a short time he was able to walk about, and in a few days after that, to chop for an hour or two at a time.

It was about this time that I paid them a visit. Having

heard at a farm-house where I passed the night that a young couple of the name of Robertson had arrived the autumn before, I came some distance out of the way to see if they were my quondam acquaintances. I was received by them and their kind-hearted hosts as if I had been brother to every one of them; whereas, if we had met in a more civilised part of the world, we should have bowed to one another, and sat down stiffly on our chairs, talked about the weather, or inquired about friends, and on taking my leave, I should have been informed that they dined at five, and should be happy to see me any day that was convenient. Here it was quite different. In five minutes we were calling one another by our Christian names; knew everything about each other; and I had expressed my determination, even before I was asked, of stopping with them for a week. However, in Canada visitors are few, and provisions cheap, whereas in England acquaintances are much more plentiful than legs of mutton. The last time I had seen the Robertsons was on the day of their marriage, when I was among those who were invited to a ball in the evening. It was in a splendidly furnished house; the bride was dressed in the first style, and hundreds of friends were surrounding her, wishing her all kinds of happiness. She had a different appearance now; her dress, though neat, was of plain stuff, purchased of a pedlar, and her face was pale, and had an anxious appearance. Still, every now and then a gleam of happiness would flit across her countenance as she pressed her infant to her breast, or looked at her husband, who, as she told me, seemed in rude health compared to what he had been a few days ago; although, for my part, I fancied he was about as sallow and thin as it was possible for mortal to be. However, he was in good spirits now, as he began to hope that, after he had got over the effects of his illness, he would make a good backwoodsman.

The morning after I arrived, Mr O'Donohue and Tim reported that enough of land was cleared to commence with, and that this was a favourable opportunity to build a log-house. Accordingly, Tim went with the wagon and horses to the saw-mill, some nineteen miles off, for boards and shingles, and at the same time to inform the neighbours that the *raising* would take place that day week, as it is customary for all the male inhabitants within an available distance to assist on such occasions; while the rest of the party at home cut the trunks of trees into the proper lengths with a cross-cut saw, or squared and dovetailed them with the axe according to Mr O'Donohue's directions, who arranged everything so that there might be no trouble at the last. On the afternoon preceding the day determined upon everything was in perfect readiness, and in the evening a wagon arrived containing four young men, who came to assist, and the same number of ladies, to partake of the rejoicings that usually follow a raising. As the accommodations for sleeping were not very great, the ladies occupied the beds, while we of the other sex lay down on the floor before the fire. Hard boards do not make a very comfortable bed to one unaccustomed to sleeping on them; but on a subsequent occasion I had a month's trial of this method of passing the night, and can safely say that, after one becomes used to it, it is quite as easy to go to sleep on good dry boards as on a bed, and it is much more refreshing when one awakes. As soon as it was daylight we had breakfast, and after it was finished we set out in a body to raise the log-house, accompanied by the two boys, each of whom bore a large jug of whisky-punch, of the kind generally known by the name 'two-thirds' (referring to the whisky, not the water). On arriving on the ground, as is customary on all such occasions, each man solemnly took a drink of this beverage, at the same time saying to the owner of the future house, 'here's luck,' and when this ceremony was finished, we all set to work as if life depended on our exertions. For the rest of the day we were straining ourselves lifting up heavy logs, or fastening them down in their places with wooden pins, sawing holes for the door and windows, and putting on the roof, and interspersing these employments with appeals to the 'two-thirds,' without which it is generally considered impossible to raise a log-house.

At length, when it became dusk, nothing remained to be done except a few things that could be easily finished without the assistance of the neighbours, and so we all walked home arm-in-arm, while one of the party gave out 'The Farmer's Boy' at the full pitch of his voice, and the rest took up the chorus. This song seems to me to be the most popular in the language, next to 'Auld Langsyne;' there is not an agricultural district in England or North America where it is not well known. When we came in sight of the house, three cheers were given, to let the inmates know that we had finished, and that none of those accidents had occurred which are very common on such occasions. On opening the door, every man stopped involuntarily to stare at the sight that met his eyes. I had been informed, as a secret, that the evening would be passed in the first-rate backwoods style, and my expectations had been aroused by the mysterious air and the whispered conferences which had lately taken place between the O'Donohues and Mrs Robertson after everybody else was in bed, but I never even dreamt of the grand scale on which things were to be carried out. The table, by some unknown means, was three times its usual length, and was covered with two table-cloths. High in the middle was a bear's ham, the tribute of one of the strangers, who was a mighty hunter. At the head of the table was a fat goose, at the foot a turkey, while roast chickens appeared at intervals between them, and joints of mutton and venison, and a boiled pike, took up every spare corner. On the floor were jugs of whisky and cider for the gentlemen, with a couple of bottles of wine for the ladies, along with dishes of apple and peach sauces, and ditto pies; and last, though not least, carrot pudding. This last dish has a very modest unassuming name; but, as Tims said, when expatiating on its merits, there's no mistake about it. Let no man say that the world is not worth living for who has not tasted carrot pudding.

After supper was over the ladies were asked to sing, and at first it appeared that not one of them had ever sung in her life; but after some pressing, one of them began, and the rest, like a flock of sheep, followed easily enough. Then Mr O'Donohue gave the adventures of an Irish haymaker in London, and all the rest of the gentlemen followed, until the turn came to Mr Theodoric Brown, who warbled forth a sentimental song, which, however, did not seem to be much appreciated, as the company rose unanimously for a dance in the middle of the third stanza, whereupon that gentleman remained in a state of indignant silence for at least ten minutes. The supper things being now cleared away, Mr O'Donohue took down his flute, and we arranged ourselves for a country dance. At first some difficulty was experienced, as he could not play anything but jigs; however, that was got over at last by his playing rather slower, and by our dancing rather quicker, than usual. But it must not be supposed that our country dance was of the kind that is customary in England, when one or two couples do all the hard work, and the rest stand up as stiff as possible, and stare at their opposite neighbours; no—we got up to dance, and dance we did in good earnest. We all commenced at the same time with 'hands across,' and we all went 'down the middle' in a body. However, this could not last long, as we had been working hard all day, and had only just got up from a hearty meal; so, after a time, we sat down, and watched Tim and Magee O'Donohue dancing a jig, after which the ladies retired behind the screen, and the gentlemen, wrapping themselves up in greatcoats or buffalo hides, lay down with their feet to the fire. The following morning the neighbours took their departure, and the day after I followed their example.

This was the state of affairs on my first visit; and if

my readers have sufficient patience, I will take an early opportunity of informing them of how the Robertsons had progressed when I again visited them about ten months after, when I had occasion to be in their neighbourhood.

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

[Many of our readers must have some knowledge of William Thom of Inverury. He is a handloom weaver, a humble, meritorious man, who has experienced a large share of the miseries incidental to his class, in the course of which he closed the eyes of a wife and several children. He was at last only saved with his surviving little ones from the final refuge of extreme poverty by the kindness of a few gentlemen, to whom he became known in consequence of the publication of a felicitous poetical piece in one of the Aberdeen newspapers. For a striking chapter in the actual life of a man without work and means of livelihood, see a paper by Thom in the 517th number of this Journal. He has now published a collection of his poems, for which we venture to intreat the attention of the public, and from which the present piece is an extract. We may take the opportunity of mentioning, as a characteristic and interesting circumstance, that this fervent-spirited child of the Muses made a journey of upwards of two hundred miles to pay his devotions to the shade of his brother poet, Burns, at the festival of the 6th of August. Perhaps no person there made one half so great a sacrifice to attend as the Aberdeenshire weaver.]

THE morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain and stream,
And troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream!
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
And fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awakened to me!

O! come, spirit-mother—discourse of the hours
My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheedful, proved sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection—nae trial could break
When a' else forsook me, *ye* wouldna forsake;
Then come, O! my mother, come often to me,
And soon and for ever I'll come unto thee!

And thou, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!
'Twas kind—for the lowe that your e'e kindled there,
Will burn—ay, and burn, till that breast beat nae mair.
Our bairnies sleep round me, oh! bless ye their sleep;
Your ain dark-o'ed Willie will wauken an' weep;
But blithe in his weepin' he'll tell me how you,
His *heaven-hamed* mammie, was 'dautin' his brou.'*

Though dark be our dwallin'—our happin' though bare,
And night closes round us in cauldness and care;
Affection will warm us—and bricht are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams.
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathy reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

* Patting his forehead.

QUICK TRAVELLING AND TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.

The intelligence of the birth of a prince-royal on the 6th of August was conveyed from Windsor castle to Paddington, near London—a distance of about twenty-one miles—in *eleven minutes!* It was effected thus:—A messenger mounted on one of the fleetest horses in the royal stud went over the three miles between Windsor and the railway station at Slough in eight minutes. The electro-magnetic telegraph was instantly set to work. The communication reached Paddington, and an answer was returned to Slough acknowledging its receipt, in three minutes more. The ministers of state in London were apprised of the event, and arrived at Windsor in two hours and a half from the moment the messenger started from the castle. After remaining there about an hour, they returned to London in a special train, which conveyed them from Slough to Paddington (eighteen miles and a quarter) in fifteen minutes and ten seconds, or at the rate of seventy miles an hour! Thus—after having gone over about forty-three miles of ground—they got back to their residences by a fashionable breakfast hour.

THE ALPACA IN SCOTLAND.

In number 494 of our former series (somewhat more than three years ago), an account was given of the alpaca, detailing its natural history, its economical importance, and the attempts then making to establish it on the list of our domestic animals. Since then, several parties have so far succeeded in their endeavours, as to render the naturalisation of this interesting creature a matter of almost absolute certainty. Among those who have published their experience, is Mr Stirling of Craigbarnet, in Stirlingshire, who thus writes in the Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society:—'The alpacas arrived the latter end of August. When the weather became cold, and the nights were getting long, a wooden shed was erected for them in the park. At first they hardly ever went into it; but when winter commenced, I made the keeper (whom they follow like a dog) put up a small rack in their shed, in which was placed some rye-grass hay. The weather was fine, and they ate very little of it; but by and by, as winter advanced, they relished it better. I then ordered them to get a few yellow turnips, which at first they seemed to like, but, tiring of them, I desired a little corn to be given, which they partook of pretty freely; but one day the keeper told me they would not eat their corn, especially when the day was good. Having some excellent beans, I ordered the man to try them with a few. No sooner did the alpacas hear the beans rattling in the dish, than they showed an eager desire to have them, and during several months preferred them to every other sort of grain; indeed so much so, that upon some oats being intermixed with the beans, the latter were picked out, and the former neglected. What is extremely satisfactory, is the hardiness of these animals compared to our sheep, and their indefatigable perseverance in searching for food when sheep would to a certainty starve. I may state that this winter, 1843-4, has proved a most severe one. The park in which the alpacas and sheep were confined was covered for nearly three weeks with snow; and during that time there was not a vestige of herbage to be seen, with the exception of some little green tufts under the trees. The sheep required to be regularly fed with turnips and hay. Not so the alpacas; they were seen in the most stormy days under the trees for hours, constantly eating the grass, and never minding either the cold or snow. They have never had a day's illness, have never attempted to leap a fence, and are far easier to keep within an enclosure than the common sheep.' We observe that Mr Stirling's alpacas, accompanied by a young one, aged two months—all in fine healthy condition—were exhibited at the Highland Society's show in August, where their appearance produced quite a sensation among the breeders of our ordinary domestic animals.

MANUFACTURE OF BUTTER.

The following results are derived from the experiments of Professor Trail, as detailed in the Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland:—1. That the addition of some cold water facilitates the process, or the separation of butter, especially when the cream is thick and the weather hot. 2. That cream alone is more easily churned than a mixture of cream and milk. 3. That butter produced from sweet cream has the finest flavour when fresh, and appears to keep longest without acquiring rancidity; but the butter-milk so obtained is poor, and small in quantity. 4. That the scalding of the cream, according to the Devonshire method, yields the largest quantity of butter, which, if intended for immediate use, is agreeable to the palate, and readily saleable; but if intended to be salted, is most liable to acquire, by keeping, a rancid flavour. The process of scalding is troublesome, and the milk after the removal of the cream is poor, and often would be unsaleable, from the taste it has acquired from the heating. 5. That churning the milk and cream together, after they have become slightly acid, seems to be the most economical process, on the whole, because it yields a large quantity of excellent butter, and the butter-milk of good quality. 6. That the keeping of butter in a sound state appears to depend on its being obtained as free from uncombined albumen or casein and water as it can be, by means of washing and working the butter when taken from the churn.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, September 14, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 38. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1844. Price 1½d.

SOCIAL EFFECTS OF RAILWAYS.

The spread of ideas, as well as the conveyance of persons and of merchandise, depends almost entirely upon means of transit. Ships, roads, and canals, therefore, are the most powerful of all agents of civilisation and social advancement; and it follows, that the more either of those means of communication is improved, the more rapid and effectual will be the spread and increase of social and intellectual happiness. The vast revolution which has been made during the last forty years in road-making, has done its part in causing a corresponding alteration for the better in the condition of every branch of society in Great Britain. That change has received a vast impetus from the introduction of railways, and we purpose to point out some of its workings, now that 'steam and rail' are in full operation.

The earliest system of roads by which this island was intersected, was that laid down, and gradually executed by the Romans. This system was so admirable, that it has never been materially departed from; and it is not a little singular that in England the general direction of the old Roman roads, and that of the modern railway lines, are identical. The Roman 'Watling Street,' which ran diagonally across the country from Chester in the north-west to Dover in the south-east, is now replaced by the Dover, London, Birmingham, Grand Junction, Chester and Crewe railways. The ancient 'Foss Way,' between the Humber and Exeter, which intersected the above, is now partly supplied by railways, some of which are in progress, others in full operation. The route of the 'Ermine Street'—which began at Newhaven in the south, and ended at the mouth of the Humber in the north—is now followed, with little deviation, by the series of railways which have been made between Brighton and Hull through London. The 'Antonine Way' is now the 'Great Western;' and when the South-Western line of railway shall have been completed to Exeter, it will nearly correspond to the Roman road thence to London, also called the 'Antonine Way.'

The reason of this unison of ancient and modern lines, is the influence which the former exercised in determining the position of towns. The Romans originally constructed their roads simply to convey their armies into the different parts of the island; but a series of military stations having been established along them, these camps were never wholly abandoned, and became in course of time villages, towns, and cities. Lincoln, for example, was originally a Roman station called Lindum, which was established at the point of junction of the Ermine Street and the Foss Way. Leicester occupies the site of Ratæ (an important Roman station mentioned in the itinerary of Antonine) on the Foss Way. Chester, again, replaces a station established at a point where Watling and North Watling Streets joined, and was, according to Camden, the head-quarters of the twentieth Roman legion. By the North Watling Street it communicated with York; and both these places once established as towns, communication was ever after maintained by a route which deviated little from the original road that connected them; consequently, the direction of North Watling Street, and of the railways between Chester, Liverpool, Leeds, and York, are nearly the same. The roads, therefore, constructed at first for the temporary convenience of military marching, gradually becoming studded with towns, have still continued lines of communication between such places as rose to importance. Hence it is that the main lines of road have remained nearly the same throughout England, because they connect her most ancient cities.

The not very important deviations which were made from the oldest roads, arose from improvements in engineering. The Romans looked out for fords, and were not deterred by elevated ridges, over which to carry their 'ways;' but more modern road-makers, in improving the old roads, went round the bases of hills; and, having more permanent views, built bridges. By the side of these deviations villages and towns gradually sprung up, because of the readiness of communication with the great cities which were the termini of the roads. After a time, however, when the mineral riches of the country began to be known and appreciated, men congregated near to where those treasures existed—around the mouth of the coal-pit or the mine; and to this our great manufacturing towns, such as Leeds and Birmingham, owe their origin. Roads had to be made to and from them, and these roads form the greatest deviations from the Roman lines, though they do not alter the general direction of the old ones throughout the country.

We have made these preliminary remarks, to show what share roads have had in distributing the population over this country in cities, towns, and villages, and consequently what share they have had in bringing about our present social condition. We are now able to point out the further changes which are in progress through the introduction of railways. The most important of these changes is exactly that which always occurs in deviations from old lines, namely, the springing up of new towns upon those deviations. In planning a new railway, two great considerations operate; the first, to direct it through the most level parts of a tract of country so as to avoid expense in formation, arising from excavating, tunnelling, and embanking; and the second, to make it near to the greatest number of populous places that happen to lie between the extreme points, so as to secure a profitable return of capital when finished: the question is of certain expense on the one hand, and of probable profit on the other;

and where the former is likely to exceed the latter, the line is taken in a new direction. When this is the case, railway stations are often erected where no houses ever previously existed, and out of which towns will gradually arise as they did out of the Roman military stations. This has indeed already happened in several instances. On the Birmingham railway, a station was made at Wolverton, about midway from London, the company erecting a refreshment-room and a few sheds for their engines. Around these buildings a town has rapidly sprung up, and is so well populated, that the railway directors built and endowed a church, which was consecrated at the beginning of this year.—The similar rise of a small place called Slough, on the Great Western road, is somewhat singular: it lies about a mile and a quarter north of Eton College, and the authorities of the academy successfully opposed the erection of a station so near the school; clauses to prohibit any stoppage at the place having been inserted by their influence in the act of parliament. The masters were afraid that the temptation to 'run up to town' rather often would be too strong to be resisted by their pupils; for the distance is only eighteen miles. The company, however, knowing how great the accommodation would be to the public in the neighbourhood (of which Windsor forms a part), ventured at first to set down and take up passengers near the village. The heads of Eton College immediately attacked the railway directors with proceedings in Chancery. These, however, ended amicably: the Eton authorities withdrew their opposition; and now there exists at Slough the finest and best frequented station in England, habitually used not only by the sovereign and the court, but by some of those who, a few years before, instigated hostile proceedings. The new hotel at Slough is almost a town in itself, being one of the largest and most completely fitted with out-offices in Great Britain.—In like manner, the South-Western railway brought at least one new town into existence near Kingston-on-Thames, called New Kingston. It has a fine crescent, shops, and every requisite for a population of no mean number.

These are instances, amongst many others which could be enumerated, which show the chief social change which the existence of railways is bringing about, namely, the creation of new towns. Were it not for this new mode of travelling, the demands for increased household accommodation, called for by our rapidly augmenting population, would have been solely met by the enlargement of towns, cities, and villages already in existence.

Not the least important effect produced by the existence of railways, is the facilities they have afforded to the humbler ranks for recreation. Short trips to celebrated or picturesque localities are frequently organised, to give the working-classes the opportunity of seeing that which they would never have been able, under the old stage-coach and wagon dynasty, to behold. Thousands of the hard-working inhabitants of Glasgow, for example, would never have seen Edinburgh but for the railway. Now excursions are frequently made, of which a vast number of the Glasgow operatives are able to avail themselves, on account of the extreme cheapness to each individual with which they are got up. In the same way the Birmingham workmen have had, on several occasions, opportunities of visiting London which would otherwise have been denied to them. A few months ago an excursion was undertaken between London and Boulogne, on the Folkstone line, at a cost to each partaker which brought it within the reach of persons in a comparatively humble rank of life. These persons would have never been able to get a peep at France but for the facilities created by railways.

Shorter country trips in the neighbourhood of large towns are *always* to be had by railway at a cost far below that under the old system. In manufacturing towns, where the greatest number of persons are congregated, the effects produced in this respect by railways have been most beneficial. The artisan, cooped up, and constantly breathing bad air, has now the opportunity, on every available holiday, of making excursions into the country. Though the means provided him for such healthy relaxation are not derived directly, yet they have been produced indirectly, by railways, which have driven the old modes of travelling into new channels. Coaches are now running in districts in which no such accommodation previously existed. In consequence of some modification in the stage-coach duties—of which railways were undoubtedly the origin—spring-vans and other vehicles are occasionally chartered with freights of happy faces, on their way to some delightful scene at a distance from some smoky town. By this means of transit the Londoner, for example, is able to visit Hampton Court, Greenwich Hospital, or Dulwich College, where, besides beautiful scenery, he has access to the best public collections of pictures in the country. The humanising effects of these excursions are negative as well as positive. They prevent the operative from making a bad use of his holiday, while they supply him with recreation at once healthy and intellectual. We say nothing of the opportunities afforded by local steamboats in towns placed upon navigable rivers, such as London, Glasgow, and Liverpool: although the influence railways has exercised over them, has been to bring them into competition, and to cause a general reduction of fares.

Another good effect brought about by railway travelling is, in conjunction with other influences, a visible breaking up of that exclusiveness—a gradual thawing of that reserve—for which the people of Great Britain are celebrated. Formerly, each class of persons had their own separate modes of travelling. There was the private carriage and post-chaise for the rich and noble, the mail for the country gentleman, the stage for the tradesman, and the wagon for the poor. The circumstances of a man were inferred according as he travelled inside the mail, or inside a stage-coach, or outside either of these vehicles. All were kept separate and distinct, the uneducated never having opportunities of profiting by the manners or knowledge of the educated. A railway train materially alters, and will at no distant period, we predict, reverse the picture. It takes masses of people from one place to another, of all ranks and conditions; and though there are 'classes' of carriages for the accommodation of people of different ranks and means, yet the third-class, designed for the poorest travellers, are, in fine weather, much used by the rich also. To this two considerations conduce—the superiority of these carriages for a look-out and for the enjoyment of the open air in fine weather, and the common regard for economy. In the last number of the Quarterly Review, it is declared that a certain member of parliament habitually rode in the third-class carriages in going backwards and forwards between the town he represented and 'his place' in parliament. Nay, the reviewer himself owns to having ridden to Brighton in a third-class train. Lastly, certain magistrates of Glasgow have been observed to content themselves with a 'stand' in the cheapest part of the train from their own city to Edinburgh. The motives here may not be unmixedly good; and we have already expressed our regret that the frequenting of third-class carriages by wealthy people should have had the effect of lowering the character of the accommodation for the poor, directors being naturally anxious to drive as many of the rich as possible to the higher-priced vehicles. But, however this may be, the effect of such a commingling of ranks is certain. The rich are brought into contact and converse with the poor, sympathies are engendered between the two classes, and the intelligence and manners of the higher ranks descend to the lower. By a new act of parliament, opportunities for the companionship of intellectual with ignorant, of rich with poor travellers, are to be much increased; it being rendered imperative for

every company to provide the public, under certain conditions, with carriages at a penny per mile.

Again, railways, holding out so many temptations for travelling, have wonderfully increased it; and nothing opens men's minds, whatever be their grade, so much as seeing a variety of things, of places, and of men. By comparing them one with the other, ideas expand, facts accumulate, and prejudices vanish. The greater the number of travellers, then, the greater the intellectual advancement and social improvement; and let us see to what extent personal locomotion has increased of late. There is no means of ascertaining correctly what number of journeys was performed in England during the stage-coach times, but the parliamentary returns enable us to learn the quantity of travelling by railway *only* which took place in 1843. In that year, upon the seventy railways then in operation, no fewer than 25 millions of passengers were conveyed 330 millions of miles. In other words, a number of journeys was performed in England greater by nine millions than the gross population of England and Wales, and over a distance more than three times greater than the space between the earth and the sun! And this, at a very moderate calculation, could have been scarcely two-thirds of the gross amount of land-travelling by these and all other conveyances. Taking this supposition to be correct, the number of miles travelled over in England alone in 1843 would be 440 millions. Porter ('Progress of the Nation,' volume ii. page 21) estimates the number of miles traversed in 1834 by stage-coaches in the whole of Great Britain at 358 millions; consequently the increase in land-travelling in England alone has been 92 millions of miles in eleven years.

One other view in which the social influence of railways must be regarded, and we have done. They have been the means of circulating vast sums of money through legitimate channels. The seventy railways, finished by 1843, were formed at a cost of L.34,360 per mile, amounting in all to upwards of sixty millions of pounds sterling. Nor must this be looked upon as a mere temporary distribution of capital consequent upon their original formation. Railways are gigantic distributors of money while in operation: to say nothing of outlay in the cost of repairs, machinery, and servants, the income from passengers was, during the year 1843, 1¾d. for each of the 330 millions of miles—in all, 24 millions of money disbursed in railway travelling.

These are a few of the most obvious considerations presented in viewing the social changes railways are, with their characteristic rapidity, effecting. And even these, few as they are, must cause us to regard them not only as instruments of convenience and comfort, but as powerful agents in the advance of civilisation.

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

JEAN LOUIS.

A TALE OF GUERANDE.

The flood of civilisation and social improvement which it is asserted has rolled over the hills and valleys of France, has not been universal in its extent. There are various spots which seem placed beyond the reach of the movement. Having little or no direct communication with Paris, and connected with the chief town of the department by a bad and unfrequented route, the inhabitants of these isolated districts hear of the events which take place, of the changes and chances of society, of railways and steam-engines, gas lights and constitutional kings, without considering themselves as in any way concerned in them, and regard those who are, rather with feelings of contempt than of envy. This is the case more particularly in some parts of Bretagne, where the people cling with the greatest pertinacity to old habits and usages, rejecting, with proverbial obstinacy, every alteration, be it for better or for worse. One of the spots in which the habits and manners of bygone ages are most peculiarly preserved is Guérande. Placed amidst the sand-hills and marshes where the Loire joins the ocean, between the ancient towns of Croisic and the Burg of Batz, it has preserved even its outward appearance intact from the innovation of modern habits and manners. Circumscribed within its ancient walls and ditches, with streets not wider than an omnibus and a half, its battlements unimpaired, its three gates showing the apparatus for elevating or letting fall the ponderous portcullis, and its wooden drawbridges, though no longer raised at sunset, still in a state to be so, everything about the town preserves the same primitive character; the upper storeys of the houses resting on solid pillars of wood or stone, and forming galleries, under which the passengers are secure from rain or sunshine; the shops small and low, their fronts covered with slates fastened over one another like the scales of fish; the windows ornamented with carved wood-work, which projects into the street in some places even beyond the pillars, in grotesque faces, or lengthened out into fantastic animals of some unknown or extinct race, whose remains are to be found only in museums. The population of Guérande is not numerous; and in consequence of the absence of the busy trade of more modernised towns, the passing traveller wanders through silent and deserted streets; and if he meets with a well pipe-clayed gendarme, or some such emblem of recent days, is startled at the anachronism, and would have been less surprised at encountering a warrior in the costume of the middle ages; for the dress of the Bretons in general might pass for that of any era. The geographical position of Guérande in some measure accounts for all these circumstances. It possesses but two roads, one leading to the chief town of the arrondissement, and but little frequented, the other to St Nagaire, which is six leagues distant. It has no speculations in trade to bring visitors, and the few strangers who make their appearance are chiefly invalids, who come for the purpose of sea-bathing, and the advantages of so retired and economical a situation.

Even the arrival of a strange beggar, some five-and-twenty years ago, was the subject of a nine days' wonder; more especially as he seemed inclined to take up his abode in Guérande, and differed from the native population, and even from persons of his class, in his habits and appearance, which were those of a person of education. It was supposed at the time that he was one of the unfortunate persons ruined by the Revolution, and proscribed by the parties in power, which supposition was aided by a report that he was possessed of some remains of property; but no inquiries could elicit anything from him, though the supposed circumstances of his history strongly predisposed the royalist population in his favour. He neither confirmed nor denied the passing rumours, but quietly took his station at the door of the church as a regular mendicant. With many of the inhabitants it became customary to bestow upon him a weekly alms. Amongst those who did so was the Abbé Sorel, who officiated at the matin service, and who had been from the first struck by his appearance and singular conduct, though he could never extract from him any particular of his past history. The stranger went by the name of Jean Louis, and took up his residence in a large and nearly deserted mansion in one of the most desolate parts of the town; but no one was ever permitted to enter his domicile, for which he very regularly paid a small rent, which was never in

arrear. He was not obtrusive in his habits of mendicancy, but quietly awaited the charity of the worshippers in silent resignation. Amongst persons of the same class he was regarded with deference; and in case of any dispute arising amongst them, was appealed to as an umpire, by whose decision every one was contented to abide. Amongst other singularities of Jean Louis, was that of his never being known to enter the church, though there was little doubt of his being a Catholic, and deeply impressed with religious feeling.

At length the Abbé Sorel, on entering the church one morning, missed his pensioner from his usual place. The next day he was still absent; and on the third morning, Jean Louis not having made his appearance, the worthy priest, making himself acquainted with the residence of the poor man, resolved to seek him out, and ascertain the cause of his continued absence. With some difficulty he discovered the dreary abode of the beggar: in one corner of a ruinous court, once the residence of a Breton noble, he found a dark winding staircase, which conducted him to a low arched door, where he knocked for some time without being able to gain admittance. At length a small grating was withdrawn; and the person within having ascertained who the visitor was, removed the bar which impeded the entrance, and the priest was admitted into a small dark chamber by the mendicant himself, who was evidently suffering from severe illness and bodily weakness. He made a hurried apology for having detained the abbé so long; and then, after some slight hesitation, during which he seemed to form some sudden resolution, requested him to follow him, at the same time throwing open the door of an inner chamber. The first room into which the priest had been admitted was a dark and miserable abode, unfurnished, and with every appearance of desolation and poverty; the second, to his infinite amazement, was furnished not only with comfort, but with considerable luxury, though the articles were generally of no modern date. As they entered this chamber, Jean Louis seemed labouring under great mental agitation as well as bodily weakness. He, however, placed a chair for his guest, and then staggered to a heap of straw covered with a coarse rug, which was placed on one side the room, and contrasted strangely with the various articles of comfort with which it was surrounded. For a few moments the priest was silent from surprise, till a deep groan from his companion roused him, when, advancing to the spot where the beggar had fallen exhausted on his rug, he took him by the hand, and said in kindly accents, 'Jean, my friend, you seem to possess every means of relief for your bodily wants, but the mysterious circumstances in which I find you placed, lead me to suppose that there is some secret sorrow or some secret sin, which only religious consolation can relieve; is it not, then, the hand of Providence which has brought me here to console your solitary wretchedness? As your friend and spiritual guide, I intreat of you to confide in the divine mercy, and you will receive comfort and support.'

'There is no relief, no consolation, no mercy for me,' wildly exclaimed the sick man.

'Such doubt and such despair,' mildly replied the abbé, 'are more criminal than you are aware of; there is mercy for every repentant sinner.'

'But none for me, none for me,' groaned the unfortunate; 'for ingratitude of the blackest dye, for robbery, for murder, nay, almost for parricide; no, no, there can be no mercy for me.'

'By faith and penitence, every sinner may have hope.'

'Penitence, penitence,' murmured the beggar; 'can penitence obliterate sins like mine?'

'There is an atonement beyond the penitence of man,' replied the abbé; 'have faith in that atonement, and you will receive hope and consolation.'

Jean Louis moaned in heartfelt agony, but made no reply; and the priest kneeling by his side, prayed long and earnestly. This seemed to tranquillise the mind of the sufferer in some degree; when, suddenly rising, he seized the hands of the abbé, and exclaimed, 'Hear the tale of my iniquities, and then say if hope or consolation can exist for me.'

'Hope exists for all men, if that hope be fixed aright,' replied the priest, who, at the desire of the penitent, placed himself in his seat. The beggar then knelt before him, and midst many sobs and groans, which at times interrupted his narrative, told the following history to the attentive priest:—

He was, he said, the son of a poor vigneron in Burgundy, and at an early age had been taken into the family of the lord of the village, a nobleman of wealth and distinction, who intended to bring him up as a valet for his son, a youth a year or two younger than Jean himself; but having shown some talents, and a considerable readiness in acquiring information, his destiny was changed, and he was educated with his young master, and at length became a confidential secretary. But the revolutionary storm had become darker and more threatening; his master took the alarm, secured considerable sums in foreign funds, and providing himself with a sufficiency of ready money, removed his family in secrecy to a retired spot near Paris, where, under a feigned name, and an appearance of poverty, he for some time escaped from suspicion and from danger. With the exception of his wife and children, Jean Louis was his only confidant; on him he relied, as on his own son, and from him nothing was concealed. At length, prompted by avarice and ambition, the faithless wretch conceived the infernal purpose of denouncing his paternal benefactor; and hoped, by involving the whole family in destruction, to possess himself of the secret funds, of the particulars of which he was well informed. For some time he hesitated; but the suggestions of evil triumphed, and he betrayed to the revolutionary tribunal the retreat of the proscribed family; of whom the son only escaped, being by chance at the time separated from his devoted kindred. The faithless traitor went so far as even to appear as a witness against his benefactors, and consigned them to the scaffold. By accident he was in the streets of Paris as the fatal vehicle conveyed his victims to the slaughter, and the eye of his master fell upon him, and recognised him amongst the crowd: the glance was momentary, but its effect was enduring: it came like the blasting fire of heaven; it awoke within him torments never ceasing, and most intolerable—a remorse and agony which no bodily suffering could have equalled. He fled from Paris, possessed indeed of the spoils of his murdered benefactors, but with a resolution never to enjoy them: he determined to bury himself in the most retired spot he could find, and to pass his life in poverty, surrounded by his guilty wealth, and by every thing which should recall his crime to his hourly remembrance. To that end he had transported the remnant of his master's furniture to Guérande, and brought with him the portraits of the murdered family, that they might be for ever before his eyes; at the same time he pointed to the pictures on the wall.

The abbé, who had listened with intense anxiety to the tale, grew pale as it advanced; and when it reached this point, following the direction in which the penitent pointed, he started to his feet and exclaimed, 'Merciful heaven! my father! and my mother!' The beggar, with a loud and piercing scream, fell senseless on the floor.

After a time spent in mental prayer, the abbé raised the fallen man, placed him on his low couch, and forced some water down his throat; after which he began gradually to recover; but it was some time before he was restored to full consciousness, and then raising himself on his knees, he said in a faint voice, 'Is there pardon for such a wretch as I?'

'For you and for all men,' replied the abbé solemnly.

'And can you pray for me?' The abbé fell on his knees and poured forth an ardent prayer for the sinner, who prostrated himself in silence before him. When the priest sought to raise him—he was dead.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

DISPERSION OF PLANTS BY THE LOWER ANIMALS.

The distribution of plants over the earth's surface is influenced by conditions of soil, heat, moisture, light, altitude of situation, and various other causes; for, did they flourish independently of these conditions, then there were no reason why the vegetation of one part of the globe should differ from that of another. Situations, therefore, which present similar circumstances of soil, climate, &c. are capable of being peopled with the same races of plants, and if they are not so now, it is because the seeds or roots of such vegetables have not been transported to them. The agents which aid the dispersion or migration of plants are of various kinds, and are unconnected with the causes which limit their geographical distribution. Many seeds, for example, drop from the parent stalk, spring up into a new series of stems, which in turn give birth to another race of seeds, and these again to another circle of vegetation. Thus any tribe of plants would spread from a common centre till arrested by the influences which limit its range of habitat; and this mode of dispersion no doubt occasionally occurs. In most plants, however, the seeds are small and light, and easily borne about by the winds; some are downy, and furnished with wings; others have buoyant tufts and filaments; and many, when fully ripe, are ejected from the vessels which contain them with considerable force. All these appendages and peculiarities are evidently intended to facilitate their dispersion, which is farther assisted by rivers and other currents of water, by adhering to the coverings of quadrupeds, by being swallowed and subsequently voided by birds, and by the economical pursuits of man, whether accidental or intentional. The seeds are arrested in their progression by various causes: some are furnished with barbs and hooks, which lay hold of objects; others become entangled amid herbage, the mud of rivers, or the softened soil of winter; while many towards spring are acted upon by the heat of the sun, so as to emit an adhesive substance, or their fleshy pericarps melt down into the soil, carrying the embryo along with them. In all, the appendages which aid their migration begin to decay at the proper season, and so are unfitted any longer to transport them. The seeds thus dispersed spring up and flourish, if they find in their new habitats all the conditions necessary to their growth; if they do not, they either lie dormant, or die after an abortive struggle with the obstacles of soil, climate, drought, or moisture, which oppose them.

From what has been stated, the reader must perceive that the geographical distribution, and the dispersion of plants, are two very different things—the former being regulated by immutable physical conditions, and the latter being dependent on agents the most capricious and irregular. Among these agents the lower animals form one of the most curious and interesting, and to them we at present exclusively devote our attention. The modes in which the lower animals aid in the dispersion of vegetation may be classed under three great heads—namely, by the seeds adhering to their hair or wool, and being thus carried to great distances from the parent plant; by being swallowed by the animals, and subsequently voided entire and uninjured; and by being dropt and lost during the act of feeding, when bearing them from one place to another, or after having secreted them for winter provision. There may be other accidental modes in which they facilitate this dispersion, but the above are the most apparent and intelligible.

Many seeds or seed-vessels, like those of the burr-dock, teasle, woodrufe, &c. are furnished with hooks and barbs which readily lay hold of any floccy substance, as wool and hair; and there can be no doubt that animals of the sheep and goat kinds materially aid in the dispersion of these and other plants whose seed-vessels are similarly constructed. These animals in a state of nature are almost ceaseless wanderers, here passing through a clump of thistles, burr-docks, and the like, there grazing among prickly shrubs, or crushing their way through thickets; and during each of these operations insensibly carrying off seed-vessels, and portions of branches with fruits and berries, which in course of time are dropt in other localities. Again, animals, as the ox, buffalo, camel, horse, &c. as they wander through their pasturages, must aid in a similar manner the dispersion of plants: during the season when they are casting their shaggy coverings, they are prone to rub themselves against every shrub and tree, and are thus placed in more frequent contact with seeds and seed-vessels. This liability of seeds to become attached to the hair or wool of animals, is increased by the structure of the seed-vessels, which are often hooked and barbed, and which, when fully ripened, so distend and recurve, as absolutely to bristle with points of attachment. Thus, for example, in the cones of the fir tribe, the scales are smoothly imbricated over each other when the seed is green, but begin to separate and curl back when it is ripe, and thus readily adhere to any loose or shaggy substance. To what extent plants may be dispersed in this manner, it would be fruitless to attempt an estimate; but any one who has wandered through a pasture field on a sunny day in autumn, and seen the number of grass and other seeds which adhered to his own clothing, or who has observed the fleeces of sheep in an extensive hill-run, the shaggy coatings of cattle as they rolled among the herbage, or rubbed their way through brake and thicket, can have no difficulty in conceiving how the wool and hair of quadrupeds should become instrumental in the dispersion of plants over districts where they were formerly unknown.

That trees and plants are ever disseminated by the animals which feed upon their seeds, has been denied by certain naturalists, who contend that the seeds and fruits are comminuted and destroyed in their passage through the stomach. This, however, is by far too sweeping an assertion, and one which every-day observation sufficiently contradicts. There is nothing more common than to find gooseberries, raspberries, and brambles grow up in situations where we know for certain that the seeds from which they sprung must have passed through the human stomach; or to find stalks of oats and barley in localities where the seeds must have as surely passed through the intestines of the ox or horse. No doubt such cases are, as they must be, the exceptions to the general rule; for, were it otherwise, the fruits and seeds upon which animals feed could not possibly yield them their proper nourishment. Generally speaking, the proper food of truly granivorous animals is masticated, comminuted, and digested; but it frequently occurs that these animals swallow seeds and fruits which do not form their usual diet, and the consequence is, that a portion escapes through their stomachs uninjured. During certain

diseases, occasioned, it may be, by having partaken of unusual food, seeds and grains are still more apt to pass entire. Besides, it is not always the seed that forms the nutriment; the cherry, the plum, the haw, the elder-berry, and other fruits, are swallowed by birds not for the kernel, but for the pulp which surrounds it; and many of the birds feeding in this manner have their organs so constructed, that the stone or kernel cannot possibly suffer any injury in its passage through the stomach. On this point we are confirmed by Mr Jerdon, in a recent number of *The Zoologist*:—'In those species,' says he, 'which live partly on berries and partly on soft insect food, like the thrushes, I am inclined to think that in some instances seeds pass through unhurt, particularly those which are of a hard texture, and which are enclosed in a pulp, as the berries of the elder and mountain-ash, and perhaps those of currants, gooseberries, &c. In the course of my own observations, I have found seeds of the elder entire in the intestines of thrushes and blackbirds, and I have also found haw-stones in that of the latter bird. It is not at all surprising that the haw should be able to resist the action of the blackbird's stomach, as it is of so very hard a nature, and I should be inclined to say that in general it does so. I am also of opinion that the seeds of the holly, which are somewhat similar to those of the haw, generally escape the grinding power of the gizzard. In some fruit-eating tribes, as the *Ampelidæ*, which have a wide and short intestinal canal, seeds of all kinds may, and probably do, pass through uninjured; and in omnivorous birds, as the crows, some seeds may casually and accidentally escape.' Indeed we have positive evidence of the juniper and mistletoe being dispersed in this manner; and of acorns, taken from the stomach of a wood-pigeon, having so far preserved their vitality as, on being sown, to spring up into healthy saplings, outstripping in lusty vigour the oaks grown from acorns in the usual way.

It has been already stated, that birds which feed chiefly on fruits and berries derive their subsistence not from the stone, but from the soft pulpy pericarp, and therefore that in most instances the kernel passes through the stomach uninjured. A beautiful illustration of this is given by Mr Selby in his monograph on pigeons in the *Naturalist's Library*:—'The precious nutmeg, or rather its soft covering, known to us by the name of *mace*, at certain seasons affords a favourite repast to some species of the arboreal pigeons of the Indian Archipelago. This valuable spice for the nutmeg itself, which is generally swallowed with the whole of its pulpy covering, passes uninjured through the digestive organs of the bird, and is thus dispersed throughout the group of the Moluccas and other islands of the East. Indeed, from repeated experiments, it appears that an artificial preparation, analogous to that which it undergoes in its passage through the bird, is necessary, to insure the growth and fertility of the nut; and it was not till after many and unsuccessful attempts had been made, that a lixivium of lime, in which the nuts were steeped for a certain time, was found to have the wished-for effect, and to induce the germinating tendency.' So it is with many other fruits and berries, the fleshy pericarps of which alone are edible, while their stones resist the digestive powers of these birds. And when we consider that pigeons are most voracious vegetable feeders, take long flights, and some of them even make distant migrations, we can readily allow them to be widely instrumental in disseminating the plants on which they mainly subsist. Nor is it mere herbs and lowly shrubs which may be thus dispersed, but some of the most gigantic trees of the forest, as the banyan and banana, whose fruit furnishes for the arboreal pigeons of the East a favourite repast. As with pigeons, so with many other birds: pheasants devour numbers of acorns in the autumn, some of which having passed through the stomach, probably germinate: linnets, goldfinches, thrushes, goldcrests, hawfinches, &c. feed on berries and stone-fruits, whose kernels resist their powers of digestion, and are thus transported to places far distant from the parent plant, where they spring up and clothe the landscape with new vegetation.

The next palpable mode in which animals may facilitate the dispersion of plants, is by scattering the seeds when in the act of feeding, by dropping them when bearing them away to their retreats, or by forgetting the spots in which they had deposited them for winter food. An example under each of these heads will be much more convincing than a mere general statement. The brown linnet, when feeding on thistle seed, perches on the top of the weed, and tears the downy head asunder in order to reach the seeds which are attached to the receptacle. During this act, many of the grains being loosened, are borne away on their downy wings by the breeze to places far distant from the parent stem—the bird being in this case the indirect disseminator of the thistle. Were the head not torn asunder in this manner, ten to one but it would become soaked with the rains of winter, and fall down only a few inches from the original stalk, instead of being transported, as it often is, across many miles of country. What is here mentioned of the linnet may be witnessed in any thistlery during some fine day in September, when the birds are feeding in flocks, and scattering the down in every direction. The greater part of the seeds is no doubt devoured by them, but a number also escape, a fact which the bird is well aware of, as it frequently gives chase to the stray ones as they are borne away by the wind. Again, birds often drop grains and berries while in the acts of carrying them to their retreats, and of feeding upon them. Thus the nut-hatch, having twisted off the boughs a cluster of beech-mast, resorts to some favourite tree whose trunk is rough and uneven, and tries by a series of manœuvres to peg it into one of the crevices of the bark. During this operation the nuts sometimes fall to the ground, and being neglected by the bird, germinate and spring up into trees. Beeches are often found growing near the haunts of this bird, which have evidently been planted in the manner described. Lastly, as many animals are led by instinct to lay up a store of food against winter, it often happens that some of these stores are forgotten, and the seeds, nuts, &c. which compose them, left to germinate on the return of spring. A familiar and well-known example of this process is furnished by the habits of the squirrel, of which the following anecdote has been frequently told:—'A gentleman walking one day in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy House in Monmouthshire, was diverted by observing a squirrel sitting very composedly on the ground. He stopped to watch its motions. In a few seconds the squirrel darted like an arrow to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down again with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the ground with his hands. After digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn; then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in the winter; and as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to recollect the spots in which he deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain in some measure indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.'

There can be no doubt, then, that plants are disseminated by the lower animals; but which animals are most active in the process, and to what extent their activity is effective, are problems in natural history, the solutions of which are yet but imperfectly discovered. As it stands, the fact forms one of the most interesting features in creative design—namely, that the lower ani-

mals, without gift of foresight or intelligence, are instrumental in dispersing over the face of the globe those plants from which they in turn derive the means of subsistence.

THE CORK REGATTA.

Newspaper descriptions of regattas are usually very dry affairs, and one generally gathers from them but an imperfect idea of a spectacle which, in reality, is cheerful and animated beyond most others. It occurs to us that the following extract from a letter written by a friend of ours after seeing the last Cork regatta, will be appreciated as a more suitable description of that kind of amusement. The writer is a playful kind-hearted professor belonging to a Scottish university. It is perhaps necessary to add, that he wrote for the amusement of a private circle only.

'Since I last wrote, we were on a visit of a week at the Priory, the residence of Mrs ——, which I think I formerly mentioned is delightfully situated close upon the beach of the Cove.* * * As the Cork regatta was held at the time I was there, I must try to give you some idea of a spectacle which is considered to be the finest of the kind in the United Kingdom. It began on Monday last, and continued for three days. The first day was delightful; light airs floated here and there over the surface of the beautiful harbour, and promised, from the aspect of the sky, to settle into a fine summer breeze. Sitting in my bedroom, boats decked with flags passed from an early hour incessantly before me. I could hear the gay laugh of the rowers, while they plied their joyous task, with their oars glistening in the sun. Many of the boats had music, which came more mellow to the ear as it floated along the surface of the water. I need not say that the gaiety of the scene was greatly heightened by the circumstance, that every boat bore along a due proportion of the fair sex. A large steamer decked with flags has entered the Cove, bringing from a distance many a glad heart to enjoy the festivities of the day. But we must go out, and see how things look from the side of the garden. What a gorgeous sight! The standard of England is majestically waving from the opposite batteries, and hundreds of vessels of all forms are covered with streamers. Among these, the Resistance man-of-war, the magnificent war-steamer the Stromboli, and the Volage frigate, particularly attract attention They are literally covered, from the different mast-heads to the deck, with the flags of all nations. The beautiful yachts which are to contend for the honours of the day are getting under weigh, and some of them, with their snow-white canvass, are already tacking towards the place of rendezvous. In the meantime let us shift our position, and get a little nearer to the place of starting, which is opposite the town of Cove. It is only a mile off, and we shall have a delightful view of everything that is going on, as we walk through the highly-ornamented grounds of Mr French, who has kindly given us permission to do so. We have now got, by our gradual ascent, about four hundred feet above the level of the water, and can distinctly discern the decks, with the persons walking along them, of the crowds of vessels which are moving in every direction below us. Come a little farther on, and from yonder point we shall be able to command a view of the whole. Did you ever see such a beautiful sight? Over a distance of more than six miles in every direction, the surface of the water is covered with shipping. Try to count them. It is impossible, favourably placed as we are for the purpose. Did you hear that gun? It is the signal for starting of the first race—a race of hookers. They are fishing vessels, duly rigged, and very different from our —— craft. Only observe how well they sail. They have to make a run of forty miles before they return, so that it will be probably six hours hence. That other gun is the signal for the sailing of the yachts, some of which belong to ports in England. What elegant sylph-like vessels they are! How swiftly they move through the water! It is now a fine steady breeze, and it would be impossible to have a more favourable day for the competition. Before we descend to the place of starting, let us remain here a little longer, and satiate our eyes with the magnificent and gorgeous prospect, so instinct with life and beauty. Cast your eye westward in the direction of Cork. You cannot see the town for the intervening hill, which you observe is covered with elegant villas, the grounds being decked to the water-edge with fine wood and beautiful green lawns. Happy Ireland! * * For this day, however, all unpleasant subjects are forgotten, and crowds after crowds are pouring down from Cork in the steamers to be present at the regatta. Look now towards the east. The contending yachts are still in view, but in a short time they will quit the harbour, and stand out to sea. Many of a different class are tacking to and fro before the time arrives, when they too shall engage in the contest.

Let us now descend towards the town of Cove. From the windows of the different houses you can see people eagerly gazing at the lively and shifting scene below them. As we advance onward, the crowd gets more dense, and by and by we shall have some difficulty in forcing our way through the living mass. Take care of your pocket handkerchief; I have been eased of mine already, and fortunately will have no occasion to trouble myself farther about it. Now we have reached the enclosed space where the members of the regatta club have provided accommodation for their friends. Mr W—— has furnished me with tickets, so that we shall at once get admission. Oho! a considerable number of ladies have got here before us; some of them are seated in open carriages, and others are sauntering about to vary their view of the scene. I see E—— sitting in her carriage with her sisters-in-law. Our old friend, Sir William Dickson, is talking to them on one side, and Lieutenant Levinge on the other. The Volage frigate, so gaily fluttering with flags, is within a hundred yards of us. What is that on her maintopgallant-mast-head? I declare it is one of the seamen, leaning with his breast on the very summit of the mast, and looking down with composure from that perilous position.

Another gun. A fresh race has started. It consists of six-oared barges. The rowers, composed of the best seamen belonging to Cove, are all stripped to their shirts for the contest: how they struggle for the lead! Another gun announces the return of the winning yacht. She ran over the distance (forty miles) in little less than five hours; she belongs to Mr French. Now the hookers begin to heave in sight; and as every arrival is greeted with a gun, the reports are more and more frequent. But though it be very true that things presented to the eyes make a more lasting impression than what is addressed to the ear, I confess I begin to get tired with staring so long at objects which, though constantly shifting, have nevertheless a great resemblance to one another. I see, too, you are beginning to yawn a little; we shall therefore, if you please, make our way back to the Priory, and return to-morrow.

To-morrow, July 30, has come; but oh how different from yesterday! It blows hard, and the appearance of the sky threatens that it will blow still harder. The gay streamers can no longer be displayed without the risk of being blown to tatters. Though the gale has increased to a storm, four yachts have started to contend for the prize, which is £60. Observe how they yield to the sweeping blast as they swiftly scud along—they will soon be out of sight—may they all return in safety. Who could have imagined that this beautiful inland sea could be so frightfully agitated by a summer gale? But it blows so furiously, that it resembles more a wintry tempest than a breeze in the end of July. But we must not prose about it; we shall rather, if you please, go

* The celebrated natural harbour called the Cove of Cork. It is studded all round with pleasant-looking villas.

back to the starting place where we were yesterday. What clouds of dust sweep along the road! Most of the yachts are at anchor, and you observe some of the vessels are actually driving from their moorings, and running foul of each other. We have again reached the place of rendezvous, which, notwithstanding the gale, is even more crowded with carriages than it was yesterday. Here is Captain ——, the preses of the club; he will tell us all about the state of matters. "Captain ——, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Dr ——." "I am happy to make your acquaintance, Dr ——, but extremely sorry we shall be able to contribute so little to your amusement to-day. One of the yachts has just returned. She had scarcely got out of the harbour into the open sea, when one of her hands was washed overboard; fortunately, being a capital swimmer, the man was saved, though with great difficulty. The gale being on the increase, and still more violent in the offing than on shore—and, besides, observing that one of the yachts had carried away her mast, and was in imminent danger—they deemed it most prudent, as they could render her no assistance, to endeavour to return to the harbour, in order that the war-steamer, the Stromboli, might be sent to her aid. In the meantime, I have applied to the admiral on the station, who has ordered a revenue cutter to proceed without delay to the spot, and keep a watch on the missing yachts. I fear we can have no more racing to-day; but we are to have a grand dejeuner in the adjoining temporary pavilion, which has been constructed for the purpose, and where I shall be happy to have the honour of your presence."

It is now past five o'clock, the hour at which it was announced the dejeuner was to take place; and though the fate of the absent yachts is still unknown, our fasting will not contribute in the least to their safety. We may therefore join the crowd, and, before it be too late, secure comfortable places at the banqueting table. I see there are four long tables; and as Mr W—— is acting as croupier at one of them, we shall endeavour to seat ourselves by him. What a crowd! There cannot be fewer than 400 persons present. Help yourself, and allow Lieutenant Levinge, who is opposite you, to attend to the ladies.

The preses has risen to propose a flowing bumper to the ladies; of course you recollect he gave "The Queen" some time ago. He has done the thing very neatly. His allusion to the commonplace theme, *leap-year*, you must admit, was well managed. He has risen again, to intimate that we must prepare to retire for the removal of the tables, in order that arrangements may be made for converting the pavilion into a ball-room.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Levinge proposes that we should visit the Volage. The barge is in attendance, manned with a crew of twenty brave fellows. We are sure to get a ducking, as it blows harder than ever; and, moreover, there may be some difficulty in scrambling up the frigate's side. Stay you on shore, and Mr W—— and I will go and report progress.

Well, you observed what difficulty we had in getting on board. Mr Levinge's hat, you saw, was blown away. When we got alongside the frigate, I confess I had some misgivings in committing myself to the precarious rope-ladder, by which alone I could ascend; but I scorned to betray symptoms of fear before men who would have pitied me as a lubber if I had shrunk from the danger, so I mounted with all the alacrity of a fearless seaman. When I got fairly on deck, what neatness, order, and cleanliness everywhere met the eye! Nothing was out of its proper place; and in five minutes I believe the frigate would have been ready for action. Before the mainmast, on a circular mahogany frame, was inscribed in golden characters the well-known signal of Nelson, "England expects that every man will do his duty!" Everything on board the Volage indicated that this noble sentiment was reduced to practice by Sir William Dickson and his brave officers and crew.

You observed the Stromboli pass while we were on board? What a magnificent steamer she is! She carries sixty eight-pounders. Wo to the Prince de Joinville when he falls in with her as an enemy! Though, I suppose, you care as little about dancing as I do, we may just take a peep into the ball-room to admire the Irish beauties and observe their style of dancing. I am sure you will admit that here there are many lovely and beautiful women, and that not a few of them dance with elegance and grace.

* * *

It is now ten o'clock, and as you have no intention of dancing, we may as well be off.

Next day I learned, that on the accident occurring to the yacht which was dismasted the day before (and which proved to be the Union of Cork), one of her competitors, the Edith of Liverpool, gallantly relinquishing the cause of honour for that of humanity, bore down upon her distressed rival, and succeeded in towing her into Ballycotton Bay, from which she was afterwards dragged by the Stromboli into the Cove of Cork. The other yacht, the only one which sailed the prescribed course, returned at half-past eight the preceding evening, and therefore won the race.'

JOTTINGS OF THE COLONIES.

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

We have received a six months' file of a new newspaper, entitled the Adelaide Observer, which was started on the 1st of July 1843. If the flourishing state of a colony may be judged of from the number of newspapers it supports, South Australia must be considered in a state of prosperity, for in Adelaide alone four weekly papers are issued. The new candidate for the favour of the colonial public is well printed, and edited with skill and care. From it we are enabled to glean a few facts, which will show the state of the colony up to the end of last year.

The country appears to be struggling out of a panic brought about by large and not very prudent land speculations into which several of the colonists had plunged. But affairs seem to be assuming a healthy tone, and the province is in a state of progression towards prosperity, which is testified by the following facts:—The population of the Adelaide province has already reached 16,000, of whom 4,300 are tillers of the soil. One thousand children were born in the colony during 1843. In 1840 only 2505 acres of land had been broken up, whereas, by the end of last year, 30,000 acres were brought under cultivation. A glance at the accounts officially rendered of exports and imports, gives additional evidence of gradual prosperity. We must premise, that it is a good sign in a recently established settlement when imports decrease and exports augment in value; that is to say, till they reach the point at which commercial interchange becomes healthy. It shows that the resources of the country are being duly developed, and that the settlers obtain that on the spot which they were at first obliged to derive from abroad. This is the case as regards the Adelaide province of South Australia. On examining the official statistics published in the local gazette, on the 21st December 1843, we find the imports of the last three quarters of the year 1841 amounted in value to L.229,925 against L.74,195 of exports variously produced; whilst the importations of 1843 have not exceeded L.93,148 against L.62,645 of exports, chiefly of colonial production. The tables relating to grain, flour, rice, and potatoes, show that the imports of those articles were upwards of L.50,000 *more* during the first three quarters of 1841 than those for the whole of 1843, which were only of the value of L.3,500. This must not, however, be received as a sign of prosperity, for the colony seems to be getting into a state of over-productiveness, especially in the article of wheat. One or two paragraphs from the Adelaide Observer prove this fact. At the beginning of the harvest, vast quantities of the last year's corn were not thrashed out, and yet a new and heavy crop had

to be got in. On one occasion a dray-load of excellent wheat was hawked through Adelaide for sale, among the merchants or millers, unsuccessfully; though it ultimately found a customer at two-and-sixpence per bushel. On the same day a load of the best wheat was sold to a baker for three shillings a bushel. In another paper we find an account of a farmer who threw down his fences and allowed his cattle to eat the corn standing, in despair of finding a market for it. We may remark in passing, that in October 1843, while this cheap sale and unavoidable waste of corn were going on at the antipodes, the average price of wheat in England was 51s. per quarter, or 6s. 4½d. per bushel, and thousands were suffering for the want of bread. The wheat crops in the province are remarkably fine; instances being recorded of their yielding 45 bushels to the acre; the straw standing nine feet high.

Of stock, sheep seem to be the most profitable and largely bred, despite a disease (scabies) which prevails amongst them. Several intelligent colonists formed themselves into a committee to inquire into the best means of preventing and curing this scourge, but without eliciting anything more than is known on the subject in the parent country.

Besides its natural productions, Adelaide has set up manufactories of its own. In 1839 the only exports from the colony were wool, oil, and whalebone; in 1843 it was able to send away a variety of useful articles, after having supplied itself for home consumption with every sort of implements of husbandry. An important drawback to manufacturing on an extensive scale is a want of coal. No coal-fields have as yet been discovered in the province; a deficiency which, amongst other disadvantages, forbids the use of steamboats; but it is proposed to import this necessary article from New Zealand. Neither is water very plentiful in many districts. The town of Adelaide is near a shallow river (the Torrens), and seems as yet to be ill supplied with water, if we may judge from some squabbling among the water-carriers which appears in print. Iron abounds, and good pig iron has been made by the use of charcoal.

In looking over a list of wages published in the Adelaide Observer in 1843, we cannot perceive any encouragement for artisans to emigrate to that colony. Wages are about the same, or perhaps a little less than in Great Britain. The average earnings of a journeyman blacksmith is 30s. per week: 'trade middling.' Sawyers —who are rather scarce—carpenters, painters, shoemakers, tanners, miners (chiefly employed in digging wells), and shipwrights, about the same. Bricklayers, tailors, and wheelwrights, earn only 25s. per week. Agricultural labourers and domestic servants, on the contrary, being in demand, are better paid than in this country. Farm labourers easily obtain employment at 8s. per week, and their food. Shepherds '8s. to 13s. per week, according to ability, together with rations, consisting of 10 pounds of flour, 10 pounds of meat, 2 pounds of sugar, and ¼ pound of tea, weekly. Where wives act as housekeepers, they obtain rations also. At distant stations higher wages are given.' Adelaide holds out the best prospects to domestic servants. Men in that capacity, and female cooks, obtain from L.20 to L.25 per annum, besides their board; house and nursemaids from L.10 to L.12.

From the advertisements (of which the paper we are quoting has upon an average four well-filled columns), it would appear that the town of Adelaide is provided with shops and stores containing every necessary of life it is possible to wish for, together with a few luxuries. Nor are the intellectual wants of the colonists neglected. A bookseller is frequently announcing the arrival of shipments of books in every department of literature, and boasts that his circulating library contains 2500 popular novels, romances, and periodicals. He promises, moreover, to increase his catalogue by every arrival from England. Another in 'the trade' advertises a 'variety of new and popular works, suitable for *bush reading* and private families.' Thus the fame of an English author sometimes extends, it would appear, to the dense solitudes of an Australian forest. But the colony does not depend entirely on the mother-country for intellectual nutriment: it publishes books of its own. There is a native 'South Australian Almanac' issued annually; and under the head 'just published,' we find the announcement of 'The South Australian Vigneron and Gardeners' Manual,' written by an emigrant gardener, and printed and published at an Adelaide newspaper office.

Not the least interesting information we have picked out of the Adelaide Observer, is that concerning a colony of Germans in the Mount Barker district, some twenty miles east of the town of Adelaide. By the 5th Victoria, natives of Germany residing in South Australia are made British subjects; to all of whose rights and privileges they are admitted. Hahndorf, or German town, and a neighbouring village which they have established, though not situated near the best land in the colony, is flourishing under their persevering industry. Hahndorf already boasts of a Lutheran church, a mill, an inn, and schools, at which forty-eight daily, and between fifty and sixty Sunday scholars attend. 'The men tan their own leather, and the women card and spin wool, and knit stockings; and in order that no opportunity may be neglected of improving their time and their circumstances, those of the able-bodied among them, who can be spared from home, find employment with the neighbouring farmers and settlers in the capacity of shepherds, labourers, or servants.' These people may be safely set up as models for emigrants. They would 'get on' anywhere. The township of Mount Barker is the 'county town' of the district, and is inhabited by Germans and English. It already boasts of a court-house, where magistrates sit weekly, a police station, a post-office, a school-house, and an inn.

Taking into consideration all the facts we have been enabled to gather from the current information, supplied by the Adelaide Observer, it is to be inferred that the colony is in an improving and satisfactory condition.

PERIODICITY OF VITAL PHENOMENA.

Dr Laycock, physician to the York Dispensary, and Messrs Quetelet, Schwann, and Schweig, the well-known continental philosophers, have of late years been gradually bringing to completion a curious theory with regard to the periodicity, or tendency to a regular recurrence, of certain vital phenomena in connexion with periodical phenomena in the external world. From a short view of the doctrine, which we find in the July number of the British and Foreign Medical Review, it appears that the fundamental period of these philosophers is twelve hours. They find the barometer comes to its minimum height for the day between four and five in the morning, and once more between four and five in the evening. Again, it is at its maximum height twice in the twenty-four hours, namely, between eight and ten in the morning, and between eight and ten in the evening. The two first of these periods are also the times when electric tension is at its minimum; while at the two latter periods it is at its maximum. Now, it is very remarkable that these periods also mark the occurrence of certain organic phenomena, such as the beginning and conclusion of the exacerbation of fevers, the beginning and conclusion of excitement in the insane, the greatest excitability in the circulation, and the escape of insects from the chrysalis. Our philosophers therefore assume that twelve hours is a space of time or period fundamentally concerned in vital phenomena. They call it the lunar day, which they hold the *basic unit* of their system. An ordinary or solar day they consider, accordingly, as two days, and an ordinary week as two weeks.

'This hebdomadal or heptal cycle, according to Dr Laycock's views, governs, either in its multiple or submultiple, an immense number of phenomena in animal

life. The phases of development in insects appear to present the most uniform examples of its influence. In these Dr Laycock makes four principal periods; 1. the hatching of the ova, &c. The ova are hatched in periods varying considerably as to length. The shortest is a lunar week, or three days and a half, as in the wasp, common bee, and ichneumon; in the cecidomia tritici, it is two lunar weeks; in the black caterpillar and gooseberry grub, three lunar weeks. The larva state rarely occupies less than two, or more than twenty-four lunar weeks, and the moults of that state have usually an interval of two lunar weeks. "The period spent in the pupa state is the most in accordance with the general law of limitation by weeks; in fact, the more exact the observations are as to the length of this period, the more confirmatory are they of the general rule: for example, Mr Denny had three larvæ of the *sphinx atropos*, which went into the earth on August 22d, 24th, and September 2d, respectively. They appeared as perfect moths on October 16th, 18th, and 27th; or, in each case, in exactly eight weeks."

'A peculiar class of the functions of the adult insect or imago exhibit the agency of the same law. Thus twenty or twenty-one days after the queen-bee has begun to lay the eggs of drones, the bees begin to construct royal cells. If her impregnation be retarded beyond the twenty-first (Huber) or the twenty-eighth (Kirby and Spence) of her whole existence, she lays male eggs only, showing then no jealousy of the young queens. Some insects attain puberty immediately after leaving the puparium; others occupy a definite number of weeks in growing, especially the coleopteræ, arachnida, and crustacea. Thus the newly-disclosed imago of the *cetonia aurata* remains a fortnight under the earth, and that of the *lucanus cervus* not less than three weeks. The common cyclops is at first nearly spherical, and provided with no more than two antennæ and four short feet. On the fourteenth day a small projection appears on the hinder part of the body; on the twenty-second it acquires a third pair of extremities; and on the twenty-eighth it moults.

'The periods of incubation or of development of the ova of fishes have not been closely observed, with the single exception of those of the salmon. From Dr Knox's industrious zeal, we learn that the ova of that fish are hatched in exactly twenty weeks, or 140 days. These periods in birds are much better known to us; they are all regulated by this "heptal" law. The eggs of small birds, as fly-catchers, sparrows, &c. are hatched in two weeks; of gallinaceous birds, the common fowl, pheasant, grouse, &c. in three weeks; of the duck tribe, in four weeks; of swans, in six weeks.'*

The higher tribes of animals are shown to be under the same law in respect of their periods of gestation. 'It is not, however, the phases of development only that exhibit the law of periodicity just laid down; there are various other changes and functions amenable to it. The moults of adult annulose animals, as the arachnida, myriapoda, and crustacea, the exuviation of serpents, and the renewal of the dermoid appendages in birds and mammals, are all regulated by it more or less. And so also are minor processes. The ring-pigeon not only sits fourteen days, but lays eggs previously to sitting for fourteen days. Birds of the goose and duck kind lay eggs in the wild state at tertian intervals [the basic unit quadrupled], that is to say, seven in fourteen days, or one every other day. The goldfinch builds its nest in three days, and it is left unoccupied for four, the first egg not being laid until the seventh day from the beginning.'

Dr Laycock has some laborious investigations of the periods of intermittent disease, which go upon the whole to support his theory. He adopts the hypothesis of a regular sequence of critical days in health, going continually on from the beginning of organic existence, and predisposing to the outbreak of disease. It is particularly marked in the stages of the development and shedding of the teeth. In support of this idea, he instances the case of twin brothers, sick-nurses in an hospital at Bourdeaux, who were always ill at the same time, and became affected with cataract together. We can add, from our own observation, another case of twins, identical in appearance, who frequently have coincident ailments, and who even lost, in two or three instances, during dentition, the same particular teeth in succession.

It appears that the number 7 is deeply concerned in this curious hypothesis. This leads Dr Laycock into a dissertation, too abstract for our readers, on the importance attached in ancient and modern times to that number, and on its remarkable properties in transcendental arithmetic. We may only remark, that 7 has been long known to be distinguished in the laws regulating the harmonious perception of colours and sounds: it is so in that of forms also, and probably even in tastes, if we may believe the works of our ingenious townsman Mr Hay. 'There is harmony of numbers in all nature; in the force of gravity, in the planetary movements, in the laws of heat, light, electricity, and chemical affinity, in the forms of animals and plants, in the perceptions of the mind. The direction indeed of modern natural and physical science is towards a generalisation which shall express the fundamental laws of all by one simple numerical ratio.' Probably it will soon show 'that the mysticism of Pythagoras was mystical only to the unlettered, and that it was a system of philosophy founded on the then existing mathematics, which latter seem to have comprised more of the philosophy of numbers than our present.'

* British and Foreign Medical Review, xviii. 167.

ETCHINGS FROM ORDINARY LIFE.

THE CONTRAST.

Robert Mathews, or, as he in the meridian of his fashionable life used to write himself, Robert Mowbray Mathews, was the only son of an honest hair-dresser who commenced business in the thriving seaport of K——, when hair-dressing was a very different sort of affair from what it has been since the abandonment of pigtails and powder. John Mathews was an agreeable old man, fond of joke and banter, but possessed withal of a degree of quiet worldly wisdom, which gained for him in his native burgh the nickname of Pawky John. Nobody's shop could be more tidily kept or more neatly painted than his; the floor was so thoroughly scrubbed, that it almost vied in whiteness with his linen apron; and the pleasant odours which escaped when his sash was open, were enough to keep one on that side the pavement though his business lay directly over the way. In fine, about the beginning of the present century, Mr Mathews's was the beau-ideal of a provincial hair-dresser's shop, aspiring to do a little in perfumery, and a great deal in the toy trade, if one might judge from the display of drums, trumpets, tin swords, and pea-guns which adorned its windows. The truth is, its owner was a thriving man: no one could be more obliging to his customers than he, and no man truer to his profession, if we except a few errant bursts of patriotism which led him on sundry occasions to don the martial habiliments of a volunteer. Possessed by inheritance of the house and shop in which he practised his art, having a frugal and industrious partner, and blessed with no more than two children, the demands upon his income were not numerous, and by the time that his eldest child and only son was fit to become an apprentice, John Mathews had managed to lay aside somewhat more than three hundred pounds. About this period Waterloo gave a quietus to 'the war,' as it did to our hair-dresser's patriotism; and henceforth he, his wife, son, and daughter, were all working-bees in that shining little shop of his. There was always something for each to do, and as the family expenditure was small, John's capital accumulated more rapidly

than could be expected by those who have never attempted a similar experiment. No person, however, would have known that fact from his bearing: he was ever the same cheerful, modest, little man, with a bit of pleasantry for all, and a willing and ready hand to whisk off the roughest beard in the seaport.

Time went on. John Mathews made money, bought house-property, and acquired a status in the burgh. And now that this fact became known, he was treated with somewhat greater deference. Mr was heard more frequently than John; he was sundry times elevated to the council-board; and on one occasion, if his modesty had permitted, would have been honoured as bailie. All this, however, wrought no change on our hair-dresser. No doubt the frontage of the old shop was remodeled, and a more commodious house fitted up above, with other similar improvements; but this was no more than befitted the condition of a man at the head of his profession in the bustling little seaport of K——. Well would it have been had this prosperity affected the son as little as it did the father. Robert, now a young man, had very different ideas of hair-dressing and the world: he hated the one, and looked upon the other as a field only for 'genteel and fashionable' amusements. Many and long were the altercations on this point between father and son; but the old man had his hand at the helm, and took his own circumspect and industrious course. 'No, no, Bobbie, my man, stick to your trade; and if ye dinna dishonour it, it'll no dishonour you. What though you were a merchant, or a writer, or a doctor to-morrow, ye would still hae to work—ay, a great deal closer than ye do now, and maybe at dirtier work than ye meet wi' in your father's cutting-rooms. No, no, lad, folks that set up to be gentlemen a' at ance, would need to hae lang purses, or gudsooth their horses and gigs 'll no stay lang wi' them. Wait till we double what we hae, and ye catch some braw leddy, and then we'll talk o' *Mathewsville* and our crops; but just now, let's crop the chins and pows o' our customers.' Thus would he endeavour to reason the young man out of his folly, which had already become painfully apparent in his perpetual anxiety to be mistaken by the public for a gentleman, and in the horror he felt at being recognised as in anyway connected with the craft of his worthy father. 'Had I been a lawyer or a merchant, or anything but a hair-dresser,' he would say, 'I might have associated with other folks, might have dined on the Sundays with Farmer Graham, kept a couple of pointers, and taken the license to shoot over young Newlands's moors; but the connexion with that —— toy-shop—faugh!' Thus did Robert Mathews, like many other foolish fellows, fret himself out of humour with his profession, get idle, and associate with certain young men, whose chief glory it was to sneer at humble pursuits, and to ape the vices but not the virtues of their superiors. To preserve an only son from ruin among such associates, as well as to gratify his desire of being in some other business on his own account, his father at length consented to advance the capital necessary to set him up as what is in Scotland called a 'general merchant.' It was indispensable, however, to have some knowledge of business; at least so thought the father; and the capital was to be forthcoming only on condition of the son's attending for twelve months the warehouse of a neighbouring trader. To this the young man reluctantly yielded; *he* saw nothing in a general merchant's business which his father's shop had not fitted him for; besides, it was a year lost, allowing some other person to get the start, and the chance of turning over a few hundred pounds' profit gone. The consequence was, that before six months were over, his inattention and presumption had become so annoying, that his master was glad to get rid of him.

He was now ready to commence business; but where? His native burgh was out of the question: in any part of its best street he was within sight of the painted pole of his father; and for a 'general merchant' to hold up his head under the pole of a barber, was impossible. The town of D—— was accordingly chosen, not precisely because it offered the most advantageous opening, but that it was where one of his former associates had recently opened as haberdasher, and because the moors of his gentleman acquaintance, Newlands, lay within a comfortable dinner drive. Here 'Mr Robert Mowbray Mathews, merchant,' rented a large shop, fitted up a house by one half too expensive for his station, and commenced business on a great scale—all upon a cash account of one thousand pounds from his father, and the credit which that worthy man's good name inspired among the wholesale traders. For the first six or eight months the novelty of the change was quite exhilarating: our young shopkeeper really did wonders; for, with all his folly, he had a strong liking for money, which he found was indispensable to his extravagances. But then, having *established* his business, the business, if worth keeping, must take care of itself. Such was the sage maxim of Robert Mowbray Mathews; and now he recommenced his career of gay and fashionable aspirations. A young man of twenty-six, at the head of a first-rate retail trade, could surely afford to have a horse and gig, take a game license, and keep a couple of pointers. There was no harm in all this: his profits could afford it; his 'young men' could manage the shop; and, with a little supervision on his part, affairs would get forward quite swimmingly. Fagging day after day would never do with his constitution; and if he had only a few years of this over, what with his own and the old man's capital, he would settle down in some snug little country estate, marry an heiress, and then—hurra for it! Thus did he reason with himself; and, suiting the action to the word, would wave his quill in ecstacy, and kick the counting-room stool under the desk for the evening. Happy Mr Mathews!

Robert's first year as merchant passed by without anything particular to attract the attention of his father or friends. His accounts were duly paid; and if he could not say as much for his own customers, it was that, being a beginner, it would not do to be over-harsh in demanding punctual payments. The second year came round; he saw less of his shop, and more of a few loungers who were connoisseurs of wines, and talked knowingly of horses and dogs. To be the associate of such men, was more than fortunate in the son of a hair-dresser. It cost him, to be sure, some of the most expensive dinners; but what of that? He was only doing what other gentlemen did; and then did not he reap the pleasure of his own horses and dogs, which, without such society, it would be ridiculous in him to aspire to? Thus, amid jockeys, dog-fanciers, fashionable idlers, and dissipated lairdlings, did Mr Mathews neglect his business, and squander double what he could earn by it, even if it had been attended to—a thing it was not—for his shopmen followed in their own way the example he set them, and spent in vicious enjoyments much of the profits of their employer. The close of the second year came round; bills became due; every shift was tried to meet them; customers were dunned for their accounts; and at last old Mathews was appealed to. Much, however, to the credit of his good sense, he firmly resisted; and thus his son was left to his own shifts and resources. Somehow or other he scrambled through this his first business-difficulty, and might have recovered himself had he abandoned his sporting and dissipated companions: but no; he wanted nerve for that, and knew too little of mercantile affairs, to conduct them with profit against such expensive demands. His customers whom he had dunned now fell off, his creditors became duns in turn, and refused new stock till the former supplies were accounted for. Against such a concatenation of difficulties scarcely any experienced merchant could hold up, far less Mr Robert Mathews, who knew less of merchandise than his youngest apprentice. His gay companions could do nothing for him; for they were equally penniless with himself, and only hung about him so long as he could

minister to their pleasures. In a few months more his name figured in the Gazette; his shop and goods were disposed of for behoof of his creditors; and he, poor fellow, was under the necessity of taking shelter under the old painted pole which he had so cordially despised. Doubtless, had he possessed any manly spirit—but when did such as he ever boast true pride?—he could not have submitted to this humiliation. He attributed his misfortunes to other people—to his customers, to his shopmen, to the dull times; in fine, to everything but the right cause—his own extravagant expenditure, want of steady purpose, and the necessary knowledge of, and attention to, his business.

Old John Mathews was now a humbled and much altered man. Reflections upon his lost thousand pounds, and the disgrace of his son's bankruptcy, preyed sorely upon him; and it required all the cheering influence of his wife and daughter to keep him from sinking under it. 'Hooever, the laddie's wi' me,' he would say; 'and if he sees the folly o' his ways, and resolves to do better, the experience is cheaply bought, dear as it has been to *me*.' In life, Robert was now little better than a cipher: his former comrades only laughed among themselves at his silliness; and finding himself no longer in request among them, he was fain to sit quietly down in his father's shop, which was by this time of considerable value. What his employment was, no one ever rightly could learn, for he seldom or never made his appearance before customers; but there are many things which can be done in a peruke-maker's back-room, and amid these varieties we believe Robert was profitably employed. While his son had been squandering, the old man had been storing. The returns from his business were considerable, and by one or two lucky appliances of his capital, he had more than doubled it. The reader must not imagine, however, that John Mathews was a speculator. He was too cautious for that, especially in matters which he knew nothing of, and yet it was by speculation that he doubled his savings. A shipowner, skilled in the whale trade, saw how he could readily make his fortune, had he only the command of a certain sum; but to ask this publicly, was to let his secret out, and therefore he had recourse to Mr Mathews. 'I'll no join you,' said John, 'for I ken naething aboot whaals or Greenland; but I'll tell ye what I'll do. If the *spec's* sae gude as ye say, gie me security over your insurance, and I'll lend you the twa-three bawbees I hae managed to scrape thegither. If ye lose, I'll seek nae interest, and if ye succeed, ye'll surely share the profits.' The captain saw no other way of raising the money, and hard as was the bargain which old Mathews drove, it was agreed to. The speculation was tried, and proved doubly successful. John was now, comparatively speaking, a rich man; but still he venerated the painted pole and his toy-shop, and would not have parted with his business (which, by the way, fully employed a journeyman and couple of apprentices) for ten times his capital. What the amount of that was, no man, and far less woman, knew. 'Is it three thousand?' says Mrs Mathews in the most winning tone she could utter, one evening when John was in an unusual sunshiny mood. 'Na,' says his daughter, striking the key a little higher, and more directly to the old man's pride—'it's four.' 'It's neither,' replied John, imitating the tone of his daughter; 'but when ye get a man wi' the half o't, I'll tell ye what I'll do—I'll double his fortune.' The old man, however, never lived to fulfil this pleasant promise; for, in a few months after, and just as he was meditating retirement from business in behalf of his son, he was suddenly cut off, leaving his effects to his children after the decease of the mother. Nor was this event long in following. Within less than a year the grave also closed over Mrs Mathews, leaving Robert inheritance to the value of three thousand, and his sister to the value of two thousand pounds.

Now was the heyday of Mr Robert Mathews's wishes. Grief for his parents soon subsided; his old companions began to recognise him; his former habits returned; and a few months saw the old hair-dresser's shop, and every trace of it, obliterated. His mind was irrevocably fixed upon a small moorland estate adjoining that of his friend Newlands, which he was to improve and farm on his own account, and for the purchase of which it was resolved to sell off all the property which his father had acquired in the burgh of K——. His sister, a facile and somewhat vain woman, readily consented to all this, her concurrence being the more easily obtained, that one of her brother's 'gentlemen' companions was soliciting her hand. Still, all the money they could muster was not sufficient to purchase and stock this hill-farm; but that was easily managed by the lawyers—a mortgage concluded the bargain. R. M. Mathews, Esq. of Broadmoor, was now in his own eyes a most important person. The very mention of hair-dressing or perukes put him in a fever; he would, indeed, have given half his fortune had such distressing vocables never been invented. He scorned the idea of his father's journeyman succeeding to the business, even though handsomely offered for the good-will thereof, lest it should perpetuate the remembrance of his origin. Nay, he even went so far as to make it a question in law whether that individual should state in his handbills 'fifteen years journeyman with the late Mr Mathews.' The journeyman, however, kept to his resolution, and now makes almost as good a living under the painted pole as did his respected master and preceptor.

How Mr Mathews of Broadmoor conducted the affairs of his estate is easily told. A mansion was built, quite unsuitable to the extent of his land; hunters and dogs were of course indispensable; and as these luxuries necessarily involved the keeping of company, company was kept of the most expensive description. The companionship of quiet decent farmers was what Mr Mathews could not of course condescend to; and country gentlemen of standing and respectability treated him with the same indifference. In short, his associates were of the most objectionable sort: those of a higher rank, who, despised and excluded by their own circle, sank down to his only for the sake of his wines and the social liberties allowed them. Ignorant of farming and its details as if he had come from a different planet, he had to depend entirely upon the advice of others; and they not knowing, or not caring to know, the condition of his land, gave admonitions often the most contradictory and perplexing. Thus it was that in less than two years he found himself in pecuniary difficulties, and had to raise money by mortgage. To increase his difficulties, his sister married one of his gay companions—the penniless youngest son of a neighbouring family; called up her portion, and departed with her husband for New South Wales. Thus additional mortgages were thrown on Broadmoor; and Mr Mathews, relaxing nothing in his expensive habits, and learning nothing of his business as gentleman-farmer, but getting into debts through racing and other extravagances, was, in the course of eight years, compelled to submit to a sale of his estate.

When his debts were cleared off, he found himself worth somewhat less than six hundred pounds. With this sum he might have succeeded as a farmer. Thousands have built fortunes on less; but farming and a country life were now to him as nauseous as mercantile pursuits. He embarked the remnant of his fortune in some maritime speculations, in partnership with another equally unsettled as himself. Handsome fortunes had recently been made in this line, and what should hinder Robert Mowbray Mathews and his partner from doing what others had done before them? So thought our quondam laird, and so he had always thought at each new turn of his career, till misfortune and failure had taught him the contrary. For a few years, he was seen about town endeavouring to look something like business, but the guise was too flimsy to hide the fact from those who knew him. He was an idle and profligate man. Suddenly he was missed from his accustomed resorts; he had fallen in debt, and fled no one knew whither. Years passed by, and Robert Mathews was found in company

with his former partner as a petty coal-broker in the Scotch metropolis. This, too, like all his other schemes, failed him, or was abandoned for something new; for the last time we happened to observe him, was during the present autumn, in the habiliments of a broken-down jockey, attached to the steps of a public omnibus.

Wyse men alway
Affirme and say,
That best is for a man
Diligently
For to apply
The business that he can;
And in no wyse
To enterpryse
Another faculté;
For he that will,
And can no skyll,
Is never like to the [to thrive].

So saith Sir Thomas More in his 'Merrie jest how a sergeant would learne to play the frere;' and there is a world of sound practical sense in the observation. Had Robert Mathews adhered to his original profession cheerfully and diligently as his father had done, he might in due time have become the country gentleman he so much desired to be. He might have bought his estate, and lived in a quiet and comfortable way on his interests and rentals. Even had he wisely laid out the inheritance his father left him, he might have passed his days in quiet competence; but his ambition and vanity would not rest. For the time being, no pursuit was so contemptible and unprofitable as that which he had attempted, and failed in; none possessed of so many golden attractions as those untried. Thus it was he followed from one profession to another, disappointed when he found that it required diligence and attention to master its details, and disgusted when he had not the patience to bestow that attention and study which alone secure success. Such has been the fatuous career of Robert Mowbray Mathews. And now that tattered figure, with blotched countenance, and eye that seldom meets the public gaze, that shrunken frame and paralysed step which is tottering towards the refuge for the houseless, is the melancholy result.

CARE AND CONDENSATION IN WRITING.

There are some writers who seem to regard mere quickness and facility of production as of more importance than the quality of the thing produced. They insult the public with a flippant boast of the little time which they have thought it necessary to bestow upon a work intended for its acceptance, and make that a subject of triumph which calls for an apology. If the public were in a state of intellectual deprivation, and were too voracious to be nice, these rapid writers might be looked upon as benefactors: but the case is precisely the reverse; the world abounds in books, both good and bad. There is, at all events, no demand for a greater number of the latter kind. We can afford to wait for the result of an author's best exertions, and are not obliged to accept with gratitude the first crude and hurried productions that he is disposed to offer.* It is not the task of a day for a man to enter into competition with such writers as Shakspeare and Milton, or Byron and Wordsworth, or to produce a work of whatever kind, which the world would not willingly let die. A reader is as little curious about the number of hours which a poet may have taken to write his verses, as about the number of arms or legs of his study chair. The question is, whether the verses are good or bad, and not how, when, or where they were composed.

Anna Seward had the impudence to talk of translating an Ode of Horace while dressing her hair. If her translations had been worth a straw, we should have been surprised at her facility; but their real value would have received no additional charm from the mode in which they were produced. On the contrary, we should have had reason to be dissatisfied with them, however good, when we came to consider how much better they might have been made if the author had been less presumptuous and more careful. Her affectation of facility was disrespectful both to Horace and to the public, and her indecent haste or negligence was in direct defiance of the advice of Horace himself. Extreme facility is, generally speaking, an unfavourable indication of the character of an author's mind. Rapid writers, like rapid talkers, are far more frequently shallow than profound. It has been very justly observed, that nothing is such an obstacle to the production of excellence as the power of producing what is pretty good with ease and rapidity.

Rousseau has described 'the ceaseless inquietude' with which he attained the magic and beauty of his style. 'His existing manuscripts,' says D'Israeli, 'display more erasures than Pope's, and show his eagerness to set down his first thoughts, and his art to raise them to the impassioned style of his imagination.'* Dr Johnson has told us of the 'blotted manuscripts of Milton,' and has shown the painful care and fastidiousness of Pope (to which D'Israeli alludes) by the publication of some of the corrected proofs of the translation of Homer. Ugo Foscolo, in his elegant Essay on Petrarch, informs us that if the 'manuscripts did not still exist, it would be impossible to imagine or believe the unwearied pains this poet has bestowed on the correction of his verses.' 'They are curious monuments,' he adds, 'although they afford little aid in exploring by what secret workings the long and laborious meditation of Petrarch has spread over his poetry all the natural charms of sudden and irresistible inspiration.' It is said of the celebrated Bembo that he had a desk with forty divisions, through which each of his sonnets was passed in due succession, at fixed intervals of time, and that at every change of place it received a fresh revisal. Joseph Warton, in his Essay on Pope, quotes the assertion of Fenton, that Waller passed the greatest part of a summer in composing a poem of ten stanzas. 'So that,' adds Fenton, 'however he is generally reputed the parent of those swarms of insect wits who affect to be thought easy writers, it is evident that he bestowed much time and care on his poems before he ventured them out of his hands.' Warton also mentions, in further illustration of his subject, that it is well known that the writings of Voiture, of Sarassin, and La Fontaine, cost them much pains, and were laboured into that facility for which they are so famous with repeated alterations and many erasures. Moliere is reported to have passed whole days in fixing upon a proper epithet or rhyme, although his verses have the flow and freedom of conversation. Some of Rochefoucault's maxims received twenty or thirty revisions, and the author eagerly sought the advice of his friends. Buffon called genius patience.

It is said that Shakspeare never blotted a line. To this we may reply with Ben Jonson, would that he had blotted a thousand! The errors and imperfections that are discoverable even in *his* wondrous pages, are spots on the sun that we often have occasion to wish away. Foreigners constantly throw these defects in the teeth of his national admirers. But Pope, in his Preface to Shakspeare, has shown that the great bard did not always disdain the task of correction, though he sometimes neglected it. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* and the tragedy of *Hamlet* were almost entirely re-written.

'E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art—the art to blot.'

Dryden sometimes, however, corrected his pieces very carefully, when he was not writing hurriedly for bread.

* I hate all those nonsensical stories about Lope de Vega and his writing a play in a morning before breakfast. He had time enough to do it after.—*Hazlitt.*

* My manuscripts, blotted, scratched, interlined, and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me; nor is there one of them but I have been obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to press.—*Rousseau's Confessions.*

He spent a fortnight in composing and correcting the *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*. But what is this, exclaims Dr Johnson, to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose *Equivoque*, a poem of only three hundred and forty-six lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it? Ten years elapsed between the first brief sketch of Goldsmith's *Traveller* and its publication, during which it was nearly re-written two or three times. In his first copy of *The Deserted Village*, the lines were written very wide apart, to give room for alterations; and we are told by Bishop Percy that scarcely a single line in any of Goldsmith's poetical works remained as it was originally written.

The Memoir of Gibbon was composed nine times, and some of Pascal's works were corrected and re-written just as frequently. Addison would stop the press when almost a whole impression of the *Spectator* was worked off, to insert a new preposition or conjunction. Dr Johnson is said to have corrected and improved every new edition of his *Rambler*. Akenside so altered and corrected the *Pleasures of Imagination*, and yet so little satisfied his own judgment, that, after it had passed through several editions, he found it better to re-write it altogether. He did not live to finish the new version, but two or three books or sections of it are now usually included in his works. It is curious to observe his fastidious alterations. His spirited *Epistle to Curio* was first published in heroic couplets, and afterwards turned into an ode in ten-line stanzas. It is true that these two great changes were by no means improvements, but they prove that Akenside was not one of those who think labour needless in a man of genius. He urged this principle, however, too far. He delayed the correction of the warm effusions of his youth until old age had chilled his imagination. This was a sad mistake. But whatever may be the disadvantages of over-labour and too great fastidiousness, they are far less dangerous than errors of an opposite character. I believe no one has seriously recommended haste and negligence of composition. The best critics, on the contrary, have urged the necessity of assiduous care. It is remarkable that some of our most voluminous writers have confessed the great toil and attention which they bestowed upon their works. Cowper, a vigorous, and by some thought a careless poet, in one of his delightful letters observes, that 'to touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse.' He adds, 'I am never weary of it myself.' Moore, whose own poetry, glowing as it is, bears internal evidence of great care, assures us in his Life of Byron, that his lordship was no exception to the general law of nature, that imposes labour as the price of perfection. He gives several curious specimens of the noble poet's fastidious changes of phrase, and his laborious correction of defects. Medwin, in his Life of Shelley, published in the Athenæum, tells us that that poet exercised the severest self-criticism on everything he wrote, and that his manuscripts, like those of Tasso at Ferrara, were scarcely decipherable. His care, however, I should think, was bestowed more on the choice of striking and gorgeous expressions, than on that finish and condensation of style which is now so much neglected. He is too exuberant. Drummond of Hawthornden beautifully and truly says—

> 'I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
> With toil of spirit are so dearly bought.'

In a free translation of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, partly by Sir William Soame, but chiefly by Dryden, authors are strongly cautioned against too much haste:—

> 'Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
> And value not yourself for writing fast.
> ——Of labour not afraid:
> A hundred times consider what you've said;
> Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
> And sometimes add, but oftener take away.'

Horace, who is thought a good authority in such matters, not only advises a poet to keep his work by him for nine years, but particularly insists on the absolute necessity of frequent correction. Beattie confesses in a letter to Sir William Forbes that he thinks it right to let his pieces lie by him for some time, because he was a much more impartial judge of such of his works as he had almost forgotten, than of such as were fresh in his memory.

This is the golden age of periodicals, and though I should be the last to dispute the numerous and great advantages of this species of publication, I confess that I think it has an injurious effect on some of the higher branches of our literature. The genius that should be devoted to works of permanent importance is now often frittered away in divided and hasty contributions to miscellanies of temporary interest. As rapidity and punctuality are great recommendations in a contributor—as the scale of remuneration is regulated more by the quantity than the quality of their articles—and as they are generally published without a genuine signature, and therefore do not involve the reputation of the writer, it is not surprising that terseness, or polish, or condensation of style is never looked for, and rarely met with, in the pages of even the most respectable of our literary periodicals. They exhibit, on the contrary, a vicious redundance of phraseology, and a reckless disdain of all those gentler or severer charms which have cast such an air of immortality about our best English classics.

When we revert to the dignity of Milton, and the grace and amenity of Goldsmith, the manly vigour of Dryden, and the point and elegance of Pope, the weighty sententiousness of Johnson, and the purity, the refinement, and the quiet humour of Addison, we feel how much English literature has suffered by the present popular demand for a species of poetry at once metaphysical and melodramatic, and for crude, flippant, and shallow criticisms, and flashy and turgid essays. The peculiarities of one class of literature have almost always a direct or indirect effect upon all others of the same period. The rapid, inflated, and redundant prose of the present age corresponds with the similar characteristics of its poetry. Mere rapidity and voluminousness are now commonly mistaken for proofs of the power and fruitfulness of genius. When Gray first published his poems, they were so brief, and so few in number, that to give his work the appearance of a volume, he was obliged to swell it out by printing on one side only of the pages. If it had been brought into juxtaposition with the gigantic and bloated quartos of these times, it would have looked more like the ghost of a book than a genuine volume. Were a work of such Lilliputian exterior now published, the author would be laughed at for supposing that it could attract the slightest attention.

> 'As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
> Of painting to foreshorten any part
> Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
> Of all perfections to be plain and brief.'—*Butler.*

In literature, as in everything else, quality, and not quantity is the true test of excellence; and though the remark is a mere truism, it is not the less called for. There may be more wealth in a lady's jewel-box than in a merchant's warehouse, and there is more poetry and thought in five couplets of Pope than in ten cantos of Sir Richard Blackmore. Voluminous and diffuse writers are rarely the favourites of fame. The greater number of those who flourished in former times are now utterly forgotten. Posterity examines unwieldy luggage with a severe and jealous eye, and seems glad of an excuse to toss it into the waves of Lethe. The few voluminous writers whose works still exist, would have been forgotten also, had they not been as careful as they were copious. What a vast crowd of prolific scribblers have these great and happy men survived! How many thousands have been buried under the weight of their own lumber!

Against much that has been already said, it may perhaps be urged that a rich soil is characterised by a

speedy and abundant vegetation. I admit it; but this soil must be cultivated with incessant care, or it will soon be covered with a rank luxuriance of weeds and foliage. I do not maintain that quick conceptions are not a sign of genius, but that to connect glorious thoughts with words fit to enshrine and represent them, is a difficulty only to be overcome by assiduous toil and study. It is justly remarked by Shenstone, that fine writing is the result of spontaneous thoughts and laboured composition. Burns has acknowledged that though his ideas were easy and rapid, the necessary correction of his verses was a heavy task. The great Milton well knew the advantage of condensation, and after dictating about forty lines, would reduce them to half that number. It was the custom of Virgil 'to pour out his verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies.' A French author happily illustrated the comparative facility of a diffuse style, when he apologised for the length of a letter by stating that he had not time to write a shorter one.

The writers of the present day, both in prose and verse, possess perhaps, taken as a body, more energy of thought and passion, and more of the genuine spirit of inspiration, than their predecessors in the time of Queen Anne; and if they were only half as careful and condensed, their great superiority would be evident. But too many of them are prodigal of their intellectual wealth, and waste their powers.*

THRIFT, OR NOTHING IS USELESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

John Schmid was an old soldier with a wooden leg: he was so poor, that for some years he was obliged to solicit alms from door to door in the villages near to that in which he lived, which was situated on the lake of Constance. Now, however, old John Schmid sits at his ease in his arm-chair; he is in independent circumstances; yet few people guess how he came by his wealth. One affirms that he discovered a secret treasure; others have gone so far as to hint that he made a compact with the Evil One. When such hints are dropped in my presence, I fail not to reprove the speakers. I know better the means by which the old soldier got rich, and I will tell you how it was.

John Schmid had three sons, whom he had brought up well in spite of his poverty; for he not only furnished them with good advice, but with a good example, and suffered many privations that he might send them to school. One morning in spring, as the old man was dividing amongst them the bread which was to break their fast, he said, 'My children, you are now old enough to gain your own livelihood; but you must not beg while there are other means of obtaining it—that would be taking bread out of the mouths of those who may want it more than you. Pierre,' he continued, turning to the eldest, 'you are fourteen years old, and have sharp eyes—use them to seek employment. You, Gabriel, though a year younger, have strong arms—set them to work. You, George, though only eleven, have stout legs—profit by them.'

'But what,' exclaimed the three boys at once, 'would you have us to do?'

John Schmid answered, 'I know that you have neither land to cultivate, wood to fell, nor flocks to tend; but there are many things that are thrown away as useless, but which with a little industry may be collected and made profitable. By and by I will show you how. Do not spend the money which you will earn in obedience to your wants, but economise it for the necessities of the future, be it ever so little. Could you save only a batz a-day, each would amass at the end of the year twenty-four florins.'

Upon this John Schmid set about showing his sons how they might earn their bread. He desired them to go in different directions to collect the following articles: first, bones, the largest of which they could sell to the turners, who made them into various useful and ornamental articles, while the smaller were required by farmers for manure. Secondly, pieces of broken glass, to be disposed of to the glass-workers for recasting. As it was spring, he charged them to get together all the rose-leaves and elder-blossoms which fell in their way, and for which apothecaries give good prices. He also reminded his sons, that by a little inquiry the chemists would point out what other plants and roots they required. Upholsterers would purchase cows' hair, saddlers, coach-makers, and chair-makers, horse hair. Besides these articles, he mentioned rags for paper-makers, bristles for brush manufacturers, quills, pins, hedge-wool, birdweed, and several other things which might be turned into money with no other trouble than that of seeking out and collecting them.

The sons did as they were desired, under the guidance of their father. During the spring and summer they collected and sold with such success, that their profits daily augmented.

When autumn came, they sought things of a different kind. Wherever they could obtain permission they gathered wild fruits, some of which could be made into vinegar and other useful articles. From the woods they obtained quantities of acorns and the seeds of other species of trees, for which they obtained a good price sometimes from foresters, at others from grain-dealers. They also got together heaps of horse-chestnuts, and took them to the mill to be ground. The miller thought they were going to eat this bitter flour, and made himself merry at the expense of their curious taste; but John Schmid's sons let him laugh, and took their horse-chestnut-flour to the bookbinders, card-board-makers, and others who make use of paste, the glutinousness of which it increases. Immediately after a warm shower, the young Schmids sought for mushrooms, which they disposed of to the epicures of the neighbourhood.

Having saved a quantity of birch-twigs, rushes, and osiers, the old man and his sons occupied the winter months in making brooms, chair-bottoms, and baskets, so that their cottage appeared both like a warehouse and a workshop. In this way the spring returned, and old John Schmid thought it advisable to see what had been gained during the year. On opening the box in which the cash was deposited, he found that each of his three sons had contributed more than a batz a-day of savings, for the money-box contained 104 florins and 23 kreutzers. At the sight of the hoard the sons were delighted, for they had never before seen so large a sum at once. John Schmid immediately carried the money to a wholesale tradesman in a large town, and deposited it with him at interest.

John Schmid, now no longer a beggar, employed himself solely in helping his sons to sell off the merchandise they collected. This went on for four years, at the end of which the family had amassed 614 florins! As, however, their riches increased, the young men grew independent in their manners, and disputed amongst themselves; one accusing the other of not working hard enough, of selling too cheaply, or of extravagance in treating himself to a cup of wine rather too often. Poor old Schmid!—do all he could, he was unable on some occasions to settle these discussions. Nothing seemed likely to cure the evil but separation; and addressing his sons, he said, 'Take each of you one hundred florins, and seek your fortunes in the world; industry and economy always prosper. The rest of the capital shall remain in the hands of the banker, in case that any unforeseen misfortune should fall on any of us so as to need it. But while it remains untouched, the interest will be added to the principal.' To this the

* The above is abridged, with the approbation of the author, from Mr D. L. Richardson's *Literary Leaves*. It meets views which we have ourselves long entertained on the subject.

young men agreed; and taking each his apportioned sum, bade adieu to their father. They took their departure, each in a different direction. Pierre went eastward, Gabriel westward, and George towards the south. John Schmid grieved to part with his children; but he knew it was for their good, and bore his regrets in silence.

Years rolled on. John Schmid grew old and weak, but he would not touch a kreutzer of his children's capital. At length he fell ill; and some of his neighbours, pitying his lonely state, sent him relief; others declared they had poor enough of their own to support, and though he had lived in their village for twenty-one years, threatened to send him away as a stranger. Upon this old John wrote to the merchant who held the money, saying, 'Send me 300 florins of the capital I deposited in your hands; for I am aged and weak, and for fourteen years I have not heard of my children. Doubtless they are dead. It will not be long ere I follow them to the grave.'

The honest merchant promptly replied to the old man's demand. 'I return you,' he wrote, 'the sum you ask. The balance remaining is perhaps greater than you imagine. It has increased, little by little, to more than 1000 florins.'

When the money arrived, the peasants stared with wonder, and declared that John Schmid must be a conjurer. But the old man himself, in spite of his riches, was unhappy. He wished to join his sons, whom he thought to be no more. He would often exclaim, 'I shall die in solitude; no son is left to close my eyes.' However, he recovered from his illness, and it was destined that he should not die alone.

One Sunday evening he was seated with other peasants under a linden-tree, when a servant on horseback rode up, and inquired if any one could direct him to the cottage of John Schmid? The villagers, full of astonishment, replied, 'You need not seek him in his house, for he is here.' As they stared and whispered inquiries to one another as to what was to come next, two handsome carriages entered the village, and stopped before old Schmid's door. Three well-dressed gentlemen and two ladies descended from the coaches, and as old John made his appearance, threw themselves successively into his arms. 'My dear father,' said the eldest, 'can it be possible that you have forgotten us? I am Pierre. I have become a wholesale grocer at Varsovie, in Poland, and this lady is my wife.' Then the second spoke:—'I am your son Gabriel, and also bring you a daughter-in-law. I, too, reside at Varsovie, and deal in corn.' Presently the third son came forward. 'I,' he said, 'am George. I have recently returned from India, where I made a fortune by commerce. Seeing by the Gazettes that my brothers were in Poland, I joined them, and we all agreed to travel hither to seek you, and to make you happy for the rest of your life.' Poor John Schmid was quite overcome, and shed tears. He invoked blessings on his children. 'To you,' exclaimed one of them, 'we owe all our good fortune. Had you not taught us that nothing, be it ever so despised, is useless—had you not made us industrious, persevering, and economical, we should still have been mendicants.'

The rest of John Schmid's life was spent in happiness, for one or other of his sons always remained with him. The money, which had accumulated during their long absence, was drawn from the merchant in whose hands it had so much increased, and employed in building a school for the gratuitous education of poor children.

To those who, like me, were aware of the means by which the Schmids grew rich, their rise in the world is known to be the certain result of integrity, industry, and perseverance in turning to account things generally considered useless. Spite, however, of all I can urge, one or two of the more prejudiced villagers shrug their shoulders when John Schmid's name is mentioned, and insinuate that he must have made a compact with a certain nameless person.

A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKSPEARE.

The plays of Shakspeare have become a text-book of such extensive reference, that a verbal index to *all* the passages must be regarded as of the greatest utility. This desideratum has been supplied by Mrs Cowden Clarke, who, with wonderful patience and perseverance, has employed herself during twelve years in arranging alphabetically every word used in the thirty-seven plays, and indicating against it the act and scene in which it occurs, printing at the same time so much of each passage in which the expression occurs, as to show the inquirer that it is the one he may be seeking. Thus, under the word 'Apothecary,' we find—

Bid the apothecary—2 *Henry VI.* iii. 3.
Civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my—*Lear*, iv. 6.
I do remember an apothecary—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1.
What, ho! apothecary. Who calls so loud—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1.
O true apothecary, thy drugs are quick—*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3.

The concordance is published in monthly parts; and we trust that the persevering authoress will be adequately repaid for the vast expenditure of time, labour, and patience, which her work has required.

AN ENIGMA.

'Tis seen each day, and heard of every hour,
Yet no one sees, or ever hears its power;
It is familiar with the prince and sage,
As well as with the peasant. In each age,
Since time began, it has been known full well;
And yet nor earth nor heaven nor even hell
Has e'er contained it, or e'er known its worth.
It does exist, and yet it ne'er had birth;
It nowhere is, and yet it finds a home
In almost every page of every tome;
The greatest bliss to human nature here
Is having it to doubt, and dread, and fear.
It gives us pain when measuring the esteem
Of those we fondly worship in Love's dream.
It gives us pleasure instantly to hear
From those we love; sweet friendship it can sear.
Thought cannot compass it, yet ne'ertheless
The lip can easily its sense express.
'Tis not in sleep, for sleep hath worlds of dreams;
Yet plain and easy to each mind it seems,
For men of all degree and every clime
Can speak of it. Eternity nor time
Hath it beheld. It singularly sounds
To foreign ears. Title, wealth, and fame,
However great, must end in it the same.
It is, is not. It can be heard, although
Nor man nor angel e'er its sound can know.

COMMON LIFE.

The cares, and toils, and necessities, the refreshments and delights of common life, are the great teachers of common sense: nor can there be any effective school of sober reason where these are excluded. Whoever, either by elevation of rank or peculiarity of habits, lives far removed from this kind of tuition, rarely makes much proficiency in that excellent quality of the intellect. A man who has little or nothing to do with other men, on terms of open and free equality, needs the native sense of five to behave himself with only a fair average of propriety.—*History of Enthusiasm.*

NEW WORK OF MESSRS CHAMBERS.

MESSRS CHAMBERS respectfully announce their intention of speedily commencing

A NEW WEEKLY WORK

of an entertaining and instructive nature, and of unexampled cheapness. Prospectuses, detailing the nature of the work and terms of publication, will appear in due time.

EDINBURGH, *August* 26, 1844.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, September 21, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 39. New Series. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1844. Price 1½d.

PROFESSION.

Profession and practice are, by universal confession, very different things. It is all a matter of natural disposition. Some have a turn for profession; others have a genius for practice. We must not expect all qualities to be united in one person. These rarely are so. On the contrary, persons with a predisposition to either, seldom exhibit any trait of the opposite quality. The man of profession has little or no practice; the man of practice has hardly any profession. It looks like an eccentricity of nature, and few are more odd or noticeable. Everybody is invariably as much surprised to find profession disunited from practice, as if it were a fact entirely new to him in the economy of human nature.

Unexpected, however, as this phenomenon always is, and confounded as all men are when it comes strongly under their attention, there must be some law of our mental system concerned in it, rendering it no wonder when rightly considered. May it not be this? That the sense of those wishes, tendencies, or inclinations which prompt profession, is sufficient to satisfy many persons, without their taking the trouble or going to the expense of realising them in action. I, for instance, am charitably inclined. I never hear of people being unclothed, but I would wish to send them apparel. I never hear of them being sick, but I would wish to see them restored to health. I never hear of great multitudes being in starvation for want of employment, but I feel most anxious that they should all get work next week, or, at the worst, be fully relieved from their misery by subscription. Now, I cannot wish to see the naked clothed, the sick healed, or the unemployed relieved, without a gratification to my benevolence. This feeling places me at my ease. I have done something in the case. I look benevolently on with my hands in my pockets, secure from all attacks from my own conscience or any other quarter, in the thick panoply of good wishes in which I am enshrouded. Perhaps I go farther than this, and feel indignant at the cold-hearted people who regard the sufferers with indifference; in which case I am the less likely to think of doing anything in behalf of the good object, seeing that the merit of my benevolent sensations is then the more powerfully brought before me. Or, say that I am a person possessing a strong sense of the value and importance of certain moral feelings. I cherish this sense, and do all I can to impart it to others. In other words, I preach much, and take every opportunity of condemning all departures from the right course. And what can be more natural than that I, satisfied with the earnest entertainment and advocacy of such feelings, should either never think of acting positively in obedience to them, or make occasional trespasses into the opposite ground? I know that my wishes are right; I tell everybody else to be good, as I wish myself to be. My nature is satisfied, and at ease; therefore I may take no further trouble. Amidst inclinations so splendid, a few external manifestations in act and deed would be insignificant. Protected, sanctioned, made holy by such noble dispositions, even a few indulgences in an opposite course of action are nothing. It might not do for others, for they are weak in tendency; but with me there can be no fear. Hence, I err with a peaceful mind. Such, I think, may be an approximation to the true theory of that separation of practice from profession which is so often remarked. In this light, of course, profession appears as the enemy of practice. It is a weed which supplants or suffocates the right flower. And they are not to be expected to appear often flourishing together.

It would be rash, nevertheless, to set down the profession in such cases as altogether false and hollow. This is a vulgar kind of mistake often made. The feelings are as genuine as feelings ever are, although destined never to undergo the test of deed. They are not assumed or pretended for a show merely, or as an excuse for the absence of active benevolence. That absence is an accident for which the feelings are not responsible. They are there, true and earnest sentiments, wistful of the right, but only happen to be unaccompanied by sufficient impulse to produce action, or are of a nature to be satisfied with themselves, and supersede all presumption of a necessity for anything else. Were they not, indeed, real—real in their own way—our explanation would fall entirely to the ground, for they could not then be supposed to have that power of satisfying the conscience which has been assumed.

On the other hand, it is easy to see how practice is often unaccompanied by profession. The act indisposes to the word. Satisfied with having done what was right, filled, perhaps, with a pride—a just pride—in the act, we feel that talk would be equally unnecessary and degrading. Or it may be that the right course has been taken more from intellectual perception of what was proper and fitting, than from sentimental impulse; and profession is accordingly absent, simply because there is no feeling calling for display.

If I be right in my speculations on the cause of the frequent exhibition of profession without practice, it must follow that profession, in however oblique and secretive a way it may be made, is fraught with danger to the human character. And perhaps in such circumstances as those attending our present national position, there is more than the customary need for a warning against this perilous principle; for how much is there now in the state of large portions of the community to call forth expressions of sympathy from other classes, and how often do we see these expressions wasting themselves on the desert air, altogether unat-

tended by practical benevolence of any kind! We cannot doubt, if the theory be correct, that all such professions must be working an effect on those who make them, producing self-satisfaction, and taking away from, instead of aiding, all righteous actions. Whether for this exigency, or for common life in all its phases, let us keep strongly in view the danger of all profession whatever which is not immediately attended with appropriate action. Better it would be for any one who hears of misery, private or public, to let it pass without remark, than to indulge a condolence over it, which, while altogether fruitless for the benefit of the suffering, tends to build up the speaker in a practical inattention to all distress. More agreeable would it be to find a young person entirely regardless of the outcries of the miserable, than to see him get into a habit of professing sympathy, without at the same time acquiring the habit of making exertions and undergoing self-denials for the sake of turning those cries into the murmurs of relieved humanity.

MR KOHL IN ENGLAND.

It is a question whether an author who places familiar things in a new light, does not excite more interest in his readers' minds, than he who describes novelties or discoveries. Indeed, a stranger often makes discoveries concerning things which, having been constantly under our own observation, have been always regarded with that sort of contempt which familiarity is said to breed, and deemed too obvious and commonplace for minute investigation. From this cause arises the fact, that more information is to be obtained from visitors concerning any city or remarkable locality, than from natives or inhabitants. Strangers regard certain objects with curiosity, because they are new and strange, while those who see them every day pass them over with no closer observation than is necessary to a mere consciousness of their existence. Let, however, the stranger once indicate to the native or inhabitant the points of interest which belong to such objects, and the familiarity which previously caused them to be passed over is a source of a new and great pleasure. For these reasons, it is to be expected that Kohl's Travels in Great Britain* will be read with more eagerness by the English public than the entertaining books of foreign travel, translations of which—thanks to the proprietors of the 'Foreign Library'—we have had the opportunity of perusing.

'It was,' says the amusing German, 'by the Birmingham down-train that I ventured to take my first timid steps into the English world.' Birmingham, therefore, was the first stage at which he commenced his inquiries—one of the earliest of which, places before us a fact regarding manufacturers in general, which few amongst us have thought it worth while to notice; namely, that commonplace and even vulgar as people are apt to suppose the avocations of a Birmingham hardwareman, yet, in reality, to carry on his business profitably, he must possess a great variety of geographical and ethnographical knowledge. In describing a show-room, the author observes—'As the people of Birmingham extend their speculations over the whole world, one may see in show-rooms of this description articles, the utility of which is estimated only by the wild inhabitants of some distant and uncivilised land. Here, for instance, I saw some strangely-fashioned money, current among certain negro nations of Africa. South America, and America generally, are, however, the principal customers, and the constant study of the manufacturers is to find something that may please the tastes and fancies prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. To carry on speculations of this description, an exact knowledge of the laws regulating the import duties of distant countries is absolutely necessary. Thus, for instance, the import duties in Russia on all metal wares are regulated by weight. Candlesticks and other articles destined for that market are, in consequence, made hollow, and filled up after their arrival there.' These remarks were further illustrated when the traveller arrived at Manchester, whose merchants are not behind their Birmingham brethren in this sort of knowledge. 'Every country has its particular partialities in the goods it purchases; or, as the Belfast merchants say, "Every market has its whim." The speculating merchant must always be well acquainted with these, no less than with the real wants and customs of each nation. From the Manchester warehouses great quantities of black cloth are annually sent to Italy, in order to clothe the innumerable priests of that country; but this black cloth must always be of a particular coal black, without the slightest tinge of brown or blue. Goods must also be packed differently for different nations; thus, at Messrs Potters's, I saw bales of cotton intended for China packed in the Chinese manner, and decorated with bright tasteful little pictures, representing Chinese customs, ceremonies, costumes, &c. Nor must the manner of transport used in the interior of the countries for which they are intended be forgotten in the packing of the goods. Wares to be carried on the backs of elephants, camels, or lamas, must be differently packed from those to be conveyed by wagons, canals, or railways.' Birmingham, so exclusively devoted to the useful arts, is complained of for having few ornamental buildings or public trophies. There is only one statue in the whole town—that of Lord Nelson. 'A city,' exclaims Kohl, 'of 200,000 living specimens of humanity, and only one marble man amongst them!'

After Stafford, the series of towns known as 'The Potteries' was visited. Here the traveller states he was 'not a little surprised, among the outside passengers to find a wealthy manufacturer from Manchester; the masters, therefore, are not above riding in the same carriages with the workmen.' We are glad to take every opportunity of marking the progress of social intercourse between the rich and humble, which we have previously found so much pleasure in noticing.* Our author next proceeded to Chester, which, besides being one of the oldest, is one of the most curious towns in Great Britain. A description of it by so lively a writer as Kohl cannot fail to interest a large majority of our readers, who have doubtless heard less of this strange city than if it were a continental town. Its plan 'is the simplest that I know. Its walls form a parallelogram, and the two main streets intersect each other at right angles, dividing the parallelogram into four equal quarters, and then extend somewhat beyond the walls. From these main streets a number of bye streets run off on both sides. On the walls is a footpath, with room for two or three persons to pass each other, so that one may walk completely round the city. Indeed, these city walls, two miles in circumference, form the chief promenade of the townspeople. According to tradition, they were built by Cymbeline, in the century before the

* England, Wales, and Scotland, by J. G. Kohl, forming parts 17 and 19 of the Foreign Library. London: Chapman and Hall. 1844.

* See paper on the Social Effects of Railways, No. 38, new series.

birth of Christ. Of course they have undergone many alterations since then, and in later times they have been much reduced in height, and converted to their present purpose of a public walk five feet in breadth; and a curious promenade it is; sometimes up hill, and sometimes down; at one point closely wedged in between houses, while at another the narrow path passes under some ancient watch-tower; here it runs under a gateway, and there we must descend a flight of steps, because the wall has been cleared away to make room for a street; now we pass behind the venerable cathedral, and now in front of the spacious old castle, which has been converted into a military barrack. There is only one other town in England that can boast of an equally singular public walk—namely, York, which is surrounded by just such another old wall. To say the truth, Chester is the very town for curious promenades, for it contains walks even more curious than the wall I have endeavoured to describe. These are "the Rows," as they are called. They are long covered passages, running parallel with the streets, through the first floors of the houses. The thing is not very easy to describe. Let the reader imagine the front wall of the first floor of each house to have been taken away, leaving that part of the house completely open towards the street, the upper part being supported by pillars or beams. Let him then imagine the side-walls also to have been pierced through, to allow a continuous passage along the first floors of all the houses. How the people of Chester came in this way to spoil their best floor in so many of their houses, is a matter that was never made perfectly clear to me. We have also a number of towns in Germany, particularly in Silesia and the Austrian dominions, where covered passages, for the accommodation of the public, have been made to run through or round private houses; but then these passages or galleries are always on the ground-floor, and on a level with the street. Some English antiquaries will have it, that these Rows were intended as a means of defence, Chester being exposed to frequent attacks from the Welsh on one side, and from the Scots on the other, when, after the city walls had been forced, the citizens were able to defend themselves in these Rows. In support of this theory it has been asserted, that in all the battles which, during the civil wars in England, occurred in Chester, the party in possession of "the Rows" almost invariably obtained the victory. It must not be imagined that these Rows form a very regular or uniform gallery. On the contrary, it varies according to the size or circumstances of each house through which it passes. Sometimes, when passing through a small house, the ceiling is so low, that one finds it necessary to doff the hat, while in others one passes through a space as lofty as a saloon. In one house the Row lies lower than in the preceding, and one has, in consequence, to go down a step or two; and perhaps, a house or two farther, one or two steps have to be mounted again. In one house a handsome new-fashioned iron railing fronts the street; in another only a mean wooden paling. In some stately houses the supporting columns are strong, and adorned with handsome antique ornaments; in others the wooden piles appear time-worn, and one hurries past them, apprehensive that the whole concern must topple down before long. The ground-floors, over which the Rows pass, are inhabited by a humble class of tradesmen; but it is at the back of the Rows themselves that the principal shops are to be found. This may give an idea of how lively and varied a scene is generally to be seen there. Indeed the Rows are generally full of people either making their little purchases in the shops, or mounting to these boarded floors, to avoid the disagreeable pavement of the streets. Perhaps these Rows may be in some way connected with another singularity pointed out to me at Chester. The streets do not, as in other towns, run along the surface of the ground, but have been cut into it, and that, moreover, into a solid rock. The Rows are in reality on a level with the surface of the ground, and the carriages rolling along below them are passing through a kind of artificial ravine. The back wall of the ground-floor is everywhere formed by the solid rock, and the courtyards of the houses, their kitchens, and back-buildings, lie generally ten or twelve feet higher than the street. The English historians and antiquaries have given themselves a great deal of trouble about this matter, without having ever been able to assign a rational hypothesis as to the motives which could have induced the ancient settlers in Chester to undertake so colossal a work as to hollow out all their streets. For my part, I own myself unable to suggest either a reasonable motive or an unreasonable one.'

A mass of statistics and observation, well worthy of perusal, is the result of an examination of Liverpool. Thence the traveller wended his way into Wales, where he discovered in the language and people a striking affinity to those of the Tyrol. 'My companion, with whom I spent the evening at Caernarvon, was of opinion that a close affinity existed between the Welsh and the Tyrolese. He told me he had been in the Tyrol, and had there remarked the admiration with which his servant, a native of Wales, observed everywhere the Tyrolese, their manners, and their costume, and everywhere discovered something that reminded him of home. In some of the valleys of the Tyrol, he said, his Welsh servant was even able to understand the language of the place, and to make himself understood by the people. Upon these facts my companion grounded an opinion that the Tyrolese and the Welsh must be one and the same people. His opinion seemed to me the more deserving of attention, as he was no scholar, nor at all pre-occupied by learned theories. He understood nothing of German, knew very little of the distribution of the Celtic race, and nothing of the various dialects spoken in the Tyrolese valleys. In these dialects, even among those who speak German, it is a well-known fact that a great many old Celtic words occur. Indeed a part of the Tyrolese may be looked on as a tribe of German-speaking Celts: these Celtic words, no doubt, caught the ear of the Welsh servant. Much that is Celtic, it is equally true, has been preserved in the manners of the Tyrolese, and I am not surprised that the Welsh servant should be struck by a multitude of things that reminded him of home. The love of music, poetry, and song, is common to the Welsh and the Tyrolese, not merely because they are both mountaineers, but probably in consequence of their common Celtic origin. In the costume, I also was struck by many similarities, such as the round, high, tapering, black beaver hat of the Welsh women, which is seen nowhere else in Great Britain, nor anywhere in Germany, except in the Tyrol. The Welsh women enjoy also in England the same reputation for personal attraction, or rather for the want of it, as the Tyrolese in Germany.' Here we think it right to interpose our own Welsh experiences to check what we must designate a forced comparison. The hats we have seen on the heads of the female peasantry of Wales are not high and tapering like those of the Swiss, but much the same as those worn throughout Great Britain by men; neither were the faces which appeared under them so devoid of attractiveness as our German critic would lead the reader to suppose. Indeed, the fair sex of South Wales is remarkable for comeliness, and we can answer for a large proportion of female beauty existing in North Wales. 'When,' continues the parallel, 'I then thought of the bacon dumplings of the Tyrolese, of their millet porridge, buttermilk, and hard bread, and then turned to Leigh's book on Wales, and read that the Welsh "are very abstemious, bacon, oatmeal porridge, sour milk, potatoes, and a hard heavy kind of black bread being their chief food," I was almost inclined to agree with my companion that there must be a very close affinity between the two races. "The Tyrolese are famous in Germany," said I, "for their quickness to quarrel and take offence." "There we have it again; precisely the character of our Welsh-

men—quarrelsome, violent—a most violent people."' From Wales Mr Kohl went to Ireland, and we have already given an account of his travels there.* His Scottish adventures, which immediately succeeded, we shall speak of hereafter. Passing over Carlisle, Newcastle, Durham, and York, we take our rapid traveller up at Leeds, the cloth-hall of which, as being one of the greatest curiosities, was the first to attract his attention. 'The regulations of the cloth-hall are rather curious: there are only two market-days, Saturday and Tuesday, and even on these days the time for transacting business is rigorously limited to precisely eighty minutes. The meaning of this is to save time, by promoting the rapid and energetic despatch of business. It is found that in this short time as much, nay, perhaps more business is done than in the former longer periods; for no time is now wasted in hesitation or delay, but both buyer and seller say at once what they mean, and lose neither words nor minutes over their bargains. I would fain put this whole paragraph in italics, for the benefit of my German countrymen, who might borrow a useful hint from the busy cloth-hall of Leeds. The enormous mass of business transacted there during the year requires, in consequence of these regulations, only about one hundred and thirty-five hours.' Mr Kohl reached Manchester at a time of great depression and distress, which he does not fail to depict, by several facts that came under his observation; but he does not state with sufficient emphasis that the poverty and privation in which he found masses of the operative inhabitants plunged were merely temporary. Thus he will lead half Europe to suppose that this town is eminent for destitution and want. He describes truly enough what was happening in 1842 at the time he was there; but this temporary state of things, described as it is in his *permanent* record of facts and observations, will be always attributed to Manchester by those who have no better sources of information than his own. This we cannot help regretting; for the scenes of destitution and crime to which he alludes are even at this moment much ameliorated. Trade has revived, and prosperity has cast its cheering influence over the manufacturing population. Still, distress is not always the cause of the misery and crime to which English operatives are subject—ignorance is perhaps an equally prolific source. Respecting the value of general intelligence in a workman, in contradistinction to that 'special training' or concentration of his faculties upon one branch of art, and upon that only, Kohl makes, while at Manchester, some admirable remarks. After lamenting the absurd prejudices which still exist against the thorough education of operatives, and against the temperance movement, he says, 'Some of the more enlightened manufacturers, however, have of late years begun to see the absurdity of these prejudices. The statements of a certain Mr Fairbairn, one of the principal manufacturers of Manchester, show them to be totally unfounded. This experienced and enlightened man affirmed that in his establishment he always selected, for every kind of employment requiring any skill or forethought, those men whose general education had been liberal and thorough, in preference to those whose acquirements were limited to what was conferred upon them by the "special training." He found that it was only the very lowest and most mechanical of the factory employments which were not far better performed by well-educated men than by those more ignorant; and that even in these lowest departments there would every now and then occur cases in which superiority of education gave a workman a very great advantage and value. He also maintained that the educated workmen were far more moderate in their demands, and quiet and manageable in their behaviour, than the ignorant ones, who were perpetually actuated by a blind envious animosity to their masters, which it was very difficult for any kindness or liberality on the part of these to overcome. "In case of any discontents or disturbances among our workpeople, when strikes and combinations are apprehended, the best plan is always to collect the more intelligent and well-informed among them, and converse with them for a while in a friendly and sensible way, until they are gained over to see the folly of their proceedings, and to act as checks upon the turbulence and stupidity of the rest." Mr Fairbairn also stated, that it was a very mistaken notion to imagine that drinking really enabled the workmen to sustain fatigue better, and to perform their work with more activity. It might indeed confer a certain temporary stimulus in cases of great fatigue, but this was more than compensated by the dulness, heaviness, and feebleness which it afterwards brings on. In his own establishment, he was always careful to have a plentiful supply of good drinking water at all hours for his men, and he found that this refreshed and strengthened them as much as fermented liquor, without the bad consequences of the latter. He referred at the same time to the instance of the boatmen of Constantinople, who are all what would here be called teetotallers, and who are the most powerful, athletic, and handsome set of men imaginable. He also strenuously denied the truth of the belief, that the best and most active workmen were generally given to drinking, affirming that such cases were very exceptional.' In proof of the bad effects of the shutting out of all ideas from a workman's mind save those which appertain specially to his employment, Kohl declares that abroad, where an opposite system exists, English workmen are, in spite of their undeniable skill and industry, much disliked for their lawlessness, ignorance, and brutality. 'Even where it is found necessary to employ them, this is always done reluctantly and fearfully.' Instances are adduced of the outrageous conduct of our operatives in various parts of the world, which we could not extract without a blush of shame for our misguided and ignorant countrymen; and this chiefly attributable to the want of a proper general education at home.

Mr Kohl has evidently a passion for strong contrasts; hence it is that he went straight from Manchester to Oxford, and no two places can be more strikingly dissimilar. But the contrast from the bustling manufacturing town to the academic quietude of Oxford, was not greater than that presented by the college system in England and the student life in Germany. 'The lower classes of English society are totally unrepresented at these institutions. How many sons of wealthy peasants and mechanics are to be found at all our German universities; but at Oxford, those whom I questioned had great difficulty in naming to me a single farmer's son. The average annual expense of a tolerably economical student at Oxford is estimated at L.200. We have among our students many living in a garret, feeding on bread and water, and contriving, by giving lessons in Latin, Greek, drawing, music, or whatever else is required, to work their way arduously to learning and distinction; these are not to be found at Oxford. Here the roads are smoother, and the objects to be aimed at are fixed for every one beforehand. Science is clipped and polished to the semblance of a smooth artificial well-fenced cloister-garden, into which nothing free, natural, or not according to rule, is admitted. Every one knows his road; no one loses his way; but no one cuts new roads, or discovers new points of view for himself. At our universities, science is still a free, graceful, fertile wilderness. Thousands of students plunge into this wilderness. Many follow their own way, and some lose themselves in consequence. But many arrive at new and beautiful scenes and discoveries; and all owe to their own efforts whatever they attain. At Oxford, where everything is learnt by rote, the students must owe everything to the ancient mould in which their minds are here cast.'

Mr Kohl took Salisbury, Stonehenge, Eton, and Windsor in his way back to London, whence he departed for Winchester, and embarked for the continent

* See 'Mr Kohl in Ireland,' No. 3, new series.

from Southampton. Here we take leave of Mr Kohl for the present. After noticing his wanderings in Scotland, we shall have much pleasure in meeting him on the subject of 'London,' a separate account of which he is, it appears, preparing.

THE RICCAREE WAR-SPEAR.

A TALE OF THE MANDAN INDIANS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

BETWEEN the spot tenanted by the great Mandan village on the Missouri, some years since, and that occupied by the Riccarees, is a stream of considerable volume, known as Cannon-ball River. This body of water, partaking of the general features which distinguish the tributaries of the Missouri, is slow, muddy, and deep, with high, and in general precipitous banks. Not far from its confluence with the above branch of the famed Mississippi, is a diminutive valley surrounded on all sides by low bushes, save where it faces the river. A few trees—cotton-wood and willow, for the most part—grow here and there around it, while its centre is a perfectly green and level lawn of young prairie grass. Illumined by the first ray of morning, which came quivering across the vast sublimity of endless plains stretching east and west to the frontiers of the states and the Rocky Mountains, it appeared, but for one circumstance, as still and lone as it probably did at the creation. Though the silence of the place was unbroken, twelve men were congregated in the open sward in the centre of the vale. A fire, composed of some half dozen small sticks, the ends being kept carefully together, was in the centre of the group. The bodies of the men were naked, save the cloth round the middle, and their skins curiously bedaubed with red and white paint, as if to render themselves as hideous as possible. In their heads were stuck feathers, and the long unshorn locks sufficiently designated them as Indians, distinct from the races ordinarily met with on the frontiers and outlying military and commercial ports of the Americans. There was an exception to the general rule in the person of one who, evidently the chief of the party, had his appropriate mark of distinction in the shape of a head-dress, or mane of war-eagle quills and ermine, while the buffalo robe on which he sat, in common with his followers, was more richly ornamented. Behind each man, on the ground, lay the buffalo-hide shield, the short bow with its sinew strings, the well-supplied quiver, and the flat club or tomahawk, as well as the spear, so deadly in the hands of the North American Indian. The chief's arms were staked in the ground within reach of his hand. Any one accustomed to the wilds, and who had looked upon them for an instant, would have had no hesitation in pronouncing them a war-party of the distinct and extraordinary tribe known by the name of Mandans. A personal friend of the race would have designated the head warrior, who sat in anxious thought, as Mah-to-toh-pa, the Four Bears, who, though second in command in the nation, was by far its most distinguished brave, and whose painted buffalo robe, with rude representations of his most famous warlike feats, was held in equal respect with the armorial bearings and achievements of any earl or duke amongst the civilised nations of the earth.

After a brief pause the chief rose, and, assuming his arms, led the way towards the water's edge. All save one followed; and two canoes were drawn from their concealment in the bushes, into which the whole party, amid short questions and answers, entered, and took their way across the stream in the direction of the Riccaree village. The warrior who remained was the younger and favourite brother of Mah-to-toh-pa, whom a wound in the leg totally disabled for walking. On ordinary occasions, they would not have parted without affectionate words; but they were now on the war-path, when nought save the prosecution of their fierce designs of revenge and hatred could be permitted to enter into their thoughts, or, at all events, into the expression of them. The wounded warrior, a fine noble-looking young fellow, rose after some ten minutes, and standing upright, his wound rendering his motions slow, peered cautiously around in every direction. His glance was at first careless, and as if he looked about more from habit than from any necessity for caution which could exist; but suddenly his eye rested on something which chained his attention for a second—it was, however, but for a second—and then, as if he had seen nothing, he kept turning round in his gradual survey. On rising, he had resumed his bow; and scarcely had he been startled by the object which had interrupted the even tenor of his examination, when an arrow was on its flight in the direction of a cluster of bushes on the western side of the valley. Another arrow crossed it on its way, and entered the side of the Mandan warrior, two Riccarees appearing at the same moment from the place whence it had proceeded. The brother of Mah-to-toh-pa grasped his lance, though scarcely able to stand, and a grim smile of satisfaction crossed his visage as he saw one of the enemy fall lifeless outside the bush from the effect of his arrow. Next instant, each giving the fearful war-whoop of their respective tribes, the Mandan and remaining Riccaree were in close engagement. The contest was of short duration, the young Mandan warrior being mortally wounded by the arrow. The Riccaree very soon plunged his spear into the body of his enemy. To scalp both friend and foe—lest the locks of the former should fall into the hands of his detested enemies—was the work of an instant, when, mounting a fleet horse which lay concealed in the thicket, the victor bounded at a headlong pace across the plain, well knowing that the war-whoop would bring Mah-to-toh-pa and his band upon him.

A few minutes sufficed to bring back the brother to the side of his relative, who, though death had almost overtaken him, detailed the occurrence, and called upon his friends for vengeance with his last breath. Mah-to-toh-pa, as soon as life had departed from his brother, drew forth the reeking spear, and carefully examined it, with an expression in which sorrow, fierce boiling revenge, and anxiety to discover the author of the deed, were strangely blended. The spear was of the tough mountain-ash, exquisitely rounded and carved; its long blade of polished steel was two-edged and jagged, and at intervals were attached, by way of ornament, tufts of war-eagle plumes. That the young Mandan was not the first victim which had been slain with this instrument, was evident from various spots of blood carefully preserved upon it; and equally plain was it that so prized an article would not have been left, unless that the victor wished to make himself known. Mah-to-toh-pa felt the challenge thus expressed, and his burning wish to discover the owner was evident, in the fierce glance which he bent upon it. The warriors looked on for some time in silence, when, perceiving that their chief was at fault, an old brave, who had been some time a prisoner among the Riccarees, advanced, and laying his hand on the shoulder of Four Bears, uttered, in a deep guttural tone, one word of three syllables—'Wonga-tap!'

A loud shout burst from the party; and Mah-to-toh-pa, satisfied with this explanation, which marked a most celebrated Riccaree warrior as the murderer of his brother, sat down on his buffalo robe, while his companions proceeded to bury the brave according to the custom of the Mandan nation, a custom quite peculiar, and separate from those in use among the other tribes. Had they been near their own village, various strange and interesting ceremonies would have been practised; but in an enemy's country, and with perhaps a fierce contest at hand, the mere letter of the traditional law was followed out—the rites being left for performance on their return to the wigwams of the great Mandan village. His own buffalo robe, and that of several other warriors, was wrapped closely round the body, while another, cut up into thongs, served to confine it tightly

about his form, so as to exclude as much as possible the action of the air. Four stakes, with forked summits, were then cut, about seven feet in height, and planted firmly in the ground. Two parallel poles were then placed upon the top by means of the forked summit, and willow rods laid across so as to form a platform. Upon this the body was placed, and by its side the spear, bow, arrows, pipe, and tobacco of the departed, with provisions for several days, were laid. A knife, flint, and steel, were further added to the store, which was to be used by the warrior in the happy hunting-grounds of his people, where once more the brave would hunt the buffalo, the elk, and even the enemies of his tribe. The body of the Riccaree, having been most inhumanly mutilated, was left a prey to the turkey-buzzards and prairie-wolves.

The fact of the slayer of their companion being a mounted warrior, was instantly evident to the Mandans. Hence no pursuit had been attempted, but a scout despatched to follow his trail, and discover whither it led. The young Indian employed to execute this office now returned, and informed Mah-to-toh-pa that Won-ga-tap had crossed by the Cannon-ball ford, and was now doubtless half way on his journey to the Riccaree village. Mah-to-toh-pa immediately rose from his sitting posture, and turned his steps in the direction of the Mandan wigwams, where he and his party arrived after an interval of seven days. Great were the lamentations which now took place. The young wife of the deceased refused to be comforted, crying aloud for vengeance upon the murderer. Mah-to-toh-pa brandished the spear of Won-ga-tap aloft, and vowed that she should have revenge, and that speedily. Running through the village, he called upon his friends to aid him in his resolves.

Several months, however, passed, during which certain engagements took place between the Mandans and Riccarees, generally with such results as to take all heart out of the former people. In vain did Mah-to-toh-pa strive to rouse the energies of his brethren, painting, in the most eloquent and glowing colours, the wrongs which the enemy had at various times inflicted on the Mandans; in vain did the widow of the young warrior call the young men squaws, and urge them to go forth and redeem themselves from the opprobrious epithet. They answered not, but sat moodily in the doorways of their large wigwams, smoking their pipes, and waiting for the Great Spirit to remove the cloud from before their eyes, in which case they declared themselves ready to proceed. Mah-to-toh-pa heard them with anger in his heart; and yet he at length declared that no open expedition could give him the opportunity for which he so ardently longed, seeing that Won-ga-tap, satisfied with the glory of having slain the brother of Mah-to-toh-pa, invariably went out since that day against the Blackfeet and Crows. A council was then called, and the warriors, after serious deliberation—that is, after smoking a most inordinate number of pipes—declared that war should be carried once more against the Riccarees after the green-corn feast. Mah-to-toh-pa yielded to the general feeling, though six months would elapse before the time specified would come round. Having, therefore, agreed to this, he rose and spoke, waving at the same time the fatal lance over his head: 'The heart of Mah-to-toh-pa is very sad; a cloud is before him. He looks round upon the wigwam tops, and his brother is not there; in the council-chamber, and he is not there. He sees the river, and his brother swims not in it; his tent is empty; the wife of his youth is alone. Only here (pointing to the bloody spots upon the lance) does Mah-to-toh-pa see his brother. Mah-to-toh-pa looks back many days, when he was a boy, and when no scalps hung in his wigwam; then he hunted, and his brother was with him; he danced, and he danced not alone. Mah-to-toh-pa and his brother were warriors. The Great Spirit called them to fight the Riccarees: they did so, and took many scalps. One day Four Bears left Little Bear in the fields; the sun was hot, and Little Bear lay down. A squaw shot him behind his back, and left his spear in him to show the deed. The spear is that of Won-ga-tap: he is a dog. No Mandan has seen his face; but Mah-to-toh-pa will see him.' A loud murmur of applause saluted the speaker's ears; and then, saith his historian, he went on: 'Let every Mandan be silent, and let no one sound the name of Mah-to-toh-pa: let no one ask for him, nor where he has gone, until you hear him sound the war-cry in front of the village, when he will enter it, and show the blood of Won-ga-tap. The blade of this lance shall drink the heart's blood of Won-ga-tap, or Mah-to-toh-pa mingles his shadow with that of his brother.'

A silence deep as the grave followed this announcement; a whisper afar off might have been heard; and then, wild with excitement, the warriors rose as one man, and cried to Mah-to-toh-pa to lead them to the battle. The stern brave resolutely refused; showing, in his answering speech, the great chances of success offered by his own plan; and the Mandans were fain to be persuaded. A war-dance was proposed; but Four Bears declined the honour until his return, successful and revenged, should entitle him to it.

Mah-to-toh-pa then turned his back on the council-hall, and walked towards the open prairie. In his hand was the fatal Riccaree lance, by his side his knife, his bow and quiver, which, with his pipe, tobacco-pouch, and a little bag of parched corn, constituted his whole apparel for the journey. The wives of Mah-to-toh-pa, four in number, saw him depart without a murmur: whatever might have been their feelings, they did not betray them. The widow of Little Bear, however, met Mah-to-toh-pa at his exit from the village, and begged him not to return without having sacrificed Won-ga-tap to the memory of her dear lord, since never could she know rest until this was done. Moreover, she had, she said, some notion of a second husband, though a new alliance was not to be thought of until Won-ga-tap was in the hunting-ground of all brave red-skins, where Little Bear would then deal with him on his own account. Mah-to-toh-pa listened with becoming gravity, and bowing his head in silence, sallied forth, and was soon lost to the sight of his companions, mingling, to all appearance, with the distant grassy bluffs.

The Indian warrior, who knew his road well, travelled the whole of that day; not, however, without taking all those precautions which the deep cunning of his enemies rendered necessary. His way lay along the banks of the Missouri; and whenever, on walking up a hill, he reached the summit, he took care not to show himself until his keen eye had taken in every feature on the opposite slope, and in every direction, lest an enemy being secreted beyond, he might be fatally exposed, and his hopes of vengeance frustrated. Some hours after nightfall, the warrior halted, ate a handful of parched corn, lit his carefully-dried spunk, filled his pipe with an ample supply of *kinnec-kinnec*, and having smoked, laid his head on the ground, and was soon fast asleep beneath the clear canopy of a western sky. Ere the first gray of dawn had crept to the extreme verge of the eastern horizon, Mah-to-toh-pa was again stirring, spear in hand, and his eye glancing alternately in every direction. His mind was yet given up to those dark schemes of vengeance which had instigated him to attempt this long and perilous journey. For one warrior on foot, no path could have been chosen more exposed and dangerous, the banks of the Missouri being the continual hunting-ground of many tribes, which, like the Shiennes, Crows, and Sioux, were at deadly enmity with the Mandans. War-parties, too, were apt to camp upon its banks; but Mah-to-toh-pa trusted to the species of instinct which a life of constant doubt and difficulty engenders, to be able to avoid so unpleasant a vicinity, which could not fail to be made apparent to his practised senses by some indication, however trifling and minute.

During three days Four Bears continued on his way

without let or hindrance. By his side rolled the mighty wilderness of waters that percolates like a huge vein the vast expanse of the American desert. Green grassy mounds and knolls, battlements of pumice and basalt, high and precipitous bluffs, rocks of stupendous magnitude, a country altogether the most novel and extraordinary which man can conceive, was passed through, and Mah-to-toh-pa noticed it not. The time-worn banks of the great river, which, torn away by the action of the water, become daily more singular and picturesque, were to him a blank; so true is it, that when the passions are aroused for good or ill, inanimate nature becomes as nothing in the human mind. Mah-to-toh-pa had, during his journey, but one thought—to pass over the ground between the fortified village of the Mandans and the Riccarees in safety, and then, come what might, to wreak his vengeance on Won-ga-tap. It appeared, however, that his wishes were not easily to be fulfilled; for, just as the sun reached its full height on the fourth day, Mah-to-toh-pa caught sight of some object on the plain to his left, which caused him to sink into the grass in such a manner as still to command a view of the suspicious appearance, which was fast approaching in the direction of our hero. That what he saw was a herd of buffalo, and that their destination was a narrow gap in the bluff banks of the river, where ten thousand foot-marks proved how often it was used, was evident enough. But whether the infuriated animals were bounding along in obedience to a natural impulse, which, considering the season, was possible, or whether they were chased by a party of hunters, remained a matter of some doubt. In the former instance, a chance might occur for Mah-to-toh-pa to provide himself with fresh provisions; in the latter, considerable circumspection would be required to prevent his being discovered. During the time that these thoughts were passing in his mind, the herd approached, and a vast body it was, led by a huge bull of enormous size. As the last straggler seemed to tumble headlong down one of the rolling sides of the prairie, a party of mounted Indians dashed up a neighbouring hillock between the drove and the river, bent, Mah-to-toh-pa at once saw, upon turning a portion of the herd from their course. Upon the success of this manœuvre, the warrior felt, depended in a great measure his own fate, and accordingly it was watched with much interest. The Indians—Sioux and Shiennes—plunged desperately at the buffalo as soon as the greater portion were by, and succeeded in cutting off the retreat of some half dozen cows, in chase of which they very shortly disappeared. To descend the hill, and plant himself close to the track which for ages, by some hereditary instinct, had been used by the migrating buffalo, was the work of a minute, and then Mah-to-toh-pa allowed the herd, in imitation of the hunting party, to pass him, until a fat little cow striking his fancy, one, two, three arrows were planted in her sides in less than as many instants. The rest of the herd rushed madly into the stream, and all reached the opposite side except a few, which, swept beneath the landing by the force of the current, and unable to climb the precipitous banks, were drowned. To kill the animal, and take some little portion of the meat, were rapid operations, and on went our hero once more until past nightfall, when, after a more hearty meal than usual, and an extra pipe to aid digestion, Mah-to-toh-pa went to sleep.

Whether it was that the heavy meal of raw buffalo, after four days' fasting on parched corn, did not agree with the warrior, or whether from some other cause, is not satisfactorily known, but the moon was shining brightly in the heavens when Mah-to-toh-pa awoke, some hours before his usual time. A slight noise caused him to turn his head on one side, and behold, a grizzly bear was devouring the rest of his prize within an inch or so of his head. Lying still, the namesake of this animal felt quite safe from his notice—'man lying down being *medicine* for grizzly bear;' but our hero felt himself aggrieved, particularly as he felt that Bruin had been licking his face, and that most likely his war-paint was now anything but an ornament to his physiognomy. To overcome a bear, too, was considered a very glorious feat, none but those who had really killed one being allowed to wear a collar of his claws. Mah-to-toh-pa had several already, but twenty would be an agreeable addition to the expected scalp of Won-ga-tap. Next instant an arrow was sticking in the bear's side; and Bruin, enraged at so bad a return for his forbearance, rising on his hind legs, presented his breast to the chief as he advanced to the combat. Arrow after arrow sped on its way, and rendered the animal furious. His quiver quite exhausted, Mah-to-toh-pa closed with the beast, weakened by his wounds, and soon put an end to him. The skin, the claws, and a portion of the meat, were taken possession of, and Mah-to-toh-pa, continuing on his way, arrived, after seven days, within sight of the Riccaree village.

The interval between mid-day and sun-down was spent by Mah-to-toh-pa in a thicket within view of the wigwams. Here he deposited his bear-skin, his bow and arrows—in fact, all his arms, save the spear which had slain his brother, and which had led to the detection of the author of the deed. Scarcely did the twilight overshadow the earth, when the Mandan warrior arose, and walked straight towards the village. It was the hour at which most of the braves returned from the chase, preparatory to eating their evening meal. Mah-to-toh-pa had taken the precaution of painting himself as much like a Riccaree as possible, and in this manner, with steady mien and unfaltering gait, he mingled outside the tents with the throng of his mortal enemies, and entered the village in their company. To learn the position of Won-ga-tap's wigwam, to idle round it during the long evening, and calmly to demean himself while in this perilous crisis, became to the cunning Four Bears a matter of comparative ease; and when darkness completely shrouded all, he stealthily concealed himself in a narrow gap between two tents, screened from sight by skins of newly-killed beasts thrown across poles to be cleaned in the morning. With his knife Mah-to-toh-pa cut a hole in the buffalo hide sufficiently large to enable him to see all that passed within, and then, his teeth clenched, his eyes fixed upon the narrow aperture, his ears sensitively alive to every sound, he sat awaiting the eagerly-desired opportunity for glutting his vengeance.

Within the tent sat two children, while a woman, still young and comely, was standing by the fire preparing supper. Presently the skin at the entrance of the wigwam was raised, and the eyes of Mah-to-toh-pa glistened, and he ceased to breathe, as he recognised the form of Won-ga-tap. The famous Riccaree warrior advanced to the little fire, laid aside his lance, and seating himself without a word, intimated his readiness to partake of the evening meal. The young squaw immediately laid the platter before him, placed on it pemmican and marrow fat, adding a bowl of pudding made from the white apple, a delicious turnip of the prairie flavoured with buffalo berries, and a horn spoon of Indian manufacture. This done, the humble creature retreated from her master's side, and at a respectful distance stood awaiting his farther pleasure. Won-ga-tap, after glancing hastily at the door, repaid her attentions with a dignified smile of approbation, which she returned by a look of unbounded love and devotion, and then occupied herself, unconscious of the fierce retributory vengeance at hand, in placing the children in their accustomed position for the night. The warrior's meal concluded, his wife followed his example, while he, loading his pipe with kinnec-kinnec, or red willow bark and tobacco, flavoured with a shaving of castor, prepared to smoke. Mah-to-toh-pa, it might be supposed, was moved at the sight of so much happiness and contentment. Not at all; his ideas flew back to the day when such scenes were in the wigwam of his favourite brother, whose scalp now hung before his eyes on the spear of the Riccaree, and Four Bears vowed vengeance in his heart. Raising his head from the contemplation of a scene on which he

dwelt with an interest almost demoniacal, Mah-to-toh-pa listened to the sounds which were gradually decreasing within the camp. The voice of children was long since hushed; the warriors had all separated, and betaken themselves each to his lodge; the women were waiting on their lords; and if a step or a whispered conference was heard, it was that of some Indian maiden whom a lover was wooing under cover of the night. Presently even these sounds ceased, and the growl of the hungry dogs over a bone was all that could be distinguished. Mah-to-toh-pa then looked in upon the domestic scene within. The squaw had lain down on the luxurious pile of skins and furs which served herself and husband for a bed, and Won-ga-tap was taking his last whiff at the almost empty pipe: when, in fine, it gave forth no more smoke, the warrior turned and sought his couch.

Up rose Mah-to-toh-pa on the instant, at first with the stealthy motion of a snake; and then, knowing well the universality of the custom which allows a hungry man to enter any wigwam at any hour, he stepped confidently across the threshold. The fire was nearly extinct; but it sent forth a glimmer sufficient to enable the Mandan to reach the pot containing the cooked meat, when he deliberately made up for the bad fare which he had submitted to during his journey. Not a motion was made by the Riccaree, though his squaw whispered, in tones which caught the ear of Mah-to-toh-pa, 'Who is that man eating in the wigwam of Won-ga-tap?'

'My brother is hungry no doubt,' was the reply of the warrior.

His meal ended, Four Bears took up the pouch, and filling the bowl, deliberately drew long whiffs from his enemy's pipe, calculating all the time as to the best mode of effecting his purpose. The darkness was so great, as to render it impossible for Mah-to-toh-pa to distinguish any object in the wigwam; and besides, his back was towards his intended victim. Leaning back, as if to catch a moment's rest, the Mandan appeared to stir the embers accidentally with his toes, by which manœuvre he succeeded in gaining a look at Won-ga-tap, whose dark piercing eye he saw was fixed curiously upon him.

'Is the man gone?' inquired the wife.

'No; my brother is tired, and smokes. The buffalo meat was very hard; he wants to rest.'

The squaw appeared not to relish the insinuation against her cookery, for she pouted visibly; and Won-ga-tap, turning to chide her good-humouredly, received the fatal spear through his back. 'Won-ga-tap goes to the happy hunting-ground where he sent the brother of Mah-to-toh-pa,' whispered the Mandan warrior, while quietly taking the scalp of his victim. The poor squaw, who loved her husband tenderly, lay speechless with terror, affording time to Mah-to-toh-pa, who had caused the fire to blaze up, to take possession of both lances, the scalp of his brother, and that of the unfortunate Riccaree, who died at the first blow. At length, just as Mah-to-toh-pa was bounding through the doorway, she recovered her voice, and screamed with all the power of her lungs. The Mandan warrior turned upon her a look of scorn, and was about to plunge amid the mass of lodges, and endeavour to gain the outside of the camp, when his eye caught sight of one of the ornamental feathers of the spear hanging from the wound of his enemy. This being esteemed as 'medicine,' Mah-to-toh-pa, despite the danger of delay, rushed back and secured it. The wife, infuriated at the sight of her dead husband, vainly strove to clutch the murderer, who, grasping his knife and the trophies of his victory, rushed forth into the village, now alive with warriors terrified and startled at the fearful cries. To thread the crowd as if in search of the cause of the uproar, was to Mah-to-toh-pa an easy matter; but, ere he had gained the thicket, the sound of his own name, re-echoed by a hundred voices, caused him to hurry on at double speed. Catching one of the hoppled horses which grazed round the village, awaiting the pleasure of their masters, he leapt upon it with his prizes, and plunged headlong over the prairie, followed by Riccarees, who had imitated his example. Luckily, Mah-to-toh-pa had selected a sturdy mustang, and as, without whip or spur, saddle or bridle, he hurried it over the plain, he experienced an excitement known only to those who, in the execution of some similar deed, have been surprised, and are running for their lives. Away dashed the Mandan, his bow bent ready for use, his spears lashed together, his arms all ready for the conflict. None, however, ensued. The night was tempestuous and dark, thunder rolled across the sky, and the Riccarees lost all trace of their hated foe. But as long as his beast could hold out, Mah-to-toh-pa sped on his way; and, after three days' hard riding, during which time he allowed little rest to himself or his steed, he arrived amid the deafening applause of his people at the upper Mandan village. Great were the rejoicings of that memorable day; dances were immediately begun, and carried on until a late hour; a feast was declared, and Mah-to-toh-pa was ever after held in high honour amid his people. Many were his warlike deeds, but none more celebrated than his surprise of the Riccaree.*

TREATMENT OF THE POOR IN SCOTLAND.

The parish of Currie is about six miles from the beautiful capital of Scotland—the seat of as enlightened and refined a group of people as can be found on earth. It is a district containing many resident gentry or heritors, who are not in general remarkable for displaying any less than the usual benevolence of their class towards the poor. Yet in this parish two helpless individuals have been allowed for many years to live in a manner of which, after statements and counter-statements, the following appears to be an exact account.

A woman known by the name of Bell—that is, Isabella—and who is deprived of reason, occupies a wooden shed, resting against a garden wall; a receptacle of slight materials, five feet long by four and a half broad, pervious to the elements at every seam, and having no door to fill up the entrance except a bunch of rags which can be suspended for that purpose. Her bedding is a bundle of straw, and her food is contributed according to the good-will of her immediate neighbours; for she is too old and feeble to beg. This woman came to the place twenty years ago, with the appearance of having escaped from a lunatic asylum. She was then possessed of some accomplishments (music and needlework), indicating an origin and education above the common rank. Having a horror for stone walls, she took up her quarters in an open shed. Then she obtained an old hogshead, which she was permitted to occupy till it rotted about her. She was afterwards furnished with her present dwelling, where the neighbours usually contribute a few shillings at the beginning of each winter, to obtain for her a rug and a few clothes. The guardians of the funds for the poor of the parish have never paid the least attention to this unfortunate creature, or disbursed one farthing in her behalf.

About a mile from the habitation of Bell, at the farmhouse of Ravelrig, within an open shed, there is an erection consisting of two or three pieces of wood placed in a slanting position against a wall, and overlaid with a quantity of straw. It is quite open to the north, and hardly approachable for filth; it is also too short for the extended body of a human being. Yet there, with a small log for a pillow, and a few clothes supplied by the parish authorities, lives another fatuous woman, known by the

* The author has here done little more than give, in his own words, a celebrated record of the extraordinary Indian tribe of the Mandans. Those who seek more information concerning this strange people, should consult that enthusiastic and faithful historian of the North American aborigines, Mr Catlin.

name of Jenny. When she lies in this loathsome den, too wretched to be the habitation of a pig, she is obliged to arrange herself like a cat, with her head and feet nearly together. Her food is supplied by the spontaneous contributions of the neighbours. This poor woman, unlike the other, is occasionally violent in her conduct.

How, it will be asked, is it to be accounted for, that, in a land where the charities of life are as rife as in any other, two cases should exist for a series of years of such gross indifference to the calls of humanity? The answer is—a dogma does it all. The Scottish people are so unfortunate as to be under the influence of a belief, that stated and systematic relief for the distresses of poverty is a pure evil—an evil in some degree unavoidable, but which should ever, by all available means, be kept down at the lowest possible amount. The landholders favour this view, as one tending to save them from a certain branch of taxation; and the poor themselves have scarcely an idea that their case, though felt to be hard, is one calling for improvement. Accordingly, the parish authorities of Currie think themselves quite justified in allowing two persons to live in their bounds in the manner which has been described, being satisfied that it always does harm to hold forth instances of destitution relieved by public arrangements. Not a man amongst them but would give from his own pocket enough to succour Bell and Jenny from the pains of hunger, supposing the cases to be brought immediately under his attention; but to give to them from a stated fund a stated weekly support—that is a procedure so pregnant, he thinks, with fatal consequences to the moral character of the humbler classes of the community, that it only can be admitted under the most stringent compulsion.

It has indeed been stated on the part of the parish authorities, that the two wretched women prefer their sheds to houses, and that placing them in asylums would drive them frantic, or destroy them. A surgeon has actually given his testimony to this effect, adding in the case of Bell, that the treatment she receives 'seems as kind and humane as the circumstances will permit'—a newspaper reporter informing us, on the other hand, that when he went to her den, he found 'her sitting shivering with cold, and covered with wet rags—rags literally soaked with the rain which had fallen in torrents during the preceding night, and had come in through the numerous chinks in her wretched dwelling.' Her straw, it must be admitted, is changed once a week. The attempts of these authorities to exculpate themselves only make their case the worse; for who ever heard of the freaks of fatuous persons being considered, when it was necessary to take measures for humanely disposing of them? At this rate, an orphan might be allowed to wander about like a wild animal, unclothed, unfed, uneducated, merely because she preferred freedom to being reared in a workhouse. The real cause of the women being allowed their own will is, that it coincided with what was best for the interest of the parish funds. In the kirk-sessions who manage these funds, the ruling policy is, how shall we battle off claimants for relief, or escape the necessity of sending paupers to lunatic asylums? They have an instinctive horror for all such institutions, as only causes of expense. It is no wonder at all that they should have consulted the tastes of Bell and Jenny as to lodgings. It is unlucky, however, for them, to have added to the infamy reflected upon them from this detail of facts, by setting forth an excuse so wonderfully childish and transparent.

The present work has the largest circulation of any in the empire. It is read not only in Scotland, but extensively in England, and partially also in Ireland and the colonies. We rejoice in the power we thus possess of proclaiming the disgraceful effects of the doctrines generally entertained in our country respecting the stated support of the poor—doctrines founded in false opinion, but supported by selfishness, and attended by such unheard-of inhumanity, as should have produced their correction long ago. It was once said that Scotsmen loved their country better than truth. *We* at least do not. We willingly expose the land of our nativity to all the infamy which such affairs as the above—only too characteristic of her ordinary procedure—demand at the hands of all righteous judges in other countries.*

ORIENTAL PARADISES.

The Arabian writers recognise four different places as possessing such an amount of natural beauties as to qualify them to be distinguished as terrestrial paradises. The first on the list is the Ghutah, or plain of Damascus, a spot admitted on all hands to possess many charms of a high order. The Emperor Julian called Damascus 'the City of Jupiter,' and 'the Eye of the East;' and says, in his letter to Serapion, that it excelled all others, among other things, in the mildness of its climate, the excellence of its fountains, the multitude of its streams, and the fertility of its soil. So charming is the sight, say the Mussulmans, that the prophet Mohammed, when he viewed the plain from the heights of Saláhíyah (abode of Saláhu-d-dín, our Saladin), was so delighted with the prospect, that he forbore coming into it, lest he should forget the objects of his mission, and make it his paradise.

This magnificent effect, familiar now to so many, and derived from the verdure of the foliage, which varies from the deepest shade to the slightest tint of green, contrasting with the bright sun and cloudless sky that illuminate the scenery of an eastern world, and which diffuse throughout the landscape a charm unknown in countries where a dense and hazy atmosphere prevails, will not bear the test of close examination. The veil of enchantment is withdrawn the moment we advance upon the plain itself. The arid and dusty pathway is bounded by crumbling walls of sun-dried bricks, which the outline of a ruinous köshk, or the straggling branches of a tree, only now and then overtop. In the open spaces, the dilapidated stump of a date-tree affords the traveller but a scanty shade; and he must fight for a place by the side of an occasional fountain, overshadowed by the wide-spreading plane, with many a thirsty camel, and Arabs soiled with the sands of the desert.

Let him enter, and he will perceive neither arrangement nor keeping. An Oriental garden is always in a state of nature, except where a little cultivation of melons or cucumbers is going on. The most beautiful gardens in Damascus and Shiraz are what we would call orchards in this country. Above, the apricot and the plum invite the eye; and the dark-green of the kharub or locust-tree, and of the mulberry, are pleasantly relieved by the pale-leafed pretty flowering pistachio, and the silvery tinge of the olive. Here and there the vine climbs some branchy tree; but it is seldom trained by art, or led in festoons over shady trellises. There are a few spots rendered more picturesque than others by a dense growth of fig-trees and pomegranates, and rose-bushes also abound about the gardens; but the nine hundred kinds known to florists in these countries are here limited to two or three species. Beneath, the soil is for the most part dry, unproductive, and trodden down, and undistinguishable

* The poor-law of Scotland, dated so far back as 1579, requires parishes to provide needful sustentation for their poor, and commits the management to the discretion of kirk-sessions, with only a right of appeal to the Court of Session. Let the English reader imagine a pauper of Cumberland or Cornwall, who had no resource, if denied by the parish managers, besides the Court of Queen's Bench! Nevertheless, by the instrumentality of a benevolent solicitor of Edinburgh, two appeals have been brought before the Court of Session. A poor widow with seven children, who had been allowed 3s. 6d., and two women of between eighty and ninety, who had been allowed 1s. 1½d. each weekly, have had decisions in their favour, ordering larger allowances. The widow has in consequence obtained arrears making up the past allowances to 5s., and is in future, besides 3s. 6d., to have 30s. annually for house-rent.

from the path, which is neither graveled nor edged. Nature does more in the East than the indolence of art, and the wild bosquets of flowering cistus and gaudy oleander by the side of the purling brook—and the frequent continuous growth of myrtle and juniper replacing the heaths of our own land—and still more the splendid spring carpeting of anemones and ranunculuses—far surpass anything which the gardens of the great cities present us with. The most arid portions of the desert are adorned at certain seasons by flowering plants, among which the pink starwort, the rose-flowered onion, and beautiful species of chrysantesema, everlasting, bell-flower, poppies, and gentians, render themselves conspicuous; and at the hottest season of the year, the caper plant and the bright blossoms of the fennel flower (*Nigella Damascena*) still diversify the surface.

The next terrestrial paradise is the Soghd, or garden of Samarcand, concerning which we unfortunately possess no details.

The third is the Sha'b Buván or Sha'-abi-Buván, the 'entrance defile' of Fársistán. Buván is a word used here by Oriental license, for its meaning is the pole which supports the curtain serving as a door to the Arab tent, and hence it is used metaphorically in the sense of 'entrance.' This is a plain situated at no great distance from the celebrated Kal'eh Sefid, or 'white castle,' in Fáro, which so long resisted the victorious progress of Timour (Taïmúr) the Tartar. It is approached by thickets of box, which afford shelter to wild boars, franeolin, and the turaj, a kind of heath fowl larger than the red grouse, and black, with white spots. The valley or plain itself is covered with narcissuses, which, at the season of flowering, spread like a white carpet over the field for the space of many miles, and affect the senses most agreeably with their perfume. The Baron de Bode had the good fortune to pass through this prairie at the flowering season. 'All our party,' he relates (Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. xiii. p. 79), 'pushed into this rich parterre up to their horses' girths, to enjoy the fragrance as much as possible. For my part, I felt at first some scruple in thus treading down these beautiful and delicate productions of nature; but I ended by doing as others did—so easy is it to yield to a seductive example.' This valley is interspersed with fields which produce cotton, rice, barley, and wheat; but wherever the ground is left fallow, the narcissus resumes its empire, and seems to have fixed on the Sha'b Buván as its favourite place of abode. This plain of narcissuses, the reader will think, is a very simple idea of a paradise. It is so, indeed, and is the more truly Oriental from that very simplicity.

The fourth of the *Arabian* paradises is the Nahru-l-Abállah, or rather the island which is between the canal called Nahru-l-Abállah, that called Mo'kal, and the Sha'b-el-'Arab, or united rivers of the Euphrates and Tigris, and not far from the ancient port of Basrah, commonly called Bassora. This is a forest of date palm-trees, having an undergrowth chiefly of liquorice plants, and fringed on the banks of the canals by the beautiful foliage and yellow blossoms of the acacia, and the dark-green narcissus with elongated spikelets.

There have not been wanting travellers to detract from the claim of the date-palm to scenic effect. Some have even gone so far as to say that the eye is pained by the sight of so many sharp-pointed leaves—that it amounts to ocular impalement!—(Rev. Mr Formby's Visit to the East, p. 111.) But it can, without affectation on the writer's part, be averred—after long familiarity with the scenery of palm forests—that not only is there nothing wearisome in such scenery, but that, on the contrary, it grows daily in beauty upon the eye.

The naked upright stems of the palm rise out of the plain like tall columns, and adorn the river-side like an interminable peristyle, while the gracefully pendant fronds above form a verdant canopy of great beauty. In the gloom of clouds and rain, as well as in the broad glare of an intertropical sun, the palm-tree is an equally inviting object. It offers shelter in the one, and the most agreeable shade in the other. The sun setting in a cloudless sky over the green sea of waving leaflets, is one of the most glorious visions of the East; and when stem, frond, and leaf, are alike still as sculptured things, and their outline is brought out in sombre distinctness by the clear moonlight, there is a feeling of enchantment in the endless extent of these great natural temples, and their mysterious shady vistas, which never fails to awaken the deepest sensibilities of the heart. It is not surprising, then, that the Orientals should have made a paradise of their most magnificent palm forests—those on the banks of the river Euphrates—and which constitute at once the most noble, the most graceful, and the most characteristic of all its sylvan scenery; while by their abundant produce, they furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of food to thousands of human beings, among whom forgetfulness of, or ingratitude towards, the Giver of all good is a most rare feeling.

The Persian writers discard from their list of terrestrial paradises the palm forests of the Euphrates, but admit the plain of Damascus, the entrance defile of Fársistán, and the garden of Samarcand, adding at the same time to this already extensive list two more paradises—the glade of Mâshán-rúd at Hamadán, and on the authority of the Noz-hetu-l-Kolúb, the vale of Khosráu Sháh, or of King Chosrves, near Tabríz. With regard to the first, we possess no detailed descriptions. The plain of Hamadán is known to be elevated, well watered, and wooded, and the temperature moderate, never rising above 80 degrees in the shade during the hottest period of the year; but if its gardens resemble those of Uvumíyah and Shíraz, which the writer has visited, and which there is every probability they do, they must differ very little from the description already given of the gardens of Damascus.

The fourth and last of the terrestrial paradises recognised by every nation of Eastern Mohammedans, is the glade or valley called that of Khosraú Sháh, in the hills of Sehend, and which opens upon the great plain of Tabríz, where the latter stretches down to the wide expanse of the lake of Uvumíyah. It is a glade of considerable extent, and presents to view, as far as the eye can reach up among the hills, one mass of groves and gardens. 'It is,' says Colonel Rawlinson (Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. x. p. 2), 'one of the many happy spots along the skirts of the Sehend which enjoy at all seasons a most delightful climate, and owes its fertility to the streams of this most beneficent of mountains.'

We now leave it to the reader, after the brief descriptions which we have been enabled to give of the chief of the Oriental paradises on earth, to consider whether they realise the pictures of scenic and sylvan beauty which might have been anticipated from the glowing language of their poets, or the more sober works of their geographers—premising that such descriptions should be taken in accordance with the position of the people who write them, and the limited means which they have of acquiring more extensive information.

The knowledge that in our own country almost every mile of territory presents something to equal in many points of view any one of the paradises of the East, ought not to be made the ground for detracting from the Eastern's zealous warmth in favour of his own fatherland, but should rather be a just cause for being contented and grateful for what has been vouchsafed to us in the country we dwell in. Not to confound ignorance with error, the former is sometimes, as St Pierre has pointed out in his 'Studies of Nature,' a source of inexhaustible delight to man. It would be almost a pity to withdraw the veil of ignorance which attaches the Esquimaux contentedly to his land of snow and ice; and it is more creditable to sympathise with the innocent and amiable feelings which can make a paradise of a little verdure on a sun-burnt plain, of a field of narcissuses, or of a forest of palm-trees, than to sneer at

them because they do not come up to that standard of perfection which our superior intelligence would exact.

TWO TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'
'Be pitiful—be courteous.'

Any one in the slightest degree conversant with either of the great English universities, must be aware of the two grand divisions of their youthful population into reading men and *rowing* men—not *boat*-rowing (for that is a characteristic applying to both), but diligent, devoted students, and idle, mischief-loving, belligerent lads, whose feuds with the townsfolks, and other perpetual pranks, keep the invidious office of proctor from degenerating into a sinecure.

There is, however (and the class, for the honour of England, is a numerous one), between these extremes of study and idleness a sort of *juste milieu*, in a host of noble fellows, who, while devoting a fair portion of their time to the purposes of their residence at the university, are yet foremost in the manly exercises of the place; and deservedly popular with their companions, without forfeiting the good opinion of the seniors of their college. Among these, few ever stood higher with both than my cousin Arthur Penn, whose character was a happy and rare compound of spirit and steadiness, of firmness where principle was concerned, and facility and sweetness of temper in trifles. None 'sported oak'* more determinedly during the hours appropriated to study; or turned out, when these were over, to more thorough enjoyment of whatever sport was 'toward;' pulling his oar in a boat-race with the same hearty good will and acknowledged superiority as stamped him a 'first-class man' in another and higher field. Then he was not only singularly handsome (an advantage not unappreciated even among men), but carried on his beaming intelligent countenance one of nature's most veracious letters of recommendation, which owed to the faithful reflection of the fine mind within that fascination which, in man or woman, even when less genuine, always insures supremacy. But Arthur's smile was sincerity itself, and his courtesy that of the heart, else I should scarce have deemed worth recording for his own honour, and the benefit of others, an instance in which, by forbearance and urbanity, he disarmed hostility, and gained a valuable friend.

A keenly contested rowing-match had occupied, during the greater part of the day, a set of young men, of whom Arthur was prevented, by a special academical exercise, from making one; but, anxious to learn the result, he had strolled down at the hour of their expected arrival towards the river. Finding the boats, contrary to his calculations, already come in, and the rowers dispersed, he also turned towards his rooms, as it was getting late and dark, and he had yet to put the finishing touch to the essay for which the day's amusement had been sacrificed. He was threading somewhat rapidly, in the fast waning twilight, the rather intricate lanes which formed the short cut to his college, when the sound of footsteps behind him, keeping pace, though with apparent effort, with his own, gave him the disagreeable impression of being dogged; and to ascertain the fact, he suddenly stood still, to give the person behind an opportunity of passing on. He, too, however, stopped short until my cousin again moved, when the unknown resumed his undesired attendance.

Arthur, who would at any time rather balk impertinence than be under the necessity of resenting it, and whom the headache consequent on a day of intense study had made particularly desirous of quiet and privacy in his evening stroll, sought to shake off the intruder by diving into a side alley, leading, though more circuitously, to his chambers. But here, again, his purpose was so decidedly frustrated by a similar move on the part of his 'double,' that there was nothing for it but to bring the matter to a point by turning round to confront his persevering shadow. I have said that my cousin, though warm, was by nature courteous; and on seeing in his follower—instead of a saucy youth of his own standing, or a rude fellow of twice his years, either of whom, if bent on insult, it would have been his first impulse to knock down—a venerable looking aged man, trembling under the apparently mingled influence of recent terror and strong excitement, his feelings of annoyance found a milder vent in simply saying, 'If, as I am led to believe, sir, you intentionally dog my steps, it must be under the error—which this lamp will afford you the opportunity to rectify—of mistaking me for some one else.' The old gentleman, for such his dress and aspect bespoke him, gazed as steadfastly as his agitation would permit on his calm opponent; and then, to Arthur's great surprise, and no small indignation, exclaimed, 'No! there is no mistake—I am on the right track; and you are the rude unmanly fellow who could first hustle, and then push into the river, a defenceless old man.'

It was in vain that Arthur—whom close inspection enabled to perceive that the poor old man, in addition to other causes of tremor and agitation, was shivering with wet—disclaimed, in the most earnest and solemn manner, all participation in an unmanly outrage, of which he not only professed himself, but referred to all who knew him, to pronounce him incapable. In vain did he, though writhing under the imputation, patiently detail, for his irritable accuser's satisfaction, the nature, nay, the very subject of college exercise which had caused his day's seclusion, and the *alibi* it enabled him to establish on the authority of at least a dozen witnesses. The old man, smarting under cruel insult and injury from a collegian of similar height and appearance, precluded by increasing emotion from listening to reason, or forming a dispassionate judgment, remained as unpersuadable as ever, and continued to lavish on my cousin a series of epithets and threats, under which his naturally quick temperament had a good deal to do to remain passive.

But age, and suffering age especially, had in his eyes a sacred privilege; and seeing in his unreasonable threatened prosecutor only a very ill-used, and to all appearance, if suffered to remain much longer in the night air, seriously indisposed elderly gentleman, he put a period to their colloquy by saying, firmly but gently, and suiting the action to the word by passing his arm under that of the exhausted and well-nigh sinking old man—'We will defer, sir, till another day—when my card here will give you ample opportunity for making yourself acquainted with my character—all discussion of the probabilities of my connexion with the dastardly indignities under which you are suffering. In the meantime, unconvinced as I see you still are of my innocence, you must allow me to discharge the duty, and enjoy the satisfaction, of seeing you safely home. I were all you take me for, nay, less than a man, could I allow you, ill as you are, to find your way alone.'

The old gentleman gave a look, still an incredulous though bewildered one, in my cousin's face, grasped eagerly at the card held out to him, and ere long, to avoid falling, exhausted by conflicting emotions, on the ground, was fain to lay hold, though less willingly, of the sturdy proffered arm also, supported by which he tottered feebly homeward.

To the surprise of one as yet perfectly unaware of the name or rank of the person he had so strangely encountered, the house to which the old man led was one of the handsomest in the town, the residence of an opulent banker and leading inhabitant of the place, at the threshold of which its owner stopped, returning a somewhat stiff acknowledgment for a safe conduct, which he evidently ascribed to a tardy check of conscience, or fear of consequences, in the original aggressor. Regretting this delusion, but sure of being

* That is, locked his door.

triumphantly cleared on inquiry, Arthur walked quietly home, thankful for having been enabled to keep his temper, and to repay unmerited obloquy by Christian kindness, and the purely disinterested deference claimed by age and indisposition.

Disinterested as it was (else it would have been worth nothing), virtue proved in this case its own reward. Made aware, by investigation, not only of the innocence of Arthur of the actual outrage which had so chafed and endangered him, but of his peculiarly correct and amiable character, and high estimation with young and old, what might in the banker have been simple desire to atone for unjust suspicions, was heightened into lively esteem for one who, thus traduced, had shown himself not only patient, but courteous and compassionate.

Long ere the old gentleman himself had sufficiently recovered the effects of an attack, the author of which, already a blot on the university, was traced out, and expelled, his son had been made the bearer of his father's card, accompanied with warm proffers of a hospitality testified, during my cousin's whole remaining college residence, by admission to many a splendid banquet; at which the venerable host seldom failed to recount, as an *amende honorable* for past errors, and an encouragement to similar conduct in the young men present, his nocturnal adventure, and the lasting friendship to which it had given birth.

Lasting indeed: for when, some seven years after, its youthful object returned from abroad to indulge in a hasty visit to his alma mater, almost his first inquiry was after his aged host; and the tear which rose in his eye on hearing he was no more, was unalloyed with one pang of remorse for having withheld from age its meed of duty or forbearance.

THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.

BY THEODORIC BROWN.

SECOND PART.

About a year after the visit I described in my last, I made another call upon the Robertsons, having again had occasion to be in their neighbourhood. As I trudged along the road on which they lived, I noticed several small clearings and log-houses which had been made during the last summer, and I argued from their appearance the prosperity of my friends, as a farmer who has paid for his land gets on well when a market begins to form around him. I was but a short distance from Mr O'Donohue's location, when I heard a shouting behind me, and on looking round, saw a timber sledge coming towards me at full speed, having fastened on it one end of the trunk of a large tree, upon which was seated no less a personage than the kind-hearted Irishman himself, while the other end—ornamented by his two sons—dragged along the snow and swayed to and fro across the road in a manner highly alarming to a pedestrian. On seeing me, O'Donohue instantly reined up, and I seated myself beside him. After ascertaining the good health of his own family and of his neighbours, I asked him whither he was going with the log. 'To Robertson and O'Donohue's saw-mill,' said he, peeping at me from the corner of his eyes to see what effect this announcement produced. I expressed my surprise, and inquired by what means he had become possessed of a saw-mill. 'Well,' said he, 'Robertson and meself raised a tidy crop last year, and as we couldn't get cash in these parts, we got a good offer to trade some corn away for hardware. Now, we had plenty of pots and kettles, and such-like, and so, says I to him, "You've got a lovely little sthrame down there with a nate little fall upon it, and why shouldn't you and me take a saw-mill out in corn, and knock up a mill together?" He liked the notion; the mill was built, and we set to work the other day, although it isn't often we can work in this hard weather. We had some thoughts at first of calling it the "Blue Creek Company's Saw-mills," but we changed our minds, and called it after ourselves.'

By this time we had arrived at O'Donohue's house, and after greeting his good lady, I saw that he had increased the number of his rooms, and otherwise taken advantage of his new calling, by introducing boards wherever there was the remotest possibility of so doing. He had come home for dinner; and after sharing the meal with him, we set out together to visit his partner. The road was a little improved since the last time I had seen it, and the clearing was considerably larger. On arriving at the house, we found Mrs Robertson alone with her child, the young woman who assisted her in her work having gone to spend the day with her friends. The good lady was much changed in her appearance. She was beginning to acquire quite the air of a stout consequential matron, and it wanted very little to make her a very good hostess of an inn. Her conversation, too, was now entirely on household matters.

'Mr Brown,' said she to me, after we had been talking awhile, 'you are fortunate in coming at the present time. Harry has been building me an oven behind the house, and although I do not wish to boast, yet I think I have reached the perfection of bread-making. Is it not so, Mr O'Donohue?'

'May I never taste the bread that is better!' he replied. 'My old woman had to learn you the way when you first came, but now she can't hold a candle to you.'

Mrs Robertson then proceeded to give me much information on her domestic economy, informing me how many pairs of stockings she had knitted during the past summer, and giving me the exact number of yards that it took to make a suit of homespun for her husband. I asked her if she did not regret the luxuries she had possessed in England.

'When I was at home,' said she, 'I was certainly very comfortable, but my pleasure consisted merely in the absence of pain. Now, however, my exertions in household affairs not only give me a pleasant feeling of responsibility, but also contribute much to the happiness of my husband; and I am sure that Harry loves me better as I am, than if I had remained a drawing-room lady all my life.'

When it began to grow dark her husband returned from the mill. He, also, had acquired a bluff hearty appearance, and from a pale sickly-looking young man, was fast approaching the *beau ideal* of a young backwoodsman. In the course of the evening he gave me an account of his progress since our last meeting, which I will repeat in my own language as far as I can now recollect the facts.

In the early part of the spring they removed into their log-house, and commenced life in the woods. Their residence with the O'Donohues had in some degree inured them to the privations and inconveniences which they were compelled to experience, and had taught them the necessity of energy and self-reliance; yet it had scarcely prepared them for the loneliness of their situation, and the perpetual makeshifts which they had to practise. The wagon-load of articles which they had brought was found to comprise, in many instances, precisely such conveniences as could not be used at the time, although they might be turned to account as things should mend; while those for which they had hourly need were absent, and impossible to be procured. However, necessity has no law, and their stock of crockery having been almost wholly destroyed in the journey, there was a curious perversion of use with many utensils. The place of cups and saucers was supplied by various articles; while wooden bowls, and even saucepans, at times performed the office of dishes. But perhaps the most unpleasant concomitant of their situation was the unvarying nature of their food. Their stock of tea, coffee, and spices, had been very limited, and was now at the lowest ebb, and it would be soon a matter of necessity to drink hemlock tea, which is bitter and unpleasant enough to those unused to it, but has the recommendation, besides its

great wholesomeness, of becoming tolerable upon close acquaintance. Of milk they had but little; for they possessed no cow, and O'Donohue could not always supply them; while butter was a precious rarity in their abode. Maple-sugar, however, was in plenty, and cider and whisky were in sufficient quantities to satisfy their moderate wants. But in meat there was little variety, as it consisted mainly of pork in all its forms of bacon, ham, and pickled pork; together with small quantities of smoked venison and bear-meat, and, upon occasions, squirrels which had been shot by the young O'Donohues. Pickerel and bass were caught by laying lines for them, and served to give some change to a continued diet upon salted meat. However, they contrived to make amends for the unpleasant restriction in this kind of food by puddings, peach and apple-pies, with pot-pies, so called, but which are more properly meat puddings; also buckwheat cakes, greatly relished by the backwoodsman, although strangers think them coarse and somewhat unpalatable on first trial; corn cakes made from Indian corn, and baked in tin vessels before the fire; brown bread, composed of rye and Indian corn, and forming an agreeable article of food; with wheaten cakes, and bread in various forms. Potatoes were in great plenty; and strings of dried apples suspended in the loft showed no want of the material for sauce.

The ground had been too hard, in consequence of the frost, to permit them to dig a well before coming into their house, and thus it became necessary to bring water from the creek, which was at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. This duty, in the occasional absence of Tim, fell upon Robertson, who found it very troublesome and not a little laborious to carry two large pails to and from the water-side, especially as he had to climb a steep bank in returning. Water was therefore economised, to save her the trouble of obtaining it, and Mrs Robertson grew less scrupulous about cleanliness of person, dress, and house, than she had conceived to be possible. A mass of household cares and labours, before unknown, crowded around her with magical suddenness, and tasked every faculty in their fulfilment; her exertions being lightened at intervals by the assistance of Magee O'Donohue, who came over in spare hours to help Mrs Robertson, and perhaps to chat a little with honest Tim—a friendship having arisen between the pair, which afterwards ripened into a warmer feeling. The absence of human intercourse, except on these occasions, or when the families visited each other, and the solitude of the forest around them, had a strong effect on the Robertsons for some time. This feeling of strangeness was increased by the occasional sight of a bear making his way across their small clearing, or an intimation of a nocturnal visit from the animal given by the plunging and kicking of their horses. It was not uncommon to hear the howling of wolves, and once or twice their lengthened yell sounded at night close to the house, and was continued without intermission till the morning. These things had certainly occurred sometimes while they stayed with the O'Donohues; but those older settlers made very light of such occurrences, and our friends soon did the same.

However, labour was now their business, and Robertson had enough of employment to make him forget, in general, that he had ever been an inhabitant of a more populous and civilised country. His Irish friend had assisted to fell a number of trees sufficient to allow him to bring a tolerable portion of ground into cultivation; but the snow being not yet sufficiently melted for that purpose, he turned his attention to the preparation of a pile of firewood, for the use of the forthcoming summer, and to splitting the trunks of the fallen trees into rails, for the purpose of fencing in his land. He also obtained board-beams and shingles from the saw-mill, to erect a barn as soon as the ground would be soft enough to sink the posts which usually form the foundation of such a building. He contemplated the purchase of a cow or two, with some pigs, and a number of poultry; and in fancy, enjoyed the happy time when he should have milk, butter, and eggs to his heart's content, fresh pork and vegetables, and on festival days even a fowl.

The winter was now over; but owing to its great length, and the suddenness of the change of the seasons in Canada, the backwoodsman allows himself but little rest till the seed is put in the ground. Robertson worked early and late, to keep pace with his brother farmers, and might at this time have been seen guiding the plough in its winding course among the stumps of the fallen trees, often stopping when the coulter caught against a spreading root, and sometimes the plough rising out of the ground when reaching a similar obstacle. From his own unskilfulness in farming business, the work proceeded rather slowly; for although Tim had some practice as an agricultural labourer in the 'old country,' yet it was in employment on a farm, not in making one: the manner of cultivating, and even the articles themselves that are grown, differ in the two countries. Some time, also, was at first occasionally wasted when a deer would appear on the skirts of the forest. The pair would instantly start off in pursuit with sportsman-like ardour: however, they soon perceived that even the carcass of a deer was but a poor compensation for a day wasted at the most valuable period of the year, and the appearance of game in future had no more effect than to cause a passing regret at the difficulty of reconciling sport with business. At length every available spot was ploughed and sown with grain, with the reservation, however, of a potato patch, and ground for a kitchen garden, although the latter is not at all usually possessed by a settler on the commencement of his career. Our friend could now spare some time for the advancement of domestic comfort, and accordingly set about the matter with great energy. There being a considerable distance between his location and the nearest town, he had as yet been unable to procure window-frames and glass in time, partly from his own ignorance of what was necessary, and partly from O'Donohue's thoughtlessness. He now repaired this omission, and the boards and pieces of strained sheeting, which had been insufficient substitutes, were thrown aside. The house had been damp, on account of the imperfect stoppage of crevices in the walls and the floor; but with the assistance of a carpenter who was fortunately passing that way with a small party of emigrants, his dwelling was rendered air and water-tight, and several little improvements were made, that added much to its general comfort. About this time, too, the long-contemplated well was dug, and the chimney rendered more safe and substantial.

The expense of these improvements, added to the previous outlays, reduced their capital very much; and as they wished to reserve what still remained for any contingencies that might happen, their food became limited in its variety, even beyond what it had before been. O'Donohue was but a new settler, and had not much more than sufficient for his own family, yet he never hesitated to assist the Robertsons; while other neighbours, for such they were, although living some dozen miles off, were not appealed to in vain when our friends were necessitated to borrow grain and flour. Still, the Robertsons had a sufficiency of food, and their discomforts were easily borne, now that the change of habits was become in some degree 'natural' to them, and they knew what to expect. The want of society was felt rather severely; and as the location was far from the regular lines of route, great pleasure was excited by the chance appearance of the party of emigrants already spoken of, which, besides new faces, brought news from the settled districts and England. The arrival of a pedlar, too, was quite an era in their solitary life, and Mrs Robertson took advantage of the opportunity thus presented to purchase a stock of pins, needles, thread, and other necessary articles; for although she had plenty of clothing, and cloth for more, yet she had omitted to supply herself with a sufficient quantity

of these other materials necessary in making or mending —a very common neglect on the part of emigrants. I suppose that Tim also must have been a good customer, as, on the Sunday following, Magee appeared decked out in all the finery of a new gown, bright-coloured ribbons, and a necklace, which, being unbought with her parents' money, pointed out Tim as the culprit in the indulgence of her feminine vanity.

The land being now ploughed, and the grain sown, Robertson turned his attention to making the fences; piling the rails in a zig-zag line on each other, in such a way that the end of each rail would rest between that of two others, and the whole strengthened at the angles of the fence by other rails fixed in the ground. However, as he had not time to prepare sufficient materials, he was obliged to content himself with surrounding the cleared parts of the farm, and without dividing it off into fields. Being now relieved from the care of providing for his expected crops, he was enabled to commence the erection of the barn he had projected. His neighbours assisted him to raise it, while he and Tim put on the boards and shingles, and in dividing off the interior, left a space for a stable, which place is generally chosen in America from its warmth in winter. As he now had a barn, and O'Donohue's stock of fodder was becoming low, he purchased sufficient hay and oats for his horses until his own crops grew.

The summer passed while all were incessantly employed in farm-labour, or other affairs conducive to their comfort, and harvest-time approached, bringing with it a further amount of duties. In America, as in some parts of England, grain is generally cradled; that is to say, cut down with a small scythe having attached to it a wicker or light wooden frame, which catches the corn before it falls, and throws it on one side. This, as may be supposed, is laborious work to one unaccustomed to it, and the binding it into sheaves is even more so. The land, however, yielded a pretty good crop; and, after paying O'Donohue in produce for what he was indebted to him, Robertson found that he had an ample quantity left for his own use. Having still a small amount of cash on hand, he found that at last he was beginning to be independent, and that as in future he would be unencumbered by any debt, he might obtain a profit from his crops.

It was about this time, when several parties of emigrants had located themselves in the neighbourhood, that O'Donohue received the offer to exchange some corn for hardware, which he had mentioned to me. The new comers were constantly passing the two clearings, for the purpose of obtaining boards and sawn timbers from a mill at a considerable distance, and it appeared to him to be a good idea to construct a saw-mill on Robertson's stream, and form a partnership with him. Having made the proposal to the other, who at once agreed to it, the exchange was made, and the building accordingly erected by themselves—a saw-mill in the woods being a very simple affair, and easily made by any person of ordinary ability. The scheme succeeded, for the neighbours brought logs in great quantities, and the partners found the trade profitable. Payment is made in such cases with half of the sawn wood, and the owner of the mill disposes of his share at the market.

Things were in this condition when I arrived. The Robertsons, although they did not as yet possess all the comforts they might wish, were increasing the list every day, and forgot the present want of many little conveniences in their hopes for the future, and had ceased to look back with regret on their life in England. I stayed rather longer than I had intended, out of compliment to Mr O'Donohue, in order to witness the marriage of his daughter with Tim. On that occasion there was great feasting, a general invitation to all Canada being left at every tavern within fifty miles. Perhaps, however, the grandness of the operations may be understood when I state the remark of the before-mentioned Yankee pedlar to me the next morning, as we were walking along the road towards the old settlements, he having presided at the violin the evening before. 'Well, stranger,' said he, 'I've seen in my time hull lots of tea-squalls, breakdowns, quiltin' frolics, and pavin' bees, but I must say I ain't never seen nothin' that could chalk up ditto alongside that concarn lust night, not by a jugful.'

I received a letter the other day from Robertson, a few extracts from which will save me the trouble of recording the progress of our emigrants since my visit. He says—'Magee, the other day, astonished us all by making O'Donohue a grandfather: he has done nothing since but talk of the joyful event, and expatiate on Tim junior's good temper and powers of consuming food; and, to use his wife's expression, he is as proud as the dog which had two tails. My wife and both my own children are quite well; the former sends all sorts of good wishes to you. As for myself, I am in rude health, looking much more like a blacksmith than a Cantab. O'Donohue and I are thinking of adding a tan-yard and bark-mill to our present business, as there is abundance of hemlock in the neighbourhood; at all events, we have each determined upon having a frame-house up next summer, and turning the old log-houses into cow-sheds. I am sorry to hear that B—— has gone home, after making such a short stay in the country; it is the same with hundreds who have not the energy to face, or the perseverance to endure, a few trifling hardships for the sake of independence in a short time. However, I must not say anything about that, as I have no doubt I should have gone home myself the first year if I had had the means, but now I would not exchange my situation of a Canadian backwoodsman for the highest in England. We would be glad to see you out here, and I am sure it would be the best thing that could be done, both by yourself and by thousands like you, who have not sufficient independence of spirit, even if there was an opening, to go into any business, and who, from your small means, are engaged in a constant struggle to keep up the appearance of gentility. If you should resolve to emigrate to this or to any other colony, keep this golden rule in your mind; for inattention to this has, I may say, been the sole cause of ruin to hundreds. If you have not much money, buy a small quantity of land, and pay cash for it, and never, if you can possibly avoid it, buy anything on credit. You do not know what may occur to prevent your being able to pay at the right time; and, besides, few men have sufficient control over themselves to work with any feeling of pleasure to pay off old debts, instead of being themselves the sole profiters by their exertions. Independence is the grand difficulty, and yet the grand charm of backwood life. I do not mean that we stand alone in the desert, cut off and separate from the sympathies of our kind; for in reality there is no part of the world where men are more indebted to friendship and good neighbourship than here, where our nearest neighbour is in general a dozen miles off. I mean that we do not lean on the social system for physical support. We have no "situations" to covet, no degrees of servitude as the boundaries of our ambition. We must achieve a living for ourselves, or perish in the wilderness. The idle, the slothful, the dissipated, the cowardly, must fall away before the approach of winter, like the sear leaves of the forest; and, in short, it is only the wakeful, the bold, the temperate, and the persevering, who must hope to be able to maintain their ground. As for myself, my life has been comparatively easy and fortunate. I had a little, though a very little, capital, a good wife, and a kind neighbour. I was therefore not alone in the woods; I was not a beggar in the desert. And yet I cannot help feeling, with a mixture of pride and humble thankfulness, that, in the midst of occasional misgivings and faint-heartedness, there was a leaven of determination in my character which enabled me to triumph over them all. But do not, my dear friend, make the mistake of holding me up as an example to the delicately nurtured, the refined in mind, for to such the consequences in nineteen cases

out of twenty would be fatal. I will not, however, dwell on this. I trust to your own experience and faculty of observation. For myself, all I have to add is, that, with the blessing of Providence, there is a fair field before me. The stream of population seems to follow where I was the unconscious pioneer. Towns and cities will by and by rise on the banks of heretofore desert rivers; my property will acquire new value, and my descendants, it may be, rank among the citizens of a great country now in its infancy.'

MANAGEMENT OF SILK-WORMS.

At a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the council and members were much gratified with a narrative of silk-worm management laid before them by Mrs Whitby of Newlands, near Lymington, Hampshire.

'I have during several years past cultivated the mulberry (mostly used in climates where silk is grown of the best quality), and fed silk-worms upon it with great success. I have had an opinion on the quality of the silk produced from them, which encourages me to hope my example will be followed by others, as a means of profit to the agriculturist, and affording employment to the industrious classes.

'I was led to the undertaking by hearing, in 1835, as I was travelling in the north of Italy, of an English gentleman "who had doubled his capital in three years, and who received 10 per cent. on that laid out on a silk establishment near Milan;" and wonder was expressed that the culture had not been tried in England. Agricultural produce had been at a low ebb in England, and it was difficult to find profitable work for the labourer. I determined to try and introduce the cultivation of silk. I saw the young mulberry-trees in Lombardy blown aside by the force of the north-east winds, as our forest-trees are here by south-west gales. At this period a fog of thirty-three days' duration had prevailed, and the ground round Milan was covered with snow, and iron-bound with frost. I knew that around Florence the nights were cold, and the weather uncertain, even so late in the spring as the 1st of June. Judging from all this that the climate of England was equally favourable to the growth of the mulberry, I ordered from a nursery-garden at Turin 100 standard trees and 1000 dwarf mulberry-plants of the sort called—Of the Philippine Islands (*Morus multicaulis*). This sort produces much larger leaves than the Italian wild white mulberry, or that which in England is cultivated for its fruit. Its growth is rapid, and it is easily propagated by cuttings, which strike as readily as the willow.

'My plants did not arrive in England until April 1836. I treated them according to the directions given in M. Burden's book, and I did not lose one. I even gathered leaves from them the same year. I bought half an ounce of silk-worms' eggs at Novi, which is said to produce the best silk in Italy, and thus laid the foundation of a small establishment, which, I hope, will be the means of spreading the culture of raw silk throughout England, and in the course of years render her independent of foreign resources. I have had no difficulty whatever in rearing the silk-worm. I possess an old loft over an unused stable: in the former I have reared the worm; in the latter I placed a silk-reel. Although my cocoons were pronounced "good," and would bear a comparison with the specimens I brought from Italy—although they were exempt from the diseases which I understand carry off at times whole colonies there—although I imported a silk-reel from Italy, and went to a great expense in having a scientific apparatus laid down to heat the water, I found insurmountable obstacles in winding off the silk fit for the loom. I tried year after year in vain: it was bright and beautiful to look at: it was pronounced by Mr Bonorardis, of the firm of Prevost and Co., 24 A, Cateaton Street, to be of "good quality, and sufficient bone and brightness, but the winding was without a peculiarity necessary for the loom." This opinion encouraged me to send to France for a person acquainted with the process; the result you have in the specimens I have sent you. The yellow silk is the growth of this year, the white that of cocoons kept during my many years of trial. I have several pounds already wound off, equally good, and the French girl, aged 19, and another (English) of 15, are now busy at work winding more. All the expense I have incurred in the apparatus above-named is so much money thrown away; the wheel I have imported this year with this young girl from France is cheap, simple, and effectual; it is also so easy of accomplishment, that three of my household can wind with facility, besides a cottager's wife, who is employed at sixpence a-day to attend upon the worms. The eggs can always be retarded so as not to be hatched before the mulberry is ready to put forth sufficient food. In France and Italy the hatching begins about the 1st of May; I find a month later preferable. All the books I have read describe a temperature of 75 degrees to be essential. I have proved, by eight years' experience, that the insects thrive better at one much lower. In damp or cold weather, I have a very small Arnott's stove lighted, which regulates the temperature to from 65 to 70 degrees. Ventilation is more necessary than extreme heat. The expense of this stove is trifling—as indeed is everything connected with the cultivation of silk. This has been a dry season, and the leaves in consequence fewer and smaller than usual; but the same difficulty has occurred in France; and the father of my little winder writes word that he was obliged to throw away this year 40,000 worms for lack of food. Mine would have suffered also had not my friends in the neighbourhood assisted in supplying me with leaves of the red mulberry. A scarcity of leaves happening occasionally is no proof that it cannot succeed. Look around at our fields. Where are the spring crops of barley and oats? Where are the turnips which ought now to make them green? Checks from bad seasons will occasionally happen to every produce of the earth in all countries; but in general, the mulberry of the Philippine Islands grows luxuriantly and multiplies freely in this part of England. The expense of an establishment such as mine would be small: that which I have incurred in my unassisted efforts to succeed, must not be considered as necessary by any one willing to take advantage by my experience; and I am so desirous to see the culture of silk become general, that it will give me much pleasure to answer any inquiries you may wish to make, or give any information in my power. I almost fear I shall have tired you with this recital; but I knew not how to make it shorter, so as to be clear and convincing. Be it remembered, there was the same prejudice in France as now exists in England against this branch of agriculture: it was attempted to be overcome by Henry IV.; but what he tried to enforce by edict, became general as it became better known. All I desire is, to make it known, that others may try in other parts of England.

P.S.—The worms of this year were reared partly from eggs saved by myself last year, and partly from insects I purchased from Signor Anegoni, 16 Church Street, Soho.'

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep, or regard it not; but a delicate plant, that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it. Neither is vice a spirit that will be conjured away with a charm, slain by a single blow, or despatched by one stab. Who, then, will be so foolish as to leave the eradicating of vice, and the planting in of virtue into its place, to a few years or weeks? Yet he who procrastinates his repentance and amendment, grossly does so; with his eyes open, he abridges the time allotted for the longest and most important work he has to perform: he is a fool.—*Barrow.*

SEEING NOT ALWAYS BELIEVING.

A destructive projectile, invented by Captain S. A. Warner, and often publicly alluded to of late, has given rise to much discussion by scientific persons who take an interest in the matter. This discussion has elicited some curious facts respecting the deceit which the atmosphere, or medium through which we see, practises upon our vision. 'Perhaps,' says the writer of a letter in the Times newspaper, 'some of your readers are not aware that we do not see through the atmosphere (as through a vacuum) in a direct or straight line, but that of a curve, regulated by distance, by refraction, and by density of the atmosphere. Place a gun-barrel in a vice, so that it cannot be moved, remove the breech [in other words, turn the barrel into a tube open at *both* ends], and place an object a mile off, so that you can look through the barrel and see that object, you will find that object constantly changed in position; sometimes not to be seen at all, from its being visually moved on one side; and at another part of the day it will be seen in another position, solely by the changes and density of the atmosphere.'

PROSCRIPTION OF THE HIGHLAND GARB.

This picturesque and primitive costume may now be said to have become fashionable ever since it was worn by one of our late monarchs; it is, however, seldom worn in the Highlands, except on grand gala days. It is curious to glance back to the time when this dress and everything connected with it was interdicted by act of parliament, under severe pains and penalties. As the act is but little known, even by many who now assume the garb, I will quote it as a curiosity. An act (20 Geo. II. c. 39) was passed 'for the more effectually disarming the Highlanders in Scotland, and for the more effectually securing the peace of the Highlands, and for restraining the use of the Highland dress,' &c. With reference to the latter, it was enacted, that 'from and after the 1st day of August 1747, any person, whether man or boy, within Scotland (excepting officers and soldiers in his majesty's service), who should, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called the Highland clothes, namely, the plaid, philibeg, trews, shoulder-belts, or any part of the Highland garb, or should use for greatcoats or upper coats, tartans, or party-coloured plaid, or stuff, should be imprisoned without bail for six months, and on being convicted for a second offence, should be liable to be transported to any of his majesty's plantations abroad for seven years.' The term for discontinuing the dress was extended by a subsequent act to the 1st of August in the following year. This obnoxious act, unworthy of a free government, was repealed in 1782. The many little devices the Highlanders adopted to retain 'the Garb of Old Gaul' are calculated to excite a smile in those of the present day. Instead of the prohibited tartan kilt, some wore pieces of a blue, green, or red thin cloth, or camlet, wrapped round the waist, and hanging down to the knees like the *fealdag*. The tight breeches were particularly obnoxious. These, when on journeys, they often suspended over their shoulders upon sticks; others, either more wary or less submissive, sewed up the centre of the kilt with a few stitches between the thighs, which gave it something of the form of the trousers worn by Dutch skippers. At first these evasions of the act were visited with great severity; but at length the officers of the law seem to have acquiesced in the construction put by the Highlanders upon the prohibition in the act. This appears from the trial of a man named M'Alpin, from Breadalbane, who was acquitted on his proving that the kilt had been stitched up in the middle. Such were the amusing evasions of this extremely absurd act.

WASHING IN THE MAURITIUS.

The stony bed of the river (*Grand Riviere*) above the bridge presented a cheerful sight. Here nearly all the clothes worn in Port Louis are washed. For about a quarter of a mile the river varies from one hundred to three hundred yards in width. This space was covered with clothes spread out in the sun, and with men and women of swarthy or ebon skins standing in the water washing. They soak the clothes, rub them with soap or goats' dung, beat them upon flat portions of the rock with a flat piece of wood having a short handle, work them backward and forward in the water, expose them to the sun, and occasionally throw water over them when spread out. By these means they make them very white, but destroy them so fast, that our clothes were nearly as much worn during a stay of about three months in the Mauritius, as during one of six years in the Australian colonies.—*Backhouse's Mauritius.*

LILLIPUTIAN VOLUMES.

Sir John Tobin purchased for the sum of one hundred and five pounds a small missal, called *The Hours of Mary of Burgundy*. The volume is very little more than four inches in height, by three or four only in width, yet it is full of rich and striking specimens of the graphic and ornamental art of the time. The *Novum Testamentum Græcum*, published in 1628, at Sedan, in France, is the smallest Greek Testament ever printed; this exceedingly beautiful volume measuring only three inches and a quarter in length, and one inch seven-eighths in breadth. Copies of it have sold for prices varying from one guinea to five. Dr Dibdin, in his *Literary Reminiscences* (vol. ii. p. 943), says he possesses an '*Agnus Dei*, which seems to have been printed for, as well as dedicated to, Prince Henry, elder son of James I. It measures only one inch and three-eighths in height, an inch in width, and half an inch in thickness. Its author is John Weever; and it consists of an abridged life of our Saviour in English metre, having only a couplet on each page, printed prose-wise. The title is, "*An Agnus Dei.* Printed by N. O. for John Smethwicke, 1610." Then follows, "To Prince Henry, your humble servant, Jo. Weever."' A modern work called the English Bijou Almanac is not of greater dimensions than the thumb-nail of a large hand.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS IN NAPLES.

The literature of the whole of Italy has long been strangled by political disunion. Each of the various governments under which it has from time to time existed, has deemed it necessary to exercise a rigid censorship over the press, lest the dissemination of public opinion should unsettle existing institutions. The kingdom of Naples is not exempt from this system; and to it is added a very high duty on foreign books, so that the people are denied that information from abroad which they are unable to obtain at home. So strict is the supervision of foreign works, that a correspondent to the Athenæum declares that a Neapolitan bookseller told him that even such innocuous books as the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and Madame Cottin's exquisite tale of 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,' are prohibited. It is, however, not a little extraordinary, that, despite these stringent regulations, periodical literature flourishes in Naples. In 1834 there were thirty publications issued in the whole kingdom, and at the present twenty-eight come out in the capital alone —we cannot add 'regularly,' for their appearance is frequently suspended by the capricious censors. The editors are occasionally afraid to issue them through the booksellers, and cause them to be deposited with their subscribers with as much fear and trembling as if they were contraband goods. From the source above quoted, we derive the following particulars concerning the periodical press of Naples. The intervals of publication vary from two months to a week; and it is worthy of remark, that the government is liberal enough to allow them to pass free through the post. The most expensive is 'Il Progresso,' which contains 150 pages, and sells for five carlini, (about four shillings and fourpence). The 'Poliorama Pittoresca' is published weekly at the price of five grani, or twopence-farthing, and undertakes 'to diffuse useful knowledge amongst all classes, and to render reading in families agreeable.' It has much merit, and has been in existence during eight years. 'Il Diritto' is chiefly devoted to jurisprudence, has lived two years, and sells at thirty grani, or one shilling and three-halfpence. The title of 'La Scienza e la Fede' (science and religion) sufficiently indicates its main purpose, which is to show how science and religion —that is, the Roman Catholic religion—illustrate and support one another. It is sold at two carlini. Amongst the cheapest of the Neapolitan publications is 'Il Lucifero,' which has been in existence seven years, and sells for four grani, or twopence. Its contents appear to be not very dissimilar to those of our own journal, but on a far more limited scale. There is one, however, cheaper even than 'Il Lucifero,' called the 'Galleria Letteraria,' in which 110 pages are given for two carlini, or one shilling and ninepence. It is written partly in French and partly in Italian, and contains some tolerable lithographed views. In commencing a new volume for this year, an intention is announced of reproducing works of established reputation, whatever be their length. 'In this manner,' says the editor, 'we shall give to the public many works of value published in Italy, but out of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as well as the works of distinguished writers of any nation.' Besides such reprints, it gives a great variety, as well as quantity of matter, as may be inferred from the size of the work. This 'Literary Gallery' has been in existence three years. These are samples of the twenty-eight periodicals published at Naples. Their existence admits of the gratifying inference, that education and knowledge are spreading amongst those who have perhaps more need of them than any other people in Europe. As recently as 1840, it was ascertained that in some of the Neapolitan provinces scarcely one in every hundred and fifty persons was able to read.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of St Sepulchre, and in the city of London.—Saturday, September 28, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 40. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

If psychologists were to erect the results of their inquiries into a science, and classify mankind according to their mental, as naturalists have arranged them under their organic peculiarities, circumstantial people would be placed under the genus 'bore.' They are greater consumers of time and patience than any of the species into which that very extensive genus may be divided. I am at this moment slowly recovering from the effects of a visit of one of these narrators of very minute and unnecessary particulars. He came to tell me that his eldest daughter had unexpectedly departed for Paris; a piece of information which, in the first place, it was not highly essential for me to know, and which, in the second, might have been communicated in six or eight words. But so prompt a mode of compromising the information with me was by no means to his taste. He entered my study with an air that seemed

'Big with the fate of armies and of kings.'

He had evidently been walking very fast—like a man to whom it was of great consequence to get an important piece of information off his mind as soon as possible. His first words were, 'My dear P——, what *do* you think?' 'I could not say.' 'Well, then, I'll tell you. Yesterday morning, my wife and I were seated at breakfast alone (for Maria had not come down, having been up late at Mrs Farmer's ball the night before); I was just breaking the shell of my second egg, while Mrs Fraser was remarking, that if Maria did not make haste, her tea would get cold—when there came a double knock at the door, and in bounced Hopperton. "Who would have thought of seeing you at this time of the morning?" said I. "Who, indeed?" he replied, laughing; "but I did not come to see *you*, Fraser. Oh no, I came to see your wife!" And as he gave Mrs Fraser one of his funny winks, we both laughed. Well, I looked at Mrs Fraser, and Mrs Fraser looked at me, as much as to say, "I wonder what Hopperton wants?" He did not keep us long in suspense; for after my wife had asked him if he had taken breakfast, and he had replied, "Oh yes, hours ago!" (you know he is a very early riser), he unfolded the object of his visit. "The fact is," he began, "my wife and daughter are off to Paris." "To Paris?" exclaimed both myself and my wife at the same instant. "Yes," repeated Hopperton, "to Paris; and my Mary Anne swears—at least not exactly that" —(you know what a funny fellow he is)—"but she declares that she will not go, unless your Maria can accompany them. Now, the question is, Mrs Fraser, can you spare her?" You'll hardly believe me, Peppercorn, when I tell you that my wife was so much astonished at the proposition, that, having the cream-jug in her hand at the time, she let it fall, and spilt the contents over the hearth-rug—a new one—only sent home from the Pantechnicon three days before. It might have been worse though, for, odd enough, the jug—a glass one—never broke.'

'But about your daughter?' I said, to bring him back to the subject.

'Well, when Mrs Fraser had recovered her fright, and rung for the maid to wipe up the mess on the hearth-rug, she said it was so very startling a proposition, that really she did not know what to say, and for her part she would leave it to me to decide.'

'And,' I interposed, hoping to cut my tormentor short, 'you consented?'

'Wait, and you shall hear. My wife gave me a look, which, I knew perfectly well, meant, "*I* should like the girl to go." But Hopperton thought she was in doubt, and determined to persuade us. "You see," said he, "such another opportunity may not occur, and it will quite put the finish to your daughter's education; for no girl is thought much of now-a-days who has not been to Paris. Then she will have the opportunity of learning the Polka with my Mary Anne, who is to take lessons from a Bohemian nobleman—the only person, I am told, that teaches the properly authenticated steps and figures." This seemed to strike my wife with great force, and while she was debating the matter with me, down came Maria herself!'

'And the end of it was, I suppose, that Hopperton's arguments prevailed?' I said, touching up the capital D of a Dear Sir with which I had begun a letter, hoping, by this little indication, to show that I was in a hurry to finish the epistle. I might, however, have just as well endeavoured to stop a steam-engine with a hair.

'Wait, wait,' he went on; 'the best of it is to come. Maria blushed, stammered, and looked imploringly at us. Mrs Fraser could not resist. Hopperton told me the whole thing would not cost us above twenty pounds (by the by, I shall not be surprised if I have not five, or perhaps ten more to pay), and, after a little more persuasion, we consented. Poor Maria! she did not eat a bit of breakfast, and as they would have to start at five o'clock this morning (quick work, you see), she went off to begin packing.' This, I fondly hoped, would end the tale; but not so. Fraser insisted on describing every preparation that was made for the journey, even to the articles of dress Miss Fraser had purchased, and the prices paid for them—the exact hour at which the family was called up on the eventful morning, what they had for breakfast, and how long they took to eat it—how much the hackney coachman who conveyed the young lady and her trunks to the steam wharf endeavoured to overcharge—what Mrs and Miss Hopperton said when they met on the deck of the vessel—how much the two younger ladies cried, on parting with

their respective papas—and every occurrence down to the starting of the boat. When, to my great relief, Fraser went away, I found, on consulting my watch, that he had despoiled me of the best two hours of my day. Some time after, on comparing notes with one or two mutual acquaintances, I discovered that they were losers by Fraser of the same quantity of valuable time on the same day by his tedious minuteness in telling the same story.

Fraser is only one of a species divided into many varieties, all of whom are so peculiarly obnoxious to my own habits, feelings, and (I am tempted to add) to my temper, that though I avoid them, when I can, with uncommon promptitude, yet I have many opportunities of studying their peculiarities. A few of these it may be amusing, perhaps useful, to point out.

There is one rule to which I invariably adhere in reference to circumstantial people, which is—never to contradict a circumstantial person, or question by the least hint the truth of his manifold statements; for that is sure to bring down a torrent of trifles in supposed corroboration of what he has been saying. If, for instance, you doubt the correctness of one of this class when he says he did something not very credible—such as having walked five or six miles in an hour—he will try to convince you by declaring upon his honour it is true, *for* he met his friend Robson before he started, who remarked that he was sure it would rain, and advised me, as I was going so far, to take an umbrella. 'Why, I overtook the Rumble coach, and my brother's wife's cousin was on the outside, and even *he* called out, What was my hurry? *Besides*, when I got to my destination, the people I went to see had but just dined, and remarked how warm I looked, insisting upon my taking a glass of soda-water, with a dash of pale sherry in it, just to take away the chill. Nay, upon my word I have not exaggerated—I did the whole distance within the hour—not a minute over.' Whereupon you are expected to have been convinced, although all these 'corroborations' have as much to do with the matter as the man in the moon.

It must not, however, be inferred that the circumstantial are at all addicted to untruth; on the contrary, it is their rigid adherence to the '*whole* truth' which—crowding their statements with masses of petty occurrences, and consequently rendering them too confused to be clearly comprehended—causes their narratives to appear to be far from 'nothing but the truth.' By expending their breath in running after unimportant facts, they lose their grasp of the main ones. Their extreme scrupulousness in this respect often keeps their auditor a long while on the threshold of a story before they enter upon it in earnest. This generally arises on a point of time; thus—'Last Thursday—but, let me remember, wasn't it Wednesday? No, it could not have been Wednesday, for I went out of town that day. It must have been Friday; and yet I don't know either: on Friday I had my hair cut, and it was not then, I am certain. No, it *was* Thursday.' Then, in all probability, the story begins; but when it is to end, is another question, for a narrative commenced after this fashion is certain to be an unusually long one.

Very circumstantial persons keep journals, in which they note down with scrupulous fidelity the daily occurrences of the most monotonous and uneventful lives. I knew an old gentleman who had been engaged from his youth in the Bank of England, where he made his appearance every morning exactly at ten o'clock for fifty years. During that period he lived at Peckham, in the suburbs of London. Yet he journalised with as much industry as if his life had been as eventful as that of Julius Cæsar, or as full of hair-breadth 'scapes as Baron Munchausen's. For lack, however, of great things, he chronicled small. That old gentleman boasted that he could tell—by a minute's reference to his long set of diaries—where he had dined, and what he had had for dinner, on any one day during the last half century! His circumstantiality concerning the petty events of his long existence were minuted with such fidelity, that although he could give very little information about the battle of Trafalgar, the Restoration of the Bourbons—about Napoleon, Nelson, or Wellington—yet he could tell you with perfect exactitude how many times he had been troubled with the toothache in a half a century, when guineas were worth twenty-seven shillings a-piece, and when the first omnibus was started from Peckham to the Bank, with the price of the fares, and the name of the driver. His mind was as full of those minutiæ as his voluminous diaries, of which his conversation was but a tedious repetition. Though an excellent and worthy old gentleman in other respects, his circumstantial garrulity was far from amusing.

Another instance of this passion for scriptural circumstantiality occurs in our own family. My late worthy Aunt Bridget journalised with so much copiousness, that I really believe more than half her time was employed in chronicling the events of the other half. Indeed, unless she had hit upon a plan of shortening her memoranda, I am confident that so great a proportion of her days would have been swallowed up by her commonplace-book, that she would have had no time left to act—to make, in other words, materials for her entries. This plan consisted in writing the initial letter only of the principal words—a system of short-hand which had a very curious effect on some of her closely-filled pages. I once happened to take a peep into this bulky manuscript, and found the following startling memorandum:—'Pipe burst, and W flowed all over the H, putting out the K fire, at which D's and P's were being cooked. This put us all out sadly, for P was coming at 5 to D(ine). However, although this caused our D to be half an hour after the T, yet we got over it very well.' I remember that day perfectly. I have good reason; for during the whole of my stay I was entertained with an account of this disaster; the quantity of water (estimated in pailfuls) which overflowed the house; the name of the poulterer who sold the ducks, and of the green-grocer from whom my aunt bought the peas; the exact time at which the pipe burst, with the precise minute when the smoke-jack stopped, and the kitchen fire went out: not one circumstance which did, might, could, should, or ought to have happened, was abated; and although I dined that day with my Aunt Bridget to transact some important family business, yet I was obliged to leave it undone. She could do nothing but talk of her domestic flood. Peace be with her! Let me chronicle the last event of her life, which was the making of her will—next to her diaries, her greatest literary undertaking. It occupied her a month's incessant dictation to a very expert clerk of mine, and filled two quires of foolscap. She left me about three hundred pounds, the bulk of which was in small bank notes, their numbers and dates carefully noted in her will. The rest was in guineas, each of which was described by the date of its coinage. To some of her legatees, the cost of copies of probate was greater than the value of her bequests; so infinitesimal was her method of describing them.

Speaking of the law naturally reminds one of the extreme circumstantiality of that profession. The wordiness of the most trifling transaction when recorded 'at law,' is perfectly wearying to the intellect, though perhaps necessary to insure correctness. Should, for example, Mr Jones quarrel with Mr Smith, and inflict summary punishment by the slightest tap with a stick, and the case be brought into court, the aggressor is accused in the indictment something after the following fashion:—'That he, the said John Jones, did, on the twenty-ninth day of February last past (to wit, the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four), in a public thoroughfare, to wit, the Strand, in the city of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, wilfully, knowingly, with evil intent, and malice aforethought, beat, strike, assault, and otherwise maltreat the aforesaid Thomas Smith with a certain blunt

weapon, stick, rattan, or switch, to wit, a sugar-cane three feet one inch in length, and one quarter of an inch in diameter of thickness, for the purpose, intent, and determination of inflicting on the aforesaid Thomas Smith some grievous bodily harm, and disturbing the peace of her majesty's realm, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided.'

Neither is circumstantiality confined to the law. We sometimes find the professors of medicine indulging in it to a very trying extent, in order, one is occasionally led to suspect, to make the most of their technical knowledge. This is very often the case when such evidence of their acquirements is likely to be made public—as when a surgeon is called upon to give his testimony at an English coroner's inquest or in a court of law. On one occasion, when a friend had, by falling, made a rather deep cut under his knee, the country practitioner who attended him described the accident to me in—as near as I can recollect—the following words. 'The case is this, sir—a severe contusion and puncture has been made at the top of the tibia by some hard and blunt substance—probably a flint stone—the consequence of which is, a wound about an inch long, and (say) a quarter of an inch broad, and of a depth sufficient not only to lay open the cuticle and epidermis, but to sever a portion of the tendon-patella, remove a small section of the periosteum, and contuse the bone. Inflammation has supervened, in consequence of the entrance into the cavity of certain minute particles (probably gravel); which, keeping up a constant and active irritation, are calculated to retard recovery, till removed by means of poultices.' Here I desired my verbose informant to stop, my time not permitting me to listen to the rest of the diagnosis.

From the specimens of circumstantiality which I have produced, it will be found a most time-wasting fault, and one consequently to be avoided. The great art in making statements regarding facts is to seize their main features, without detailing the petty events branching from or clinging to them, as have nothing to do with the circumstance-in-chief which the narrator is anxious to detail.

PHONOGRAPHY.

We have always been inclined to regard attempts to improve the spelling and sign-representation of the English language as visionary, partly because so many very miserable failures have been made in this line, and partly because there appeared so little reason to expect that any improved system would ever be so generally adopted as to become of practical utility. Our views, we candidly confess, have been much changed since we lately became acquainted with the system of phonography invented by Mr Pitman of Bath. This system is now in the course of being explained to popular audiences throughout the country by lecturers commissioned by the inventor, and, having had our attention attracted to it, by the visit of Messrs Woodward and Walker to Edinburgh, we have enabled ourselves to speak with a little confidence of its merits, by going through a course of lessons, in which we have mastered its principal features. We shall endeavour to give our readers some general knowledge of it, certain that, if we fail in making the subject interesting, it must be our own blame, as the lectures of our preceptor in the art were universally felt to be that and something more, namely, entertaining.

The evil which phonography primarily proposes to reform, is the imperfection of our alphabet as a means of representing the sounds of our language. There are about thirty-eight sounds in the English tongue, and only twenty-six letters with which to express them, two of these (c g) having two different sounds to represent, while q represents a sound which can also be represented by k. The representation of sounds by signs began in the infancy of mankind, and was very inadequately effected by the alphabets which they invented. The forms of the letters of these alphabets were determined by chance and caprice, and were far from being so simple as they might have been. The consequences are, that the words of all written languages are set down or spelt in an arbitrary manner, and that the writing of these languages is invariably a tedious process. There is confessedly no principle in the spelling of English words. The letter a, for instance, has four sounds, as in psalm, mat, mate, fall. The other vowels have several sounds each; and several combinations of letters, of frequent use, have different sounds in different words; thus, *ough* has the various pronunciations expressed in thought, though, through, plough, cough, rough, hough, hiccough. By way of an illustration of the uncertainty of the sounds of words in the English language, we may borrow, from a late privately printed pamphlet, a line forming a gentleman's name, which may well defy correct pronunciation in all but those who have heard it sounded—

SIR GEART PRIESE GROUGH, BARONET, OF THOVE.

Ea in Geart may be pronounced four ways, as in Gr*ea*t, H*ea*t, H*ea*rt, *Ea*rth, and the G either as in *g*et or *g*em. Therefore the Christian name Geart may be any one of the eight words, Gært, Gyrt, Gart, Gert, Djært, Djyrt, Djart, Djert. Ie in Priese may be pronounced four ways, as in the words Fr*ie*nd, Gr*ie*ve, Sieve, Cr*ie*s; and the *se* may sound sharp, as in Gee*se*, or flat, as in Chee*se*. Priese may therefore be one of the eight words Pres, Preece, Priss, Prys, Prez, Preeze, Priz, Prize. Ough in Grough may be pronounced in any one of the eight ways above enumerated; so our baronet's patronymic may be Grau, Gro, Groo, or Grou—Grof, Gruf, Groh, or Grup. Ove in Thove may be pronounced three ways, as in rove, prove, and love; and Th may be either hard, as in *Th*orpe, or soft, as in *Th*ee, or as T, as in *Th*omas. Therefore, Thove is susceptible of nine interpretations of sound. The sum is this, the name of the baronet may be Sir Gært (or Gyrt, Gart, Gert, Djært, Djyrt, Djart, or Djert) Pres (or Preece, Priss, Prys, Prez, Preeze, Priz, or Prize), Grau (or Gro, Groo, Grou, Grof, Gruf, Groh, or Grup), of Thove, Thoove, or Thuv. Suppose each of the varieties of Grough is liable to have any one of the varieties of Priese to precede it, there will be sixty-four possible varieties of pronunciation for Priese Grough, two syllables of the name. Each of these varieties may be preceded by any one of the eight possible varieties of pronunciation for the name Geart, making 512 varieties for Geart Priese Grough. Taking Thove at nine varieties, though it seems to have more, and considering that each of the preceding variations of the name may be followed by one of these peculiar ways of pronouncing the appellative of the estate, we shall see that the full designation of this English gentleman (a real person, we believe) may be pronounced no less than 4608 different ways. Moreover, it so happens that the people of Sir Geart's neighbourhood pronounce the vowels in Grough as in the word *cow*, so that, after all, not one of these 4608 pronunciations is the right one!

This, it may be said, is an extreme case; and certainly it is so; but the language is nevertheless full of anomalies of the same kind, insomuch that, on a careful investigation of 50,000 words, it is ascertained that only about fifty, or one in a thousand, are pronounced as might be expected from the spelling. The following illustration is a less striking one than the above, yet sufficient to show how far our orthography is from being a guide to pronunciation. To show the incongruities, each rhyming word in the second line is spelt in the same way as the first.

'Twas a fine winter's day, their breakfast was done,
And the boys were disposed to enjoy some good *fone*.
Sam Sprightly observed, "'Tis but just half-past eight,
And there's more time for play than when breakfast is *leight*;
And so I'll agree, that, as cold is the morning,
We'll keep ourselves warm at the game of stag *worning*.

I'm stag!' With his hand in his waistcoat he's off;
And his playmates are dodging him round the pump *troff*.
Sam's active; but still their alertness is such,
It was not very soon that e'en one he could *tuch*.
The captive's assailed by jokes, buffets, and laughter,
By a host of blithe boys quickly following *aughter*;
But joined hand in hand, their forces are double,
Nor for jokes nor for buffetings care they a *bouble*.
All's activity now, for high is the sport;
Reinforcements arrive from the shed and shed *cort*.
More are caught, and their places they straightway assign
At the middle or end of the lengthening *lign*;
To break it some push with both shoulder and thigh,
But so firm is the hold that vainly they *trigh*.
Oh, 'tis broken at last! now scamper the whole,
To escape their pursuers, and get to the *gole*.
All are caught now, but one, of the juvenile hosts,
And he, a proud hero, vain-gloriously *bosts!*
But, hark! the clock strikes, and then, by the rules,
They must quickly collect for their several *schules*;
We'll leave them awhile at their books and their sums,
And join them again when the afternoon *cums*.

It need scarcely be remarked what a difficulty our imperfect representation of sounds introduces into the study of our language, both for children and strangers. A child, who is told that l o v e is luv, necessarily of course presumes that o has the power of the vowel sound in luv, and, on coming to pronounce p r o v e, supposes himself right when he says pruv; whereas it is proove. And so on with all the other 49,950 misrepresented words of the language, each of which requires a special effort of memory regarding itself, before the student can be considered as perfect in orthoepy; the acquisition of orthography, or correct spelling, being a converse difficulty of not less magnitude. How much of the time, labour, and mental energy of an infant is thus absorbed merely in getting over the difficulties imposed by a bad system handed down from antiquity!

It is obvious that, by having a sign for each of the thirty-eight radical sounds, and spelling the words with these in all instances according to the sound, the literature of our speech would be of infinitely easier acquisition, because we should then be guided by a few simple and invariable principles, instead of being required to fix thousands of eccentricities in our memory. To furnish such an extended alphabet, has been often attempted, but never successfully, in our opinion, until now, when the task has been undertaken by a man apparently of much ingenuity, guided by an enlightened view of natural principles. Mr Pitman's system has also the advantage of furnishing a short-hand of an unusually easy kind.

In pursuit of simplification, this gentleman classes the mute and semivocal consonants in couples, which are merely lighter or graver variations of one sound—p, b; t, d; ch, j; k, g; f, v; th as in think; and th as in them; s, z; sh, zh; and he thus obtains the advantage of expressing these respectively by lighter and heavier strokes, conformably to the nature of their sound. The signs adopted for the mutes are geometric forms of the simplest kind, and determined by an analogy to the modes of their pronunciation. The figure expresses them in union, being all the available radii of the upper half of a circle. The stroke or radius to the right is adopted to represent p (in its lighter form) and b (in its heavier form), because the pronunciation of these takes place nearest to the front of the vocal organs. The upright stroke represents t and d, because these are sounded from a point next farther back in the mouth. The stroke leaning to the right represents ch and j, and the horizontal stroke k and g, for similar reasons. The simplicity of these characters, as distinguished from those which we derive from ancient hieroglyphics, derived in their turn from pictures of objects, must be striking to all; and yet, it will be observed, they are entirely distinct from each other, and therefore not to be mistaken in any possible case. The semivocals are partly marked on the same principle; thus , a curve for a stroke in the same direction, represents f and v, according as it is written lightly or heavily; , the t line curved, is th, light or heavy; is s and z, according as it is thin or thick; and is sh and zh. The liquids l and r are represented by and . M is ; n is ; and ng is ; namely, the n character marked heavily. These are the whole of the substantial sounds or consonants of the language.

The vowels are produced in an equally simple manner. What may be called the fundamental vowels of the human speech, are those in the following words—*reed*, m*a*te, p*s*alm, c*au*ght, p*o*pe, r*oo*m; namely, e, ai, ah, au, oe, oo. And these Mr Pitman expresses by heavy dots and short strokes placed at various points along the body of the consonants. Thus, taking the consonant t, we have the vowels formed as follows— The first of these associations is the word *eat*, the second *ate*, the fourth *aught*, and the fifth *oat*. So, likewise, transposing the arrangement, we have key, kay; and so forth, the vowel being here sequential to the stroke. The other vowels are those expressed in the following words—*sit*, *set*, *sat*, *sot*, r*u*t, l*oo*k, and these are only the others shortened; they are marked by merely a light instead of a heavy dot or hyphen. There are also compound vowels—ye, ya, yah, yau, yo, yoo; we, wa, wah, wau, wo, woo; i, oi, ou; wi, wou; and these are expressed by little cusps and arrow-heads, arranged in similar relations to the consonants. It is needless here to give examples.

The whole of the mutes and some of the semivocals are liable in our language to be often associated with l and r, as in the words, *please*, *praise*, *little*, *tract*; and so forth. This combination is stenographically expressed by merely a hook at the beginning of the fundamental consonant, turned to the right for l, and to the left for r. A hook made in like manner at the ends of the letters, adds other sounds; in the straight-line letters, at the left, it indicates *n*, at the right, *tion*; towards the inside of the bend in the curved letters, *n*. There is also a readier mode of the letter s by a loop at the beginning or end of the adjoining consonants; and the ed of the preterite tense is denoted by giving the preceding consonant of half the usual size; thus, dip, when written thus becomes dipped; fable, when written becomes fabled; and so on. The abbreviative power of the system is strongly marked in some instances. For example, two strokes or moves of the hand would express the word cautioned, which requires twenty-eight to execute in the ordinary hand.

Such are the main features of Mr Pitman's phonography; a few less important particulars are overlooked, for the sake of simplicity. It appears that the system, wherever it is explained, meets a warm reception from many persons. It impresses all with an admiration of its simplicity and truthfulness, the result of the relation which it bears to natural principles; and hundreds and thousands have studied it so far as to be able to correspond in it. We find that four lessons have enabled us to convey the system into our mind, and that only practice could further be necessary to enable us to write it with ease and speed. The great question will be, of course, to what good? We wish to give a candid answer, when we say that a large and wide-spread adoption of the system does not seem to us as altogether to be despaired of. It is very clear that, when the present acknowledgedly bad system is once, with whatever difficulty, acquired, there is a great indisposition to take the trouble of mastering a new one, however simple. Familiarised with literature in its present appearance, every new mode of expressing it

appears barbarous and ridiculous; and there is a positive dislike to all fresh trouble upon the subject. These facts may be admitted, and yet we would still say that phonography may make progress. A writer for the press may have the benefit of its distinctness and brevity of manual labour, where he is accustomed to have his manuscript set up by one set of compositors, these individuals being also acquainted with it. Merchants and others, accustomed to correspond, may take advantage of its amazing facility. And by thus, as it were, effecting settlements amongst us, it may in time advance to be the predominant system. There are, however, other hopes for phonography. It may yet be found of vast service in the missionary cause. When a need occurs, as is every day the case, for expressing the Scriptures in a barbarous and hitherto unwritten language, this mode of writing ought decidedly to be adopted. We undertake to say that, expressed by characters so unequivocal, and so easily distinguished, a savage novice in Christianity would learn to read the Bible in one-twentieth of the time necessary when his language is expressed in English characters. The difficulty of rightly expressing a hitherto unwritten language in our alphabet, has been experienced near our own doors; namely, when, in the reign of Charles II., it became necessary to print books in Gaelic. Written as this language is, no ordinary scholar could read it from a book, without a great deal of particular instruction; but a phonographer unacquainted with the language could write a sermon at Killin, and his manuscript could be read out by another phonographer to an audience in Kintyre, not one of whom would fail to understand it, though it was a mere babble to the reader. We cordially, then, recommend the consideration of phonography to those engaged in the diffusion of sacred knowledge among the heathen: it would probably be found the greatest aid they had ever derived from human ingenuity for the advancement of their objects. It might even be worthy of deliberation, whether phonography is not the mode of reading which should be first imparted to the young. Children of six years old would learn to read in it in a very few weeks, and their minds would thus be at once prepared for the further illumination to be gained from education, instead of spending years in mastering eccentricities and barbarisms which are purely accidental, and when learned, constitute no real knowledge. An acquaintance with the forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty capriciously-formed signs for as many words, might be acquired in subsequent years, when the mind was better fitted for application to such a task. Only, it is to be feared that, if once accustomed to the directness, clearness, and truthfulness of phonography, it might be found impossible to bend the mind to pay the needful attention to what has been called One Great Untruth, the ordinary mode of expressing our language.

MR KOHL IN SCOTLAND.

It will be seen, by reference to former articles on this gentleman's travels,* that after having inspected a part of England and Wales, he departed from Holyhead, and having taken a hasty survey of Ireland, entered Scotland by the Clyde. 'The first object which greeted my eyes at Glasgow,' he says, 'was an enormous chimney, which towered out through the mist over the city like the Minster of Strasburg and the St Stephen's Tower of Vienna.' This chimney—said to be 450 feet high, and the tallest in Great Britain—shoots up from Tennant's chemical works, to conduct the noxious vapours which issue from them sufficiently high to prevent damage to the air breathed by the inhabitants. It suggested to Kohl an idea which is striking, and not altogether impracticable. 'What an excellent thing it would be to make them yet more extensive, and make a few giant chimneys carry up the smoke of a whole town, by conducting it through subterranean passages from each of the houses. These colossal chimneys might easily be converted into picturesque and beautiful objects, by the application of some architectural taste to their construction and decoration. The numberless ugly little chimneys which at present deform great towns would then vanish; and as the whole might be placed under the superintendence of regular functionaries, the many fires which now continually break out in private chimneys would be avoided.'

Nothing seems to have surprised our traveller so much in Glasgow as the large commercial establishment of the Messrs Campbell. 'I visited,' says he, 'the greatest warehouse of manufactured goods in the town, that of the brothers Campbell, who employ no fewer than 200 clerks [or shopmen] in their establishment. Of all the goods sold there, none interested me more than the Scottish checked cloth, or "tartan," as it is called. Next to the tartans, the great embroidering establishments in the house of the brothers Campbell attracted my attention. Numbers of young girls were there occupied in embroidering caps, collars, christening robes, and other garments. The kind of embroidery here worked is called Moravian point. Means have been discovered for printing the pattern to be followed upon the muslin to be embroidered, and this occasions a great saving of time and trouble. In this way 150 embroiderers can produce from 1500 to 2000 richly embroidered caps in a month. A great number of these, as of the other embroidered articles, are of course sent to London. The owners of this great establishment, the Messrs Campbell, began with only a hundred pounds capital. They are now among the richest people in Glasgow, and one of them is lord provost of the city. Chambers asserts, in his Picture of Scotland, that the receipts of this house amounted in the year 1834 to L.433,021 sterling, an amount probably unequalled by any other similar retail-dealers in the world. These gentlemen may, perhaps, have earned their wealth hardly enough; but it very frequently happens that a single lucky hit, a single happy idea, makes the fortune of a manufacturer in Glasgow. The animation and spirit with which commerce is carried on in Great Britain, and the immense extent of the market which lies open to the British manufacturer, give such a wide sphere to every invention, and allow each, if successful, such rich and immediate rewards, as can be realised in no other country. I was told of a man who invented a new kind of pocket-handkerchief, the colour and pattern of which happening suddenly to become fashionable among the English and their 100,000,000 of colonists, he became a very wealthy man in an incredibly short space of time. Many other manufacturers endeavoured, of course, to imitate these favourite handkerchiefs, but they did not succeed until the inventor had had time, as I have said, to realise most ample profits. England is truly the country for inventors: here a single lucky thought in this way, hundreds of thousands of which would elsewhere be comparatively useless, may become a true Fortunatus's purse to the possessor. Doubtless hundreds of such lucky notions, which might make a millionaire of me in England, are perpetually springing up in my brain, and dying away for want of exercise; lucky notions upon which others will some day grow rich, although they will at last take the same way which I next took, namely, towards the churchyard.'

Speaking of the wonderfully rapid rise of Glasgow—'At the time of the Union, about a hundred years ago, Glasgow contained only 12,000 inhabitants, and was totally unknown to the rest of Europe. Since then, the city has twelve times doubled its original population; and it now contains 282,000 inhabitants. It is to the cotton lords, and their enterprising speculations, that Glasgow chiefly owes its prosperity. The landlords prefer residing in the old aristocratic cities of eastern Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh, which offers in everything a striking contrast to Glasgow. Edinburgh

* A paper on Mr Kohl's travels in Ireland appeared in No. 3; one on his English travels, in No. 39; both of the present series.

is the centre of rank, cultivation, art, and literature; Glasgow of wealth, manufacture, and commerce. Edinburgh glories in antiquity and historical recollections; Glasgow in its rapid rise and ever-increasing vigour. Both cities are, upon the whole, favourable to the cause of reform and progress, but Glasgow more uniformly so than Edinburgh.'

From the metropolis of the west of Scotland Mr Kohl proceeded to Edinburgh—a two hours' ride by railway—through what he calls the heart of the Scottish Lowlands. Edina, with 'its palaces and towers,' astonished and delighted our traveller of many lands. But if the elegance of the architecture, and the general neatness of the newer part of the city, with its wealthy and fashionable society, afford much to admire, so does the more ancient part—the Old Town, perched on its long and abrupt hill—awaken feelings not less of surprise than distress. 'The appearance of Edinburgh is particularly striking at night, and I do not believe there is a city in Europe which is rendered so beautiful by its street-lamps and house-lights of different kinds. The Old Town, the immense houses of which, towering one above another, are seen from the splendid line of Princes Street, which runs all along the side of the flower-and-tree-filled valley, like a quay along a river bank, is particularly brilliant at night. This Old Town glitters every day of the week with numberless ranges and clusters of lights, as other cities do only on great festive occasions. Yet all this splendid array of lights is the consequence of poverty and wretchedness. All these high houses are filled with crowded inhabitants from cellar to roof, and every room has its separate family. As all these poor people are at work till very late at night, light glimmers from the window of every crowded and comfortless room; whilst in the houses of the rich, whole suites of rooms lie unoccupied, and consequently dark.' Visiting the old parts of the town, he proceeds —'Had I not witnessed the condition of the poor in the Polish cities, and had I not seen in various parts of the world so much misery, squalidness, and privation everywhere connected with poverty, I should say that the condition of the poor in some parts of the Old Town of Edinburgh was the most painful and humiliating spectacle that human eye could witness; but so great is the amount of privation and wretchedness endured in different parts of the world, that I hesitate to give the preference to any. Certain it is, however, that the manner of life of the poor in Edinburgh has its own very peculiar evils, which arise chiefly from the remarkable mode of building adopted in the part of the town they inhabit. The "closes" of the Old Town are probably the narrowest streets in the world. The lanes and alleys of Genoa, and those of the Oriental cities, are broad and spacious compared to them. Some are literally only a yard and a half, or two yards across from house to house! Formerly the houses in these closes were inhabited by wealthy nobles, and many of them still bear the names of distinguished old families. It may be imagined, therefore, how filthy and pestilential is the very air in these closes. As neither sun nor wind can ever pierce them, they are always damp. In many places I saw heaps of dirt lying in them, which had evidently been accumulating for years. Strange irregular piles of steps, placed like ladders, on the outside, lead into the upper and inner parts of these houses, which consist of narrow passages, stone steps, and wretched holes of rooms, all forming the most irregular and intricate labyrinths. The windows of these miserable dens often command the most extensive and magnificent views through the narrow mountain-clefts, called streets, over the beautiful New Town with its hills, valleys, and gardens. The cholera made frightful ravages in these closes, often as unvisited by the physician and the police as by the sun and wind; and it is said that some of them are never quite free from infectious diseases of the worst kinds. They contain many Irish inhabitants; and as the Irish never can do without pigs wherever they are, they often take their favourite animals to live with them five or six storeys high, where they fatten them in the bed-chamber or dressing-room of some noble courtier of the sixteenth century. It is said that at the time of the cholera, when the police endeavoured to clean out and set in order some of these wretched places, they once had to let down a number of pigs through a window four storeys high, because they had grown too fat to pass through the narrow stone doorways by which they were brought in.

'I confess that I was deeply interested by the extraordinary scenes and sufferings to be witnessed in these old parts of Edinburgh; and I visited them several times, both by day and night. The most painful thought connected with them was, that the misery and wretchedness of these places seem likely to remain unimproved for an indefinite period of time. Something, indeed, the authorities of Edinburgh are doing here and there for the purification and enlargement of the closes; and old buildings and alleys are occasionally pulled down to make room for new ones.' Here we must correct Mr Kohl. The authorities of Edinburgh have never, as far as we are aware, taken any pains to improve the dwellings of the poor, or to render the place generally more salubrious. Old houses have been removed, but only to make room for buildings suitable for the middle and higher classes; so that, in point of fact, every such so-called improvement has had the natural effect of driving the poor into more confined spaces. This has been again and again represented to the town authorities; but without effect, either from the want of common sense to understand, or of energy to grapple with, such horrors. Amongst objects which Mr Kohl is pleased to call interesting, he includes our own printing-office, which he visited, and honours with a flattering notice.

From Edinburgh he ascended the Forth to Stirling, and thence to the Highlands by way of Drummond Castle and Crieff, Perth and Dunkeld. At Loch Tay, Mr Kohl, on seeing a Highland drover's hut, was reminded of Landseer's admirable picture; apropos of which we are furnished with some interesting facts regarding Highland droves and drovers. 'The cattle forming one of these great droves are ordered to be assembled on a certain day, at an appointed spot—at the foot of a mountain—on the shore of a lake in the neighbourhood of a village, and in all probability of some renowned battle-field. Herdsmen are then chosen for the different divisions of the drove, and over them all is placed a sort of leader, called a "topsman." This "topsman" executes all the business, conducts all the movements of the drove, and is responsible to the proprietors for the value of the cattle. He is always in motion; sometimes at the head, sometimes in the rear, and his advice is asked on all occasions. He knows the safest roads through the wildest mountain districts. He usually prefers, if he has any choice, the grassy byways to the hard and dusty high-roads, as at the same time more agreeable to the hoofs of the cattle, and affording them food on the road. The topsmen are generally well paid for their trouble; and as bankers are to be found everywhere at the present day, the pecuniary part of their affairs is generally transacted by means of them. In former days, the Highland proprietor himself frequently accompanied his drove to the south, and brought home his money in his own hands. The day of departure of one of these droves is usually one of great importance to all the hills and glens in the neighbourhood. It is this moment which Edwin Landseer has chosen for the picture I have alluded to; and as he paid a visit to the north on purpose to study the character of the people and of the scenery, the accuracy of all its details renders it not only valuable as a masterpiece of art, for poetical design and treatment, but also for the ethnographical fidelity of its delineation. The time chosen is the early morning, when the drove is about to begin its march to the south. There are the young men who are to accompany it taking leave of their huts, their parents, or of those still dearer; the old people anxiously calculating the welcome profit which is to return to them from their

departing cattle; the topsman, who must leave house and farm, wife and children, and to whose parting the artist has given a tinge of melancholy, harmonising well with a farewell scene. The landscape belongs to the centre of the Scotch Highlands, where at this moment I found myself. A range of dark and cloud-capped mountains appears in the distance, beyond which lie the beautiful plains of the south, towards which the march proceeds. A lake expands its bosom at the foot of the hills, and on a tongue of land projecting into it lies an ancient castle in ruins, carrying back the thoughts to stormy times, and to the warlike chieftains who inhabited it. Some of the foremost divisions of the drove have already set out in the direction of the mountains, straggling about, as cattle do, and snatching on their way a mouthful of grass, or water from the lake, but kept carefully apart by their respective drovers, who walk soberly after them with the earnest air of men bent on a great undertaking. Some herdsmen are taking a farewell cup at the door of a hut, which straw, and heather, and smoke point out as a human habitation; while in the rude structure of a little cart made of a kind of wicker-work, we perceive that society, amidst these Highland hills, is still in the primitive state so favourable to the efforts of the painter. The centre of the picture, and the principal figure, is that of the topsman, who, in full travelling costume, with his kilt on, his plaid over his shoulder, his sandals on his feet, and on his head the "blue bonnet" (probably made at Kilmarnock, for the Scotch say they are not made properly anywhere else), has taken his little son in his arms, while his wife replenishes his travelling bottle with whisky. The infant has caught his father's smartly-mounted dirk, and is carrying it, as babies do all things they lay hold of, to his mouth. The old white-headed father of the topsman has come out of the hut, and sat down before the door, his bent form and wrinkled face indicating his great age; he is probably somewhat deaf, for his unmarried, blooming, black-haired daughter is stooping down to his ear to speak to him, while she wraps closely round him a thick woollen covering, to protect him from the sharp mountain air. It seems as if this must be the last time the old man could witness this stirring scene; but we may recollect in his favour that in Scotland people live to almost as great an age as in Russia or Norway. In the year 1821, there were in Scotland, among 2,093,000 of inhabitants, no less than 150,000 who were above sixty years of age; that is, one out of every thirteen. It is likely that this circumstance would produce a very favourable influence on the state of national morals.' By Killin and Loch Katrine our traveller returned to Stirling, and thence to Edinburgh.

The chief peculiarity of this amusing tourist is the miscellaneousness of his remarks. Whatever thoughts suggest themselves by any of the persons he meets or scenes he witnesses, he jots down at once; hence they have a freshness and a pertinence which a more systematic writer could not attain. With some of these scattered notices we conclude.

An article of food new to the British cuisine is suggested by the seed-shops. 'In general, the shops of English seed-merchants are decorated with a number of fine pumpkins; but, what is very remarkable, this kind of fruit is never eaten, not even the poorest knowing how to boil the pumpkin, and prepare it for the table. It is grown merely for ornament; and yet how many poor people might sometimes make a meal off one pumpkin, if somebody would only teach them how to dress it! He who attempted to introduce the cultivation and use of the pumpkin into Scotland, might not perhaps have to congratulate himself on very splendid success, but suppose he only enriched his country by providing additional food for twelve human creatures. The Romans voted a crown to him who saved the life of a fellow-citizen; should not *he* be entitled to the same reward who provided room and subsistence for another reasoning creature?'

On his way to Drummond Castle our author met with a parish schoolmaster, whereupon the following colloquial comparison between the condition of Scottish and German schoolmasters ensues:—'I could not help silently comparing this abode [the schoolmaster's house] with those of our village schoolmasters in Saxony, and wondering at the progress made of late years, in this respect, in Scotland. I expressed aloud the agreeable surprise I felt at this change, and my new friend declared that he was content with his position. On the whole, however, he added, "there was a good deal of discontent among the parish schoolmasters, on account of the smallness of their pay." I replied that the same complaint was often heard in Germany; and he inquired what was the average pay of our schoolmasters. "It varies a good deal," was my answer; "some have a hundred, some a hundred and fifty, but many no more than fifty dollars."

"How many pounds go to a dollar?" asked he.

"Seven dollars go to a pound," said I.

"What!" he exclaimed, springing up from his chair, "do you mean to tell me that they pay a schoolmaster with *seven pounds* a-year?" "Even so," I replied, "seven pounds; but how much, then, do they get with you?"

"I know no one who has less than from L.40 to L.50 in all Scotland; but the average is L.70 or L.80, and many go as high as L.150."

"What!" cried I, springing up in my turn, "L.150! that makes 1050 dollars. A baron would be satisfied in Germany with such a revenue as that; and do you mean to say that there are schoolmasters who grumble at it?" "Yes," said he; "but recollect how dear things are with us. Sugar costs eightpence a pound, coffee two shillings: chocolate is still dearer, and tea not much cheaper. And then how dear are good beef and pork, and plums, and puddings, and everything else!" I could not deny this; but I thought that our poor schoolmasters were content if they had but bread.'

BELTED WILL HOWARD.

We were grieved to hear a few weeks ago that the fine old fortalice at Naworth, in Cumberland, belonging to Lord Carlisle, had been entirely destroyed by fire, thus adding another item to the list of things fashioned by our forefathers of which time or accident is gradually depriving us. As a memorial of things as they existed when the world was some centuries younger than it is now, and still more of those turbulent days, the recollection of which our border minstrelsy has helped to perpetuate, Naworth Castle was a place of great interest. Its halls and courts, its dungeons and battlements, told to the man of reflecting mind tales of no dull character. Its weather-beaten, time-stricken walls, had witnessed deeds of violence and bloodshed (gallantry and patriotism they were thought then) the like of which, even if those walls had stood, they would, it is hoped, never have seen again. Border warfare and its horrors have long since disappeared; peace, with its blessings, now reigns throughout the district; and yet the mind, against its better reason, cannot forbear reverting with pleasure to the agitated history of former days, as transmitted to us through the coloured media of ballad and tradition. Such charms for all time have adventurous courage and endurance; such is the sanctifying power of time. Hence arises one great source of the pleasure we feel in contemplating an old fortress, connected as it is with the times of which we speak.

It was not, however, to give a description of Naworth that we took up our pen, but to recount the history of one of its inhabitants, the Lord William Howard, through whose residence there the castle acquired much of its celebrity. This nobleman (better known as 'Belted Will') was the son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and grandson of the Earl of Surrey, whose name is famous in the annals of English literature as the first writer of blank verse in 'the vulgar tongue.' He seemed destined to experience and

exemplify the truth, that no rank confers an immunity from misfortune; nay, that at certain periods those most elevated are most liable to calamity. His mother died shortly after his birth, his grandfather perished on the scaffold, and in his ninth year he was compelled to see his father suffer the same fate on Tower Hill for a traitorous attachment (so it was alleged) to the Queen of Scots. The sons were thereupon deprived of rank and estates, so that they were truly reduced to that plight foreseen by the duke (whose grief had need to stretch itself beyond the hour of death), when he described them, shortly before his execution, as having 'nothing to feed the cormorants withal.'

William, at the age of fourteen, was married to his father's ward, the Lady Elizabeth Dacre, who was by some years his junior. Their own statement in after-years was, that at the period of their espousals they 'could nott make above twenty-five yeares both togeather.' Contrary to what might naturally be expected, his marriage with this lady, who, as one of the co-heiresses of George Lord Dacre, brought Naworth and other large estates into the Howard family, was eminently happy. His attachment to her continued unchanged through the troubles and distractions of a long life. 'In his accounts,' says Mr Howard of Corby Castle, in his Memorials of the Howard Family, a folio volume printed, but not published, 'there are a number of presents to her, even to decorate her person at an advanced age; and he had her portrait taken by Cornelius Jansen, the best painter then known, when she was in her seventy-third year. He fired with indignation, amounting almost to implacability, at Sir William Hutton's having insinuated that she, during his absence, when he was warden of the marches, had connived at the escape of a prisoner, and would scarce accept an ample apology.' The Earl of Arundel, Lord William's eldest brother, having adopted the Roman Catholic faith, and not deeming it safe to remain in England, attempted to make his escape to the continent; but he was intercepted just as he was stepping on board the vessel, and committed to the Tower. Lord William and one of his sisters soon followed their brother into the same place of captivity, at a time most inconvenient for their interests. A claim for the Dacre estates had been set up by Francis Dacre, uncle to the two noblemen's wives; and this claim he prosecuted with great eagerness. Notwithstanding every unjustifiable contrivance was resorted to, jurors packed, 'nay, the counsellors refused to plead their title when they hadd been formelly reteyned,' yet the trial passed in favour of the Howards. After a year's imprisonment, Lord William was allowed to go scot free; his brother was also liberated, but not quite so easily; they made a star-chamber matter of it, and inflicted a heavy fine. Although an end had been put to the litigation by a solemn judgment against the claimant, it by no means consorted with the queen's policy to suffer such large estates to pass at once into the hands of disaffected persons, as the Howards were thought to be. They petitioned Elizabeth for a restitution of their rights; but it was not until 1601, that is, thirty years after those rights had accrued, nor until a 'consideration' to the amount of L.10,000 was paid into her exchequer, that she consented to do her petitioners the justice they sued for. Brighter days dawned upon the house of Howard when Elizabeth died. It was now that William began to repair the decayed castle at Naworth, where old Camden found him in 1607. Having been appointed warden of the marches by King James, he garrisoned Naworth with one hundred and forty men, resolving to fulfil his duties with assiduity and vigour. His efficient measures so terrified the Scots, that the very children were stilled when their mothers threatened them with his name; a trick they did not fail to use when need required. It has been stated, that Indian nurses are wont, in like manner, to menace their rebellious charges with the vengeance of Saib Warren Hastings even at this day. 'When in their greatest height,' says old Fuller, 'the moss-troopers had two great enemies—the laws of the land and Lord William Howard of Naworth. He sent many of them to Carlisle, *to that place where the officer always does his work by daylight.*' It seems that he did not always trouble himself to send culprits so far as Carlisle, for a grove of aged oaks near the castle has been pointed out as the usual place of execution, where many a border marauder, both Scotch and English, struggled his last. An anecdote will illustrate this. The lord warden being a thoughtful student, as well as a dauntless soldier, was poring one day over a book, when a trooper hastily entered his study to report that a man of dubious character, from the wrong side of the border, had been captured. He proceeded to inquire his master's pleasure as to the prisoner's treatment, when Lord William, indignant at the interruption, exclaimed, 'Hang him, in the devil's name!' To hear was to obey; the captive was a Scotchman, and no command could be couched in plainer words. The soldier, making no allowance for the puzzling nature of schoolmen's pages, nor supposing for a moment that his master had frowned (as King John would have had Hubert think) 'more out of humour than advised respect,' straightway hurried his unfortunate prisoner to a convenient tree. Imagine Lord William's surprise when, upon expressing a desire to examine the case, he was informed that his previous order had been obeyed to the letter. His lordship's library was placed alongside his oratory, high up in the eastern tower, communicating by a narrow stone stair with his dormitory. From a catalogue which he drew up, we were glad to perceive that his collection comprised Shakspeare's plays and Homer's Iliad, as it showed that notwithstanding his predilection for the severer studies of theology and history, and in spite of the distractions consequent upon a military life, he could occasionally find leisure to unbend his mind over the creations of poetic genius. From what we know of his scholastic habits, we can well believe that, secure within his 'peaceful citadel' amongst his beloved books, he often allowed the storm of elements, or of circumstance, to blow without as it listed.

It seems that his lordship frequently rode up to London. The expense of a journey, with twenty attendants and twelve horses, amounted to about L.15—a fact which shows the great difference in the value of money between that time and the present, since he must have been at least six days on the road. A century earlier, a similar journey from Skipton Castle, in Yorkshire, to London, cost the Earl of Cumberland, with thirty-three servants, L.7, 16s. In 1622 Lord William was attacked with an illness of some danger, since he deemed it necessary to betake himself to Spa, near Aix-la-Chapelle, then the fashionable bathing-place, for the purpose of recruiting his health. In passing, we may notice that this place has given its name to every other medicinal spring, all of them being now termed Spas. The water-drinkers, always a vagrant tribe, have discovered elsewhere *brunnen* of filthier tinge and more offensive odour, and the glory of Spa has become eclipsed; but they cannot take away the honour it possesses of being known to the Romans, and of the visit in 1717 of Peter the Great. To return, however, to our subject. Mr Howard, in the work from which we before quoted, informs us that Lady Howard was often called 'Bessie with the Braid Apron,' not, as he conceived, from any embroidery of that part of her dress, but using the word *broad* in allusion to the breadth or extent of her possessions. This may be so; but in Mr Howard's remarks concerning the epithet by which that lady's husband is usually known, we think there is good reason to suppose, as we shall presently show, that he has mistaken the origin of the appellation. These are Mr Howard's words—'Lord William is, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, called by Sir Walter Scott "Belted Will Howard," meaning, I apprehend, that he was in the habit of wearing the *baldrick*, or broad belt, which was formerly worn as a distinguishing badge by persons of high station. But this as to him is not at all founded in fact, as the belts which he wears in his pictures are particularly

narrow. But the characteristic epithet with which his name has come down to our times is *Bauld*, meaning Bold Wyllie.' We shall now give Sir Walter's sketch of the Lord of Naworth—

> than whom knight
> Was never dubbed more bold in fight,
> Nor when from war and armour free,
> More famed for stately courtesy.
> * * *
> Costly his garb, his Flemish ruff
> Fell o'er his doublet shaped of buff,
> With satin slashed and lined;
> Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
> His cloak was all of Poland fur,
> His hose with silver twined;
> His Bilboa blade, by marchmen felt,
> Hung in a *broad and studded belt*;
> Hence, in rude phrase, the borderers still
> Called noble Howard Belted Will.

The 'broad and studded belt' here alluded to was preserved at Naworth up to the breaking out of the late fire, amongst other memorials of its brave wearer. It was not, however, so much remarkable for breadth as for the metal studs upon its surface, arranged so as to form this couplet in German, a translation of which is subjoined:—

> O mensch gedenck an diesen tag
> Dass Gottes starcke hand vermag.
>
> [O man! reflect that on this day
> God's hand hath power to save or slay.]

The appellation of 'belted' may be easily traced to this baldrick. Doubtless, in the vulgar imagination, its uncouth characters locked up some mysterious charm that protected the person of its wearer from danger; an impression that he himself would be in no haste to remove, and which seemed to be countenanced both by his fearless activity and the hours spent in the seclusion of his study.

Lord William was a member of the church of Rome, and apparently a reverent student of her creed. His library contained many religious treatises, and amongst them was one upon the Real Presence, with the autograph of its author, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, 'a martyr, if not to the truth that is recorded in the authentic book of heaven, yet to that copy of it which he thought authentic, which was written upon his heart in the antique characters of authoritative age.'* Will was in the habit of writing a motto on the title-pages of his books in allusion to the subject; for instance, in Calvin's Institutes, he had placed in Latin St Paul's exhortation, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;' whilst in an astronomical treatise by Galileo, he had written—

> For thear glory is to change,
> And thear liberty to range.

History and antiquities engrossed much of the lord warden's attention, especially the latter. In the Arundel collection of manuscripts in the British Museum, there are notes and copies of ancient documents in his own neat handwriting. He was the intimate friend of Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, the collector of the Cottonian manuscripts; indeed one of his daughters was married to Sir Robert's son. One of his letters to the antiquary, preserved in that collection, exhibits his laudable anxiety as a 'lover of venerable antiquity' in so striking a light, that we shall transcribe part of it. The letter is dated 'Naward, 13^{0} Augusti, 1608;' and we must premise that Sir Robert and Camden had, in their travels northwards, visited that place the preceding year. One might imagine, from the mention of 'these extreame partes,' and 'this cold region,' that it was within the Arctic circle instead of Cumberland that Lord William lived. 'Sir Thomas, the curate of Willemonsuicke, that you directed me to, is removed, and his successor would not adventure to deliver the stones before he knewe his master's pleasure, which at first motion I obteined. Till haye tyme was past, I could gett no draughts to undertake to carry them, and now haie tyme is done, there are no draughts in the countrie able to drawe them, so as thereuppon I have appointed myne owne draughts to deliver them at Newborne, from whence I doubt not but they shal be spedily conveied by water to Mr Ruddall, who I assure myselfe will take the opportunitie of the first vessle to transport them to the most convenient haven, from whence you may with most speed loag them in such a place as you intend they shall rest without remove, which I wishe maie remaine as many yeares in your limits, under the protection of your name and familie, as they have had residence in these partes sence the author of them did first erect them; for that I much feare I shall not this yeare see you in these extreame partes, I thought good to informe you in generall, but not to mention any in particular, that I have gotten, and know we are to have neere about me, at least 12 stones, most of them faire inscriptions, that you have not yet heard of, and your pennance shal be to come yourself and pick out the contents before you gett any knowledge of them. And so, earnestly desiringe so much happines as once more to see you in this cold region, I will ever more rest your professed friend, William Howard.' Here was a polite invitation to an Oldbuck of the seventeenth century. Here was a *bonne bouche* for an Oldbuck of any century —'twelve stones' with 'faire inscriptions.' The only drawback from the promised pleasure was the *fairness* of the inscriptions; your genuine antiquary prefers a lettered stone too illegible for any eyes but his own to decipher it. We may notice, by the way, that the first sentence of the foregoing letter contains an instance of the custom that formerly obtained of styling the clergy 'Sir,' a custom of which Shakspeare has several examples.

Lord William was an ancestor of the Earl of Carlisle, the present owner of Naworth. He died in 1640, having had fifteen children by the Lady Elizabeth, his wife.

* Hartley Coleridge.

SIMON SAWLEY'S SHILLING.

On a steep hill-side, sloping down to one of our lovely English rivers, stands a small village, looking so still and sequestered, that none would imagine that the greater part of its inhabitants are weavers, employed in a silk-mill a little higher up the river. How it has preserved its primitive rural appearance, it is difficult to say; perhaps the owner of the above-mentioned mill, struck by the picturesque beauty of its detached cottages, followed the example of the original inhabitants, and built similar ones for his workpeople; for the hill-side is dotted over with cottages of every variety, from amongst which rises the taper spire of the village church, surrounded by its quiet burial-ground. There is, however, one exception to the general aspect of the village. At the foot of the hill is one row of cottages, facing the river, with gay flower-plots in front, sloping to the water's edge, and larger gardens behind, divided from each other by thick thorn hedges. In one of the cleanest of these cottages, with the trimmest flower-plot and best stocked garden, there lived, at the time I knew Westleigh, a certain Simon Sawley, or rather, to speak more correctly, I should say a certain *Mrs* Simon Sawley, for she being the more authoritative person, the residence was always so designated in the village. Simon was a well-meaning, good-natured, inoffensive sort of man—a good *hand* at his work; but not celebrated for great power of intellect or strength of mind. His wife was a pretty little woman, with soft brown eyes, a fine clear complexion, a neat compact figure, and mild expression of countenance. Her voice was sweet and subdued in its tone, and, to judge from appearances, you would have pronounced her the meekest and gentlest of her gentle sex. But, alas! appearances are proverbially deceitful—a truth to which, no doubt, we can all testify; but none with more reason than poor Simon. Martha Sawley, to use her own phrase, 'was

not a woman to be put upon by anybody;' which meant, that she was a woman who would have her own way in spite of everybody. In fact, like many mild-looking, smooth-spoken women, Martha possessed that unconquerable obstinacy that neither intreaties nor threats can soften or subdue. She never scolded, she rarely lectured, but quietly and steadily pursued the settled purpose of her soul, regardless alike of the wishes or convenience of others. If ever it happened that she met with more than usual opposition, she would assume the air of a deeply injured person, maintain an obstinate silence, or, when absolutely obliged to speak, answer only in monosyllables; and, in short, fall into a sullen fit, from which nothing short of the most entire submission to her will could rouse her. It was rarely, indeed, that honest Simon ventured upon anything like opposition; for, though not possessed of an extraordinary development of either the arithmetical or reasoning powers, he had learned, from experience, to count the cost before entering upon the war, and to avoid a contest which must end in total defeat. There was, however, one point upon which, though he no longer ventured any open resistance, he secretly indulged in feelings of a rebellious and insubordinate nature. Mrs Sawley insisted that he should every Saturday bring home to her the whole of his week's wages, without any deduction whatever. This, of course, was quite right, and what every good husband does, or ought to do: but this was not all; she would not allow him a penny in his pocket, not even on the condition of never spending it; for, as she was wont to remark, 'men are but men at the best, and frail creatures,' therefore it was better not to put temptation in their way; 'besides, for her part, she could not see what a man, who had a good wife to provide everything comfortable for him, could want with money.' He worked for it, and she spent it, to the best advantage of course; and that, in her opinion, was the order of Providence.

One lovely evening towards the latter end of spring, Simon was busy in his garden. It happened that he was occupied near the hedge which divided his territories from those of his next neighbour. Like most remarkable individuals, Simon had his eccentricities, one of which was a habit, when any affair of moment weighed on his mind, of indulging in audible soliloquy; and as he worked, he talked to the following effect:—'Well, it is too bad, that it is; thirty shillings a-week, let alone odd jobs, and never a farthing to bless myself with. Tom Jones said he wouldn't stand it, if he was me; he'd be master. But it's easy talking; he knows nothing about it; he isn't married, and don't know Martha. Well, never mind. I've got—yes, here it is, safe and sound—I've got a shilling; I *have* a shilling that nobody knows nothing about.' And after gazing fondly at it for some minutes, he put it again into his pocket, which he buttoned carefully up, pulled his waistcoat well down, and patting it several times to make sure there was no outward and visible sign of the hidden treasure, he resumed his work with great self-complacency. It is commonly said that stone walls have ears; and it has been a notorious fact, ever since the days of King Midas's barber, that woods and groves are the most treacherous of confidants. Certain it is that Simon's secret was no longer his own; it passed into the possession of another, through the instrumentality of the before-mentioned hedge.

However, Simon continued his work, in blissful ignorance, until the sound of Martha's voice from the back-door warned him that supper was ready. That night he lay awake some time longer than usual, revolving in his mind how he should dispose of the bewildering sum in his possession. First, he thought of purchasing himself a new fishing-rod; then of buying a fine tulip for his flower-garden. Various temptations of a similar nature presented themselves to his imagination; but to all there was one grand objection—inquiries were sure to be made as to where the purchase-money came from; Martha would get to know all about it, and that would never do; so every idea of the kind was dismissed entirely. Then he determined to keep it until a good opportunity occurred of proving to his fellow-workmen and acquaintances, especially to Tom Jones, that he had money, and could spend it on a glass of ale or mug of porter with the best of them. At last a bright idea struck him: he would—yes, that he would—put it into the savings' bank. With a mind set at ease by this laudable resolution, Simon fell asleep, and dreamed that his shilling had, in an incredibly short space of time, accumulated to such a degree, as to enable him to purchase a cow, two pigs, and a stock of tulips that made his garden the wonder and admiration of the whole village. The next morning proving to his great satisfaction wet, Simon (in order to put in execution the plan he had formed) proposed taking his dinner with him to the mill, instead of returning home at noon. Having happily accomplished his purpose with little trouble—for, as it was washing-day, Martha was perfectly willing to have him out of her way—he set off, walking with the conscious dignity of a man worth something. As he passed along, he was much surprised to find himself the object of general attention and amusement. Inquiries as to his health, state of mind, and future plans, were showered upon him. One wished to know when he intended to set up his carriage, and another hoped he would not forget old friends now he was so great a man. Nor was his bewilderment lessened on arriving at the mill, for all his fellow-workmen were ready with a joke and a laugh at his expense. But Simon, like Socrates, was a practical philosopher, and he bore all their raillery as a philosopher should—with unruffled calmness. As soon as the bell for the dinner-hour rang, he left his work, and having despatched his own with all possible speed, he, not without some trepidation, made his way to a neighbouring town, where he knew there was a savings' bank which would be open that day. On reaching his destination, he first looked cautiously round, to make sure he was unobserved, and seeing no one he knew, he boldly entered. Mr Vivian, Simon's master, was one of the trustees and managers of this bank, and happened to be in attendance that day. Simon, and Simon's domestic grievances, were well known to him, therefore his appearance in such a place occasioned some little surprise. 'Well, Simon,' said he, 'what is your business; nothing the matter at the mill, I hope?'

'No, sir,' replied Simon; 'I came about a little matter of my own, regarding a bit of money I was thinking of putting into the bank.'

'That's right, Simon; I am glad to hear it,' said Mr Vivian. 'You are getting good wages, and are now strong and hearty; it is very proper you should lay by something against old age or sickness. But how is it,' added he, smiling, 'that you have come without Martha?'

'The truth is,' said Simon, twisting his hat round and round as he spoke—'the truth is, sir, Martha don't know nothing at all about it; and that's one reason I brought it here, thinking it would be safe, you know, sir.

'Oh, indeed!—that is it, is it?' said Mr Vivian.

'Why, you see, sir, it's this way,' continued Simon, lowering his voice to a confidential tone—'it's a trifle I made unbeknown to anybody; so I says to myself, if I keep it by me, Martha will be sure to get at it, and if I spend it, why, she'll get to know, and I shall never hear the last of it; so I'll put it in the bank, and then I shall have it safe, and it'll be making more; and,' concluded Simon, who, during this speech had been fumbling in his pocket, from the bottom of which he at length brought forth his shilling, 'here it is, and you'll be so good as not to mention it, sir.'

'Oh, certainly not, if you wish it,' replied Mr Vivian, unable to suppress his amusement at Simon's simplicity; 'but you are mistaken in supposing your shilling will, as you say, be making more. If you leave it here for five or six years, it will still be but a shilling; on the contrary, if, every week or fortnight, you added a little

more to it, it would at the end of that time amount to a sum that would really be useful to you.'

It was no small disappointment to Simon to hear that his shilling would not accumulate of its own accord; but the great object was still attainable; so he said with a sigh, and in a somewhat despairing tone, 'I'd like to leave it, if you've no objection, sir; at any rate, it'll be *safe;* and if *I should* get another shilling, why, I'll be sure to bring it too.'

'If,' said Mr Vivian, who, though greatly amused, pitied Simon's evident disappointment—'if you really are anxious to be laying something by, and do not mind a little extra work, I think I can enable you to do so. I have occasion to send twice or three times a-week to town on business, and am just now in want of a messenger I can trust. I know you to be honest and trustworthy, and if you like to undertake the job, I will put whatever you earn in that way into the savings' bank, and it will not interfere with your regular wages.'

Simon's countenance brightened at this proposal. It was just the very thing for him. He eagerly accepted the offer; and after expressing his thanks, and begging his master's secrecy, he, with a lightened heart as well as pocket, returned to Westleigh. He was now doubly armed against the raillery of his companions. Various were the devices to which they resorted to induce Simon to part with, or even to display his treasure; but, to their great surprise, against remonstrances, intreaties, and ridicule, he was proof. It was all in vain, even when Tom Jones hid himself behind the hedge. Whether Simon suspected the treachery of which it had been guilty, certain it is that he never again chose that part of his garden for his self-communings.

So weeks, months, and years passed away, and the mystery of the shilling remained unsolved. What had become of it, nobody could tell; and, as it usually happens in such cases, there were not wanting persons faithless enough to doubt whether it had ever existed. In the meantime, it must not be supposed that Mrs Sawley *silently* acquiesced in her husband's spending any of his time in the service of another, in return for which nothing was forthcoming. On the contrary, few days passed on which she had not some observations to make on the comparative merits of prudence and good nature, always placing the former virtue (which, according to her definition, consisted in getting everything and giving nothing) far above the latter, which, indeed, she considered as only another word for sheer folly, and concluding with a general remark on the contemptible weakness of those who were guilty of it. All this, however, Simon bore without flinching, for there is something in the knowledge of being treated with injustice that inspires even the meekest spirit with fortitude. Nay, sometimes Martha could almost have imagined that Simon turned away his face to conceal a smile. A smile at her! but no, it was impossible; she could not admit her own eyes as credible witnesses to so audacious an act.

About six years after Simon's first visit to the savings' bank, he had the misfortune to break his arm. The fracture was severe, and the pain of the setting, united with the anxiety caused by the knowledge that he was for some time disabled from his work, brought on a low fever, which for many weeks confined him to his bed; and when at length he was able to leave it, he was so weakened and reduced as to render it doubtful when he would be strong enough again to provide for the wants of his family. Added to this misfortune, food was that year remarkably dear; the harvest was bad, and the potato crop indifferent; and though Martha was an excellent nurse and manager, it surpassed even her powers to provide food and medicine, with little or nothing coming in. Their neighbours sympathised sincerely in their distress, and gave the best proofs of their sympathy by rendering them all the assistance in their power; but they were but poor themselves, and found difficulty enough in making all ends meet. It was in the midst of these perplexities, when rent was due, a doctor's bill in prospect, and, turn which way they would, nothing but debt and poverty staring them in the face, that Simon remembered his secret hoard. From the time of their first agreement, his kind master had regularly provided him with the means of earning a small sum over and above his weekly wages, which, instead of paying to him, he had put into the savings' bank. What it amounted to by this time, Simon did not know; but he thought it never could be worse wanted, and whatever it might be, would afford some relief. His astonishment was scarcely less than his delight to find himself master of the almost incredible sum of thirteen pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. It was enough, more than enough, to pay all his debts. No farmer, contemplating his flocks and herds, his well-stored barns and crowded granaries; no merchant, welcoming into port the costly freight that almost doubles his already overflowing wealth; no young heir, gazing on the spacious park, the sunny fields, and stately woods that he can call his own, ever felt such pure and unalloyed happiness as swelled the heart and glistened in the eye of poor Simon as he looked upon his well-earned wealth. And Martha, what did she say, what did she think? Martha had been taking a few lessons in a school that seldom fails to profit and improve those who come under its discipline—the school of adversity. She had suffered anxiety, privation, and want; seen the husband, whom, after all, she truly loved, feeble and suffering, without being able to procure those things she knew to be necessary to restore him to ease and health; and had known what it was to have her children crying around her for the bread she had not to give. The tears of joy she shed when informed of this timely but most unexpected relief, were not unmingled with those of shame and self-reproach; and sincerely did she now regret her unkindness and selfishness. She said little, for Martha was not a woman of many promises; but she resolved that nothing on her part should ever again give occasion for concealment on his. Nor was her resolution in vain. In a short time Simon, with proper nourishment and good nursing, regained his accustomed health and strength, and returned to his employment; and though they had a hard winter and spring, yet, pleased with themselves and each other, they got well through it. Theirs had always been a clean, well-managed household; but now, brightened by love and confidence, there was no happier family in Westleigh, nor did they ever fail to spare something every week from their earnings to put into the savings' bank.

Great was the wonder, and many the congratulations of the good people of Westleigh; and to think, as Simon said many times in a day, 'to think that all this good should come from my shilling;' for he persisted in regarding that as the grand source of his happiness. To this day, it is common in the village, when speaking of an industrious prosperous family, to say that such persons have 'got a shilling that nobody knows of.'

THE MAURITIUS.

East of the African continent, the Indian Ocean is studded with a number of islands, of which Madagascar, Bourbon, and Mauritius, are the largest and most important. Madagascar, 930 miles in length by an average breadth of 300, and separated from the mainland by the Mozambique Channel, is under native rule; Bourbon, 40 miles long by 26 in breadth, and 530 miles farther seaward, is a dependency of France; and the Mauritius, about 36 miles in length by an average breadth of 22, and 70 miles north-east of Bourbon, belongs to Britain. Situated on the highway of our eastern commerce, this island, independent of its produce, is one of our most valuable possessions, forming a great resting-place for the numerous traders that traverse the Indian Ocean. Important as it is, perhaps less is known of the Mauritius than of any

other British dependency, and therefore a brief sketch of its history, natural resources, population, and commerce, chiefly gleaned from a recent source,* may be alike interesting and useful.

The Mauritius was discovered by the Portuguese about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Dutch took possession of it in 1598, called it by its present name, in honour of Prince Maurice, made a settlement in it so late as 1644, which, however, they abandoned early in the succeeding century. The French having occupied Bourbon in 1657, sent occasional settlers to the Mauritius; and on its evacuation by the Dutch, they established a regular colony, but did not take formal possession of the island till 1721. Ten or twelve years after, the celebrated but unfortunate M. de Bourdonnaye was appointed governor of the Mauritius, or Isle de France, as it was at this time called; and perceiving the importance of the island, and its excellent harbours, to any power having possessions in India, set about its improvement with a zeal and success which have rarely been equalled. Besides extending the culture of the sugar-cane, coffee, cotton, and indigo, he introduced the manioc root from South America, and cinnamon, cloves, pepper, &c. from the Dutch islands; fixed the seat of government at Port Louis, which he may be said to have created as well as fortified; and constructed numerous roads, aqueducts, and other public works. In 1746 M. de Bourdonnaye was recalled; but during the whole period that the Mauritius belonged to the French, the effects of his good government and skill were vividly perceptible, nay, are not obliterated even at the present day. After the possessions of France in India had fallen into our hands, the importance of the Mauritius as a naval station became painfully apparent to Britain; for, during the last war, our shipping suffered by the privateers and cruisers of that island to the extent of more than two and a half millions. Exasperated by these losses, the British government sent a strong armament against it in 1810; it surrendered to our arms; and was finally ceded to us at the close of the war in 1815. Since then, it has continued in our hands, and, along with a number of adjacent islets, as Rodrique, St Brandon, the Seychelles, Providence, Agalega, &c. constitutes a colonial government, of which St Louis is the capital.

Physically considered, the Mauritius presents the same rugged and mountainous features which characterise the whole of the islands in that region of the Indian Ocean. It is strictly of volcanic origin, and has several craters, which have evidently become dormant within the current geological era. Its rocks and mountains are universally basaltic; and limestone is only found as the basis of the coral reefs which skirt the shores. 'From whatever quarter it is approached,' says Tulloch in his report, 'the aspect is singularly abrupt and picturesque. The land rises rapidly from the coast to the interior, where it forms three chains of mountains, from 1800 to 2600 feet in height, intersecting the country in different directions. Except towards the summit, these are generally covered with wood, and in many parts cleft into deep ravines, through which numerous rivulets find their way to the low grounds, and terminate in about twenty small rivers, by which the whole line of coast is well watered, from the foot of the mountains to the sea. Though, from its mountainous and rugged character, a great part of the interior is not available for any useful purpose, yet extensive plains, several leagues in circumference, are to be found in the high lands; and in the valleys, as well as along the coast, most of the ground is well adapted either for the ordinary purposes of agriculture, or for raising any description of tropical produce. Extensive forests still cover a considerable portion of the districts of Mahébourg, the Savanna, and Flacq, and in the centre of the island are several small lakes. The soil in many parts is exceedingly rich, consisting either of black vegetable mould, or a bed of stiff clay of considerable depth; occasionally, the clay is found mixed with iron ore and the debris of volcanic rock. In the neighbourhood of Port Louis, and generally in the immediate vicinity of the sea, there is but a scanty covering of light friable soil over a rocky substratum of coralline formation. The whole coast is surrounded by reefs of coral, with the exception of a few openings, through which vessels can approach the shore, and at these points the different military posts for the defence of the island have been established. In so far as regards temperature, rain, physical aspect, and diversity of climate, the Mauritius exhibits a very striking resemblance to Jamaica, though, being south of the line, the seasons are reversed—summer extending from October to April, and winter during the rest of the year. The principal rainy season is from the end of December to the beginning of April, but showers are frequent at all times. Hurricanes are of frequent occurrence, and create great devastation, with much loss of life; they principally occur in January, February, and March.'

The produce of the Mauritius, as might be expected from its tropical situation, consists of sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, and various spices, besides ebony, tortoise shell, and other minor articles. In 1826, the equalisation of the Mauritian and West India sugar-duties gave a remarkable impulse to the trade of the former island; and since then, the sugar-cane has been cultivated to the almost total exclusion of coffee, cotton, and indigo. Wheat, maize, yams, manioc, bananas, potatoes, and other vegetables, are raised in limited quantities; but the inhabitants derive their main supply of farinaceous food from Hindostan, Cape of Good Hope, and Madagascar. According to Macculloch, the sugar exported from the island in 1837 amounted to 68½ million pounds, of which fully nine-tenths came to England. The other exports, though considerable, are unimportant in comparison. During the same year the total value of the imports amounted to L.1,035,783, while the exports only reached L.831,050; and of a public revenue of L.187,780, only L.177,740 was expended; so that, independent of its utility as a maritime station, this island is, in an economical point of view, one of the most valuable dependencies of the British government. The abolition of slavery does not seem to have had the same effect on labour in the Mauritius that it has had on that of the West Indies, and consequently the plantations continue to yield the same amount of produce as formerly; though it is believed by competent judges that the culture of sugar has reached its maximum. To guard against the anticipated effects of emancipation, a great number of hill-coolies were brought from India; but, despite the regulations under which they were introduced, their condition was little better than that of slavery, and, in consequence, their introduction has been stopped. Labourers from India, China, Madagascar, &c. are, however, within reach of the planter; and with these, and the emancipated negroes, the labour market seems abundantly supplied. It is, no doubt, now more difficult to obtain hands, and more care is necessary to retain them; but, otherwise, the dreaded results of emancipation have been belied. The only complaint, according to Mr Backhouse, seemed to be, 'that many of the women, instead of going to the field to labour, chose to stay at home to take care of their huts and families!'—a result which ought to form anything rather than cause of complaint, were it not that the moral perceptions of the older planters are blunted and their hearts steeled by a long course of slavery and its concomitant inhumanities.

Respecting the government of the Mauritius and its dependencies, little need be said. Power is vested in a governor and a colonial legislative council of fifteen members, subordinate to the orders of the sovereign in council. The governor is assisted in his duties by an executive council, composed, for the time being, of the colonial secretary, the advocate-general, and the officer second in command. Justice is administered in a

* A Narrative of a Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa. By James Backhouse. London: Hamilton and Co. 1844.

supreme civil and criminal court with three judges, and in a petty court, from which there is no appeal; as also by such local courts as the governor may see fit to establish. There are always certain detachments of the artillery, of the sappers and miners, and of the line, stationed in the island, whose head-quarters are Port Louis and Mahébourg, the two principal towns—the former situated on the north-west, and the latter on the south-eastern shore. So much for the general history, resources, and commerce of the Mauritius; let us now glance at the more minute features of its towns and scenery, and at the social condition of its mixed population, as sketched by Mr Backhouse.

'The town of Port Louis is beautifully situated on the west side of the Mauritius, in a cove formed by a series of basaltic hills, portions of which are woody: they vary in height from 1058 to 2639 feet. The Pouce (*Thumb*), which lies directly behind the town, is the highest point. The lower portion of many of the houses is of hewn basalt, and the upper of wood; others are entirely of wood, painted. The streets are rather narrow; they are laid out at right angles, have footpaths with basaltic curb-stones, and are macadamised. Many of the houses have little courts in front, well stocked with fine trees and shrubs, and beautiful date and cocoa-nut palms. There are magnificent acacias, with large yellow flowers, as well as tamarinds and other trees, in some of the streets; and bananas, caladiums, marvels of Peru, and many other striking plants, on the border of a stream from the mountains, that runs through the town. An open space, like a race-course, lies behind the town: it is called the Champ de Mars, and is bordered by several large villas, built in a style of neatness and elegance like those in the neighbourhood of cities on the continent of Europe. The population of Port Louis in 1836 was 27,645, of whom 6679 males and 6664 females were free, and 8247 males and 6655 females were apprentices. Most of the latter and some of the former were persons of colour. French is the language universally spoken.

'We took up our abode at Massey's hotel, the only decent inn in Port Louis. It is three storeys high, and has the hall and lower rooms floored with marble; the walls are covered with paper exhibiting large landscapes; the stairs and floors of the upper rooms are painted red, as is common here, and rubbed bright; the beds are covered with muslin curtains to keep off mosquitos, these insects being numerous, and the heat rendering it necessary to have the windows open at night. Here, for four dollars (*twelve shillings*) a-day each, we had small bedrooms, with breakfast at nine o'clock, and dinner at half past five, at the table d'hôte. The latter was in French style, consisting of a great variety of small dishes, and succeeded immediately by coffee. Burgundy wine, diluted with water, was the common beverage at dinner; but though considered as adapted to the climate—and probably it is the most so of any fermented liquor—yet persons who, for the purpose of discouraging drinking customs, have taken water only, have found themselves better rather than worse for discontinuing the use of the Burgundy wine.' This much for the capital of the Mauritius, in which Mr Backhouse found everything excessively dear. Board at Massey's hotel, 12s. a-day; a watch-glass, 4s.; a country breakfast, 3s.; thirty miles in an oil-cloth covered omnibus, 12s.; mutton, 1s. per pound; beef, 8d. to 10d.; venison, 2s.; asses, from L.20 to L.80; and fine horses or mules at twice that sum.

Mahébourg, the second town and port in the island, is described as situated at the southern base of 'a picturesque craggy range of woody mountains, on the margin of a deep bay, into which two rivers discharge themselves. The bay is called Grand Port, and fronted by a coral reef that keeps the waters tranquil within, while the roar of the surge tumbling upon it without, continually strikes the ear. The town consists of several streets of wooden houses, chiefly of one storey, many of them shops with open fronts, and a large military barrack of stone. The population of the town, including the district of Grand Port, was in 1836, of free persons, males, 1672; females, 1613; apprentices, males, 3337; females, 2316.' This disproportion between the number of males and females prevails still more extensively in the interior, and is one of the most clamant evils in the Mauritius. Occasioned originally by slavery, and augmented during the introduction of the hill-coolies, of whom only about 200 women were brought with upwards of 10,000 men, it has been the fertile source of much immorality and crime, for which a long continuance of freedom and education are the only adequate remedies.

The next and only other place of note visited by Mr Backhouse was the inland village of Pamplemousses, famous for its botanic garden, established by the French, and for a tomb raised to the memory of Paul and Virginia, the tale respecting whom was founded on some circumstances connected with the wreck of the St Geran on the 18th of August 1744. This incident, so affectingly told by St Pierre, took place on the Ile d'Ambre, a small projecting ridge of rocks on the north-east of the island, covered with a few cocoa-palms and straggling screw-pines. The following sketch of the district which formed the scene of so well known a tale will be read with interest:—'On the borders of a shady part of the road near Pamplemousses, the beautiful orange and white varieties of *Thunbergia Alata* were growing, much in the manner that ground-ivy grows in England; and by the side of a brook there was a species of paper-reed, and a remarkable palm from Madagascar, from the fibres of which beautiful cloth, resembling stuff, was made. The country between Port Louis and Pamplemousses is grassy, nearly flat, and but little cultivated, up to the foot of the mountain ranges of Pouce, Moka, and Peter Bot. Beyond the village, the country is more undulating. Much of it is covered with fragments of vesicular basalt, among which the sugar-cane is cultivated. In many of the fields the stones are collected in ridges, about four feet apart, and in others into squares; the canes are planted in the spaces between these rude walls. Some of the stones are small, and others are as large as a man's head; but the soil among them is adapted for the growth of the cane, which thrives even in the fissures of the rocks, where the stones preserve it from drought. In some places there are also fields of manioc, and plantations of bananas, &c.; in others the wood has not yet been cleared, and among it are many trees of ebony, also custard-apples, guavas, &c. that have become wild.'

The surface of the Mauritius, however, is not all so tame and accessible; much of the mountain scenery is wild and picturesque. 'In the evening we accompanied a gentleman, who had resided a considerable time in the colony, to his residence on Plaines Wilhems, seven miles from Port Louis, across the Grande Rivière, and behind the mountains. Many persons of opulence reside in this district, which, being several hundred feet above the sea, is much cooler than the town. The road was crowded with people—Hindoos and Malabars, as well as blacks and Creoles, just (1838) emerging from slavery. Many of them were returning from washing in the Grande Rivière, and were carrying large bundles of clothes. Some parts of the country were not cultivated, but covered with trees, shrubs, and stones. Other parts were occupied by houses of the colonists, huts of the coloured population, and fields of manioc and sugar-cane. Some of the fields were bordered with a screw-pine, the leaves of which are used for making sugar-bags, and with *Agavé Americana*, *Fourcroea gigantea*, large plants, with aloe-like foliage, that have been used for fences, but have become naturalised, as has also the Indian fig under the same circumstances. The ravine of the Grande Rivière is very beautiful, being deep, and thickly clothed with trees and shrubs, from among which rocks and numerous waterfalls emerge.' The botanist will find a large field of interesting facts in Mr Backhouse's volume, narrated with the brevity and precision of a scientific naturalist.

The animals of the Mauritius are comparatively few and insignificant, if we except the fish, turtles, shell-fish, and corals, which abound along its shores. Wild hogs and deer are met with in the forests, and occasionally furnish sport to the settlers. No beasts of prey or venomous reptile exist in the island; but small lizards are numerous, investing even the drawing-rooms of Mahébourg and Port Louis. They are quite harmless, however, eating flies and mosquitos, and occasionally partaking of the delicacies in the pantry. The tropic bird builds in the mountain forests and on the sea-cliffs; and a small hawk, about the size of our own sparrow-hawk, is said to be the only bird of prey in the island. Monkeys are not unfrequently met with; a species of hare is also found; and rabbits are naturalised on the east coast. Two species of partridge, and some pigeons, are the chief wild birds killed for food. The dodo formerly found in the island is now extinct, at least no one has met with it during the present century. Insects are numerous, and, as in all hot climates, exceedingly troublesome: but the natives seem to make reprisals in return; for the combs of a large ochre-coloured wasp are sold in the bazaar at Port Louis, the roasted larvæ or grubs being prized as a delicacy by the Creole population.

The inhabitants of the Mauritius, mixed and multifarious as they are, seem to enjoy conditions more favourable than those of other recently emancipated countries. Their climate, though hot, is healthy; little clothing is required; and though farinaceous food be rather high-priced, their country yields, at little expense, sugar, coffee, manioc, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, pine-apples, and other tropical produce. Slavery has still left them far in the rear of civilisation, and of a knowledge of true religion; and it will require many years of patient labour and care to spread the light of a better state of things amongst them. Numerous schools, under the superintendence of different missionary societies and of the government, are now established, and meet with encouragement. Mr Backhouse speaks well of these institutions, and regards them as amongst the most hopeful buddings of general improvement that he saw on the island. Besides schools, there are temperance societies, prayer meetings, chapels belonging to different sects, and other means of religious and intellectual instruction. Indeed the colony seems to be in a state of progress, though it is much retarded by the retention of old French law, and by the influence of some of the more wealthy planters in power, who are opposed to the education of the lower orders. Temperance does not seem to be one of their prominent virtues. 'The lower order of blacks in Port Louis is much debased by drinking at the authorised canteens. These are farmed from the government by a private individual; and though subjected to some good regulations, respecting being open to the street, and burning lights inside, so that every person in them may be distinctly seen, yet they afford facilities for obtaining strong drink, such as always increase its consumption among certain classes. There are also canteens in the military barracks, the profits of which are said to be devoted to the relief of soldiers' widows; and many such widows they make; for rarely a week elapses without some of the soldiery dying from *delirium tremens*, consequent upon drinking.' It is clear that this love of liquor among the lower orders, and especially among the recently emancipated negroes, can only be restrained by a higher state of education, which will enable them to comprehend the evils it gives rise to, and the comfort and happiness which an opposite course would procure. But while education and religion work their way, they ought to be aided by the positive co-operation of government, in lessening the facility of obtaining the means of indulgence. It is a blind and fatuous policy that, of expending a vast amount of money and care upon the correction of vice, and niggardly grudging the smallest allowance for its prevention. Thus, while schools are left to the care of private individuals and the charity of missionary societies, prisons and hospitals are erected and maintained by government for the correction and cure of those led into vice and crime principally through ignorance and intemperance.

'The prison of the court of justice is under remarkably good management. The building is incommodious, scarcely admitting of classification; but a new one, intended to remedy its defects, containing eighty cells, is in progress of erection. The prisoners confined in it are debtors, persons committed for trial, and those under sentence. The last are employed in picking oakum, breaking stones, making baskets and nets, and in tailoring, shoemaking, &c.; and some are daily marched out to work at the citadel and roads. All prisoners of this class are required to work; and if they have not been accustomed to any regular occupation, they are requested to choose one, in order that they may not be ultimately turned out of prison without the means of earning a subsistence. The receipts for labour in 1836 only amounted to L.86, 7s. 9d.; but in 1837 they had increased to L.205, 1s. One half of the money is appropriated toward defraying the expenses of the prison, the other is divided among such prisoners, on being discharged, as shall have conducted themselves well.' Similar accounts are given of the Bagne prison, in which slave apprentices guilty of 'marooning' (running away), and other misdemeanours, are confined; of the prison at Mahébourg; and of the military hospital, of which Mr Backhouse remarks that it is a pity so large and fine a building should be required chiefly for persons who have made themselves ill either by drinking or other moral delinquency. Crimes of a serious description are happily fewer than what might have been expected, considering the number and mixed nature of the Mauritian population. Murder and assassination are rare; robbery and theft are not unfrequent; marooning, intemperance, assault, licentiousness, and the like, forming the great bulk of the criminal calendar.

The manners and customs of the Mauritians afford little matter for remark. Those of the higher and middle classes are more French than English, though the religious observances, education, modes of living, &c. belonging to the mother country, are gradually prevailing, more particularly since the period of emancipation. Those of the lower orders are a curious mixture of Creole, Negro, Hindoo, Chinese, and English, which can only be successfully amalgamated into one by the endeavours of the British government, its teachers, and ministers of religion. In general, the inhabitants are frank and affable to each other; though slavery, as elsewhere, has stamped distinctions even among those now equal in rank, which it will require many years of freedom to efface. To be without shoes is the badge of bondage; and a negro, who will endure any amount of abuse you may choose to heap upon him, will skulk at the very mention of 'barefoot.' These distinctions of caste are kept up even in death; and the cemetery of Port Louis, one of the most picturesque that could be imagined, is divided into compartments for the rich, the poor, the negro, the Chinese, and Hindoo, as if the universal doom of 'earth to earth' should pay deference even to the rank of common inanimate elements. A population composed of so many different people must of course have many religious rites and observances; and thus it is that a vast amount of superstition and idolatry prevails even among those who, by the ceremony of baptism, are regarded as Christians. Several of these observances, as the Yamsey, kept eleven days once in eleven months by the Hindoos, is a curious intermixture of gaiety, frivolity, feasting, and religion. Music, processions, dancing, gay dresses, portable pagodas, banners, idols, and feasting, compose this ritual, which, though not partaken in, is, seemingly, witnessed and enjoyed by all classes in the island. These displays of heathenism are, however, passing away, and by and by will be held as mere holidays, just as the god-days of our Teutonic ancestors were observed in

Britain long after there was no religious idea attached to them, and when we were professedly a nation of Christians. The dresses of the lower orders are simple, and adapted to the climate; though in many cases it would be desirable that something more than a mere loin-cloth and turban were added to their wardrobes. The females generally go without caps, but many wear their hair tastefully done up in huge tortoise shell combs; and those of the elder women tie coloured handkerchiefs over their heads above their combs, or even wear veils thrown over the neck and shoulders.

Such is a brief glance at the Mauritius, its history, produce, commerce, scenery, and population, from which it may be seen that, small as it is, it forms one of the most valuable of our colonial dependencies, and worthy of all the attention that government can bestow, if not on account of its resources, at least for the importance of its position to our Eastern Commerce.

PERILS OF BUFFALO-HUNTING.

Among the numerous stories of the chase in India, America, and at home, with which we have amused our readers, the following is undoubtedly one of the most interesting. It is related by Mr Featherstonhaugh in his Excursion through the Slave States—a work noticed in No. 27 of our current series:—

'The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr Percival, who has followed the forest-chase from his youth. In 1807 he was on a trapping expedition with two companions on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game; and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side; but it roused him, and having crossed the river, he soon lay down again. This was about noon, when the animal, having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river also in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open, and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land; a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore-feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the beast was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also immediately turned and fled.

'In running down a short hill some briers threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and everything seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter; a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that perhaps is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him *more than four hours*, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

'In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he therefore frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

'After so many hours' fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions: he would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to that side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm, which was paralysed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him; he thought the buffalo would wear him out; and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

'But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested a while, recommenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half an hour to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and although he continued to walk round the tree, he made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and immitigable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

'Of the intense anxiety of mind produced in the hunter by this conflict, an idea may be formed from the fact, that when he joined his companions after a separation of forty days, they asked why he looked so pale and emaciated, and inquired "if he had been down with the fever?" He then related to them his adventure with the buffalo, adding, that from that very evening when he prevailed over the animal, he had never got any quiet rest; and so severely had his nervous system been shaken, that as soon as the occupations of the day were over, and he had lain down to rest, the image of the resolute and powerful animal always came before him, putting his life in jeopardy in a thousand ways, and creating in him such a desperate agitation of mind, that he was constantly jumping up from the ground to defend himself: such was his state, that he who had been formerly proverbial for his daring and resolution, now trembled with apprehension even when a covey of quails unexpectedly

flushed before him. Mr Percival told me that three months had elapsed after this adventure before his sleep became tranquil, and that although twenty-seven years had now passed away, every sudden noise would disconcert him, even if it were the crowing of a cock. Ten years ago he had the curiosity to visit the place where so memorable a passage in his life occurred, and he found the bark of the tree sufficiently torn and abraded to have identified it, even if the bones of his ancient adversary had not been there.'

AUTUMN.

[*From 'Landscape Lyrics.'*]

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.

The orchard's plenteous store,
The apple-boughs o'erburdened with their load,
That passers-by may gather from the road,
Hang now the near walls o'er:

And filberts, bursting fair,
Seduce the loiterer to reach the hand,
And pluck the offered treasures of the land,
With wood-nuts that are there.

The still hill-sides are clad
With bloom; the distant moorland now is bright
With blossom and with beauty; the rich sight
The heart of man makes glad.

The hamlet is at peace;
And, in the ripened fields, the reapers ply
Their useful labour; while a golden sky
Smiles on the soil's increase.

To the romantic spring,
That gushes lone beneath the neighbouring hill,
The cottage maidens go their jars to fill,
While carols rude they sing.

Sweet is the cuckoo's song
In early spring, and musical and blessed
The nightingale—young Summer's lutenist—
Pours its gay notes along;

And in the thunder's roar,
In autumn, when the sudden lightnings flash,
Sweet sings the missel-thrush amid the crash,
The bursting tempest o'er! *

As solitary tree,
That, pilgrim-like, scathless, amid the shock
Of rudest storms that burst the sterner rock,
Stands in its grandeur free.

But sweeter than them all,
And softer than the voice of love returned,
Are the untutored lays of lips sunburned
From village maids that fall!

To schoolboys' feelings dear
Is rich-toned autumn. Oh! with what a zest
They plunge in stream retired—despoil a nest—
Or ramble far and near.

How oft, when changeful Time
Has sprinkled o'er our locks its silver threads,
Remembrance brings to mind—and gladness sheds—
The pastimes of our prime!

The lowing of the kine,
In distant meadow-glades, comes on the ear,
With taste of nature fresh, like far-off cheer
Of rustics, as they join

The merry dance at eve;
Each rural sound has in it joy and health:
Man now should garner thought as well as wealth,
And gladly truth receive.

The calm and picturesque;
The foliaged cedar, and the wreathed beech,
More glowing thoughts and impulses can teach
Than Learning from his desk!

* The singing of the missel-thrush during a thunder-storm has always appeared to me a beautiful incident in nature. The louder the thunder roars, the shriller and sweeter becomes its voice. This interesting little bird is popularly known by the name of the storm-cock, because he is supposed to sing boldest immediately previous to a storm; but that he also sends forth his 'native wood-notes wild' during its continuance, is a fact which has been satisfactorily ascertained. Undismayed by the tempest's fury, or rather rejoicing in its violence, the small but spirited songster warbles on unceasingly, as if desirous of emulating the loudness of the thunder-tone, or of making his song be heard above the noise of the raging elements.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Are there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age? If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in one of the newspapers of the day that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years, that he never had been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, begging to know if, in the old man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life so lengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:—

'He was uniformly kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst, and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used.'

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means this old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

'She was always a great lover of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweetmeats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine.'

Of this likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health till he was 120 years old. Again I took my pen and wrote to St Petersburg, and here is the answer:—

'He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt.'

After having read all this in my little book, I said to myself, 'You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people.'

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing-desk, so that I might have it always before my eyes to remind me what I ought to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier, and in better health than I used to be. Formerly, I had headache nearly every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dared venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirit as those of constant good health and vigour. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Little children who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you living henceforward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St Petersburg?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, or No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, October 5, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 41. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1844. Price 1½d.

SCRUBS.

There is a set of persons who think to get the weather-gage of all mankind by cribbing off sixpences from tradesmen's bills, and never giving dinners. This, like all other delusions, holds a tyrannical sway over its victim, and seldom quits him till the breath is also about to depart. The unavoidable effect during life is to subject the unhappy man to an immense amount of odium, the pressure of which would in general be quite insupportable, were it not for the fallacy he lies under of supposing himself to be all the time one of the three or four wise people who redeem the human race from the charge of universal folly. Perhaps the world regards scrubs with a somewhat too fierce hatred. They are a fraternity only unfortunate in loving (themselves) not wisely, but too well. Instead of being detested and held in contempt, as they generally are, they might rather be regarded with pity, as so many wretched men labouring under a false theory, which they continually believe to be exalting them, when in reality it is only dragging them down. We ought to speak gently of scrubbism, as we do of any other form of insanity, and only be thankful that we are not scrubs ourselves.

To be quite serious—there is a certain medium between too great and too little liberality of general conduct, which cannot be transgressed far in either direction without injurious consequences. It is bad to be a spendthrift; it is weak to be over-melting and bountiful. But so it is also bad to be unduly solicitous about little savings, or little advantages, or to be ungracefully parsimonious in proportion to one's circumstances. Such conduct does indeed often appear to be attended with the desired object of accumulation; but when thus successful in one way, it is sure to be injurious in another, in precluding all kindly sympathy from our fellow-creatures, and shutting up many other valuable sources of enjoyment in our own nature. In many cases, however, the apparent success is not justly due to scrubbism, but to qualities of a respectable kind which may have happened to be associated with it, and which would have told better without it. Such at least is the conclusion I am disposed to come to, when I consider how frequently I have seen extreme narrowness in money dealings, and sordidness in expenditure, attended by something like a failure in the great struggles of life. There is an English proverb, that a penny soul never came to twopence; and it is not difficult to see how this should be; for, first, such mean views are very apt to prevent a man from venturing upon perfectly safe enterprises, calculated to be beneficial to him; and, second, they tend to have the effect of disqualifying himself and all connected with him for meeting that public favour on which fortune very much depends. When we hear a man constantly talking with earnestness about paltry profits, or find him unyielding in dealings about small odd sums, or endeavouring to 'shave' as much as possible off every article he sells and every payment he has to make, we are necessarily disgusted with him: we desire to avoid him in future, and avoided he accordingly is. Such a man only can be successful with a great and unnecessary difficulty, for all besides his own hard work, or some fortunate accident in his position, will be unfavourable.

This view is the more confirmed, when we look to the instances of successful men who have pursued the contrary policy. The late M. Lafitte of Paris rose from being a penniless clerk to be the first banker of his day, and one of the most eminent public characters of his country; although it was remarked of him, that the generosity of his nature made him the dupe of whoever chose to attempt imposing upon him. His case reminds us of what we can hardly regard as a fiction, the remark of Jenkinson in the Vicar of Wakefield as to simple kind-hearted neighbour Flamborough, whom he had contrived to cheat in one way or another once every year, 'and yet,' he said, 'Flamborough has been regularly growing in riches, while I have come to poverty and a jail.' Life abounds in cases of brilliant results to generous policy. I cannot refrain from mentioning a somewhat quaint one, which was mentioned to me in conversation some years ago. The late Mr Fowler, a brewer of beer at Prestonpans, in East Lothian, who died worth a very large sum, was believed to have been indebted for it all to a benevolent liberality of nature, which, taking a professional direction, induced him to make his liquor unusually good. He would go up to his vats, and, tasting the infusion, say, 'Still rather poor, my lads—give it another cast of the malt.' By persevering in this course, he obtained the highest character as a brewer, and in a few years had a large remunerative sale for his ale, not only in our own island, but in India and the colonies. I observe it stated in a contemporary publication, that, in the discussions of the directors of the Dover railway respecting fares and arrangements for the public conveniency, Mr Baxendale, the chairman, remarked that a *hard bargain is ever a bad bargain for the apparent gainer;* a maxim equally just and well expressed. The work which quotes the remark adds, that its spirit has been impressed on the management of this railway —'the public, rich and poor,' being 'treated like a gentleman'—and the prophecy is further hazarded, that the highway between London and the rest of Europe will be amongst the most prosperous lines in consequence. Of this we can have little doubt. And it is ever so. Providing a good article or good accommodation to the public, at the cheapest rate which promises a fair profit, is in reality a kind of beneficence, compared with more exacting terms. There may be a trading object in the one case as well as in the other; but a trading

object may be pursued in the spirit of a kindly meaning liberality, instead of a grasping and extorting policy; and if so, it will deserve to succeed, and most probably will, where a different system fails.

The feelings of the scrub being entirely selfish, he will almost invariably be found entertaining mean views of mankind, describing them as ready on all occasions to be gulled—as heedless, heartless, thankless—these notions being in truth only a reflex from his own consciousness. This is one of the scrub's most fatal mistakes. Adjusting his conduct towards his fellow-creatures by such rules, he becomes an object of universal dislike, and his interests suffer accordingly. It is pleasant to turn from such views of man's moral nature, and of the best means of attaining prosperity, to those which have been entertained by high and generous minds. Pitt, who had as much occasion as any man could have to see his fellow-creatures in unfavourable lights, nevertheless declared it to be the result of his experience in the main, that mankind generally meant well, and that anything else was the exception, and not the rule. Hear also what the late amiable Dr Cheyne, the head of the medical profession in Dublin, states in his memoir of his own life. Speaking of the commencement of his career, 'I endeavoured,' he says, 'to become acquainted with the characters of those who moved in the highest rank of the profession, and to discover the causes of their success; and I ascertained that, although a man might acquire popularity by various means, he could not reckon upon preserving public favour, unless he possessed the respect of his own profession; that *if he would effectually guard his own interests, he must in the first place attend to the interests of others*; hence I was led carefully to study, and liberally to construe, that part of medical ethics which regulates the conduct of physicians towards each other.' Dr Cheyne seems to have strictly followed this rule in the course of that career which terminated so brilliantly; for, in an address presented to him by his brethren on his being forced by bad health to retire, the following passage occurs:—'Faithful alike to your patients and your colleagues, you became pre-eminent without exciting jealousy. Your extensive information and sound practical judgment, *the candour and kindness which you have ever shown to your brethren*, and the sterling integrity and dignified deportment which have always been conspicuous in your intercourse with every member of the profession, have so fully commanded our highest esteem and unlimited confidence, that we should hail with sincere pleasure your return to that important station amongst us which you have so long and so deservedly occupied.' And is it not reasonable, and only reasonable, to suppose that a man's worldly success is to be promoted by his having the good-will, instead of the ill-will, of his fellows? In the one case, it is himself and a thousand minor influences working to the end; in the other, it is himself working to it, but a thousand secret influences working against it. Considering the difficulties which they needlessly raise in their course, the successes of the selfish are far more wonderful than those of the generous. Where, with competent prudence and skill, there is a genuine natural suavity towards others, accompanied by a practical liberality according to the measure of the understood means, all works well; and ultimate triumph is certain. But the prosperity of the thorough scrub, attained amidst the contempt and detestation of the public, can never be anything but a kind of miracle when it occurs, and, far more probably, it is strained after in vain.

For these reasons, I regard the scrub as a person labouring under a natural misfortune, and who claims the pity of all who can be so magnanimous as to smile at his wretched maxims and the derision in which he affects to regard every generous principle. Let all, however, who may feel tempted to adopt his policy, be impressed with a due horror for it, as that above all others worst calculated either to promote material interests, or to procure the mental amenity in which the happiness of life more truly consists.

SAUNTERINGS AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

THIRD ARTICLE.

From Windermere we set out for Keswick, by way of Ambleside, from which it is distant sixteen miles. The first part of the road leads through the beautiful valley of the Rothay, and among the grounds and pleasant shades of Rydal Hall. At the distance of a mile and a half from Ambleside we reached the village of Rydal, situated in a narrow gorge at the lower extremity of Rydal Mere. In the immediate vicinity is Rydal Hall, the seat of the family of Le Fleming since the time of Henry VI., finely placed on an eminence somewhat withdrawn from the east end of the lake, in a close romantic nook among old woods that feather the fells which appear over their summits. The woods and grounds around this ancient mansion are laid out in keeping with the character of the surrounding scenery, and wherever

'Art appears, 'tis with unsandaled feet.'

The taste by which a cascade in the pleasure-grounds, pouring under the arch of a rude rock amidst the green tint of woods, is shown through a darkened garden house, and therefore, with all the opposition which light and shade can give, is even not too artificial, so admirably is the intent accomplished of making all the light that is admitted fall upon the objects which are chiefly meant to be observed. 'Here,' says West, 'nature has performed everything in little which she usually executes on her larger scale, and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner: not a little fragment of a rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has its picturesque meaning; and the little central stream, dashing down a cleft of the darkest-coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description.' 'The sylvan, or rather the forest scenery of Rydal Park,' says Christopher North, 'was, in the memory of living men, magnificent; and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means wander away into these old woods, and lose yourselves for an hour or two among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless glow-worm among the last year's red beech-leaves. No very great harm should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, while the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and then hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage.' A little above the hall, on a projection of the hill called Knab Scar, stands Rydal Mount—a lovely cottage-like building, as Mrs Hemans describes it, almost hidden by a profusion of roses, which we regard with deep interest—the dwelling of Wordsworth, the great philosophic poet of the age. From a grassy mound in front, 'commanding a view always so rich, and sometimes so brightly solemn, that one can well imagine its influence traceable in many of the poet's writings, you catch a gleam of Windermere over the grove-tops; close at hand are Rydal Hall and its ancient woods; right opposite, the Loughrigg Fells, ferny, rocky, and sylvan; and to the right, Rydal Mere, scarcely seen through embowering trees; while just below, the chapel lifts up its little tower.' In the immediate vicinity is a house called the Knab, to which our attention was directed as having been formerly occupied by the English Opium Eater, and at a later period by Mr Hartley Coleridge, eldest son of the famous S. T. Coleridge, and himself an author of no mean repute.

Leaving Rydal Lake, and passing between the towering heights of Knab Scar on the right, and Loughrigg Fells on the left, the road winds round a projecting rock, beyond which the lake of Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view.* 'The bosom of the mountain,' says the poet Gray, 'spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Water; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command; from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with a parish church rising in the midst of it; hanging enclosures, corn fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb half way up the mountain sides, and discover above a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no staring gentleman's house, breaks upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise; but all is peace—rusticity and happy poverty in its sweetest, most becoming attire.' Grasmere has also been sketched by Wordsworth in his 'Excursion,' and it is difficult to say whether the prose of the one poet or the poetry of the other does greatest justice to this lovely vale:—

'Upon a rising ground a gray church tower,
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees,
And towards a crystal Mere that lay beyond,
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
A copious stream, with boldly winding course;
Here traceable—there hidden—there again
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun;
On the stream's banks, and everywhere, appeared
Fair dwellings, single, or in social knots;
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched
On the hill-sides—a cheerful quiet scene.'

The view from the road near the head of the lake is extremely fine. The lake, shining like a burnished silver sea, and reflecting the precipitous mountains with every feature of every object on its tranquil banks,

'Lies like a sleeping child, too blest to wake.'

Its western boundary is formed by the rugged hills of Silver How and the lofty range of Fairfield, while behind the village Helm-crag rears its crest, 'a strange fantastic summit, round, yet jagged, and splintered like the wheel of a water-mill.' The strange broken outlines of the top of this mountain have given rise to numberless whimsical comparisons. Gray likens it to a gigantic building demolished, and the stones which composed it flung across each other in wild confusion; West to a mass of antediluvian remains; Otlay says that, viewed from Dunmail Raise, a mortar elevated for throwing shells into the valley is no unapt comparison; and Wordsworth, in allusion to a local opinion, speaks of

'The ancient woman seated on Helm Crag.'

After leaving Grasmere, we met with nothing very interesting till we came to the celebrated pass of Dunmail Raise, a depression between two lofty mountains, Steel Fell and Seat Sandal, which rise with finely sweeping lines on each side, and shut up the vale. About the middle of the pass our attention was attracted by a huge cairn or

'pile of stones
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones—
He who once held supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland;
His bones, and those of all his power,
Slain here in a disastrous hour.'

According to tradition, this cairn was erected as a memorial of the victory obtained A. D. 945 by Edmund the Saxon king, over Dunmail, king of Cumberland. The conqueror, in conformity with the cruel usages of the age, put out the eyes of Dunmail's two sons, and gave his territory to Malcolm, king of Scotland. Dunmail Raise forms one of the grand passes from Westmoreland into Cumberland, and Gilpin conjectures that the cairn was probably intended to mark the division between the kingdoms of England and Scotland in ancient times, when the Scottish border extended beyond its present bounds. The entrance into Cumberland presents us with a scene of remarkable grandeur and sublimity, composed of a vista of huge mountains, extending through an easy descent of six or seven miles, and terminated by Thirlemere, or Wyburn Water, a long but narrow and unadorned lake, having little else than walls of rocky fells starting from its margin. The road, winding high over the skirts of 'the mighty Helvellyn,' soon brought us to this lake, to which the mountain forms a vast side-screen throughout its whole length. It is an object every way suited to the barrenness and desolation of the surrounding scenery: 'no tufted verdure graces its banks, nor hanging woods throw rich reflections on its surface, but every form which it suggests is savage and desolate.' Our attention was directed to a rock projecting into the lake, on its eastern side, which has acquired the appellation of 'Clarke's Leap,' from the circumstance of a person bearing this name having, in deference to the suggestion of his wife, precipitated himself into the Mere. Near the foot of Thirlemere, we pass one extremity of the vale of St John, a narrow cultivated spot, lying in the bosom of tremendous rocks, which impend over it in masses of gray crag. Looking down through a vast rocky vista, the broad broken steeps of Saddleback, and the dark blue peaks of Skiddaw, are seen closing it to the north. 'On every side,' says Mrs Radcliffe, 'are images of desolation and stupendous greatness, closing upon a narrow line of pastoral richness, a picture of verdant beauty seen through a frame of rock-work.'

'Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dell lay smooth and still,
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.'—*Scott.*

In the middle of the vale stands the Castle Rock, a massive crag, which derives its name from its remarkable resemblance to a dilapidated and time-worn fortress. The lofty turrets and ragged battlements, the galleries, the bending arches, and the buttresses, may be distinctly traced. On a nearer approach, however, the illusion vanishes; according to local superstition, by virtue of the supernatural art of certain genii who govern the place. On a close inspection, we found, like other curious travellers, the venerable walls transformed into a mass of rugged rocks—

'And that enchanted mount once more
A pile of granite fragments bore.'

Proceeding onward, the three grand rival mountains of Cumberland, Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn, were now seen together; and ascending the summit of Castlerigg, where formerly stood an ancient castle, the residence of the Earls of Derwentwater, we obtained a most extensive view, comprising the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite, the fertile vale through which the Derwent winds on its passage from the one lake to the other. Surrounding the whole, rises a vast circular chain of mountains; and towering over them all, on the eastern side of the isthmus, which joins the valley of Derwentwater with that of Bassenthwaite, stands the mountain of Skiddaw. Gray declares, that on leaving Keswick, when he turned round at this place to contemplate the scenery behind him, he was so charmed, 'that he had almost a mind to go back again.' At the foot of Castlerigg stands the small market-town of Keswick, on the south bank of the Greta, little more than a mile from the foot of Skiddaw. Keswick contains two museums, which deserve a visit, as they include, in addition to many foreign curiosities, specimens illustrating the natural history and geology of the surrounding country.

* We would recommend the visitor to follow the old road to Grasmere, which branches off at a place called White Moss Slate Quarry. It is shorter, and to be preferred by pedestrians, on account of the fine views it commands of Rydal and Grasmere lakes. It also leads past the 'Wishing Gate,' celebrated by Wordsworth in some beautiful verses.

Mr Flintoff's accurate model of the lake district, the labour of many years, is also well deserving of inspection. On a little eminence near the town, overhanging the river Greta, stands Greta Hall, for many years the residence of the late poet-laureate Southey. It is in all respects a very plain dwelling; but the grandeur of the prospect which it commands can scarcely fail in fascinating the gaze of the coldest and dullest of spectators. The lake of Derwentwater in one direction, with its lovely islands, the lake of Bassenthwaite in another, the mountains of Newlands, arranging themselves like pavilions, the gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale, just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge—all these objects lie in different angles to the front; whilst the sullen rear is closed for many a league by the vast and towering masses of Skiddaw and Blencathara—mountains which are rather to be considered as frontier barriers, and chains of hilly ground cutting the county of Cumberland into great chambers and different climates, than as insulated eminences, so vast is the area which they occupy.

Half a mile from Keswick is the celebrated lake of Derwentwater. A scene of more romantic beauty than this lake affords can scarcely be imagined. It is about ten miles in circumference, and in shape is pretty much like a boy's kite, 'expanding within an amphitheatre of mountains, rocky, but not vast; broken into many fantastic shapes, peaked, splintered, impending, sometimes pyramidal, opening by narrow valleys to the view of rocks that rise immediately beyond, and are again overlooked by others. The precipices seldom overshoot the water, but are arranged at some distance; and the shores swell with woody eminences, or sink into green pastoral margins. Masses of wood also frequently appear among the cliffs, feathering them to their summits; and a white cottage sometimes peeps from out their skirts, seated on the smooth knoll of a pasture projecting to the lake, and looks so exquisitely picturesque as to seem placed there purposely to adorn it. The lake in return faithfully reflects the whole picture; and so evenly and brilliantly translucent is its surface, that it rather heightens than obscures the colouring.' Its bosom is spotted by several small islands, the largest of which are St Herbert's Isle, Lord's Island, and Vicar's Isle. At irregular intervals of a few years, the lake exhibits a singular phenomenon, in the rising of a floating island, varying in extent from an acre to a few perches, from the bottom to the surface of the water. It is composed of earthy matter, six feet in thickness, covered with vegetation, and is full of air-bubbles, which, it is supposed, by penetrating the whole mass, diminish its specific gravity, and are the cause of its buoyancy. St Herbert's Isle, which is placed nearly in the centre of the lake, derives its name from a holy hermit who lived in the seventh century, and had his cell on this island. The remains of the hermitage are still visible. The story of this saintly eremite, and the affection which he bore to St Cuthbert of Durham, is beautifully told by Bede. It states, that at the intreaty of Herbert, the holy bishop besought from heaven the favour that he should die at the same time with himself; which prayer was granted. Near the ruins of the hermitage stands a small cottage of unhewn stone, erected some years ago by Sir Wilfred Lawson, to whose representative the island at present belongs. Lord's Island has upon it the hardly perceptible remains of a pleasure-house, erected by one of the Derwentwater family with the stones of their deserted castle which stood on Castlerigg. Derwentwater gave the title of earl to the Ratcliffe family, in whose possession the lake and adjacent lands continued until the ruin of that noble house. That portion of them which lies in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater was recently purchased by Mr Marshall of Leeds, the eminent manufacturer.

The views both of lake and mountain scenery in the neighbourhood of Derwentwater are remarkably numerous and interesting, and few places will afford the admirer of nature more beautiful prospects of rock, wood, and water. A very pleasant excursion may be made through the 'jaws of Borrowdale' to the secluded valley of Buttermere, twelve or fourteen miles from Keswick. Leaving Keswick by the Borrowdale road, we passed in succession Castle Head, Wallow Crag, and Falcon Crag; all of them excellent stations for obtaining the most picturesque views of the lake. Wallow Crag was a favourite resort of Southey, who has given a beautiful description of it in the first volume of his Colloquies on the Progress of Society. A hollow in the summit of the mountain has obtained the name of the Lady's Rake, from a tradition that a young lady of the Derwentwater family, in the time of some public disturbance, made her escape at this spot, by climbing an apparently inaccessible precipice. Winding under the woods of Barrowside, we reached the celebrated waterfall of Lowdore. The stream falls through a chasm between two towering perpendicular rocks. The intermediate part, broken into large fragments, forms the rough bed of the cascade. The grandeur of the rocks around the stream renders the scene at all times impressive; but the cascade is dependent in a great measure for its effect on the quantity of water. Here Borrowdale begins, its rocks spreading in a vast sweep round the head of the lake. 'The aspect of these rocks,' says Mrs Radcliffe, 'with the fragments that have rolled from their summits, and lie on each side of the road, prepared us for the scene of tremendous ruin we were approaching in the gorge or pass of Borrowdale, which opens from the centre of the amphitheatre that binds the head of Derwentwater. Dark rocks yawn at its entrance, and disclose a narrow pass running up between mountains of granite that are shook into almost every possible form of horror. All above resembles the accumulations of an earthquake, splintered, shivered, piled, amassed. Huge cliffs have rolled down into the glen below, where, however, is still a miniature of the sweetest pastoral beauty on the banks of the river Derwent.' Pursuing this wild pass for about a mile, we reached the gigantic Bowder-stone—

> 'Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
> A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
> Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
> A stranded ship with keel upturned, that rests
> Careless of winds and waves.'*

This immense block, which appears to have been detached from the heights above by lightning or some convulsion of nature, stands on a platform of ground a short distance to the left of the road. It measures about twenty yards in length and ten in height, and has been computed to weigh upwards of 1900 tons. The side towards the road projects about twelve feet over the base, and it is poised upon one of its angles with a trifling additional support towards one end. Its summit, which commands a fine view of the interior of Borrowdale, may be gained by means of a ladder which has been affixed to it for the use of strangers. Close to Bowder-stone, but on the opposite side of the river from the bank of which it suddenly rises, is an elevation richly clothed with wood, called Castle Crag, on the summit of which the traces of a Roman fortification may still be seen. At Castle Crag, the road and the bed of the river occupy the whole of the level portion of the valley; but at the small village of Rosthwaite, a mile beyond, it widens considerably, and presents a varied and pleasing landscape. A short way farther on, in the neighbourhood of a place called Seatollar, we reached the celebrated mine of plumbago, or black-lead, as it is called, the only mine of the kind in England. It has been worked at intervals for upwards of two centuries; but being now less productive, the ore has been excavated for several years consecutively. We were informed that the best ore procured here sells at thirty shillings a-pound. Gilpin makes mention of a strange fraud perpetrated by the proprietor of a part of the mountain contiguous to the mine, for the purpose of obtaining a share of this valuable mineral. At the

* Wordsworth.

expense of great labour, he sunk a shaft, which he carried diagonally till he entered the mine, where he continued his depredations for some time undiscovered. At length his fraud was brought to light, and he was tried at Carlisle. The peculiarity of his case had no precedent. He saved his life; but a law was obtained by the proprietors of the mine to defend their property from such indirect attacks for the future.

Crossing Buttermere Haws, a steep and rough hill, commanding noble views of the receding valley of Borrowdale, and passing the almost perpendicular wall of Hovister Crag, with its slate quarries, we reached the lake and hamlet of Buttermere, forming the very picture of seclusion. The margin of the lake, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild pastoral character, or almost savage. The waters of the lake are deep and sullen, and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun for much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook connecting it with the larger lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few, that in the richer tracts of the island they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. Additional interest has been given to this spot by the romantic and somewhat tragical story of Mary of Buttermere, the daughter of the 'statesman,' who, more perhaps for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, kept the rustic inn in this secluded hamlet. About the close of last century, an individual of somewhat showy exterior, with a handsome travelling equipage, took up his residence at Keswick, with the professed purpose of viewing at his leisure the beautiful scenery of the district. His real name was Hatfield; but he gave himself out for the Honourable Augustus Hope, brother of the Earl of Hopetoun. From Keswick, as his head-quarters, he made excursions in every direction amongst the neighbouring valleys, meeting everywhere with the respect and attention due to the brother of a nobleman. In an evil hour the heartless impostor visited the retired vale of Buttermere, and being struck with the personal attractions of the daughter of the innkeeper, then a beautiful young woman of eighteen, he paid his addresses to her, and in a short time succeeded in obtaining her hand in marriage. No long period elapsed, however, before he was apprehended and tried on a charge of forgery, and being found guilty, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. After his execution, Coleridge, who was at that time living in this district, saw and examined his very interesting papers. 'These,' says the English Opium Eater, 'were chiefly letters from women whom he had injured, pretty much in the same way, and by the same impostures, as he had so recently practised in Cumberland; and, as Coleridge assured me, were in part the most agonising appeals that he had ever read to human justice and pity. Amongst the papers were two separate correspondences of some length, from two young women, apparently of superior condition in life (one the daughter of an English clergyman), whom this villain had deluded by marriage, and, after some cohabitation, abandoned—one of them with a family of young children. One set of letters appeared to have been written under too certain a knowledge of *his* villany to whom they were addressed, though still relying on some possible remains of humanity, or perhaps (the poor writer might think) on some lingering relic of affection for herself. The other set were even more distressing—they were written under the first conflicts of suspicions—alternately repelling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast rising, and then yielding to their afflicting evidence—raving in one page under the misery of alarm, in another courting the delusions of hope, and luring back the perfidious deserter—here resigning herself to despair, and there again labouring to show that all might yet be well. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that frightful exposure of human guilt and misery, that the man who, when pursued by these heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears from despairing women and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a lake tourist, and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of that order which fortunately does not often emerge amongst men. After the death of this villain, Mary, under the name of the Beauty of Buttermere, became an object of interest to all England. Dramas and melodramas were produced in the London theatres upon her story, and for many a year afterwards, shoals of visitors crowded to the secluded lake and the little homely cabaret which had been the scene of her brief romance. She married for her second husband a respectable farmer, and died a few years ago.

A MEDICAL CALL.

A STORY

Some twenty years since, any one who passed through the town of B——, in the county of Tipperary, from seven till nine o'clock of a morning, would have been sure to see a crowd of persons collected at the door of a good-sized house on the right-hand side of the way as you enter the town. The crowd consisted of men, women, and children, all in their own way sufficiently vociferous—the men grumbling, the women scolding, and the children squalling; but no sooner did the good Dr St Leger appear at the door, than the discordant clamour subsided for a few moments into devout blessings. The calm, however, was of short duration; for his first inquiry was but the signal for a general onset: active scrambling and crushing commenced, and a grand display of broken heads, cuts, bruises, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. Each individual naturally thought their own pain or ache the most pressing: their various interruptions, and appeals to, and demands on the doctor, produced a curious effect, something like the cross-readings in a newspaper, as they ran thus:—'Look at this poor boy's foot, if you plase, doctor'—'My husband hasn't been able to stir this week with the pains of his head'—'He has not been able to put it under him, or walk one step upon it these four days'—'Doctor dear, the vilence of my tooth will set me mad'—'See this poor child's eye, doctor'—'God bless you, pull it out'—'The cratur can keep neither bit nor sup upon——' 'His back it's so bad'—'Troth, I'm wasted away to——' 'A swellin' as big as your body, doctor'—'Not a bit upon my bones——' 'But the sup of milk the mister gave me'—'He's as wake as——' 'A good strong blister if you plase——' 'He's for ever cravin' for a cordial; he thinks it would rise his heart if he had ——' 'A dose of castor-oil, God bless you'—'Since last Monday not a pataty has gone into——' 'The poor child's ears; she has had such a noise in them for the last week; for all the world, as she tells me, like ——' 'The splittin' in my head'—'No wonder for the poor babby to get a savare cowld, doctor; not a screed has he to cover him but——' 'That thick rash that's all over his body.' On thus they ran, and it was a difficult matter for Dr St Leger to enforce any kind of order, or to prevail on them to let him enter separately into each case, that he might prescribe. It required no slight share of patience and ingenuity to distinguish between the different applicants and their various ailments: his good temper was often put to trial by the way in which his directions were neglected. 'I wonder,' said he, to a woman who was descanting on the sufferings of her

husband—'I wonder that the powder which I gave you for him did not relieve him.' 'Well, then, doctor, to tell God's truth, he didn't get it. Poll Murphy said it was too small to be of any manner of sarvace; so, if you plase, give me a bigger one.' 'Look at the size of my hand, doctor—it's worse and worse it has been gettin' ever since you seen it—swellin' up and inflamin'—the cut's as open as the day you gave me the plaster for it.' 'I don't see the plaster; when did you take it off? It does indeed look very badly.' 'I was just thinkin' to put it on, when Nance Ryan happened to call in, and she bid me stuff the cut well with cobwebs, so that it would hale in no time; but sorra bit better it is since I done it. Poll Murphy, who is a very knowledgeable woman, and understands all them herbs, says that chewed parsley's far beyant the cobwebs in regard of haling.* Sure, I have the plaster safe enough at home; but sure there can't be much good in it now, for the childer has been playin' with it these four days—the craturs!' This way of going on, it must be confessed, is rather provoking; but medical practitioners in the country parts of Ireland could all tell the same story. Dr St Leger's fame was spread far and near; and he was considered by the poor a *lucky* man, which was rated greatly above being a skilful or experienced physician. He was held in high estimation in the higher circles, where his admirable qualities and agreeable society were much valued. He had been married a few years, and enjoyed much domestic happiness with his wife and a promising young family. Indeed, it was a pleasure to see them together when the fatigues of the day were over: in the fine summer evenings they enjoyed pleasant walks in the sheltered green lanes, or sauntered about the meadows, inhaling the sweet perfume from the fresh mown grass, and admiring the groups of haymakers in the varied and picturesque attitudes of their rustic employment: the children sported before them, or played their merry gambols in the fresh hay. When the long evenings set in, they had their enjoyments within doors; and when the window-shutters were closed, the curtains drawn, and the cheerful hearth diffused its light and warmth around, the happy circle might be seen gathered round the tea-table, laughing and chatting, and the little things prattling away in the innocence of their merry young hearts. One day towards the end of October, Dr St Leger left home at about six o'clock to visit a convalescent patient who lived a very short way out of the town, promising to be back in about an hour to tea. Mrs St Leger had everything prepared at that time; the children listened anxiously for their papa's knock at the door; but eight o'clock came, and he did not appear. The clock struck nine, and the children's eyes gave unquestionable notice that their hour of rest was come; and very shortly after, Charles had actually fallen asleep under the table. Little Anne had turned her father's slippers, which she had been airing at the fire to have ready for him, at least one hundred times. Ten o'clock came. The children would all have wished to sit up till their father's return, but the power of sleep was too strong to be resisted; and, in spite of all their endeavours, their eyes could not be kept open, so they were sent to bed, to enjoy that sweet and refreshing sleep which almost always is found on the pillow of children, and which is so often vainly invoked by their elders.

Eleven o'clock passed, and Mrs St Leger did not feel surprised that her husband had not yet returned. Mr Groves might not have been so well as he had expected to find him; or he might have been pressed to spend the evening, and not known how to refuse; though she well knew that he would not willingly disappoint the happy circle at home. At twelve o'clock she began to wonder that he was still absent; and between that hour and one, she had stirred the fire and snuffed the candles more frequently than she had ever done in twice the length of time before. She took up the book which she had been reading in the early part of the evening, but she turned over the pages unconscious of what they contained; her eyes had scanned the words, but her mind did not take in their meaning. She unclosed the window-shutters, and endeavoured to look out upon the night: it was, however, so dark, that she could distinguish nothing. She sent James, the servant, in haste to see what detained his master. She waited anxiously for his return; but was in a state of great uneasiness when she learned from him that Mr Groves's house had been shut up, and all the family gone to bed. One of the servants, however, spoke to him from the window, and told him that his master had not stayed there for more than half an hour. She knew that he had not intended, when he left home, to make any but the one call. Every moment her anxiety increased: every possible danger which he might have encountered passed rapidly through her mind. The country had been very much disturbed; there had been a few skirmishes between the peasantry and the police; several houses had been attacked and robbed of arms; some of the neighbouring gentry had received threatening letters, and were supposed to be in danger; but Dr St Leger was held in great regard by the people, to whom his medical services were extremely valuable. Then she feared he might have been taken ill; and then she thought again that this would have been surely made known to her. She knew he had to cross a bridge, but it was well secured by a parapet; still, he might have leant over, and lost his balance. Every step that passed along the pavement, every distant voice or cough, made her heart jump with eager expectation, and brought her to the hall door; but the one she so ardently longed for, and so impatiently watched for, came not. Every sound gradually died away, and all was still and silent: the dreary long night at length gave way to the first dawning of the morning, which found the poor lady almost distracted with terror. Inquiries were made in every direction; the river was dragged; but still there was no account of him. People were coming every moment to the house to inquire; and poor Mrs St Leger felt her heart die within her, as knock after knock at the door made her fear that some messenger came with fatal news. The looks and words of those who approached seemed ominous of evil: it appeared to her that every one who spoke to her conjectured or knew more than they dared to say; and the very expression of kind wishes bore to her terrified fancy the dread import of some fatal knowledge. She rushed from the house in a state bordering upon distraction, and traversed the roads in breathless haste, thinking that no one else would be so likely to find him; then she would return with a vague hope that she would find him at home before her; but the icy chill of disappointment awaited her. Little Anne did all she could to comfort her miserable mother, saying that she was sure papa would be in soon, and hugging and kissing her, and begging of her not to cry. To the other children the servants spoke mysteriously of fairies and witches, giving broad hints that their papa might have been spirited away by the former, or transformed into a cat or a rat by the latter: this was poor comfort for the little creatures. Some female friends endeavoured to soothe and calm poor Mrs St Leger; but what can quiet the uneasiness of suspense—what can restrain the imagination from conjuring up a thousand disastrous visions under such circumstances? In prayer for patience, and trust in the Divine will, she found relief; but still her mind was sadly disturbed and agitated. She went about the house all day, wandering from room to room as if in search of something: her friend Miss Mitford would not leave her, and was of use at least in keeping the children quiet, and regulating household matters. She could not

* The common mode of treating cuts among the poor in Ireland.

prevail on her poor unhappy friend to taste a morsel of food, but she was parched with a burning thirst. Night came on, and, in compliance with earnest intreaties, she went to bed; but to sleep would have been impossible. Thoughts crowded upon thoughts rapidly and fearfully; and dreary and tedious as the day had been, it was nothing to the night. Darkness and stillness, that are so favourable to the repose of those at ease, are sure to increase the restlessness of the unhappy and the anxious. She rose frequently from her bed, and looked from her window out upon the cold silent street, and listened in the vain hope of hearing approaching footsteps; then she would lay herself down again, and endeavour to keep quiet, till the wind, blowing through the crevices of the doors or windows, would assume to her wearied ears the sound of voices, or the approach of some one to the house; again she would rise and look out upon as cheerless and hopeless a scene as she had looked on but a short time before. The next day came and went, and still she had no news of him. Various rumours were afloat in the town; some would have it that he must have incurred debts in former days, and having been proceeded against by his creditors, had escaped them by absconding. Some few ladies had settled it over their tea, that he had gone off for a frolic—that he might not be so discreet as he had been considered; but that, after a time, there could be no doubt he would return to his senses and to his wife. But in the opinion of most persons he had been robbed and murdered; for that neighbourhood had been for some time infested by a lawless gang, who had committed several foul outrages: the police were engaged in an active search, but were quite unsuccessful. Several days had passed, and Mrs St Leger was still in the same agony of suspense. The first inquiry the poor children made on waking of a morning, was, whether their papa had come home yet? One of the servant-maids rushed into her mistress one morning, pale and out of breath; 'Lord help us all,' said she; 'see what has been thrown into the area, ma'am.' It was a very large letter, directed to Mrs St Leger, and a sealed-up parcel was enclosed in it. The letter ran thus—'Madam, there's no use in your having the Peelers* scourin' the country, and proclamations stuck up through the neighbourhood, the way you're goin' on; it's unpossible for that gentleman ever to be found. They might be pokin' their noses about everywhere, but you may depend they never could get tidin's of him. So give over, madam. We don't want to trouble your pace of mind; but take heed what you're about, and take care of yourself; if you let us alone, we'll let you alone. We're the only persons now livin' that knows all that happened, and we'd sooner be flayed alive than let any Peeler get the wind of a word about it; no, not if you were to give us your lap haped up with gold. That you may know that we're in airnest in what we say, and are what we are, we send you the packet enclosed.

SECRET SAM.'

The packet was opened, and Dr St Leger's handkerchief dyed in blood was found. No doubt remained of his terrible fate. Mrs St Leger fainted away; and it was not till Miss Mitford and the maid-servants had been chafing her temples, and using all the means usually resorted to in such cases, for a considerable time, that the sad consciousness of her desolation returned. The poor little children were all about her, sobbing their hearts out, and clasping her knees. Miss Mitford urged strongly, but tenderly, upon her consideration, that for their sakes she should exert herself, and desire to live. Her limbs seemed to have lost all power of supporting her, and she was laid gently in her bed. Miss Mitford sat beside her all day. Some of the children stayed round the bed, others climbed up close to her, and were kissing her pale cold cheeks and lips. After many hours of extreme anxiety to those about her, on her account, nature found vent, and a torrent of tears relieved her aching temples. She clasped the children alternately in her arms, and prayed devoutly that for their sakes she might be enabled to bear her burden. In the meantime active measures were going on for obtaining some clue to the particulars of the dreadful event, which no one could any longer flatter themselves had not occurred. The whole neighbourhood mourned the loss of one of the kindest and most efficient members of their society, thus suddenly snatched from among them, too plainly, by an assassin's hand. Large meetings of the gentry and the magistrates of the district were held; immense rewards were offered for information, or any clue by which it could be obtained. Time moved heavily on with poor Mrs St Leger; and it was difficult at the end of a fortnight to think that but two weeks had gone since she had sustained her sad loss. Miss Mitford's kindness and attention were unremitting, and the poor children watched her looks, and used all their endearing little ways to comfort her. Charles had been a great favourite with his father, and the poor child could never relinquish the idea that he was coming home. He would stand for hours at the window, turning his head and straining his eyes first to one end of the street, then to the other. Every voice and step he heard without he thought were his; at every knock at the door, he would start up and say that he knew it was papa; that he knew his knock. At first, when she heard his exclamations, his poor mother's heart would palpitate violently with emotion; but now all hope had died away. Indeed, so totally unavailing had every search and inquiry been, that no other impression remained but that the unfortunate gentleman had been murdered, and the body concealed.

Mr Groves's gate-keeper had been examined several times, but he could tell nothing more than that he had opened the gate for him, and shut it after him, on the night when he had been last seen. He had looked after him, and saw that he turned towards the town. This was the latest account which could be had.

Not, however, to inflict a suspense on the reader similar to that suffered by Dr St Leger's family, we think it time to reveal what really became of him. The gate-keeper was quite correct in saying that Dr St Leger had gone on towards the town; but he had advanced but a few paces, when he was suddenly seized on by some person from behind, who held him in a tight and powerful grip. He heard a rush of several persons from behind the hedge; a handkerchief was thrown across his eyes, and tightly bandaged over them. He was so closely held, that his struggles were quite unavailing, and a hand was held over his mouth to prevent his calling out. The persons about him spoke in low whispers, so that he could not distinguish one word they said. In a few moments he heard the sound of wheels, and in a short time some vehicle drew up; he was lifted into it; and, as far as he could judge, it was some kind of cart, with a seat arranged fronting the horses, which set off at full speed as soon as the whip was cracked and an encouraging shout given by the driver. There was a person seated beside Dr St Leger, from whom, however, he was unable to procure a single answer to his oft-repeated question of—Where were they going?—what was intended towards him? In about an hour they were passing over a road so rugged, that every instant it seemed as if they would have been violently jerked out, or that some joint would have been dislocated: that the vehicle should have held together, was little short of a miracle. After several windings and turnings, they stopped; and for the first time he heard the sound of his companion's voice calling out to know if the horses were ready. Fresh horses were put to the cart, and they again set off at full speed, turning from one road to another. It seemed as if they had been driving on for much more than half the night, when the driver again gave the signal to the horses to stop. Several persons came to the side of the cart, and Dr St Leger was assisted to alight. The men were poking with sticks along the ground, and soon exclaimed, 'Here it is!' Three loud knocks were given,

* The police are so called by the peasantry in Ireland.

and the sound of huge bolts being drawn were soon heard; a trap-door was opened, and the doctor's feet were placed upon the steps of a ladder; he was assisted down; but it took some minutes to reach the ground. As soon as he had landed, the bandage was taken from his eyes; he found himself in a kind of long passage, so dimly lighted by a torch that he could distinguish no termination. As he proceeded, he saw other long passages branch off from it. Various figures which he saw appeared more like the shadowy forms of another planet than the substantial beings who inhabit this; they seemed to him to flit about and vanish into the walls in a most strange and unearthly manner. At length he saw an old witch-like creature, as it were, emerge from the wall at a considerable distance, and beckon him on with her bony finger. Although he had as little superstition in his composition as any one could have, he could not but feel some degree of awe as he obeyed the silent summons. As he advanced, he could distinguish, in the cold sepulchral light, pale and ghastly faces peering at him from behind the huge pillars, which they passed at intervals as they went along. At length they turned suddenly from this death-like passage into a spacious apartment, brilliantly illuminated by blazing torches, which men in different directions held in their hands. A splendid pillar stood in the midst of this magnificent hall, which seemed studded with myriads of precious stones, which reflected back the light with the most effulgent lustre. Light and elegant arches were on every side, through which were vistas of interminable galleries, with their lofty columns sparkling as if they were spangled with the stars of heaven. Dr St Leger rubbed his eyes, and could scarcely believe himself awake, or that he was not under the spell of an enchanter. Struck with awe and reverence as he trod the aisles, he raised his hand involuntarily to uncover his head. The wonders of the stately halls through which they traversed now began gradually to disappear; still they passed a pillar here and there, and at length found themselves in a chamber of a very different appearance from any they had yet entered; it was, however, large and lofty. An immense fire blazed on the ground, and lit up the faces of some six or eight stalwart men, who were seated about it on rude benches, made comfortable with goat and sheep-skins, which were spread along them. Some articles of rough furniture were scattered through the room, and upon the walls hung fishing-tackle, bugle-horns, arms of all kinds, powder-horns, the antlers of deer, eagles' feathers, and the feathers of different kinds of game.

Immediately on the appearance of Dr St Leger, the men simultaneously rose from their seats—and, 'You're kindly welcome to these parts, doctor,' burst from every lip. They soon gathered round him, tendering their good offices with the most eager alacrity. One took his hat and hung it on a nail, another doffed his cloak, a third ran his hands over his shoulders and back to discover whether his garments had imbibed any damp; another heaped the fire, already bright and blazing, with dry turf, and drew one of the benches close to it; an old man advanced with a bottle and a glass—for no Father Mathew had as yet appeared on the stage—and urged the necessity of active measures, after the cowld drive, to keep the chill out of the heart. Each of the torch-bearers was then served with a glass of some cordial, so powerful, that they were obliged to pause, when they got half way, before they could gulp down the remainder. After the performance of this exploit, they retired. 'Indeed it's we that are glad to see you, doctor; and there are those that will be gladder,' said the old man. 'It will be the good job, sure enough, for you, doctor; but I'm afraid it will go hard with you to complate it. I hope you liked the curiosities of the place? If the earl, that's away on his travels, knew what he had on his property, he'd be the proudest man in all Ireland—ay, or in the three kingdoms; but it's more plasin' by far that he shouldn't have the laist notion at all at all of it. Sure we had the men waitin' with the lights, that you might see it all. All, did I say? you haven't seen the half of it yet, no, nor anything like the half of it; there's no end to the astonishin' places. You might be wanderin' and wanderin' about till the last day of your life, and yet you'd leave many a grand place in it that you never set your eyes upon. The grandest room in the earl's castle wouldn't be looked at beside one of them rooms. Sure they're all sparkling alive with the grandest of jewels, as one may say; and though the curtains that fall so beautiful from the ceiling are as solid as the hard stone, sure they look as elegant, and as light, and as much festooned, as if they were made all of the finest of muslins; and you'd think you could look them through and through: and sure there isn't a jeweller in Lunnon town could make finer branches for houldin' the lights thin them you seen to-night. If we liked it, we might live in them elegant rooms; but they're too grand for simple boys like us; so we put up with somethin' plainer; and we have the parts down here warm and comfortable enough; and the openin's above let in the day to us. We would be fairly all one, as the bats and owls, if we lived farther in—blind, as one may say, while the sun was shinin' bright in the skies. I'm thinkin', doctor, that you were tired of bein' blind yourself all that long jaunt; but you'll not be one bit the worse of it.' A thick woollen curtain at the far end of the room was now drawn aside, and a woman, the very one that had beckoned him on along the galleries, appeared; a flickering light was in one hand, with the other she motioned the doctor on, and said—'Now doctor if you plase, come and see him; troth he's 'wake, and uneasy enough; but you'd think his heart riz as soon as he heard you were in it; he has been quite unpatient in himself all the evenin' for you to come.' 'Who are you speaking of?' said Dr St Leger. 'I'm spakin' of the young man, to be sure, that you're come all the long ways from B—— to cure. Come in, if you plase.' She led the way on to a bed where a young man lay, pale and exhausted; a faint smile lit his wan features as he saw Dr St Leger. 'I'm proud to see you, doctor; do you think you can cure me? is there any chance that I'll ever be able for the chase again? will the boys ever hear the sound of my bugle on the hills any more? I'm afraid not, doctor; for I believe I'm too far gone entirely; and what is that poor woman to do without me, for she has no one but myself, and I know well enough she'll fret the very life out of her if you don't cure me.' 'Tell me what's the matter,' said the doctor. 'I can do nothing for you till I know what ails you.' 'What ails him; is that it?' said the old woman. 'Well, then, that's what ails him,' continued she, putting aside the bed-clothes, and discovering two very bad-looking wounds in his side. 'I'm sure I wouldn't like to see my inimy's dog go through all that he has gone through. But one thing's for sartain now—you must cure him; if you don't, you can never lave the caves again; but if you cure him, as soon as I see him able to put his feet under him, and to ate and drink, I'll let you go, and my blessin' will go with you; and they say there's luck in a widow's blessin'; and along with that same, you shan't go away empty-handed.' 'Let me see what can be done,' said Dr St Leger. 'The first thing must be, to free the wounds from all this blood.' Hot water was brought, and with his own soft handkerchief Dr St Leger washed away the blood; he then bandaged up the wounds, and the young man said he felt some relief. Still he was very ill, and his strength greatly exhausted. The doctor settled him in the bed, and watched by him till he saw him drop asleep. He went into the outer apartment, and said, 'I can come again in a few days to see the young man, but now I must return to Mrs St Leger, for she will be uneasy already at not seeing me.' 'Troth, thin, she'll not see you this night, nor any night till Terrence is cured, be it long or short.' 'But I must go, and go this minute,' said the doctor; 'I'll not have Mrs St Leger made uneasy for anything in the world. So, if I have no other way of going, I'll walk every step of the way.' 'Well now, doctor,' said the old man, 'that's

more aisily said nor done. We'll all give you lave to go, if you must have your will, and be so headstrong; but what road do you mane to go, or which of them galleries or passages will you be after turnin' into? and whereabouts will you get out? and if you get out, where will you be? and which of the roads do you mane to take?'

Dr St Leger was in sad perplexity: he felt most uneasy about his wife, whose anxiety he knew would be great; but he was convinced that any attempt to make his way through the intricacies in which he was involved would be unavailing, and that he might perish far from all human aid. He stood irresolute and dejected, not knowing what to do or say. The old man again addressed him, and said, 'Well, I'll tell you what it is, we'll do all that's fair and aisy by you, and you needn't fret yourself at all at all. There's Secret Sam, that may be depinded on for goin' all the world over; he shall go to B——, and let the mistress know that you are safe and sound, and with them that knows how to trate you well, and to send you home with your dues if you do the job we want; but, doctor, make your mind aisy, for out of this you can't stir till the captain's able to mind his business again.' All the men gathered round him, and were clamorous and determined, and vowed that he should not stir till 'the captain was well.' So he was obliged to satisfy himself as well as he could with the promise of Secret Sam's services, and he urged the necessity of as little delay as possible—intrusting him with a note which they allowed him to write to his wife to say that he was safe. The old woman threw herself on her knees before him, exclaiming, 'May the heavens bless you, and the holy angels and all the saints be with you. I know you'll cure him; you wont let him lave me—my elegant fine clever boy; the only one I have in the wide world; for his father's gone, and his brothers are gone, and he's the only one left me. Oh! doctor jewel, sure you'll cure him for me; you wont let him die; you wouldn't be so hard-hearted, for you have the very looks of a kind, tender gentleman, that wouldn't brake the heart of a poor dissolate cratur entirely. Oh! if you had seen Terrence before he met with this misfortune—the widow's curse on them that done it—he was as likely and as clever* a boy as ever my two eyes looked at. he's over six feet in his stockin' feet, and as straight as an arrow; and though his cheeks is burnt with the hate of the sun, they have an illigant blush in them for all; and his eyes are for all the world as sharp and as bright as any aigle's; and though he is so young (he wont be six-and-twenty till next Candlemas), he has the heart that nothin' can put down. So, sign on it, they made him captain over them all, and some of them ould enough to be his grandfather.' 'Not quite so ould as that, if you plase,' interrupted the old man, evidently rather nettled—'not quite so ould as that, if you plase.' 'Well, well, maybe not entirely out, but not far from it. Sure he's like any lion when he's at the head of his men; and though he's as bould as a lion to all the world beside, he was always the lamb to me. His father was proud of him, though he was not passin' twelve the night his father was waked—a sore night it was to me, for he was the lovin' and the tender husband. He was all through a rispictable man—every one thought him that, and looked up to him. He followed the smugglin' trade; and what by his knowledge in it, and his industry, he was well to do; and so he retired here with his property, determined to give up the sayfarin' life; for he was a native of these parts, and didn't lave it to earn his bread till he was fourteen years of age. It was an uncle by the mother's side trained him up to the smugglin' business, and he used to repate that the boy was a credit to him and to them that rared him, and to his country itself. But he's gone, and I don't think he has left his likes behind—barrin' it's Terrence, who never was daunted at anything in the natural coorse of his life; and he has had as much to do in respect of guns, and pistols, and swords, and all them things, as if he had been sarvin' in the reglar army. What with his own hard airnin's and his father's savin's, he might give up business if he chose; but he's too hot like for that; and he says, that as long as he has power to draw a trigger, he'll never flinch or give up. Troth, doctor, I wish you could hear him discoorse; he can give you a raison for everything. I don't think there's a schoolmaster in all Ireland that could bate him at that.'

While all this was passing, two comely lasses were setting out a table, and as they drew it close to the fire, it had a most comfortable appearance. A snow-white cloth covered it, with wooden trenchers that were so clean, that they looked as if but just made; and horn-handled knives and forks, which well suited the table of those who followed the chase, were laid. Dr St Leger could not but remark that the spoons and salt-cellars were of silver. The fire was blazing merrily, and a fine haunch of venison and several dishes of game were smoking on the table. Two wooden bowls of considerable dimensions, filled with boiled potatoes, were in the centre. The doctor was pressed to advance, and, 'if it was plasin' to him, to take his supper alone.' He, however, insisted that the men should join him, declaring that he would be quite unequal to despatch such a repast without assistance. They seated themselves; and many 'a squire of high degree' might have taken a lesson from them in doing 'the honours of the table.' With admirable tact they tempered their manners with such a due proportion of respect and cordiality, that their free and confidential bearing never seemed to pass the bounds of propriety. If he was pressed somewhat urgently to his food, it was a fashion which had been set by gentlefolks not many years before. If he was ardently intreated to fill his glass again and again with the very potent punch which one of the girls had mixed with her own fair hand, surely some among them could well remember the time when, in the upper classes, it was a point of duty with those who acted the part of hosts, to see that their guests were so completely overcome by their hospitable offices, as to sink under the table. Whether it was from the fatigue of the long jaunt, the hot fire, or Nance's potent punch, or from the united effects of all, Dr St Leger had scarcely lain down on the comfortable bed of skins prepared for him near the fire, when he fell fast asleep. He did not waken for some hours. It was not till he had looked round for some minutes, that he could believe that he had not been dreaming. With the certainty of his present rather strange situation, his uneasiness about home returned. He knew well the alarm which his absence must have occasioned. All he could hope was, that Secret Sam was far on his way by that time, and that his communication would calm and satisfy Mrs St Leger.

We have seen how this worthy executed his commission. On his way he fell in with some boon companions, and loitered so, that a few days had passed before he got near the town of B——. When within a few miles of it, he heard of all that was passing there. The very active measures which were resorted to in hopes of discovering what had been the fate of Dr St Leger, made him fear that suspicion might light upon him, a stranger. The police were scouring the country in all directions. He became panic-struck, and determined by threats to frighten Mrs St Leger into giving up the pursuit. The few hurried lines from her husband, which he was to have had conveyed to the lady, he tore into atoms, and substituted that which he dropped into the area. The handkerchief, which was stained with the blood of the wounded man, he had inadvertently put into his pocket; and as he found it, he considered it a proof that Providence had provided him with means far more potent than words could have been, to intimidate, and to make her, who was urging on exertion, dread the possibility of incurring vengeance which could furnish such a token.

When Dr St Leger went to the bedside of the young man, he found that he was better, and in a calm sleep.

* The word clever is used by the Irish peasantry for tall.

'Wasn't it the lucky minute,' said his mother, 'that we thought of sending for you, doctor? See how he's sleepin', quite and aisy—like an infant for all the world—the way the cratur himself used to sleep upon my arm the whole night long, nestled up close to me; and such a babby as he was, his little legs as firm as a rock, his cheeks like any rose, and his eyes always with a laugh in them; and so hearty and good-humoured, it would have done your heart good to have heard the way he'd crow whenever the father came near him; but when he began to be able to see into all that was goin' on, and to be strong and sinsible in himself, the world wouldn't prevent him from handlin' them arms for ever; and then he'd stale after the men, and cry if he wasn't let go with them; and at last the father would let him go, and he came on by degrees to fire shots and the like of that. It was he that was cute when he knew the police was after any of the boys: he'd get up on the high hill, and he had a sharp eye, and he'd look as far as ever that sharp eye could raich, and he'd persave the laist glimmer of them far, far off; and you'd think he was fairly flyin' on the wind when he'd come to give the boys notice. Many of them, sure enough, would have been taken and tried for their lives, if it hadn't been for the wit of that good child; and he grew up, gettin' stouter and stouter, and had more sinse in his little finger than the ouldest man among them had in his whole body. And so the long and short of it is, they all agreed to put themselves under him; so they made him their captain; though he knew well enough that they'd never have done that same if he hadn't been worthy of it. He never got the laist proud in himself, but was as innocent and as humble as if he hadn't riz to be so high. It was I that was proud when I heard that he was to be head over them all; and when he'd bring in the deer, and the game, and other things too, I knew I had good raison to be proud. If his poor father could have seen it all, he'd have been a happy man. But what's the use of talkin'; for see what it has all come to at last—his poor flesh cut and slashed the way it is, and he, that nothin' could ever daunt, so down in himself, and as wake as an infant but newly born. I'm a poor lone cratur, doctor, that has neither kith nor kin; nobody to love, or that has a care for me, but that one boy; if you don't cure him, you'll be the death of me; and I'm sure I wish you well.' The men had all gone out after supper, so the doctor was obliged to sit down alone to a breakfast that would have answered for a whole regiment, the profusion of fresh eggs, wheaten cakes, venison pasty, and goat's milk, was so great. When some days had passed, Dr St Leger found himself almost alone. Whatever might be the calling of the men with whom he was so unwillingly domesticated, it was evidently no idle one. They frequently did not return till far beyond midnight, and the profusion of venison and game with which the table was always supplied, made him conjecture that they frequently indulged in the chase and other field-sports.

One or two men generally came in and out frequently during the day, and he could not but suspect that their duty was to watch him and prevent his escape. One of them asked him one morning if he would like to see their domain, and he led the way to an opening through which they scrambled. He found himself on the side of a high mountain covered with heath; as far as the eye could reach, no human habitation was to be seen, nor any marks of cultivation; nothing but high, wild mountains. Here and there a goat might be seen browsing amidst the rocks, or on the brink of some steep precipice. Sad and dreary desolation reigned around, and he sighed as he felt that he was a prisoner in such a melancholy region. However, in a few days he was able to claim his freedom; all danger was over, and Terrence was up and walking about; and ever and anon he would hover near the arms which hung upon the walls, and gaze on them with fond tenderness, or examine them to see that all was right. He took down the bugle, and blew a blast so loud and strong, that it might indeed have made the welkin ring. The hour of parting came; the eyes of the young man filled, and tears streamed down the cheeks of his mother, as they expressed their grateful feelings. Terrence opened a little box containing several articles of jewellery, and intreated that the doctor would fit himself with a ring as a keepsake. Dr St Leger felt himself recoil from the offering; nor could all their intreaties induce him to accept any part of the forty golden guineas which the old woman had counted out for him, as she drew them from a large long stocking. 'I will take nothing,' said he, 'but some of these beautiful feathers, and this eagle's plume; I know the children will like greatly to see them.' 'Take them, take them; but why wont you take something else?' said the old woman; 'it breaks my heart that you're goin' without somethin' else, and you so worthy of it; but my blessin', the blessin' of a poor widow that you found almost childless, is with you, and may it bring you luck!' 'You have been a good friend to me, doctor,' said the young man, 'and I'd be very proud if you had something with you to remember a poor boy, that can never forget you at any rate. You lifted me out, as I may say, from the bed of death, and I'll never take the wild paths along the mountain's side, or cross the high hills—I'll never sound the bugle, without thinking that it was you who made me strong for it again. Doctor, you're goin' among the rich and the great—among those that have money, and lands, and power, and larnin'; you'll often hear the likes of me run down, and many a hard word passed upon us; but don't give in to it, but just say within yourself, sure the air of heaven, where the birds are on the wing, is free to all who breathe it. The wild passes where the deer laves his track is more aisily followed by one like me, who can bound from crag to crag, nor to him who drives about in his costly coach. The world's wide enough for us all; and why mayn't the poor take, as well as the rich?' After a warm farewell, Dr St Leger had to submit to the bandage across his eyes, and he was led out and placed once more in the cart which had brought him to this strange abode; and after several hours' hard and rough driving, he was let out just at the exact spot where he had been seized on. How eagerly he sped on to reach that happy home that held so many dear objects of his affection! They were all together in the drawing-room—Mrs St Leger the picture of miserable sadness, scarcely able to raise her head or her languid eyes—the children all about her, looking melancholy and anxious. Charles suddenly exclaimed, 'There's papa, mamma; indeed, indeed that's his knock—oh, don't I know it?' and he would have rushed from her side to open the door; but she held his little hand, and her tears fell gently on it—'Stay with me, dear child; we must not expect dear, dear papa any more.' The knock was repeated—the door was opened—a step was on the stair—a hand was on the handle of the lock—and in one moment the husband and the father was in the midst of his family. Mrs St Leger uttered a cry, and fainted away; the children cried and laughed by turns. Oh! that was a happy evening. Dr St Leger sat by the cheerful fire; his wife was by his side, a child upon each knee, the rest of the happy group gathered round him: he told of his adventures, and described the wonders of the cave. Never was fairy tale listened to with such intense interest: the eyes of the children seemed to take in as much as their ears as they listened to the strange story. For many months, an evening scarcely ever passed without an intreaty to papa to tell about the beautiful caves, and all that happened to him; and often as they played and chatted together, the words spar, stalactites, and stalagmites, might be heard. It was some ten or twelve years after, that the magnificent caves on Lord Kingston's estate were opened. It was said and believed that the peasantry had known them long before; and that they are well acquainted with a vast extent far, very far, beyond those which are visited. Dr St Leger thought they might have been the scene of

his former adventure; and went there, expecting to recognise some of the apartments or galleries through which he had once passed; but he had no recollection of any of those he now explored.

SCHOOLS OF AGRICULTURE.

We have always pleasure in noticing any extension of the means of conveying useful information; but it becomes particularly interesting in cases so important as that of the agriculture of this country, which, with very little assistance, provides food in bread, meat, and vegetables, for twenty-seven millions of people.

A school for agricultural chemistry has been for some time in existence in Scotland, we should think with the very best effects. In Ireland, too, and England, various practical schools in agriculture have been in progress for some time; also, we would hope, and cannot doubt, with very excellent effects. At the late show of cattle and agricultural implements at Glasgow, very gratifying proofs were exhibited of the progress of agricultural knowledge in various ways. But with nothing were we more pleased than with the information we there acquired of the progress of this species of knowledge in Ireland. The subject was brought under the notice of the friends of agriculture assembled at Glasgow, by Mr Skilling, under the Board of Commissioners of Irish Education, superintendent of their model farm at Glasnevin, near Dublin, and agricultural teacher in the normal school there.

Mr Skilling said that, shortly after the institution of the Board of Education in Ireland, they gave notice of their intention to establish a system of agricultural tuition, in connexion with literary education, in various schools under their charge. They proceeded in 1838 to rent a farm (of fifty-two acres) within two miles of Dublin, so as to enable the scholars, who were afterwards to become teachers, to reside at the farm, and at the same time pursue their literary education in the city; and under the Board, they will soon have about three thousand teachers in the various schools, and which will be planted in every district in the country.

Their method of tuition appears to be as follows:—After being engaged on the farm on the mornings of five days in the week, the students go into the town for literary education; but the whole of Saturday is devoted to examination. They have a garden, and in connexion with it a competent gardener, who lectures one half hour in the morning; and the teacher of agriculture also lectures upon agricultural subjects. At stated periods the teachers attend the farm, and witness every practical operation going on upon it. The students are taught every system of cropping, and get explanations upon every subject connected with their studies, including the principles of rotations in cropping, the cultivation of green crops, the feeding and soiling of cattle, and the profit and advantage of everything taught. The errors existing in the present modes of managing land are also pointed out; the loss caused by weeds, by bad fences, &c.; and, on the other hand, the advantage of draining and turning the land. They are also shown the effects of mixing the soil, and the modes of permanently improving it; and, along with the knowledge of agriculture generally, lessons are given in chemistry and geology. Spade-labour is encouraged, as the best adapted for minute husbandry, and as saving, to small farmers especially, the expense of keeping horses. They are also instructed in agricultural chemistry in particular, and the nature of soils and manures; the general course of farming throughout the year including the feeding and breeding of stock. The Board has already seven agricultural training establishments, but intend to have twenty-five, to all which model farms will be attached, where the future teachers will be trained for two years, themselves performing all the operations of the farms, and thus becoming practical as well as scientific men.

Not only have the teachers already carried away a great deal of knowledge from these establishments, but the farms themselves have done much good in the districts in which they have been placed; for the farmers now see an improved system of cultivation, of which they had previously no conception, and fortunately they desire to imitate it.

In evidence of the improvement of the pupils, some of the students of the establishment at Larne (near Carrickfergus), an out-farm of the institution, were, on the suggestion of Professor Johnston, presented for examination. They were examined by Mr Gibson (the inspector of government schools) on grammar, geography, and arithmetic, and scarcely failed to answer a single question correctly. They were next examined by Professor Johnston (the Scottish professor of agricultural chemistry) on the scientific branches, and by Mr Finnie of Swanston (an eminent Mid-Lothian farmer), and Mr Alexander of Southbar (a proprietor of land), on the practical departments of agriculture, and their acquaintance with these was such as to surprise the audience. They detailed the chemical constitution of the soil and of manures, the effect of manures, the land best fitted for green crops, the different kinds of green crops, and the best system of rotation and of dairy management, in a way which evidently had not been expected, and which at the same time afforded the utmost satisfaction, as showing how much may be done by a proper system of training; for many of the answers of these young men required both the possession of much knowledge, and the exercise of much reflection. As to the advantage to farmers, Lord Clements reported that on his property, lying in the wildest parts of Connaught, so popular is the system of instruction, that men of twenty years of age come from a distance of many miles to attend the school. Many small farmers, who a few years ago could hardly keep one cow, are even already keeping three or four; and many who formerly could with difficulty pay their rents, have become comparatively independent.

Mr Blacker, manager for Lord Gosford, at Market-Hill, near Armagh, has some time back reported nearly similar results as having taken place under his management in that neighbourhood, where he also may be said to have opened a practical school among the tenants of his employer.

Mr Atlee, the teacher of an agricultural school at Ealing, in Middlesex, on the property of Lady Noel Byron, stated results as pleasing as to the school under his charge; and there can be no doubt that education of this description must be highly advantageous both to the individuals and the community: to the individuals, in making their services be eagerly sought after as managers for others, wherever they can be obtained, or in making them successful agriculturists on their own account; and to the public, from the effects of both.

Several Scottish gentlemen addressed the meeting, expressing the highest hopes from the evidences of improvement which they saw everywhere about them; and also their opinion that the rising generation in Scotland must be put under a similar course of training, or the *prestige* of the country will be lost. In this view, however, they do not consider that model farms will be necessary in Scotland, every farm there being nearly something of this description; but they recommended, that to every parish school a chemical and agricultural class shall be attached. This we conceive to be a scheme which it would cost the intelligent schoolmasters of our country little trouble to realise; and the present crisis, when application is making to the legislature for an increase of salary to these useful labourers, seems to afford an excellent opportunity for enforcing such an improvement in their curriculum.

Some of the Scottish schoolmasters have, indeed, already gallantly come forward to offer their services without regard to any prospect of fixed reward, and no doubt the system will soon be general, to the great advancement of one of the most healthful, useful, and essential of human pursuits. Nor is it at all too soon.

One of the gentlemen present at this meeting stated that an agricultural college is immediately to be founded in Gloucestershire, with a model farm of four hundred acres, where instruction will be given to the sons of the farmers and landed gentlemen of the district. He held in his hand the prospectus of another agricultural college to be founded in Kent. It is also one of the primary objects of the Irish agricultural societies to establish a college, and most probably active steps will be taken regarding it within the next six months. At Templemoil, near Derry, a practical school of agriculture on a large scale, instituted by private subscription, but now supporting itself, has been in active operation for some years. In France, Germany, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, and the United States of America, efforts are being made for the instruction of youth in agricultural science and practice. While we cannot but hail all this with the greatest satisfaction, we feel that efforts will be required in our own section of the British island to keep ourselves abreast with other countries. Doubtless Scotland will not wait to be goaded by emulation merely. Though it has quiet and unexpensive ways of proceeding, it still proceeds. It is long, for example, since it saw the propriety of attaching an agricultural class to its metropolitan university. It has not yet founded a class for agricultural chemistry, nor planned a college, nor even numerous schools, but it has instituted what may be termed 'an ambulatory college,' in sending forth an eminent professor to all the districts desiring his aid. To him 'old age and young' may be seen thronging wherever he has appointed to meet them. If the idea shall be followed out, of attaching initiatory schools in agriculture and other practical sciences to the existing parish schools, with an ambulatory inspector and superior teacher to visit them occasionally, Scotland will, at very little expense, be in the enjoyment of ample means for enabling her population to realise the blessings of Providence to an extent far beyond what has heretofore been known.

A FRENCH JOURNALIST AMONG THE ENGLISH POOR.

In a short account we gave of a fortnightly journal published in Paris, entitled 'La Revue des Deux Mondes,'* we took occasion to remark on the frequency with which it adverted to England and the English. Since the appearance of our notice—that is to say, from October 1843 till the present time—a series of articles resulting from a tour in Great Britain has appeared in that well-conducted journal written by one of its most distinguished contributors, M. Léon Faucher.

Every traveller has his predilections, and, in visiting a foreign country, naturally directs his attention to subjects which interest him most, and to objects with which he is best acquainted. The mission of the Duke D'Arlincourt, for instance, whose 'Three Kingdoms' we noticed in a former number of our present series, was amongst the rich and aristocratic of our country. M. Léon Faucher, on the contrary, made it his business to investigate the condition of the lower orders. He seems to have passed the greater portion of his time while a visitor amongst us in the hovels of the poor and the haunts of the criminal. When in the metropolis, he directed his attention exclusively to those localities in which a greater amount of helpless misery and incorrigible crime are huddled together, than in any other place in the world; except, indeed, in some of the larger and more opulent Chinese cities; for it appears to be a law of social existence that great affluence and intense want should always be near neighbours. The result of M. Faucher's wanderings in London is two articles, one on 'Whitechapel,' and another on 'St Giles's.' Of the former, he writes that it is a collection of 'narrow streets, crooked alleys, and dark courts, which comprehend about eight thousand houses; it is limited northward by Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, from which it is divided by Wentworth Street, and southward by the Tower of London, the river, and the docks. The Blackwall railway traverses its whole length. From the high arches on which the rails are placed, a view is obtained of the secrets of the misery peculiar to this neighbourhood.' It should be mentioned, that this railway was cut through one of the densest parts of the eastern district of London. Many streets are intersected, and some of the houses are so close upon the road, that it is quite possible to see into the first and second-storey rooms in passing. 'Females, wan and half-dressed, may be perceived at the windows, and pale children roll in the mire with pigs—always inseparable companions in Irish families. Rags are suspended to dry out of the windows upon long poles, as if to intercept light as well as heat from the streets. Here and there an open space is filled with heaps of old bricks and filth, while fetid puddles show the total absence of regulations for the draining off of unwholesome fluids. Such is the spectacle presented by the bird's-eye view of Whitechapel obtained from the elevated railway. What would be our sensations, could we by a fantasy, which in this instance would scarcely be magical, lift off the roofs of the houses, and count all the groans which ascend from the pitiable neighbourhood to Heaven? This is one of the districts which encloses the greatest number of paupers.* Lying just outside the city, it receives the crumbs which a vast and busy commerce lets fall; and as this quarter is situated on the Thames, numbers of hands find occupation amongst the shipping. By one of those contrasts to which the human fancy is prone, the streets of Whitechapel have received the most pleasing and poetical names. Consult the map of London, and you will find, in placing your finger on this spot, twenty examples of this—such as Rose, Flower, and Greenfield Streets, Fashion, Pearl, and Lamb Streets, Angel Alley, Shepherd Court. Similarly pleasing names have been nearly always given to the most wretched districts. In certain cases, even military heroes supply designations to these sinks of misery. Thus a cess-pool, which receives the offscourings of Bethnal Green, is called Wellington Pond.' We pass over M. Faucher's account of St Giles's, because it bears internal evidence that he either examined this hive of the poor and the wicked with less care than he devoted to his other researches, or that, not having taken accurate notes at the time of his visit, his memory while writing the article played him false. His statements regarding St Giles's abound with errors; a few of them, however, such as the most cautious foreigner is liable to fall into.

Besides personal observations, M. Faucher has collected a vast amount of statistical information concerning the places he visited. The sources which he consulted were of the best kind, such as parliamentary reports, the works of Messrs Chadwick, Macculloch, and Dr Smith. In arranging this information, and bringing it to bear upon the scenes he witnessed and the places he examined, he evinces great tact and acuteness. He finds that in 1842 the offences against the person in London amounted to 8339, whilst those against property reached 17,948. Opposite to this our author places the criminal statistics of Paris for 1841, by which we find that only 3449 offences were committed against the person, and 4076 against property; which shows, considering the population of London as double that of Paris, that, while the crimes against the person are about the same in both cities, those against

* Vol. xi. page 383, old series.

* In 1836, in Whitechapel, 5836 persons received parish relief in every 64,141 inhabitants.

property in London are double those in Paris. 'We perceive,' says M. Faucher, 'that in all its development, the criminality of London is of a character specially to be expected from a free and industrious people. It presents more than 16,000 cases of theft and swindling in this single town! 961 cases of false coinage! Thus we are shown that money is the god of this community.'

A succeeding notice relates to Liverpool, the worst quarters of which M. Faucher explored, along with Mr Whitty, the superintendent of police.

'We began by visiting the streets situated between Park Lane and Wapping, a district in the neighbourhood of the docks, and chiefly inhabited by Irish labourers. It was nine o'clock in the evening; children were playing on the pavements during the last rays of twilight; women stood before their doors breathing an atmosphere purer than that inside their confined habitations. We then traversed Crosbie Street, a place where fever rages during the whole year; and here appearances of the most revolting character presented themselves. The state of this thoroughfare attests, as in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green (London), the apathy of the municipal authorities. Filth of every kind remains during the whole week to poison the air; for the streets have no gutters—a defect of greater consequence in an English than in a French town, where conduits exist to allow water to run off. However, we did not observe, as in the worst parts of London, whole families abandoned to their fate, cooped up between the four walls of wretched apartments, their forms wasted and shrunk by a degree of misery which defies description. At Liverpool, poverty is not seen in its most severe or pinching aspect: the habitations of the labourers are more insalubrious than destitute. Their families chiefly live in cellars situated in closed courts and alleys—they appear to have more need of air than of bread. There have been counted in Liverpool seven thousand cellars inhabited by more than twenty thousand persons, and the gross population of these back-courts is between fifty and sixty thousand individuals. The cellars which are occupied by the weavers of Picardy and Flanders, are luxurious habitations compared with those inhabited by the Irish population in Liverpool. The latter are a species of holes not above ten or twelve square feet of surface, and many of them hardly six feet in height, so that a tall man cannot stand upright in them. These lurking places have no windows; light and air being only admitted by the door, the top of which is on a level with the street. The only means of descent is by a ladder nearly as perpendicular as the steps of a well. Water, dust, and dirt, accumulate at the bottom, and as the sun rarely penetrates into these unventilated holes, a dense humidity constantly exists in them. In some places the cellar is divided into two apartments; the inner one—used for sleeping—receiving light from the outer room. Each cellar is inhabited by from three to five persons, and is let for about two shillings per week. For the same money one equally commodious room might be had above ground if paid for weekly, or a small entire house at a yearly rent in the same proportion. I asked a man with a family why he preferred a subterranean abode to one above ground? His reply was, because "it was nearer the street for his children." Indeed, the children of these labourers pass the whole day, and often part of the night, in the streets; and without such habits of living out of doors, youth—already so pale and so ungainly at Liverpool—would become even more emaciated. But the sort of education picked up in the streets has its dangers. Existence in England being passed far more within doors—being less social—than that of any other nation, it follows that these young people find few associates in the streets but those who pass their lives in a continual struggle with the laws. Such outcasts, then, are the instructors of youth; whose school—or rather the field from which their experience is gained—is the docks, where they learn to become thieves, pillaging the merchandise left upon the quays. By a report of the commissioners of police, there were in 1836 no fewer than six hundred thieves who made stealing from the docks their especial study and practice, and who employed as accomplices twelve hundred children!' M. Faucher continued his Sunday-evening survey through 'Vauxhall,' Ray, and Highfield Streets. When he arrived in the latter street, he found 'the inhabitants had retired to their houses like good citizens. We could perceive no more than one house in which there was any appearance of light or life, and in it were a company of Irish assembled around the body of a child, and who, in their superstitious devotion, celebrated by the flame of several candles the half-pagan rites peculiar to their country. I felt diffident in intruding upon them, for I remembered that in England every man's house is his castle, where no one has a right to enter without the consent of the owner; but the police possess their privileges even in this land of liberty. All the doors at which Mr Whitty knocked were opened without delay, and each host or hostess took the utmost pains to show us the whole of their apartments down to the most minute details: whether in bed or half-dressed, man or woman, malefactor, vagrant, or mendicant, not one of the strange inhabitants of Highfield Street offered the smallest objection to our visit. I cannot describe the furniture of the temporary lodging-houses which we entered. The men, dressed in rags during the day, were provided, naturally enough, with rags to lie upon during the night. They all seemed reposing at their ease; but fifty persons were often collected in a space which contained scarcely sufficient air for the healthy respiration of eight or ten. A description of one of these underground lodging-houses applies to similar dens in London and Manchester. They consist usually of three apartments; a front cellar, which serves as a kitchen, an eating-room, and a sleeping chamber, and two back-rooms filled with beds. The chief room of the Liverpool lodging-cellar received light from the street, and had, besides this luxury, a certain superiority of furniture—there were curtains to the beds; the back apartments were half illumined by a small vent hole, and the occupants lie on pallaises, which are supported on half-rotten bedsteads, their only covering being a thin coating of rags. In these holes—not one of which is more than eight feet square, or above seven feet high—eighteen, and often twenty persons sleep on six truckled beds. A night passed in the open air in the midst of the Pontine marshes would be preferable.'

We are quite aware that such details of misery and destitution are far from pleasant to peruse; but we translate them because they have their use. They bring those who have it in their power to relieve distress and to reform crime, acquainted with the condition in which the lower classes are to be found. As a reverse of these dark pictures, we feel pleasure in extracting an instance of what may be done for the working man when his condition is known and appreciated by masters. The Messrs Ashton of Manchester some years since took the direction of the domestic affairs of their operatives partly into their own hands, and built a number of houses at Hyde, in the neighbourhood of Manchester. 'The little town of Hyde,' says the French journalist, 'was, at the commencement of the present century, nothing more than a little village of 800 souls, situated on a clayey hill, the soil of which was barren. The brothers Ashton have peopled and enriched this desert. Ten thousand persons are at present domiciled around their five mills, to whom wages are paid to the amount of a thousand pounds a-day. The chief partner, Mr Thomas Ashton, has constructed a charming villa in the midst of trees and flowers. On the opposite side of the road are his two manufactories, situated between a stream which furnishes water, and two coal-mines which supply fuel to his steam-engines. Mr T. Ashton alone employs 1500 operatives of both sexes. One immense apartment, filled with weaving machines, contains 400 persons. The young women are well and decently dressed in a uniform working dress—a sort of apron, which descends

from the shoulders to the feet, protects (as at Belper and Turton*) their ordinary clothing. The health of the men did not appear bad; but I did not notice any of the robust forms, nor fresh complexions, which Dr Ure appears to have remarked eight years previously. The houses inhabited by the workmen form long and broad streets. Mr Ashton built about 300 houses, which he lets at from three shillings to three and sixpence a-week. Each habitation contains, on the basement, a parlour, a kitchen, and a back-yard; and, on the first storey, two or three sleeping-rooms. For the above-named rent the proprietor provides water, and pays for repairs and taxes. A ton of coals, costing no more than eight or nine shillings,' continues M. Faucher, making, we apprehend, a slight slip in his logic, 'fuel is nearly gratuitous. At all hours of the day there are fire and hot water in every house. A propriety prevails over every arrangement, which shows the existence of order and plenty. The furniture, although very simple, attests a taste for comfort. In some of the houses there is a clock, in others a sofa, and in others even a pianoforte. Neither are books rare. Mr Ashton has found means to spread instruction amongst his workpeople. From a table communicated in 1833 to the commission of manufactures, it is to be gathered, that out of every 1175 operatives, 87 could neither read nor write, 512 could write only, and 576 could do both fluently. But at Hyde, the proportion of educated, or, more correctly, literated workpeople, is infinitely higher than that either in Manchester or Glasgow. Mr Ashton has built a large and handsome schoolhouse, which serves also from time to time as a chapel, and where 700 children assemble every Sunday. Moreover, evening classes are daily held for the more advanced, and each family is permitted to send their children to the school during the week for the small charge of twopence per week. Mr Ashton provides masters at his own expense. It appears, however, that the number of children who profit by this excellent arrangement is very small; the majority of parents preferring to let them amuse themselves in the streets. On the other hand, music seems to have many charms for this population; for it spontaneously subscribed, for the erection of an organ, a sum amounting to L.160.

'To console himself for the incomplete success of his benevolent efforts, Mr Ashton cast a glance at the past. "I have known the time," he told me, "when out of three hundred persons assembled in a tavern at Birmingham, only one was found able to read the newspaper to the rest." He believes also that morality has not made less progress than instruction; and that supposition must be permitted him, when we contemplate the results of the order which *he* has established. The population of Hyde shines honourably above that of other manufacturing towns. In this little town gin has not yet succeeded in raising one of its palaces, drunkenness is very seldom met with, and females of bad reputation are not allowed to live there. Illegitimate births are very few. By a rare exception to the general rule of manufacturing places, married women are generally occupied in their own private domestic concerns, or, when they work in the mill, employ a girl to take care of their children.'

Such is a picture of what even individuals may effect. Still, it is painful to reflect that even the exertions of private benevolence are, after all, but drops in the ocean of destitution and social discomfort which is spread over the basis of society; and to remove which effectually, benevolent exertions must be organised into a comprehensive and national *system*. Every one must rejoice in the fact, that the tendencies of the present time are making a decided and rapid progress towards raising the condition of the humbler orders in the scale of comfort and morality. We trust, therefore, that if, after a few years have passed over our heads, M. Faucher should again visit us, he will be able to give a far more favourable account of the state of the poor, and of the exertions of the rich and powerful for their benefit, than he has been constrained to furnish in the papers before us.

* These manufactories belong respectively to Messrs Strutt, iron-workers and Messrs Ashworth, cotton-spinners.

THE ISLAND OF ICHABOE.

In Nos. 9 and 24 of our present series, we gave some account of guano, detailing its history, the various localities from which it has been obtained, and its unrivalled value as a convenient and effective manure. We now glean from various sources, in particular from the notes of a sailing-master given in the *Manchester Guardian*, some farther information respecting the guano island of Ichaboe and the adjacent coast of Africa.

The island of Ichaboe, which has caused so much commotion amongst shipowners and speculators, and which has given rise to the employment of many vessels from the principal ports both of England and Scotland in this new branch of trade, is situated in 26° 13′ 34″ south latitude, about twenty-two miles north of Angra Pequina—a well determined position, which vessels bound for Ichaboe generally try to make. The mainland, for several hundred miles on both sides of Angra Pequina, presents to the eye of the mariner a barren, inhospitable, and dangerous line of sea-coast, lying low, though backed with high-land in the interior. The strong glare arising from the arid sand and the density of the atmosphere, calls for the utmost vigilance and caution on the part of the master-mariner approaching it during the night; for, if he once gets deceived, and into the current which sets upon the shore, the destruction of his vessel is inevitable. Along this sea-board there is not the slightest symptom of vegetation; indeed it is much to be questioned whether vegetation would thrive, whatever might be the quality of the soil, as no rains fall in this region. True, there are heavy dews, occasionally falling both day and night; but the cold is so severe, for such a high latitude, during the fogs and the sun, when it does break forth, is so powerful and scorching, that in all probability between these alternating temperatures no vegetation could survive. The island itself is a barren, shelving rock, about a mile long from north to south, and half a mile across at its broadest part, namely, from its south-west to its north-east point. It is bounded all round by reefs, except on its eastern side, where there is anchorage in from five to six fathoms. A portion of the island is in the form of a flat shelf, about 1100 feet long and 500 feet broad in the widest part. Upon this shelf, and about six feet above high water, is accumulated that deposit of guano which gives so much celebrity to the island, and which varies in depth from 35 to 38 feet. Taking the average width of the deposit at 400 feet, and assuming the average depth to be 36 feet, the total quantity of guano will be about 153 millions of cubic feet. The climate of Ichaboe, notwithstanding the effluvia of the volatile ammoniacal gases emitted from the guano, is very healthy. As one proof of its salubrity, it is mentioned that at a period when thirty-five ships were lying off the island, their crews, comprising altogether not fewer than about seven hundred men, most of whom were enduring exceedingly laborious employment in that hot region, there were only five cases of sickness, and these complaints or affections of the lungs. As has been already remarked, there falls during the night a very heavy dew, attended with a piercing coldness of temperature; and even during the day, if the sun's rays be intercepted, a cold disagreeable sensation is immediately experienced. On the sun again breaking forth, its rays speedily scorch the lips, and indeed the whole face and hands, of every person of fair complexion; and the lips of very few escape this tormenting annoyance. The only relief the sufferer can find is by anointing the skin with hog's lard, in imitation of the custom of the inhabitants of the mainland, who profusely lubricate their persons with palm-oil.

With reference to the guano, the notes to which we refer express a decided opinion on the part of the writer, that the substance is not, as has been generally supposed, exclusively composed of the soil of marine birds, which he believes to form only a comparatively small portion of the mass. He supposes it chiefly to consist of the decomposed bodies of marine birds and animals, together with the eggs of the former, and the excrementitious matter of both. He personally superintended the working or excavating of a pit of guano 35 feet by 18 feet, and from all that came daily under his observation, he was inclined to

the opinion that this barren rock had been a favourite place of resort for ages for penguins and other aquatic birds; that myriads of them had successively deposited their eggs there, and had subsequently died on the island; and that it had also been a favourite haunt of seals and other marine animals. In working the pit, the men occasionally came to a stratum of a light-brown colour, and of greater levity than the strata above and below it, and imbedded in this stratum they invariably found numerous skeletons of penguins, in the last stage of decomposition, and vast quantities of their eggs. Having worked through this, the men would probably come after a time to another stratum of a much darker brown, and much heavier description; and the substance composing the bulk of this stratum, when rubbed between the fingers, would dissolve like tallow, and exude much more oil or fat than the first. Throughout this dark-coloured stratum, the men occasionally found many bones and skeletons of seals nearly decomposed, and but very rarely any remains of penguins. The appearance of the stratum suggested to him the idea of a great number of seals having been washed on shore, or having lain down in this spot to die. He adds, that the strata were not by any means regular in their alternations; but, as a general rule, he did not find both the light and the dark-coloured strata in close succession. The pit here referred to was in the centre of the island.

When the guano is dug and *bagged*, it is taken to the beach, where stages are erected over the rocks to the boats, and by them taken to the ships. These stages are three hundred feet in length, and very expensive. They are formed by erecting shears, and connecting the shears with anchors and cable: a platform is formed by spars and planks, and upon this the men carry the guano on their backs when the weather will permit, which is about four days a-week. Every full and change of the moon there is a heavy swell, or *rolling*, over the reefs, which puts a stop to all work, and occasionally does considerable damage to the shipping. On the 7th of May, the *Guernsey*, just about to sail with her cargo, was thrown on the reefs, and in a short time became a total wreck. The crew were saved, but it cost the lives of two brave fellows from the *Charles* of Liverpool, who, among others, had gone to their assistance. On that occasion fifteen of the eighteen stages then erected were swept away, besides a number of the loading boats.

With regard to the amount of guano existing on Ichaboe and the adjacent islands, another writer thus remarks:—'I have been at many islands on this coast, and also on the continent, in search of guano and gold dust, and have found both; but in such small quantities, and of such inferior qualities, that it has not been worth the trouble of shipping home. Here there is no rain, as at Angra Pequina, which makes the guano especially valuable. Many thousands of tons there have been taken in, and cast away when it was discovered the rains had caused fermentation, and destroyed the properties of the guano. It is clear, therefore, that it can only be obtained where no rain falls, and then it must be upon islands which the birds frequent, as they will not settle on any part of the continent in great numbers. My conclusion, after much search and thought, is, that there is very little guano in the world, and that if farmers should expect it, they will be deceived. The guano of Ichaboe has been worked since the beginning of 1844; up to the end of May, about one hundred cargoes had been shipped; and now fully one-third of the deposit is gone. I am fearful,' continues this writer, 'that a great sacrifice will be made in this place. Upwards of one thousand persons from England (living, for the time, without the law of God or their country) produce much anxiety: several rebellions have taken place; but the *Thunderbolt* steamer man-of-war was here last week (14th May), and restored order; but the very day she left, the men declared their reign of power to have commenced. We repressed them by prompt measures, and sent two of the ringleaders to St Helena.' He concludes by advising speculators to consider well how and when they embark in adventures respecting the rapidly-decreasing produce of Ichaboe and the surrounding islets.

DETRACTION.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.—*Johnson.*

A GIPSY STORY.

A lady of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, and who lived in the neighbourhood, had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little gipsy girl, that she took her home, had her educated, and at length adopted her as her daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley, received the education of a young English lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well-informed, and accomplished girl. In the course of time a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this plan approached the period of its execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostance bride; and one day, to the terror of her foster-mother and her betrothed husband, she was found to have disappeared. It was known that there had been gipsies in the neighbourhood; a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a long, lean, brown, ugly gipsy, the chief of the band. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactress and the bridegroom returned inconsolable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how, as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the castle, and an irresistible longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life. The fellow whom she had chosen for her husband was said to be one of the wildest and ugliest of the whole tribe, and to treat his beautiful and delicate wife in the most barbarous manner. He was some time after condemned to be hanged for theft; but his wife, through the influence of her distinguished connexions, procured the commutation of his sentence to that of confinement in the hulks. During the time of his imprisonment, she visited him constantly, and contrived in many ways to improve his situation, without the savage manifesting in return the smallest gratitude. He accepted her marks of affection as a tribute due from a slave, and frequently even during her visits ill-treated her. She toiled incessantly, however, to obtain his liberation, supplicating both her foster-mother and her former lover to use all their efforts in his favour. At the very moment of his liberation, however, when Charlotte was hastening to meet him across the plank placed from the boat to the shore, the savage repulsed her so roughly, that she fell into the water. She was drawn out again, but could not be induced to leave him, and returned to her former wild way of life in the New Forest and the fairs of London. I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by the friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion to that of Preciosa, and might make an interesting romance. The Southampton committee, it is said, have not been more fortunate with the gipsies, whom at different times they have put out to service, than was the benefactress of Charlotte Stanley; for they all return, sooner or later, to their wild wandering life.—*Kohl's England.*

AMUSEMENTS.

It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbidden by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of life, and are destined to produce important effects both upon our happiness and character. They are 'the wells of the desert;' the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may reassume its strength and its hopes. They are, in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In everything we call amusement, there is generally some display of taste and of imagination; some elevation of the mind from mere animal indulgence, or the baseness of sensual desire. Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to preserve the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations, innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal effect, perhaps, is upon the social character of man. Whenever amusement is sought, it is in the society of our brethren; and whenever it is found, it is in our sympathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence, and it creates it. When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness or joy, they exhibit to the thoughtful eye one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them, for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities of their temper; they forget the secret views and the

selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which it is impossible to observe without emotion; and while the virtuous man rejoices at that evidence which it affords of the benevolent constitution of his nature, the pious man is apt to bless the benevolence of that God who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to the cause of virtue. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes a habitual desire.—*Alison.*

THE RIVER.

On thy margin let me lie,
As thou gently flowest by,
River, flowing ceaselessly!

Ceaseless, restless o'er thy bed,
From an unseen fountain fed,
By a power resistless led:

Now, as in a joy entrancing,
Laughing, lingering, dallying, dancing,
Clear as any diamond glancing;

Now, with dark and sluggish flow,
And a murmur plaintive, low,
Like an utterance of wo;

Now, thyself with fury lashing,
Reckless, desperate, forward dashing,
O'er all hindrance wildly crashing;

And now calm, as though at rest;
The quiet heavens within thy breast,
In their holiness imprest.

Dream of gladness, sorrow's sigh—
Passion's shrieking agony—
Struggle-born tranquillity!

Mingled moods, yet one great whole;
Ceaseless thus the waters roll,
Onward, onward to their goal!

Liverpool, August, 1844. J. E. H.

TIME.

There are few words much oftener in our mouths than that short, but most important word, Time. In one sense, the thought of it seems to mingle itself with almost everything which we do. It is the long measure of our labour, expectation, and pain; it is the scanty measure of our rest and joy. Its shortness or its length is continually given as our reason for doing, or leaving undone, the various works which concern our station, our calling, our family, our souls. And yet, with all this frequent mention of it, there are perhaps few things about which men really think less; few things, I mean, upon which they have less real settled thought. The more we do think upon it, the deeper and the more difficult will be the subjects which will open before us; the richer, too, will they prove in matters for most profitable meditation.—*Archdeacon Wilberforce's Sermons.*

DIGESTION.

Chemical solutions, to be made perfect from solid materials in the proper time, require first the mechanical aid of crushing or pounding, that the greatest possible quantity of surface may be presented to the solvent power. If men would reason thus about the faculties of the stomach, the gastric juices would perhaps have a better chance of fair-play. Nature has provided us with teeth for the mechanical purpose, and if men will not assist her, they must pay the penalty, and continue to be taxed with dyspepsia, and the ghastly physiognomies that not only afflict themselves, but those innocent persons who are compelled to look upon their unearthly visages. The consequences of this pernicious habit of quick-feeding, which is so general in America, I never perceived more strikingly than among the Virginians.—*Featherstonhaugh's Slave States.*

MANNERS.

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them in a great measure the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—*Burke.*

NEW WORK OF WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

MESSRS CHAMBERS have long been sensible that, notwithstanding the efforts of the last fifteen years to make the people a READING PEOPLE, there yet remains a vast portion of them for whom the press exists nearly in vain. Cheap as literature has been made in some instances, *it has not yet been sufficiently cheapened*, or its forms have not been accommodated in all respects to the tastes and necessities of the masses. With a view to remedy the defect as far as possible, MESSRS CHAMBERS have for some time had in preparation a series of small and cheap detached publications—such as, from their matter, may have a claim on the attention of the very *humblest and least instructed*, and, from their price and form, a chance of finding their way into the most remote and neglected nooks of the country. The Journal and other works of the editors will, they hope, continue to suit the wishes of the class to which they are mainly addressed—the intellectual aristocracy of the middle and working-classes: they now seek to give the benefits of the paper-making and printing machines, vitalised by moral aims, to the genuine POPULACE of the land.

It is intended that the work—to be named CHAMBERS's MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS—shall be published periodically. Every Saturday there will be issued a *number*, consisting of a sheet of large double foolscap (32 pages), price one penny. In most instances, each number will present *one* distinct subject, forming a separate and independent publication. In other instances, a number will be divided into half-sheets, or into one half and two quarter-sheets, each of which portions will in like manner be complete in itself. There will more rarely be subjects occupying two numbers. There will thus be embraced in the series—

TRACTS of 32 pages at *one penny*.
TRACTS of 16 pages at *one halfpenny*.
TRACTS of 8 pages at *one farthing*.

And when the subject unavoidably extends to two weekly numbers, they will form

TRACTS of 64 pages at *twopence*.

The work will likewise be issued in sewed monthly parts, price *fivepence*; two of these forming a volume (256 pages), price *one shilling*, neatly done up in boards for the table or library. The annual cost of the work, therefore, will not exceed four shillings in numbers, five shillings in monthly parts, and six shillings in volumes—a degree of cheapness, the quantity of matter considered, which has no parallel.

The type with which this series of publications will be printed is large, clear, and legible; and the numbers will contain, for the greater part, one or more WOOD ENGRAVINGS, from drawings by FRANKLIN and other eminent artists, designed either for embellishment or illustration of the text.

The matter of the tracts will be a mixture of the useful and entertaining; the latter, however, predominating. Conducted on the same principles which have been found so acceptable in CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, the subjects will consist of Tales, Moral and Humorous, Popular Poetical Pieces of a moral and elevating character, Favourite Ballads, Popular Historical Sketches, Biographies of Public and Private Persons, Illustrations of Moral and Social Economy, Hints on Gardening, Agriculture, Domestic Management, and Sanitary Regulations, Lessons in Science, Accounts of Cities and Countries, Wonders of Nature and Art, Abridged Translations of Interesting and Expensive Foreign Works, &c. Whether the articles be original, and written for the series, or republications, the whole will be of that wholesome and attractive kind of reading which is desirable for *Parish*, *School*, and *Cottage Libraries*; also for the *Libraries* now forming in all properly conducted *Prisons*, *Hospitals*, *Asylums*, and *Factories*, and in the *Army* and *Navy*.

The first number will appear on SATURDAY the 31 of NOVEMBER, by which means the first volume will be ready for laying on the table on New-Year's-Day 1845.

**** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, October 12 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 42. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1844. Price 1½d.

'THE MOORS.'

Grouse-shooting in the Scottish Highlands is an amusement exclusively for men of fortune, no others being able to bear its expense. For this reason, as well as from the narrow geographical limits in which the sport takes place, multitudes have only heard of it. They see notices in the newspapers of June and July, that Lord John has taken this moor, and Sir James that, and from time to time the same ever-vigilant intelligencers communicate such facts as that the birds have had a good breeding season, or the reverse. But for the great bulk of the British public, this same moor-shooting is as little a matter of personal knowledge or experience, as are the sports of the Indian jungle. I had eminently felt this to be my own case, having never had, in the whole course of my life, an opportunity of seeing a gun fired at wild birds, and I consequently felt as a pure Cockney on all subjects connected with the amusement. At length it has been my fortune to witness the enjoyments of a Highland moor, and that under circumstances which, for a humble member of the republic of letters, may be considered as unusually advantageous. The consequence is, that I propose, in all seriousness, to attempt making the British public acquainted with the external features of grouse-shooting.*

One of the beautiful days at the end of August—by which time a week of heavenly weather had rejoiced the hearts at once of the farmer and the sportsman—saw me carried on the top of the Highland mail past the Fair City of the Tay, past Dunkeld, and so on into the Highland district of Athole, which, however, I was only to penetrate a few miles. At the neat little inn of Logierait, peninsulated by the meeting waters of the Tay and Tummel, a country gentleman—whom it is but the simplest truth to speak of as one of the most beloved of his county, at the same time that he is an unusually zealous lover of field-sports—had taken up his temporary abode, while recreating himself upon some eight thousand acres of the neighbouring moors, constituting what I found was called the Balnaguard Shooting. He had all the right which Major Galbraith and his friends assumed, to put up the peeled wand at the door, thereby indicating that the house was entirely engaged; for he had taken the whole of it for the time; and here my amiable host was attended by the ladies of his family, and such portions of his establishment as made our residence in the house only perhaps too little of an adventure. Still it was the Highlands; still was most of the usual state of life cast aside. All was hilarity and glee, to which the singularly fine state of the atmosphere in no small degree contributed. I thought, as I looked over the smooth and pellucid waters of the Tay, at the corn-fields of the strath, and the heaths and woods of the hills, the whole canopied by a sky that seemed incapable of ever more suspending a wet cloud over poor mortals, that I had never seen a scene combining more of natural and acquired beauty.

Apropos to the high spirits of the party, we had in the course of the evening a regale of that lively music for which Athole is celebrated. My host had engaged the attendance of a clever violinist, Charles Mackintosh of Inver, and of Peter Murray, a worthy old violoncellist from the same place, that reels and strathspeys might not be wanting to cheer himself and his people after the fatigues of the day. Favoured by these two performers, we had a rustic dance in the cool of the evening upon the raft-like boat moored at the neighbouring ferry across the Tay, where a party of villagers gladly exhibited their skill in that ultra-merry saltation peculiar to grave Scotland. Such electric movements of hob-nailed feet—such frantic gesticulations and intertwistings—such wildly joyous exclamations!—all looked on and heard with sympathising pleasure by our kind-hearted host and his sisters. Afterwards, in our parlour, we had the two musicians to give us a private concert, in which was comprehended not only a selection of the finest reels, but many also of the best slow airs of our country—as Miss Graham of Inchbrakie, Loch Erroch-side, and others of the best productions of Gow, father and son, Donald Dow, and Marshall. It was most interesting to enjoy these fine strains in the province which had given them birth; and what added not a little to the feeling of the hour, was the consideration that one of the players, our octogenarian base, had for upwards of twenty years been the professional associate and friend of Neil Gow, who was born and spent his whole life in the village where our musician still resides. Old Murray had played with Neil to the Duke of Athole and his friends sixty-two years ago. He was present on the night when Burns was entertained by his grace. Afterwards he performed in Nathaniel Gow's Edinburgh band, of which he is now the sole survivor. He told us some droll anecdotes of 'famous Neil,' whose wit was as remarkable as his faculty for music, and who seems to have been privileged to all forms of speech with his noble patron, though the one lived in a cottage, and the other in a palace. As a specimen of the familiarity—the duke was one day expressing an anxiety about receiving and paying some attentions to the officers of the 26th regiment, quartered in his neighbourhood, when Neil said, 'Whatfor would

* It may be asked, Are there not books, old and new, upon shooting in all its branches? There are; but, strange as it may appear, none of these describe the sport in question: they only give directions about accoutrements, dogs, &c. apparently presuming that the general features of a grouse-shooting excursion are universally known.

ye do that, man? Dinna ye mind it was them that burnt Dunkeld House?' The Highlandman's memory referred to a transaction which took place just about a century before, amidst the tumults of the revolution—at which time the regiment was newly raised, and named the Cameronians, from the religious class who chiefly composed it. How amused would the officers have been at being thus held responsible for an act of persons so different from themselves, and so lost in the mists of antiquity! Our violoncellist also informed us that Neil had played at Dunkeld House to Prince Charles, whom he followed to Stirling; but, like Horace and many others of the tuneful tribe, he had no vocation to arms; so he quietly left the Highland army at that place, and returned to his native shades at Inver. Alas! poor Murray, a true 'last minstrel,' has fallen upon evil days in his old age, and, amidst changes of masters, and, what is perhaps more important, of factors, now pines in poverty on the estates of a family to whom he has fiddled for nearly two-thirds of a century. Surely, amidst the spendings of a great house, if attention could be attracted to the circumstance, something might be devoted to the comfort of such a venerable adherent.

I must leave this prattle, however, and overlook various other matters which were amusing and interesting to myself at the time, in order to attend to my main object. It was on Monday the 2d of September that I accompanied my host for the first time to his moor. Not a speck was on the sky, as, about ten o'clock, our party crossed the Tay on the way to the opposite hill. Let me here remark, that the cortège of a grouse-shooter who chooses to do things in style is rather imposing. Our sportsman was attended by his gamekeeper—a fine-looking young man of six feet—to manage the dogs; by his principal servant, to load his piece and carry a spare one; also by a pony bearing panniers, for the purpose of receiving the game. There was a country youth to guide and attend to the pony; another to lead the two or three pairs of dogs not on immediate duty; and, finally, a boy with a haversack to carry the dead game, as it accumulated, to the horse. Thus we were in all seven persons, besides a horse and seven or eight dogs. The dresses of master and men were alike plain, as beseems the roughness of the occupation; but the party acquired a certain romantic character from the accoutrements borne by several of them, amidst which were conspicuous two large silver-mounted and heraldically-sculptured horns, slung by belts, which, however, I found to be only devoted to carrying the liquor which is in requisition on all extraordinary occasions in the Highlands.

Our march was for four miles along the slope of a Highland mountain, where there was nothing to direct or aid the footing but a rude *peat-road*—that is, a way by which the people are accustomed to bring their fuel from the bogs on the high ground. Opposite to us lay the braes of Tullimet, celebrated by one of our fiddle tunes; and it was remarkable what an interest we were occasionally disposed to feel in contemplating these finely wooded slopes, and the neat mansion of Sir Robert Dick perched nearly at the top of them. As we ascended, we commanded wider and wider views of the great coniferous province of his grace of Athole—a range of mountainous country, covered, it is said, continuously for fifteen miles with pines and larches, mostly planted by the late duke. Ben-y-gloe gradually came into view behind us—a huge mountain near Blair, forming part of his grace's magnificent deer-forest. More to the west, we caught the huge head of Schiehallion, while in the opposite direction the hills above Dunkeld—Craigiebarns and Craigvinean—presented to notice their dark-feathered tops. Up, up still, along the hill-side; no matter though something falls like rain from your side-locks. Three miles walked, we reach a well-spring under a projecting rock, and there the horn is for the first time called into requisition. Another mile, and the upland moor is gained—a wide expanse of varied surface, surrounded by craggy peaks, and containing in its lowest hollows two smooth-surfaced tarns, lone as that which the fisherman of Arabian fiction found where once had stood a populous city. It was now time to look about for game.

My friend therefore took his gun, and his gamekeeper sent forth two dogs in quest of birds. The mode of procedure seemed to be this. The party walks slowly along a place thought likely to contain birds—generally low places, where there are rills, for the birds can never be far from water; and, if possible, the progress is contrary to the direction of the wind, as thereby the scent *comes* to the dogs. The two animals range a little forward, passing from side to side across each other, and never more than about a hundred and fifty yards ahead of the party: if they chance to go beyond this range, the keeper recalls them by a wave of his arm or with his whistle. Lounging about in a seemingly careless fashion with their tongues lolling as usual from their mouths, it is curious to observe the sudden change of demeanour assumed by the animal when it scents game. It instantly stops, with its fore-foot perhaps suspended in the air and bent backwards; its mouth is shut, as if it feared to give an alarm by the sound of its respiration; and an air of concern and interest (I do not speak fancifully) overspreads its countenance. The sportsman then advances to the place, bearing his cocked piece ready to be presented, and generally the birds get up at his approach. If near enough, he fires, first the one barrel, then the other, always aiming at one bird of the covey only. There are great differences on different days, and at different periods of the season, in the vigilance and alacrity of the birds. On some days, particularly in the latter part of the brief month during which grouse-shooting lasts, they do not *sit well*—that is, do not wait till the sportsman is within shooting distance. It was now the latter part of the season; but, owing perhaps to the heat of the day, the birds sat well; consequently there was an opportunity for excellent sport. My friend commenced in earnest, and for a couple of hours was incessantly active in bringing down birds. He is, I believe, esteemed one of the three best shots in Perthshire, having practised the art since his earliest boyhood. During the three weeks already elapsed of the season, he had killed exactly 1020 animals of various kinds, chiefly grouse, upon his own moor. In the shooting, there is, I believe, no mystery beyond steadiness and correctness of aim; or at best, there are a few small maxims to be observed, as, for example, to take the birds if possible when flying from you in a direct line; for when they are taken abreast—which is apt to be their position at the first rise—the shot most likely will be turned aside by the cuirass of soft feathers, and no effect will follow. The management of the dogs seemed to me the most delicate and interesting part of the whole business of the field. They must be so trained as not to run forward at the shot game, which is what they are inclined to do; for there may be birds still sitting, which, if not thus disturbed, would prove marks for the sportsman's second barrel. When, therefore, a dog rushes on after the shot, he is severely corrected by the whip of the keeper. When it is necessary, however, that the bird should be sought for, he is allowed and encouraged to go in search of it; that is to say, the special dog which first made the point. And occasionally, when only a wound has been inflicted, it is no easy matter to find the bird. During the course of this day my friend brought down three birds at one shot. Two were immediately got amongst the heather; but the third had scudded off to the distance of two hundred yards, and a quarter of an hour was spent in search of it. Sometimes the point of the dogs proves to be false, the scent having arisen from ground where birds had recently been, but where there are none now. For such disappointments there seems to be no remedy. For the other great disappointment, missing, there is always some consolation. Either the birds were too far off, and it was absurd to spend shot upon them;

or there can be no doubt that that jade of an old hen is touched. The disturbed covey generally flies to at least the distance of a quarter of a mile, and lights out of sight of the party; but it is the duty of the keeper to mark well whereabouts it lights, in order to attempt finding it again afterwards. One thing above all others seems to be vexing to a sportsman's bosom—the blithe *gock-gock* of the male bird as he flies off unhurt, whether at the head of his covey or alone. There is a defying insolence in the sound that would fire the blood of a Socrates, were such a person to take to the moors.

After shooting for about three hours, and bagging some dozen brace of grouse and one teal, it was declared to be time for lunch, and we accordingly had the pony brought up to a spring, round which the party arranged themselves, with little regard to ceremony. Bread and cheese and meat were produced from one of the panniers, and the horn was used liberally to qualify the water, and prevent its chilliness from having any injurious effects upon the system. On this practice, so common in the Highlands, I would be excused on the present occasion from making any remark. After resting a little, and when my friend had finished his cigar, we started again with fresh vigour, and entered once more into the sport. One of the first incidents was the killing of an Alpine hare, a kind of animal which abounds on the Perthshire hills. It is perfectly white in winter; but at the present season was of a gray colour, with a bluish tinge—hence its common name amongst sportsmen is a *blue hare*. It makes, I believe, as good soup as brown hares do, and its skin forms very pretty muffs for ladies. As we went on, one of our dogs, having made a point, was encouraged to move forward in the usual slow manner, when, in his progress, crossing a rill, he came upon, and *chopped*, that is, with one instantaneous bite despatched, a blue leveret. Here was a great fault, of which a regard to discipline made it necessary that due notice should be taken. The keeper inflicted a sharp flagellation, holding the dead hare towards him, and calling out 'ware hare!' The severity was the more distressing, as the dog was an uncommonly good one, and had been the chief minister of the sport of the day. I felt much for him, and half lamented the existence of an amusement which involved such pains to the most respectable of all the lower animals. I was informed, however, that means are now found for dispensing with much of the severity formerly used in training pointers. Dogs, as well as human beings, have been of late years educated more through the principle of kindness than that of terror. The advance of improved educational maxims in the school and the kennel has been simultaneous.

After accompanying my friend for another hour, I thought it best to reserve further strength, and make the best of my way home, leaving him to pursue his sport. I reached Logierait in time for a late dinner, and our sportsman came in about nightfall, with thirty brace of birds.

Two days after, the fine weather still continuing, it was resolved to devote a day chiefly to loch-fishing with the net, and on this occasion the ladies proposed to accompany us. About ten o'clock, then, we crossed the Tay fifteen strong, besides the pony and dogs, under one of the most ardent suns that ever shone upon Perthshire in September. The whole available force was engaged on this occasion; for it requires no small number of hands to pull the nets from a Highland loch. Amongst those who had not been with us on the former day, was Hamish Mackintosh, a powerful specimen of the Athole Highlander, whom my friend employs throughout the year as the watcher of his moor, and who is famed in the district for his superiority in all games requiring strength. Another new figure was honest Charles, with his fiddle, whose strains from time to time lent us fresh animation, as we paced along the rough slope. Pellucid sky and air, burning sun, clearly defined mountains all round, Logierait hamlet and kirk reposing far below—such were the features of the scene as we advanced on our toilsome march; sensible of fatigue, yet full of life and glee, not excepting even the ladies. On, on we go, till at length human strength can do no more, and we are all forced into an admiration of Sir Robert Dick's house whether we will or no—Charley meanwhile regaling us with the very tune referring to the district we are regarding, the Braes of Tullimet. Again to breast the hill, and soon we come up alongside a drove of little Highland cattle on their way to the southern markets, followed by a suite of guides and dogs, and lending character to the scene. Soon, however, we leave these far below, and now a well occurs, and no one is inclined to let well alone, and the horn is produced, and partaken of by some. The pony, surmounted by the Herculean figure of Gil Jamieson, is at the same time seen toiling up another part of the hill at some distance. At length we reach the loch, bosomed high amidst the lonely rocky peaks, and smooth and clear as a mirror beneath the noonday sun.

This lake was a favourite resort for fishing with the late Duke of Athole, and its capabilities, as well as the proper modes of fishing it, are consequently as well known as is the proper mode of managing any farm upon his grace's estate.* Its name of Loch Skian—the lake of wings—bears reference to eight bays formed by it amongst the sinuosities of the ground, and the whole of which, it is said, can nowhere be seen at once. Each of these bays affords ground for a *shot* of the net, the bottom being there comparatively smooth, so that the tackle is in no danger of being destroyed. Having assembled at a point where a coble was moored, the net was brought forward and duly arranged. I found that it was about thirty yards long by four or five broad, the one side being provided with corks for floating, and the other with plummets for the contrary purpose, while strong ropes extended from both ends. I am thus particular in description, because there must be many who, like myself up to that day, had no adequate idea of the form or arrangements of a fishing-net. The mode of proceeding was this. One end of the net being fixed within the coble, the body of it is piled up in folds at the stern, and then carried out by a rower into the lake. At a proper place, he hands the end of one of the ropes ashore to a party of four or five persons, who remain holding it till he has rowed across, dropping out the rope and net as he moves along, till he reaches another proper place upon the shore, and there hands the end of the other rope to another party of equal force. The two parties are now holding the net across a bay, and their further procedure is simply to sweep it along that bay till they bring it near the shore, thus drawing with them all the fish which might be within a certain distance of the surface. When near shore, the two parties shorten rope and come close together, so as to bag the net, which at length trails along the bottom, and allows no fish which may be in that part of the lake an opportunity of escape. At our first shots, we had only two or three pike enclosed, which made a poor exhibition at the landing of the net; but it was pleasant afterwards to see the net come tumbling in with a couple of dozen of fine large speckled trout. The process which I have described was repeated eight times, namely, at each of the bays in the lake, our party passing round at leisure to see the net make its successive landings. A more cheerful scene I had never seen, for all was life and joy amongst the attendants, and our ladies trod the dry heath with as blithesome steps as they would have trod a ball-room, while at every passage of the boat along the lake a young man, seated in it, enlivened the air, and soothed the water, with merry Highland tunes upon the bagpipe. Meanwhile, a boy was carefully stowing away lots of fish in the panniers borne by our friend the pony.

* Net-fishing is generally condemned by sportsmen; but in this district, for what reason I cannot tell, there seems to be no objection to it.

After the sixth shot, having arrived at a well of distinguished repute for clearness and coolness, and it being now between two and three o'clock, we addressed ourselves to the pleasant business of lunch. With that good humour which such sports inspire, our ladies sat down upon the heath beside the spring, willing to be pleased with everything, and doubtless believing, with the duke—

——this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp.

The attendants grouped themselves picturesquely among the neighbouring rocks, backed by the pony, which stood contemplatively at hand for the sake of the good things it bore. The materials of a light meal, with various beverages befitting various tastes, were then handed about, and we fell to with such appetite as only hill exercises can give. The laugh and joke passed across the fountain between master and retinue, and it did not appear from anything before me that such things as ranks or ceremonies existed among men—although, at the same time, there was no trace of a lack of mutual respect on either side. Such, I thought, is exactly the footing on which a gentleman of right feelings should wish to be with his dependents; and were there everywhere as much genuine unpretending kindness from one class towards another as I saw here, I cannot doubt that society would be a scene of greater enjoyment to all parties. Nor did even our gentle dames fail to lend their aid to the jocundity of the hour. At length, eating being done, we had recourse to our friend Charley for a song, and presently he filled the clear air with 'Came ye by Athole braes?' after which succeeded another equally appropriate, 'The Braes of Balquhidder.' Charley, however, could not be expected to sing for ever; so a demand was made elsewhere, and most amusingly answered. An elderly, dark-complexioned, sharp-featured native, who had been brought to assist in the hauling of the net, was competent, it appeared, to favour the company with a smuggler's song, entitled the 'Battle of Corrymuckloch,' a ditty which never had been printed, no more than the whisky it referred to had ever paid duty, and which seemed to be everywhere understood as a piece of capital rustic waggery. With little hesitation, our songster began in a sharp emphatic voice to a Highland tune, the said Battle, &c.—which I found to be a description of a real event, a repulse which a gauger's party had experienced near Amulree about twenty years ago; the 'Falkirk,' it might be called, of the Smuggling Cause; the last gleam of triumph which the contraband trade had experienced ere it sunk into its present insignificance. The song was greatly enjoyed, and I give it here, if not to entertain others, at least to show how easily we, in such circumstances, were entertained:—

THE BATTLE OF CORRYMUCKLOCH.

December, on the twenty-first,
A party of the Scottish Greys
Came up our lofty mountains steep,
Some Highland whisky for to seize.
With sword and pistol by their side,
They thought to make a *bould* attack,
And all they wanted was to seize
Poor Donald wi' his smuggled drap.

CHORUS.

Dirim dye a dow a dee,
Dirim dye a dow a daddie,
Dirim dye a dow a dee,
Poor Donald wi' his smuggled drap.

The gauger he drew up his men,
And they poor Donald did surround,
He says, 'Your whisky I must seize,
By virtue of our British crown.'
'Hip, hip,' says Donald, 'not so fast,
The wee drap liquor's a' our ain:
We care not for you nor your horse,
Nor yet your muckle bearded men.'

Then Donald he drew up his men,
And Donald he did give command,
And all the arms poor Donald had
Was a good oak stick in ilka hand.

The place where Donald's men drew up,
A good stane dyke* was at their back,
And when their sticks to *prunish* went,
Wi' stanes they made a *bould* attack.

Or ere the action it was o'er,
A horseman lay upon the plain,
Then Sandy he to Donald said,
'We have killed one o' the bearded men.'
But up he got and ran awa,
And straight to Amulree he flew,
And left the rest to do their best,
As they were left at Waterloo.

Then Donald and his lads struck fast;
They made the beardies quit the field;
The gauger he was thumped weel,
Before that he was forced to yield.
'Ye filthy, ugly, gauger loon,
If e'er ye come the gate† again,
If e'er you come this road again,
Ye'll ne'er see Auchterarder town.'

And when the battle it was o'er,
And not a horseman to be seen,
Brave Donald to his men did say,
'Come sit ye down upon the green;
And now, my lads, ye just shall have
A drappie o' the thing we ha'e;
And troth,' quoth Donald, 'they did get
A filthy hurry down the brae.'

Bravo, Donald! We soon after set again to the net-fishing, and completed the round of the loch at two more hauls. Meanwhile, my host bethought him it might be as well to take home a few grouse; so, setting off with his keeper and the dogs, he soon filled a bag, and then returned to us. The declining sun now gave the hint that it was time to be wending homeward; so, after a day of the greatest levity of heart I had known for a long time, amidst chat and merriment infinite, we began to descend the mountain. We reached Logierait about seven, not too weary or exhausted to take a hearty dinner, mainly composed of our lake spoils, or to enjoy a speat of Charley's fiddle tunes, which came in by way of dessert. And thus ended my experiences of the amusements of a shooting-station; for next day saw me on my way back to moiling hard-working Edinburgh, there to resume the usual monotony of existence and its usual cares.

Grouse-shooting in the Highlands has lately become a favourite recreation with English as well as Scottish gentlemen, and at present there is such a demand for ground on which to practise it, that something like a second rent is realised by the proprietors. Many thousands of pounds are thus annually brought into and spent in the land of the Gael. To give some idea of the shooting rent of property in that district, I may mention that my friend, with an associate, paid a few years ago L.380 for thirty-eight thousand acres of moor near Dalnaspidal. In the present year, rents have risen beyond all precedent, and parties have in some instances paid L.500 and even L.800 for good moors. It has even become a kind of trade to take moors, and allow single sportsmen to shoot over them at several guineas a day, reserving the game killed, which the lessee of the ground sells to dealers in Edinburgh or London. Twenty years ago, shooting rent was scarcely known in Scotland; but now it is so well established, that fifteen years' purchase is allowed for it in the price of estates, and it enters into legal consideration in provisions for younger members of families. It may well be supposed that shooting is an expensive amusement. A sportsman, besides the rent for his moor, must fee an active man to watch it during the year. He must give gratuities to the shepherds to purchase their good will; for a shepherd can crush a brood of eggs with one fall of his foot, and also secrete live game, without the possibility of detection. Then he requires dogs, some of which will individually reach the value of twenty-five pounds—accoutrements of various kinds—a game-keeper to manage his sport—and a variety of other attendants, as already described. The license, costing four pounds, becomes of course a mere bagatelle com-

* Stone wall. † This way.

pared with the other expenses. And all this outlay of money is for an amusement which rarely lasts above three weeks in the year. Nevertheless, it is scarcely surprising that grouse-shooting is so favourite a recreation; for it is obviously one full of delightful excitement, and even in the return which it gives to natural, simple, hardy life, there is a gratification which is only felt the more keenly, the more that ordinary life is artificial and refined.

CORNISH MINES AND MINERS.

The county of Cornwall, which occupies the extreme south-western point of England, is richer than any other district of Great Britain in mineral treasures. Copper and tin are found in large quantities amidst granite and clay-slate or killas, in fissures or veins. Lead, silver, cobalt or antimony, are mostly found in clay-slate, but in limited quantities. The number of mines in Cornwall is one hundred and forty, in which about two millions and a half of capital is employed.*

The most important of the copper and tin mines lie about half way between the Bristol and British Channels, near the town of Redruth, in hills ranging from three to four hundred feet above the sea. The largest are the Consolidated, the United, the Poldice, and the Dalcoath mines. The surface of the ground under which these excavations are made, presents an aspect nowhere else to be seen. The country around Redruth consists chiefly of hills of clay-slate, and of fertile vales; the farmer dividing the land with the miner in irregular portions. The most lifeless barrenness and the brightest verdure lie side by side. The situation of a mine is marked by heaps of slaty poisonous rubbish thrown up in rugged heaps from the lower regions, extending sometimes to a mile long by half a mile broad. This refuse is called the 'deads' of the mine, and correctly indicates the direction of the workings below; for, as the miner is obliged to have a shaft sunk at every hundred yards to obtain air, these deads are voided through them; hence his underground progress may be as accurately traced by these heaps as that of the mole by the little hills it throws up. The scene is varied by tall chimneys; steam-engines being used for pumping water from the mines: also by large capstans or 'whims' turned by two or four horses, by means of which the produce of the mine is brought to the surface, or to 'grass,' as the workmen term it. But the strangest feature in the landscape is presented by the white-washed cottages of the miners, distributed over the district singly, or by twos and threes, with the utmost irregularity, and look as if they had been dropped about by accident. Besides these abodes, there are a number of sheds under which the ores are sorted and cleaned. During the day-time, the singularity of the scene is heightened by its perfect stillness; for all the activity is concentrated below the surface. Early in the morning, however, the scene becomes animated; men, women, and children, come out of the scattered abodes, and congregate like bees around the mouth of the mine. The females and children repair to the sheds to dress the ores; the men, having put on their 'underground clothes,' made of flannel, descend the several shafts by means of ladders. The district is suddenly depopulated: for some hours not a human being is to be seen. Following the miner to his avocations, we shall be able to afford an outline of the mode in which a Cornish mine is worked.

Mines in Cornwall are generally undertaken by companies of adventurers, the shares being divided into 64th, and sometimes 128th parts. If the mine be upon a waste, it is the property of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, to whose agents the adventurers apply for a lease. If the mine be private property, its owners are of course applied to. It is usually let for twenty-one years, or for such part of that time as the workings shall be proceeded in. The payment to the proprietor, or the lordsman, varies, according to circumstances, from one-eighth to one-thirteenth part of the ores raised. This preliminary having been settled, the mine is begun to be formed. Nature has distributed mineral wealth in cracks or fissures of rock called lodes, which in Cornwall take an easterly and westerly direction, and most capriciously even in them; for their thickness varies from that of a sheet of paper to thirty feet. No lode, again, is quite filled with ore, which is scattered in bunches called 'veins,' amidst quartz, mundic, and the rubbish known as 'deads.' When it has been ascertained that metal exists, the first thing done is to sink a perpendicular shaft to the depth of about sixty feet or ten fathoms; then an excavation is made horizontally, to form 'levels' or galleries. To do this, the miners dig in the direction of the veins, one set working towards the east, and another towards the west, to form two galleries simultaneously in opposite directions. Having proceeded about a hundred yards, they would be unable to 'drive' the level further for want of air, had it not been previously arranged that two other sets of miners should have been at work, at the appointed distances on the surface, to sink two other shafts. By this means the gallery may be continued to any length, shafts being sunk at every hundred yards. While this 'level' is being made, a third set of miners are employed in the original, or, as it is termed, the 'engine shaft,' to sink it sixty feet deeper. Here a second level is formed exactly as the first one was, receiving air from the various perpendicular shafts which are successively sunk to meet it. Still the descent of the main or engine-shaft proceeds, and third and fourth galleries (so on to any depth) are excavated one below the other. In this way the engine-shaft of the Consolidated mine has been sunk to a depth of 265 fathoms. The space of a hundred yards between each shaft communicating with the surface is now divided by smaller perpendicular shafts, which only reach from gallery to gallery, and are called 'winzes.' The whole mine is by this time converted into square masses or lumps about thirty-three feet long and sixty feet high. These masses are called 'pitches.'

The mine is now completely formed, and ready for working. The men who have dug it have been paid so much per fathom for their labour, with a small per centage on the value of whatever ore they may have raised during the excavations. This is called 'tut' (task) work. But a less certain and more adventurous mode of payment, called 'tributing,' is adopted for the actual working of the mine. It is now open to the inspection of all the labouring miners in the country, and each 'pitch' or compartment is let by public competition to two or four workmen for two months. At the expiration of this term each pitch is again put up to auction. The reason for these short leases is, that all the workmen may have a fair chance of gain, and that the actual value of each compartment shall be obtained; for nothing is more precarious than mining. The lessees will frequently dig away for weeks, and find no metal; then suddenly light upon a rich vein. On the other hand, the lode will as suddenly get poor and profitless, having, as the miners call it, 'taken a heave,' by which they mean, that some convulsion of nature has separated the vein, and removed it sometimes two or three hundred feet further into the 'pitch,' or perhaps into a neighbouring one. Sometimes, again, when a lode is productive, it 'takes horse;' that is to say, is split into two by a wedge of 'deads;' thus costing double the quantity of labour to work than when the ore was found in solid masses. Mining, therefore, is quite a lottery, abounding in blanks and prizes to all parties concerned, from the proprietors of the mine (called in Cornwall 'the adventurers') down to the humblest workman. Should one of the latter hire a 'pitch' which, after a time, turns out to be a hopeless speculation, he can give it up by paying a fine of twenty shillings.

* Phillips's Mineralogy, p. 210.

Having simply dug away the ore—or 'hure,' as a Cornishman pronounces it—the miner must next get it cleaned, and put into a state for the market. To do this he employs women, boys, and girls, generally members of his own family, who work in sheds at the mouths of the shafts. In order to prepare copper ores for market, the first process is of course to throw aside the deads or rubbish with which they are unavoidably mixed; and this operation is very cleverly performed by little girls of seven or eight years of age, who receive threepence or fourpence a-day. The largest fragments of ore are then *cobbed*, or broken into smaller pieces by women, and after being again picked, they are given to what the Cornish miners term 'maidens,' or girls from sixteen to nineteen years of age. These maidens *buck* the ores; that is, with a bucking iron or flat hammer they bruise them down to a size not exceeding the top of the finger. The 'hures' are then given to boys, who *jig* or shake them in a sieve under water, by which means the metalliferous lumps, being the heavier, keep at the bottom, while the spar or refuse is scraped from the top. The pieces which pass through the sieve are also stirred about in water; the lighter part is thrown from the surface, and the ores thus dressed being put into large heaps, are ready for the market. When sold, they are shipped for Wales (it being much cheaper to carry copper ores to the coals than the coals to the ores); and in Wales, after undergoing another trifling operation, they are ready to be smelted. The dressing of tin ores is a very different process, because they can only be smelted after having been reduced to the finest powder. Having been separated from the deads, they are thrown into a stamping mill of an ingenious construction. The ore is placed under a number of heavy piles of wood shod with iron, which are worked vertically, like a pavior's hammer, either by water or steam power. The bottom of the stamp for receiving the ore is surrounded by a fine sieve, through which water being made to flow constantly, the ore can only escape when pounded very fine. Even then the product is not pure, for in all tin ores copper and mundic (sulphuret of arsenic) are found. These have to be separated first by repeated washing, called 'buddling,' and afterwards by heat or 'roasting.' The metal, rendered nearly pure by these processes, requires but little fuel, and is smelted in Cornwall.

All the operations are superintended by overseers, called 'captains,' of which every large mine has three; two known as 'underground captains,' to see what goes on below, and one to superintend the work done above, hence called the 'grass captain.' Each of these has a fixed salary of about eighty or ninety pounds per annum.

When the copper ores are ready for sale, they are made up into heaps of about a hundred tons each, and sold in the following singular manner:—Samples in small bags are sent weekly to the agents of the different copper companies, who transfer them to assayers—a class of men who are, in Cornwall, perfectly ignorant of chemistry or metallurgy, but who, from sheer experience, are able to tell with accuracy the value of each sample. The agents then determine what sum they will offer per ton at the weekly sale, which for copper takes place every Thursday, tin being sold on Tuesdays. The buyers meet the mine agents, and they all assemble round a long table, at the head of which sits a president. Not a word is spoken. The copper agents write on a slip of paper what they are willing to give per ton for the several heaps, and hand the ticket to the chairman, who, when all the offers are collected, gets them printed in a tabular form. The highest offer secures the purchase, and a line is drawn under it in the printed table. This mode of disposing of the ores is called 'ticketing.' Out of the proceeds each miner gets his 'tribute,' which varies from sixpence to thirteen shillings in the pound, according to the richness of the ores he has dug up, or, as he prefers expressing it, 'brought to grass.' The quantity of pure metal extracted from the copper ores of Cornwall amounts to from eleven to twelve thousand tons a-year, worth nearly one hundred pounds per ton. Of pure tin, not more than four thousand tons, worth from sixty to eighty pounds per ton, are produced.*

At the end of each day's labour the scene on the surface is cheerful, forming a strong contrast to the solitude it breaks. The miners issue from the various shafts in crowds, at first hot, wet, dirty, and tired; each with the remainder of a bunch of candles hanging at the bottom of his flannel garb. They all assemble around the engine, which, having no occasion for rest, is always at work pumping water out of the mine. The waste warm water is run off into a pool, in which the men wash themselves after leaving their underground clothes to dry, and substituting their 'every-day' dress. By this time the women, 'maidens,' and little boys have also made themselves clean at another pool, and the whole multitude (sixteen hundred persons are employed in the Consolidated mines) migrate across the fields in groups and in various directions to their respective homes. 'Generally speaking, they now look so clean and fresh, and seem so happy, that one would scarcely fancy they had worked all day in darkness and confinement. The old men, however, tired with their work, and sick of the follies and vagaries of the outside and the inside of this mining world, plod their way in sober silence, probably thinking of their supper. The younger men proceed talking and laughing, and where the grass is good, they will sometimes stop and wrestle. The big boys generally advance by playing at leap-frog—little urchins run on before to gain time to stand upon their heads—while the "maidens," sometimes pleased and sometimes offended with what happens, smile or scream as circumstances may require. As the different members of the group approach their respective cottages, their numbers of course diminish, and the individual who lives farthest from the mines, like the solitary survivor of a large family, performs the last few yards of his journey by himself. On arriving at home, the first employment is to wheel a small cask in a light barrow for water; and as the cottages are built to follow the fortunes and progress of the mine, it often happens that the miner has three miles to go ere he can fill his cask. As soon as the young men have supped, they generally dress themselves in their holiday clothes, a suit better than the working-clothes in which they walk to the mines, but not so good as their Sunday clothes. In fact, the holiday clothes are the Sunday clothes of last year; and thus, including his underground flannels, every Cornish miner generally possesses four suits of clothes.'† On a Sunday, the mining community presents a most respectable figure. The above account of their wardrobe shows them to be well dressed; and their natural aspect is good, being for the most part a handsome race; and working away from the influences of sun and wind, they never look weather-beaten. As they come from church or chapel (which they attend with regularity), there is no labouring class in England which appears to be in better circumstances. The number of persons employed in mining operations in Cornwall reaches, according to the last census, to nearly eighty thousand persons.

In a legal point of view, miners are an exception to all the rest of the queen's subjects. A code of laws, still in existence, was made in their especial behalf upwards of five centuries ago, and called the Stannary laws (from the Latin word *stannum*, tin). They are administered under the Duke of Cornwall, a title attached to that of Prince of Wales, the courts having been instituted by Edward the Black Prince. In failure of a Prince of Wales, the dukedom reverts to the crown. The lord and vice-wardens of the stannaries are at the head of the actual jurisdiction. This extends to all persons employed in the mines, and they can only

* Vide M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary, article 'Cornwall, and 'Statistics of the British Empire,' page 16.

† Quarterly Review, vol. 36.

be sued in their own courts respecting matters which do not affect life and limb. For legal purposes, the mining districts of Cornwall are divided into four stannary districts, in which courts—composed of a steward of the stannaries and a jury of miners—are held. The reason given for the origin of these laws was, that the men should not be taken from their work to attend civil courts at a distance.

PRIDE AND TEMPER.

Caroline and Edward Spencer had been engaged in marriage to each other from childhood, and the period at which their friends had determined that their union should take place having arrived, they were united under many favourable auspices. They were equally accomplished, in comfortable circumstances, and possessed of a similarity of dispositions and tastes, which was particularly remarkable. They were, as it was observed, formed for each other. One single defect, however, on each side marred all, and rendered them supremely miserable.

The period generally known as the honeymoon had passed over without any occurrence approaching to a direct misunderstanding, and the young couple sat one evening in the enjoyment of the most pleasing reminiscences. 'Do you recollect,' said Caroline, 'the happy days we used to spend together sauntering on the banks of our beautiful river, and inhaling the fresh air which lightly rippled its surface?' 'I do, my dear,' replied her husband. 'And do you recollect when you said that if marriage were half as pleasant as that time, you would, when we were united, think yourself the happiest of mortals?' 'I do.' 'And do you remember the favourite songs we used to sing?' 'Yes.' 'And how jealous you would be whenever I spoke to that fop Morris?' 'No, I do not.' 'What! not recollect that?' 'Certainly not; I never was jealous in my life.' 'Well, but I am sure you were.' 'But I deny it, my dear.' 'Now, you know you were; come, confess it.' 'Do you wish me to confess that which I know was not so? But let us quit the subject. Have you tried either of those airs I brought you yesterday?' 'Ah! you shan't escape me in that manner. I insist on it—you were horribly jealous of young Morris, and every one saw it.' 'I tell you once more, Mrs Spencer, I was not. Have you tried the airs?' 'Never mind the airs, my dear; I wish to convince you that you were jealous. Do you not recollect the evening when——' Edward rose from his chair. 'Madam,' he observed, 'if you insist on continuing a subject which, you perceive, is disagreeable to me, I must leave the room.' 'But why should it be disagreeable to you? Just say you were jealous, and I shall be satisfied.' He made no reply, but immediately left the room, when his young wife perceived that she had gone a little too far. 'He is so irritable,' she said; but instead of following her husband, to endeavour to soothe his irritation, she sat down to the piano to try the airs he had brought her. In the interim he had retired to the adjoining apartment, somewhat convinced himself that he had acted precipitately. However, he thought his wife would no doubt follow him, anxious to adjust the little difference. He therefore threw himself on a couch, expecting every moment to see her enter the apartment. What, then, was his surprise to hear the sound of music from the room he had left, and the voice of his wife accompanying, apparently in the most unconcerned manner, the instrument she was playing. Considering himself treated with indifference, if not contempt, he put on his hat, and walked out into the street in no very enviable humour. As his evil fortune would have it, he had not proceeded very far when he encountered the arch tempter himself, in the shape of a friend on his way to the club, of which both had been members, but from which Spencer, in the determination to lead a domesticated life, had withdrawn since his marriage. In his then state of mind, it required very little persuasion to go thither, and thither he went, remaining until early the ensuing morning, when he returned home. His wife had retired to bed, and not willing to disturb her, he crept noiselessly in. His rage had evaporated; and had he found her awake, the difference between them might have been satisfactorily adjusted. She had, however, after crying bitterly at what had occurred, fallen asleep. Pride kept her the next morning from confessing that she had been at all annoyed or grieved at her husband's absence; and when he 'hoped that she had not been very unhappy,' she replied, 'not at all.' This at once put an end to any explanation; and in the evening he 'thought that as Mrs Spencer felt so happy in his absence, there could be no objection to his spending the evening once more from home.' The club was again resorted to, and being induced to engage in play, he rose a great loser. He returned home chafed and annoyed, and in no mood to make concessions of any description, far less to endure taunts in quiet. 'I hope you have enjoyed yourself at the club?' said his wife to him as he entered the room. 'Woman, leave me alone,' he replied angrily. 'You seem already to think marriage by no means as pleasant as courtship.' 'Leave me alone, I say, or I shall make you.' 'What! you will strike me too? Do so, and crown your amiable and considerate conduct.' The young man raised his hand as if to comply with the taunt, but suddenly checking himself, he again took his hat and rushed hastily from the house. He hurried on through the dark and nearly deserted streets without an object, and not knowing or thinking what he intended to do with himself. Suddenly he stopped before a large well-lit building; he surveyed it anxiously, and then seemed about to pass on; but, apparently drawn by an irresistible impulse, he at length went in. It was the club once more—the place which he had recently left under circumstances so unfortunate. He had still a few pounds in cash with him, and had determined to make one effort more to redeem previous losses. In the excited state of his mind, it is unnecessary to say that the effort was unsuccessful. He would have quitted at once, but *friends* were there to urge him on, and to advance him money on the security of his watch, notes of hand, &c. Maddened by repeated losses, he at length played deeply—recklessly. When he left the house for the second time that night, he was a beggared man!

And what was Caroline's impression of the whole matter? Up to the moment of her husband's quitting her for the third time, she regarded herself as a deeply injured woman. She had obstinately persisted in a course which was displeasing to her husband, but never thought for a moment that she had done anything to call forth his anger. She had been too proud to admit concern at the difference which had taken place between them, yet acquitted herself of any act which tended to prolong that difference. She had taunted, when she should have soothed him; and yet did not conceive that she had been in any shape instrumental in causing him to quit his home. In the morning, when he doggedly related what had occurred, 'It was,' she said, 'just what she had expected, and just what she deserved for marrying him.'

Here, then, was a most unpleasant state of affairs. There were two parties united together for life, who seemed destined to live at variance. There was to be contention, and yet very precarious support. The 'dinner of herbs' was probably to be there; but the 'love,' which alone could render it palatable, was to be absent. There was, however, no help for it, and howsoever disagreeable, it must be endured. They thought of separation, but soon abandoned the idea; for, although unhappy together, they had, strange to say, no earnest desire to part. At length, after many disappointments, employment was procured for Edward Spencer through the instrumentality of friends, and they entered upon a new life. Many privations they had to endure, and many struggles to undergo. The temper which could not brook contradiction, was now subjected to

restraint; and the pride that forbade the admission of error, or the acknowledgment of a pang, sank under the weight of comparative poverty, and the consequent neglect of friends. The result was, Caroline and Edward Spencer were both humbled; and when their humility became an active quality—which it did so soon as the novelty of their situation wore off—they led a happier life. Industry and frugality at length crowned their efforts, and they were enabled once more to move in a respectable sphere of society. It was in the same room, and about the same spot, that, some short time after this favourable reverse of their fortunes, they were again found indulging in reminiscences of the past. 'Does it not seem strange,' said Edward, 'that so trifling a circumstance as your supposing that I was once jealous of young Morris should have led to all our misfortunes?' 'No, my dear,' replied his wife, 'it was not that circumstance, but my foolishly insisting upon the matter after I saw that you were annoyed at it.' 'But then, how silly of me to be annoyed at such a trifle.' 'Oh, how I wept the first evening you quitted me!' 'And I to have supposed that you cared not whether I were offended or not.' 'The fact is, my dear,' said Caroline, 'I had then too much pride.' 'And I,' retorted Edward, giving her a kiss, 'too little temper.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WORKMEN'S SINGING CLASSES.

With great pleasure we direct attention to the numerous singing classes which have been recently established, in Cheshire and Lancashire, for the purpose of diffusing the recreative effects of music amongst the operatives of those districts. To expatiate on the benefits of such institutions, not only to the persons more immediately deriving instruction from them, but to society at large, would be useless. They are too obvious for explanation. Such means of spreading a love for one of the most innocent, pleasing, and morally influential of the fine arts—coming, as it happily did, almost coincidentally with the temperance movement—has proved highly instrumental in bringing about the vast improvement in the manners of the humbler classes, by which the present century will be distinguished from preceding ones in the eyes of the future historian.

At present, the head-quarters of these musical societies is Manchester. The system followed is that of Wilhem, introduced into this country by Mr Hullah, and began in the manufacturing districts by the formation of small classes, by which its efficacy was fully tested. Its future success appeared to depend entirely upon some organisation which would unite the scattered forces of the detached classes; and this was effected in Manchester, where an 'upper school' was established, from which the minor societies, distributed over the manufacturing districts, derive assistance and advice. Arrangements are periodically made for all the pupils to congregate from each part of the country. At the first of these meetings, which took place in Manchester on the 1st of June last, fifteen hundred voices were collected, and in going through the various pieces they had practised, produced those sublime effects which numbers and careful execution only can accomplish. The fact of fifteen hundred *proficients* existing, speaks of perhaps treble that number, who, instead of spending their leisure less worthily or advantageously to themselves, employ it in learning to sing.

Besides engaging operatives to make a good and amusing use of their leisure, the promoters of the Lancashire and Cheshire singing societies aim at another object—that of effecting improvements in congregational singing. This part of the plan cannot be too widely promoted. Laying aside all considerations of a devotional character as regards the vocalist, it is obvious that it would be better if congregations could sing harmoniously than according to the present system. The most important good, however, which is likely to flow from the cultivation of this branch of musical study is, that it will in all probability attract persons to places of worship who would not otherwise visit them. To enjoy the pleasure of joining in a psalm, they would at least be drawn within the sphere of religious instruction. We are led into these remarks in consequence of learning that the directors of the workmen's singing classes have not received that encouragement in improving the mere execution of congregational praise which their good intentions merit.

In point of expense, these classes come quite within the reach of the poorest operative. As we explained in a former number concerning food and lodging, by combination our manufacturing population can get everything cheaply; and to this rule instruction in music is no exception. A master can teach a hundred pupils with as little trouble as one. Hence by this sort of union the musical student is enabled to get his lessons for a penny or three-halfpence each; the extra halfpenny going to the purchase of music, which has been published in a cheap form. One number of the part-music issued for the use of these classes is now on our table. In it are contained two glees: 'Here in cool grot,' by Lord Mornington, and Dr Cooke's 'Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,' the price of which is twopence. At the music-shops, for these pieces, with the mere addition of pianoforte accompaniments, two shillings each are charged. Books of rudiments are published at equally low rates.

Besides singing classes, the committee of the Central Institution has instituted lectures, musical soirées, choral meetings, and is forming an extensive musical library. Hitherto their well-directed efforts have been highly successful, and we sincerely trust that they will continue to prosper.

READING ALOUD.

Charles Kemble has been reading Shakspeare to London audiences, and it would be well if, from among the thousands who listened to him, a few could be induced to carry the practice into private life. We know of no accomplishment so valuable as that of reading 'with good emphasis and discretion,' of catching the meaning and spirit of an author, and conveying them to others with a distinct and intelligible utterance; and yet, strange to say, there is no department of modern education so much neglected. Indeed, so general is this neglect, that scarcely one young lady or gentleman in a dozen who boast of having 'finished' their education, can, on being requested, read aloud to a private company with that ease and graceful modulation which is necessary to the perfect appreciation of the author. There is either a forced and unnatural mouthing, a hesitating and imperfect articulation, or a monotony of tone so thoroughly painful, that one listens with impatience, and is glad when some excuse presents itself for his absence. Whatever may be the imperfections of our school tuition, this defect is rather to be attributed to a want of taste, and consequent neglect of practice on the part of grown-up individuals, than to any defect in their elementary training. There may be a deficiency of good models; but the main evil arises from the unequal value which seems to be attached to good reading as compared with music, dancing, painting, and other fashionable acquirements. Why it should be so, we can discover no good cause, but, on the contrary, see many substantial reasons why reading aloud should be cultivated as one of the most useful and attractive of domestic accomplishments.

To young ladies, for example, the habit of reading aloud has much to recommend it. As mere exercise, it is highly beneficial on account of the strength and vigour which it confers on the chest and lungs; while the mental pleasure to be derived therefrom is one of the most delightful that can adorn the family circle. Gathered round the winter's fire or evening lamp, what could be more cheerful for the aged and infirm, what more instructive to the younger branches, or

more exemplary to the careless, than the reading aloud of some entertaining author, and who could do this with greater grace or more impressive effect than a youthful female? It requires no great effort to attain this art, no neglect of music, painting, or other accomplishment; it is, in fact, more a practice than a study, and one which the interest excited by new books and periodicals would always prevent from becoming dull or tiresome. Were females of all ranks to adopt the practice more than they do at present, they would bind to their homes many who are otherwise disposed to go in search of unworthy enjoyments, and would add another chain of delightful associations wherewith to attach the young to the family hearth. Another advantage which it would confer on the fair readers themselves, would be the improved utterance and intonation which correct reading would produce, instead of that simpering and lisping which are so often to be met with even among females of the higher classes. Nor is it to women in their domestic capacity only that the practice of reading aloud would be attended with benefit. Many of the middle and lower classes are under the necessity of earning a livelihood by in-door employments, such as millinery, straw-plaiting, pattern-painting, and the like, and being in general occupied in one apartment of moderate size, the reading aloud of proper books would be to them not only a source of healthful recreation, but of amusement and instruction. In such establishments, reading by turns would present a beautiful picture, and however limited the amount of information disseminated, it would at all events be a thousand times preferable to that system of idle and worthless gossip which is said now to prevail.

To young men preparing for professional labours, the art of reading aloud is indispensable; and though not equally necessary for what are called business-men, still to such it is a becoming and valuable acquirement. Ask your son, who has lately gone to the counting-room, to read you the last debate in parliament, and ten to one he will rattle through it with a jumbling indistinctness of utterance, that you are glad when his hour calls him away, and leaves you to the quiet enjoyment of self-perusal. And why is this? Simply because the youth has never been taught to regard reading aloud in the light of a graceful accomplishment. At school he learned to know his words, and that was so far useful; but to read as a gentleman, in the spirit and meaning of the author, this is what he has yet to acquire by the imitation of good models and by frequent practice. That the art of reading aloud is at the low ebb we mention, any one can readily convince himself by requesting his friend to read for him the last speech of the British premier, or message of the American president. Twenty to one he will find his friend an apt enough scholar, but a careless and indifferent enunciator—one who has all along read for himself, and whose only object has been merely to acquire the meaning of the works he perused. At the period of the Reform Bill, when newspapers were read by the million, it was customary, in the workshops of tailors, flax-dressers, and others, for one to read aloud while the others were at work—those who could read fluently taking their turns of this duty, and those who could not, paying the others who did, according to the amount of time spent in the exercise. In some instances, indeed, a reader was paid by the workmen, it being his duty to read the public debates and leading articles at so much per hour. We have occasionally listened to such a reader (one of the workmen), and been astonished at the force and freedom of his utterance, and the manner in which he modulated his intonations, throwing himself exactly into the place of the speaker. Now, this was not the result of any superior tuition, but the effect of listening to the best public speakers, and of his daily exercise as reader to the establishment. Unfortunately the practice to which we refer died with the excitement of the period; but we see no cause why the attention which was then given to public affairs might not be profitably directed to entertaining and instructive authors. It is true that the inquiring and studious workman will cultivate his own mind at home; but all workmen are not inquiring and studious, and the introduction of reading aloud to each other in turn would be productive of incalculable benefit.

Singing for the million is cried up on all hands—why not reading aloud? What Mainzer has accomplished for the one art, might be effected by Charles Kemble for the other. We have in almost every family and workshop evidence of what practice in concert has done for vocal music—why not the same for reading aloud? The one art is chiefly valued as an amusement and refining accomplishment—the other is equally entertaining, quite as necessary for the adornment of public or private life, and certainly more directly productive of utility and knowledge.

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Three years ago we took occasion to notice the extreme dirtiness of the streets of London, and, laying all considerations of mere convenience or taste out of the question, the danger to public health from the accumulating refuse of so large a city. Our views on this point unfortunately offended a local feeling, which we could not have expected to find in so large a city. That we had not overstated the case, however, was evident from remarks of a similar character with our own which afterwards appeared in the Times and Morning Herald newspapers, both of which spoke of the streets of London as in a state thoroughly disgraceful to all concerned.

The metropolitan press has occasionally returned to the subject, but nothing has been done in the way of improvement. London is as dirty as ever—less foul, certainly, than Paris or the older parts of Edinburgh; because in all domestic arrangements the English far transcend the French, Scotch, and all other nations; but still, as respects its thoroughfares, so generally unclean, so unscraped and unswept, that its condition is the surprise of every stranger. The answer usually made by an inhabitant of the metropolis to any observation on this delicate subject is, 'That the immense traffic in the streets precludes the tidiness which might be desirable—that London is wonderfully clean, all things considered.' In reply to such answers, we can only state the following undeniable facts. Streets in which there is most traffic are occasionally the cleanest. Lanes and streets enjoying comparatively little traffic are in many instances the most uncleanly. But in point of fact there seems to be no regular principle either as to cleanliness or dirtiness. In a walk of three or four miles in a tolerably straightforward direction, you will pass through a dozen degrees of impurity. One stretch of street will be clean, the next lying one or two inches deep in mud, the next clean, the next dirty, and so on. Regent Street, Oxford Street, St Giles, and Holborn, offer a fair specimen of these varieties. While remarking that Regent Street and some parts of Oxford Street are invariably clean, we have observed that some parts of the St Giles and Holborn continuation of the latter street have lain unswept for weeks.

In dry weather, the unswept streets would soon become impassable from dust, were they not, in such seasons, daily deluged with water. The consequence of this practice is, that the thoroughfares of London are never free from wet impurities, and the exhalations arising from them. The watering is performed on a scale of universal liberality: streets that are paved with wood, and would, if swept, throw up no dust at all, are as profusely irrigated as if they were macadamised roads. A natural result is, that these wooden pavements, swimming in wet and dirt, present no sufficient hold for the horses' feet, and are complained of for their extreme slipperiness, while the real defect is in the want of a uniform and comprehensive system of sweeping. When the causes of this defect are inquired into, they are found in the number of jurisdictions into

which London is broken up (about eighty, it is said), as far as cleaning and paving are concerned. Each petty parochial management contracts with persons to remove impurities from the streets, and the contractors feel themselves under no obligation to act from any consideration save their own convenience. Remonstrances have been made by public bodies as to this antiquated and imperfect system of cleansing, but hitherto without avail. Though petty, the jurisdictions are, politically speaking, powerful; and we know of no means of quelling them but a legislative measure in the hands of an energetic government. It is notorious that, unless government had stepped in to reform the metropolitan police, and take it in some measure under its own management, it never would have been reformed. A similar movement is now required with regard to the scavengering of London—the parishes will not, and the people can not move. Every abuse will continue, unless, in carrying out the sanitary improvement of towns, the government vigorously interfere to remove this great and inveterate nuisance.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE.

FIRST ARTICLE—CHINESE WRITING.

THE curious complexity of characters presented to the European eye by such specimens of Chinese writing or printing as have reached this country, has had the effect of deterring many persons from its study. But, like most other difficulties, this, though formidable at first sight, is found easy to conquer on closer examination—when the rudiments of the Chinese written language, and the principles on which those rudiments are founded, are explained. 'The rumoured difficulties attendant on the acquisition of Chinese, from the great number and variety of the characters, are the mere exaggerations of ignorance, and so far mischievous, as they are calculated to deter many from the pursuit whose business takes them to the country, and would no doubt be greatly promoted by some practical acquaintance with its language.'* That the more general study of it would be very beneficial in a commercial point of view, there can be no question. Higher considerations, however, exist to incite the inquiring student. Chinese is the language of nearly one-third of the inhabitants of the globe.† As a means, therefore, of holding free communication with so large a proportion of our fellow-creatures, it ought to be assiduously cultivated. Moreover, it has been acknowledged by competent philologists to be the most perfect system of scriptural language ever yet invented; one, too, in which more books have been written than in any language of Europe—the Chinese being, as we explained in a former article, the most literary nation upon earth. These are startling facts, not sufficiently known in this country.

One great advantage is presented to the learner at the outset. Chinese is perfectly independent of all other lingual studies, and the most uneducated person may set to work and commence its acquirement with very nearly the same chance of success as the most educated. He who desires an acquaintance with many of the continental languages, will find a previous knowledge of Latin of great service, from the number of words woven by the Romans into the dialects of Europe during their conquests. Whoever, again, is anxious to learn to write short-hand (to which Chinese characters bear a distant analogy), should be already a good penman and grammarian; but it is not so with the study of this singular language. Scholastic learning aids but little in its acquirement; insomuch that if we were asked what would be the easiest kind of writing to teach a person who did not know his alphabet? we should answer, 'the Chinese language.' This arises from the fact that the system differs from all others in existence—it has *no* alphabet. Those, therefore, who have studied alphabetic languages, find their previous knowledge useless, and they, as well as the most unlettered, must begin at the very beginning.

A language without an alphabet may strike some of our readers as something extremely imperfect, and a little incongruous; but if they will only follow us in the forthcoming explanation, they will see how exceedingly well literature can get on without an alphabet. This explanation, to be intelligible, must commence at the root and origin of all systems of record; for it happens that the Chinese plan is founded on the very first expedient adopted by mankind to communicate their ideas to each other otherwise than by speech, but that expedient brought to a high state of perfection.

The origin of all writing is drawing; for the primitive plan of communicating facts through the medium of the eye, instead of through that of the ear, was by drawing or graphically copying the action or thing concerning which the communication was to be made. A person wishing to send to a friend at a distance a missive communicating the fact of a man having slain a lion, drew, or caused to be drawn, the likeness of a human being killing a wild animal. When the ancient Egyptians desired posterity to know the history of their dead, they buried them in chambers, on the walls of which were painted the various employments and achievements of the deceased during his lifetime.* Such representations being extremely troublesome and difficult to figure, were gradually abandoned for more simple and concise forms, which, though having but a faint resemblance to the objects concerning which the record was to be made, were arbitrarily understood to possess definite meanings. Thus, it was settled by the ancient Chinese that the character, should mean 'mouth;' and is still retained, but in a form more convenient for being written. In the hieroglyphics of Egypt, stood for a bow; and the same sort of sign figured upright was used by the ancient Chinese to denote the same thing, and is still retained with very little alteration. The ancient Chinese characters are to be met with in old Chinese works, just as we find the books of the early typographers printed in German text. They are called *Kou-wen;* and a collection of them may be seen in the Jesuit Amiot's Letters from Pekin, and in the second volume of Klaproth's Memoirs relative to Asia.

This pictorial system would have answered very well, if we needed to communicate nothing more than what relates to substantive objects, which could be seen and copied; but it required a further advance in the art of writing for man to record or communicate that which is abstract or non-material. No mere graphic figure could, for example, picture what we mean by 'pride,' or 'iniquity,' or 'goodness.' Now, here is the point from which the Chinese system of inscribed language diverges from all the others. The originators of the alphabetic plan seeing, perhaps, the hopelessness of conveying abstract ideas by the phainetic or hieroglyphic system, adopted a new principle for the improvement of writing they took the sounds which men utter to express abstractions by means of speech, and reducing them to a system of representation by inscription, invented an alphabetic or phonetic plan of writing.† Through this track the system *we* follow was handed down to us. The Chinese, however—true to the conservative prin-

* The Chinese, by John Francis Davis, Esq. chap. xvi. We cannot resist the opportunity which this quotation gives us, of informing our readers that Mr Davis's work—the most authentic, entertaining, and candid account of the Chinese which has yet been furnished to the English public—has been lately published in Knight's series of weekly volumes. Consequently it is to be obtained for *three shillings*. The price of the first edition was, we believe, a guinea.

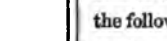
† Klaproth Memoires Relatifs à l'Asie, vol. iii. page 109.

* Numerous copies of these paintings are to be found in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's 'Topography of Thebes,' and 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.'

† The word Phainetic is derived from the Greek word Phaino, I make appear, and applies to the system solely derived from the picturing of objects. Phonetic is derived from Phoneo, I sound.

ciples which have distinguished them from the beginning of history—adhered to the old plan, but improved it by attributing analogous qualities to substantive things. Thus they express the abstract idea 'splendour' by a junction of the two characters by which they represent the most brilliant of natural objects—namely, the sun and the moon. 'Comfort' is composed of the two signs which, when separate, mean respectively 'rice' and 'mouth;' for one of the greatest blessings a Chinaman can conceive, is having plenty of rice to eat.

The Chinese written language, then, consists of representations of natural objects, so combined by analogous reasoning and allusion, as to form a perfect *ideagraphic* system of caligraphy. Not having been derived from the ever-varying intonations of the human voice, it is so perfectly independent of all dialects, that whilst the inhabitants of various parts of China-Proper, of Cochin-China, of Japan, Loo-Choo, and Corea, are unintelligible to each other in speech, yet they can effectually communicate their ideas in writing. The best practical illustration of a written character, common to several nations who cannot understand each other's speech, are the Arabic numerals common to all Europe. An Englishman, who could not understand what an Italian meant if he said *venti-due*, would comprehend him immediately if he wrote down 22. This advantage, which belongs to our numerals only, pertains to the whole language of the Chinese, and those other nations who use the same characters, without affixing to them the same pronunciation.* In like manner, music can be performed by musicians of any European nation. A Jesuit missionary happily characterised the Chinese language, when he said it was well adapted 'to paint words, and to speak to the eyes.' This renders Chinese perfectly well adapted for a universal medium of communication between all nations. Such was, indeed, a proposition methodised by Bishop Wilkins in an elaborate 'Essay towards a Real Character, and a Philosophical Language,' which he presented to the Royal Society.

Having learnt the principles on which Chinese writing was originally constructed, the reader is prepared to go into such details as will enable him to unravel the mass of curious strokes, curves, crosses, and contortions, which Chinese writing presents to his eye. The whole of the characters are made up of six elementary strokes; the combination of which (varying of course in print and different handwritings) completes the whole system. The student's first lesson, therefore, will be easy enough. Let him get the proper Chinese materials, which consist of fine paper, a camel-hair brush, and a thick dilution of Indian or Chinese ink, and learn to make neatly and readily the following marks  †. These marks may be so varied in composition as to admit of being employed in many different ways, which are chiefly divided by the Chinese into—1*st*, The *Chuen-shoo*, or ancient characters; 2*d*, *Le-shoo*, or style-proper for officials; 3*d*, *Keae-shoo*, or pattern style—a bold legible character, answering to our round text; 4*th*, *Hing-shoo*, running-hand, in which the strokes are blended and contracted according to established rules; 5*th*, *Tsaou-tsze*, a sort of short-hand, in which the characters are so much abbreviated, that much practice is necessary to decipher it, and is chiefly used for epistolary writing; 6*th*, *Sung-te*, or printing character.

Regarding the next lesson, the scholar learns the astonishing and encouraging fact, that when he has mastered it, he will have obtained an insight into the *whole* of the language! There are *two hundred and fourteen* primitive characters, which are formed by the combination of the above six marks. The meaning of a greater portion of these (for some are unnecessary) he will have to learn. They are very properly called 'keys,' or, by the natives, *Tse-poo*, 'directing characters.' To facilitate their acquirement, the Chinese have divided them into seventeen classes, according to the number of strokes employed to form them. The first class having only one stroke, includes, therefore, no more than the above primitive characters; the second class consists of those keys which are made by any two of them; the third, such as contain three strokes; and so on up to the seventeenth class, which contains the like number of marks, some of the primitive ones being often repeated in different positions. Now, the reason why a knowledge of these keys makes so great a stride in the study of the language is, that one of them is to be found in each of the thirty thousand characters in general use.* When once acquainted with them, the student is in a condition to translate Chinese by the aid of a dictionary; of which we now proceed to show how he may avail himself, that being also the best method of giving the general reader a notion of the construction of the Chinese system of writing.

The two hundred and fourteen roots singly express the principal objects or ideas that mankind have occasion to communicate to one another; such as man, horse, dog, metal. When you see the signs representing either of these things combined with others, you know at once the *subject* to which the whole character refers. Every symbol which has reference, for instance, to man, has the key , *yin*, in it. Suppose the sign is met with. A little practice will show which part of it is the key; in this instance *yin*. You see at once that, because yin has two strokes, it belongs to the second class. Turning to the dictionary, you refer to that part of it which contains the second class characters, and having found the mark for yin, proceed to the subdivision in which that key is combined with signs of the fifth class, because the character to which it is joined has five strokes; and looking down the columns of signs thus compounded of the second and fifth classes, you soon discover the one you want made up of , *yin* or *man*, and , *tien*, a cultivated field, and that the meaning you are in search of is *farmer*. Should, again, occur, we perceive the key to be the first sign. Seeking it amongst the classes with three strokes, we are told it means a mouth, and it is at once known that the above symbol relates to something in which that organ is concerned. Pursuing research to the subdivision in which *koo* or mouth is accompanied by characters with seven marks, the identical sign we have just figured will be seen with the definition 'compliment,' otherwise , *koo*, 'mouth,' and , *yen*, 'a word'—a very characteristic etymology—Chinese compliments being notoriously seldom more than mere lip service. To denote plurality, the same sign is repeated once or twice; thus the first primitive sign means one, or unity, but is two, or duality. The symbol for tree twice written means a thicket, but thrice repeated denotes a forest. Two *yin*, or men, together stand for a multitude.

These examples may serve to give a general idea of the principles upon which Chinese writing may be deciphered, and the ease with which it can, with a little attention, be done. Nor will the study be found so dry as may at first sight be supposed; for some of the etymologies (especially those of abstract nouns or qualities) are not only amusing, but instructive of the notions and manners of the people. The word to govern is composed of 'bamboo' and 'slap;' than which nothing could better express the leading principle of the Chinese government. The two signs which express *kheu*, proud, are 'high' and 'horse.' The symbol for

* Davis.

† We place these marks side by side, for the convenience of our own pages. But the Chinese write invariably in columns, and read each page from top to bottom, and from right to left.

* The Chinese reckon eighty thousand characters in all; but most of these are either obsolete, or discarded from general use. The works of Confucius contain no more than 2000 characters.

chee, shame, when separated, would be 'the ear,' and 'to stop.' *Cheu*, a prisoner, is formed by *yin*, a man, placed within *yu*, an enclosure. The low estimation of the female sex, which forms an unamiable trait in Chinese national character, peeps out in many expressions very uncomplimentary to the ladies. 'A girl' and 'thought,' when placed together, mean *fickleness:* the symbol for 'woman' thrice repeated denotes *mischief* or *treachery*. *Death* is made up of 'sickness' and 'woman;' from a tradition that a certain emperor, having been given over by his physicians, was left in the hands of women, when he died 'as a matter of course.' 'Broken reed,' from which we and the Latins took the idea, is with the Chinese also expressive of *misfortune*. The signs for 'fine' and 'words,' when joined, mean *deceit*. A *bargain* is represented by 'a word' and 'a nail.' In short, there is scarcely a Chinese symbol but presents combinations equally curious and characteristic: some of them, however, are quite inexplicable, from the traditions or facts which gave rise to them having been lost or forgotten.

But something more than the amusing practice of ascertaining the signification of Chinese symbols is required before the pupil will be able to translate with facility: he must learn upon what principle the signs follow each other, or, as we should say, how the words are put together, so as to make up a complete idea or a complete statement. Here, again, we find the unsophisticated state of the language a great assistance to the learner. The language, not admitting of inflection, has *no grammar*. Although works on philology and etymology abound, no Chinese book treating of the construction or the grammar (properly so called) of the language has been discovered. This is not difficult to explain. The whole of the written language consisting of signs originally copied from visible objects, it follows that the only part of speech it is possible for it to have is, strictly speaking, the substantive. 'A language all substantives?' exclaims the pupil; 'this rather puzzles than enlightens me!' The puzzle is soon solved. The English grammarian knows that our own language consists, in reality, of no more than two elements, namely, of nouns and particles. To get a complete notion, therefore, of a language all nouns, it is only necessary to refer to a short-hand writer, who discards particles; for, in following a speaker, he only puts down the more important words; consequently, his notes consist of nothing but a language of nouns; yet he can read them as fluently as you can good Roman print. But the Chinese do not go so far as the stenographer: they do make use of characters equivalent to our prepositions, conjunctions, &c. though each of those signs is, in fact, a substantive; because although the radical meaning of each Chinese character never changes, whatever be its position in a sentence, and although it is always a substantive, yet that substantive may be employed adverbially, adjectively, as a preposition, conjunction, &c.; in other words, according to its position in the sentence, it is made to perform the office of those parts of speech, without changing either its form or original signification. This will be better understood by a reference to our own language, in which the same thing frequently occurs. Take the word *present* as an example: in the sentence 'he made him a present,' it is a noun-substantive; in 'they present him with an annual sum,' it becomes, by a change of accent, a noun-active, or verb; in 'the present season,' it is an adjective; in 'at present, I am unable,' it changes to an adverb. Multitudes of words also occur which are used both as substantives and verbs without the least change of accent; such as love, fear, and hope. 'These show,' says Dr Marshman,* 'the possibility of using a word in various grammatical senses, without the least change in the word itself, while the accompanying characters define with certainty the sense in which it is used.' As an example of how the Chinese sometimes make their substantives *active*, so as to cause them to serve as verbs, we instance the following:—*Koo*, a mouth, and *yih*, an arrow, when placed together, communicates the idea of an arrow darting into a mouth, and makes 知 *chee, to know*, because 'knowledge,' says the Chinese lexicographer, 'in its motion, resembles the swiftness of an arrow.' It is easy to see how this principle, more extensively applied, may form other of the more important parts of speech.

But we have yet to account for the possibility of turning nouns into particles, and of this our own tongue also supplies numerous examples. One will suffice: the conjunction 'if' is nothing more than an abbreviation of the verb 'give,' and is used in exactly the same signification as of old; namely, in a subjunctive or conditional sense.* We now proceed to afford some examples of the principle by which Chinese particles originate out of substantives. A perpendicular line drawn *through* koo, the mouth, 中 means 'through,' in the midst, or within. The preposition 'above' is formed by the primitive horizontal stroke, meaning one, and the often-mentioned key, yin or man, thus, 上; while, to express 'below,' the man is placed underneath, thus, 下. Admitting that *yih* (the horizontal stroke—literally 'one') denotes the level or medium; by placing *yin* above it, the idea is suggested of something above or superior, whilst the reverse is indicated when the sign for man is written underneath. Now, these characters, besides being particles, are also nouns abstract in themselves, meaning, besides, 'a superior' and 'an inferior;' and how they should be applied, is fully indicated by the context; for it must be observed, although the power of the words change, the idea is precisely the same. Wherever those characters appear, you may be perfectly certain that they apply to something (*what* the context will supply) which you are to suppose is above or below. Such a meaning, and no other, is instantly communicated by the sight of those arbitrary symbols; and to comprehend the idea they convey, no mental analysis is necessary, as in alphabetic and syllabic languages. Analysis being unnecessary, so of course is grammar, and this is very probably the reason why no European linguist has been able to discover a Chinese treatise on that subject.

The only approach to grammar which the Chinese have made, is the division of the whole of their words according to their origin and components. This classification has six branches. 1*st*, *Seang-hing*, 'imitative symbols,' comprehending the six hundred and eight characters which bear a resemblance to the objects they express, such as the sign for *koo*, the mouth. 2*d*, *Che-tsze*, 'indicative symbols,' which express attributes and relative circumstances, like the signs for 'above,' 'below,' &c. This class comprises one hundred and seven characters. 3*d*, *Hwny-e*, or 'symbols combining ideas,' such as making 'splendour' from the signs for sun and moon, or causing two yin, or men, to stand for a multitude. There are seven hundred and forty of these symbols. 'It is in this,' remarks Gutzlaff, 'that the framers of the characters have shown their greatest ingenuity. Much sound sense and original thought are discovered in these symbols.'† 4*th*, *Chuen-choo*, or 'inverted symbols,' a puzzling class, numbering three hundred and seventy-two, in which the form of the characters has been inverted from the idea it arose from, thus: the sign for *right* is on the left side of koo, a mouth, and the sign for *left* is on the right side of the same symbol. 5*th*, *Keoe-*

* Clavis Sinica (The Key to Chinese), p. 195.

* Thus, Ben Jonson in the 'Sad Shepherd'—

'My largesse
Hath lotted her to be your brother's mistresse
Gif [Give, that is, let it be given or supposed] shee be reclaimed:
Gif not, his prey.'

† China Opened, vol. i. p. 394.

shung, or 'symbols expressive of sounds,' and is the nearest approach to the phonetic or syllabic systems of writing in the language. These signs represent such sounds as are supposed to resemble the noises made by the things they represent. Upon this principle our own word 'whiz' was formed, from the supposed resemblance of the sound made by an arrow or bullet while cleaving the air; 'buzz,' too, is very like the noise made by a bee. In this way the Chinese character representing water is pronounced 'shway,' which bears no very distant resemblance to the splashing of water. The sixth class, or *kea-tseay*, comprises about 598 different characters, and are figurative, like the word 'govern,' from slap and bamboo, the signs for 'pride,' 'comfort,' &c. before explained.

The next difficulty—one common indeed to the rudiments of all foreign languages—is that presented by the different consecutive order in which words are placed to express the same fact or idea. Thus, to say 'I saw him in the city,' a Frenchman would alter that arrangement of the words thus—'I him saw in the city' (Je lui voyais dans la cité); while to render the sentence into good Latin, it would stand, 'Him in the city I saw' (Illum in urbe vidi). Fortunately, the difficulty thus created is not greater in Chinese than in any of the above instances. The words in the sentence, 'Only three vessels of war are arrived,' fall, in Chinese, in this order, 'Military vessel three only come are.' This phrase put into Latin, does not in the least differ from the Chinese version, standing *Militares naves tres singulæ advectæ sunt*. When a Chinaman wishes to write 'This is better than that,' he would use signs which, when literally translated, would read, 'This, compared with that, is the more good;' of which no one would hesitate to conjecture the true signification; for though the words do not occur in the same consecutive order as in English, yet in most instances the sense is so directly and plainly expressed, that it can seldom be mistaken, even by the novice.

In drawing this very faint outline of the origin, construction, and nature of the Chinese language, we have had no other design than to direct general attention to its study. With such inadequate means of development as lie within the limits of an article in a popular journal, it would be impossible to communicate any well-grounded elementary knowledge. We regret that no treatise on the rudiments of the Chinese language has yet been published in such a form as to come within the reach of general readers. Those, however, in whom we may have awakened a desire to acquire a knowledge of this most ancient and philosophical system of symbols, we beg to refer to the Clavis Sinica of Dr Marshman, the Chinese Grammar and Dictionary of Dr Morrison, and the published Lectures of Professor Kidd—provided they are able to obtain access to those expensive works.

It is necessary to describe, in conclusion, the implements used by the Chinese for writing; upon a uniform and elegant execution of which they lay great stress as a point of education. The apparatus consists, first, of a cake of what is largely imported into this country under the name of Indian ink; and although, from the perfect impalpability of the compound, and the exquisite jet of the black, various elaborate receipts have been conjectured for its manufacture, is composed of nothing but lamp-black and gluten, with a little musk to give it an agreeable odour. The sticks or cakes are ornamented, in gold and various colours—generally, as our readers may have seen, with the figure of a dragon, having on its back an octangular tablet. The Chinese words usually stamped above are *Loung ma fou, thou*—that is to say 'The horse-dragon carrying on his back the table.' This refers to a tradition which gave rise to the figure of a dragon being always expressive of royalty; and when the tablet or seal is added to this sign, it means (or should mean) that the article was made by the emperor's manufacturer, who resides at Koong-me, near Nankin, where the best ink is made. The mark is, however, simulated so extensively by less celebrated makers, that nine cakes of ink out of ten are adorned with it.—The second article for the writing-table is a smooth slab of slate or schistus, with a depression at each end to hold water. Upon this slab the ink is rubbed precisely as water-colour artists prepare their colours for use.—The third implement is a pencil made of rabbits' hair, inserted into a reed handle, and used exactly in the same manner as we use camel-hair brushes. This accounts for the shapes of the lines engraved above, which result from the use of the small brush instead of a pen, and vary of course, as all handwriting does, with the skill and fancy of the writer. The main outline and direction of the characters are, however, all traceable to the six elementary strokes.—The fourth article is, of course, paper. This is nearly transparent, being much thinner and more porous than that which we use; and, as it is made of the delicate inner bark of the bamboo, is not white, but of a straw-coloured tint. Some idea of the fineness of this paper may be formed by comparison with that which is used by printsellers for their 'India proofs,' which is the common paper manufactured by the Chinese for wrapping up parcels, and makes its way into this country around packages of silk.

These implements are called 'the four precious elements;' and it is a part of the education of a young Chinese to keep them in neat and efficient order.

RUSH-BEARING.

Many precious rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us.—*Wordsworth.*

One of the old country festivals still surviving in some retired nooks and corners of our island is the rush-bearing, a ceremony interesting enough as a mere spectacle of gay dresses and happy faces, but still more as the vestige of a rite, the origin of which is scarcely perceptible in the remoteness of antiquity. As we have seen it celebrated in the north of England, it is simply this:—The young maidens of the village, on the eve of some particular Sunday in the height of summer, fall into procession, and walk to church, each carrying a wreath of flowers, with a few rushes here and there interspersed. The garlands are distributed over the interior of the building, and permitted to remain until the afternoon of the succeeding day, when each girl resumes the 'virgin crants' she had previously borne. Many conjectures have been formed as to the institution of this observance. The opinion most generally entertained is, that it sprung out of the recommendation of Pope Gregory IV. to the early priesthood, that on the anniversary of the foundation of their churches, they should construct huts of green branches near the sacred edifices, and solemnise the day with sober festivity. Anciently, the rushes were taken in greater quantity, and spread over the floor, where they remained until the progress of decay rendered a fresh supply necessary. Not only was this done at the annual rush-bearing, but also throughout the year, by way of protection against the humidity of the ground. It is easy to cite instances of this comfortless proceeding. In the churchwarden's accounts for the parish of St Margaret, Westminster, for 1544, there is the following item:—'Paid for rushes against the dedication-day, which is always the first Sunday in October, 1s. 5d.;' and in a similar set of accounts for the church of St Mary at Hill, London, for 1504, there is this entry:—'Paid for two berden rysshes for the strewying the newe pewes, 3d.' If the ceremony of rush-bearing was originally established as a religious rite, that purpose seems in process of time to have become entirely changed, and scenes of rustic merriment attendant upon a village wake took the place of solemn observances. Rush-bearing was then classed with morris-dances, revels, and the like. A passage in a satirical work of the seventeenth century proves this statement. The

writer, speaking of a country braggadocio, says, 'His sovereignty is showne highest at May-games, wakes, summerings, and *rush-bearings*; where it is twentie to one but hee becomes beneficiall to the lord of the mannour by meanes of a bloody nose or a broken pate.' That is, the lord's coffers would be swelled by the fines inflicted upon him for his ruffianly behaviour.

In a manuscript preserved in the Harleian Collection, British Museum, there is an account of a rush-bearing at Bunbury, in Cheshire, which we transfer to our pages. 'Being at my worthy friend's, the worthy Mr Allen's house, at Torporley, in Cheshire, and hearing that there was a famous rush-bearing, as the Cheshire people call it, on account of the hanging up a new chandelier of brass in their church, which cost the parish about L.30, we took a ride there in the evening to see the ceremony. This parish is a very large one, and has about a dozen townships depending on it, which all sent at different times garlands and large kind of fans, adorned with gilt paper cut with various figures, and mixed with flowers: these were borne by separate persons, each having one in his hand, and coming in procession from their different townships at intervals; and many of the neighbouring villages also sending them garlands, all which were set up in different parts of the church, made it look very ornamental, and gave the whole village an air of gaiety and cheerfulness not usual in the more southern parts of the kingdom. On the dedication-day of their churches in the north, it is usual for them to strew them with rushes, and otherways adorn them; but it had not been practised at Bunbury within the memory of man: but having now roofed their church about two years before, and very handsomely ceiled it, and buying the aforesaid brass branch, they were desirous of solemnising the memory of it; and the day following was to be ushered in with the ringing of bells, and two sermons, and great psalm-singing, and other festivities. St Boniface is the patron saint of the church, on which day their wake is held.'

The ancient practice of strewing the floors of private dwellings, as well as of churches, with rushes and other herbs, is well known. Sir Thomas Newton, in his 'Herball to the Bible,' printed in 1587, says, 'Sedge and rushes, with the which many in the country do use in the sommer time to strew their parlors and churches, as well for cooleness as for pleasant smell.' In Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew, another illustration of the custom occurs. 'Where's the cook?' cries the impatient Grumio; 'is supper ready, the house trimmed, *rushes strewed*, cobwebs swept, and everything in order?'

MY FIRST WORK.

Some years since, having long been accustomed to put my thoughts upon paper, and my manuscript having increased to a goodly quantity, I determined to form out of it a little volume, and publish it. I was not totally unaware of the hazard of such an undertaking, especially by one whose name was strange to the public; but the many instances I had known of vapid trash having reached several editions, emboldened me to hope that my little book might pay its expenses, and beyond this I had no expectation. I determined, however, to act cautiously, and endeavour to obtain, if possible, a publisher who would take upon himself the entire responsibility of its publication, and give me some trifling remuneration for the manuscript.

The reception I met with from the various publishers on whom I waited was characteristic, and not a little amusing. One glanced at the manuscript, and, observing its subject, shrugged up his shoulders, returning it with the cheering remark, that books of such a character were certain failures. A second twirled the manuscript in his thumb and finger, as though calculating how many pages it would make in print. A third was much pleased with it, and protested it ought to be published, but declined bringing it out on his own responsibility, as he had already lost not a trifle in works of that description. Another bade me leave it for perusal, and unceremoniously directed me to write on the wrapper the sum I expected for it. Another, with a laudable and perhaps rare conscientiousness, hoped I would excuse the remark, but some of my opinions were so opposed to his own as to their theology, that he must decline publishing it, though he fully agreed with the sentiments in general, and admired the tendency of the book. Some declared they would readily have published it, but they had already other books of the same description in which they were interested, and with whose sale it would interfere. Different, however, as my reception was from the various publishers, yet all agreed in this, that they could not purchase the manuscript, and that, if published at all, it must be at my own risk.

Having calculated the cost, I at length placed the manuscript in the hands of a respectable publisher, employing a friend of my own to print it. The publisher suggested that the manuscript should be increased, in order that the book might be of a more respectable size; and as my time was much engaged in an absorbing occupation, it was not a little harassing to be compelled to tax my wearied powers so severely; and in which I was the more hurried, as it was desirable that the book should be published on a certain early day. Every day, from the first waking moment to the last, I was forced to bend my thoughts to this one object; and in the crowded street, surrounded by the bustle of business, and amidst a thousand distractions, to spur my jaded mind to undue effort, in order finally to prepare the work for the press. Added to this, I was annoyed by the usual vexatious delays, and not a little harassed by the petty details (too well known to authors) of size, paper, type, price, &c. At length, having run the gauntlet of printer, engraver, and bookbinder, and steered my book safely through their hands, I had the satisfaction of seeing it in the publisher's window a few days after the one appointed.

Instead, however, of my trouble and anxiety being now concluded, I found they were only beginning. I had now to send copies to the principal periodicals for review, to write notes in all directions to my friends and acquaintance soliciting their patronage, and to advertise in every widely-circulating vehicle of information, in order that the public might be apprised of the important fact that my little book was published. Anxiously did I await the critiques of the reviewers, and manfully did I nerve myself to brave all the contemptuous or bitter things which carping critics might pen concerning my literary first-born. Not a little pride and pleasure, however, did I feel when, though the approbation of some was very qualified, more than one respectable publication lauded it in the highest terms, and pronounced it fully equal to the works of the very best writers in its line. Month after month I had the satisfaction of seeing quotations from its pages in magazines and reviews of standing and celebrity: again and again I was told how acceptable and esteemed was my little book wherever it had been introduced; and even royalty itself condescended to honour me with its patronage. Thus encouraged, I determined to advertise liberally; five-pound notes were changed and spent in the easiest, if not the pleasantest manner; and my hopes were sanguine that the harvest would at least repay the expense of the seed.

The result of my appeal to my own private friends and acquaintance was on the whole favourable. Many patronised my book to the full extent of their ability, and some, from whom I least expected it, were the most

prompt to encourage and recommend. Some returned no answer; some expressed a desire to read it, and requested to *borrow* it; some volunteered to dispose of some copies, from whom I never obtained either books or money. Some, on being told the price, wished to know if I could not take less; and others, who evinced no intention of patronising the book I had already written, pronounced it very excellent, and thoughtlessly inquired when I intended to publish another. Some seemed to expect that they should be presented with a copy in virtue of relationship or friendship, and appeared quite incapable of understanding the expense and hazard of publishing, as though the cost were nothing, and the profit certain. Though I sold, therefore, in my own little circle full as many copies as I had expected, yet the units subtracted but very slowly from the aggregate printed, and the shillings I received went but a little way towards liquidating the heavy expenses I had incurred.

On calling at my publisher's, I found that he was highly pleased with the appearance and contents of the book, and that he had sent it round the trade, according to custom; but that, with the exception of one bookseller (to whom some friends had recommended my volume), not one copy had been subscribed for. This was indeed a discouraging beginning: but the publisher assured me that he had no fear that the work would eventually sell, though from its nature it would probably make its way but slowly at the outset; and he strenuously advised me, as the opinions of the press had been so favourable, to advertise liberally. Again, therefore, I had to change my bank-notes; my sovereigns were rapidly transmuted into a pocketful of worthless receipts, though very slowly did the copies disappear from the publisher's shop.

In reply to my inquiries subsequently at the publisher's, I was invariably exhorted to advertise, and told that I was not doing so sufficiently. I had already, however, expended far more than the sale of the whole impression could produce, and I felt it prudent to pause; for although a work can scarcely be expected to sell if not advertised, yet undoubtedly there is a limit beyond which it would be rashness to advance. I was sowing sovereigns to reap shillings; and however advantageous it might be to the publisher to advertise unsparingly, I found that the advertisements affected the sale so feebly, that to me it would be ruinous to persevere. The sale, too, after a time, gradually decreased; attractive novelties were every month appearing; and at length, after three years of anxiety, the sale having almost entirely ceased, I was compelled to close accounts with the publisher, and sell off at any price the remaining copies. The publisher, after deducting his per centage, handed me a few pounds, and the remainder of the copies fetched a price which barely paid for the binding. On balancing my profit and loss, I found that, besides my literary labour, and the worry and inconvenience of publication, I was minus about thirty pounds. Thus ended the history of my first work, and, if my present resolution fail not, my last one.

[The above recital we believe to be a faithful picture, not of one, but of many cases. In the ordinary world, when a novice produces a few poems or prose essays of apparent merit, nothing seems more proper than that they should be published, the merit being expected to secure that attention which will make the publication a profitable one. Those who reason in this manner, never take into account the vast competition there is at all times for the ear and eye of the public, rendering it quite possible for very considerable merit to be entirely overlooked. They never dream that even to give a new book a chance of gaining attention, large sums must be spent in advertising, so that it may be something like an impossibility to publish a small book, however decided its merit, lucratively. All these things are known to the booksellers, most of whom have experienced losses by very promising ventures, and it is not therefore surprising that this class of men appear to ardent-minded young poets as the enemies rather than the friends of aspiring genius. But the booksellers are in the right, if their trade is to be conducted on ordinary principles, and the only error is in literary aspirants not calculating costs before they rush into print.—*Ed.*]

THE PROOF-HOUSE AT BIRMINGHAM.

All muskets manufactured at Birmingham must be submitted to a test imposed by government, which takes place in what is called the 'proof-house.' Muskets that have stood this test are stamped. I went to see this interesting proof-house. I was told that every musket was there filled with a charge five times as powerful as that which it was expected to carry when in ordinary use. There are rooms in which the proofing cartridges are prepared, others in which the muskets are loaded, and a place called 'the hole,' where they are discharged. This is managed in the following manner: the loaded muskets, 100 or 120 at a time, are placed side by side upon a low scaffolding, upon which it is possible to fasten them completely. Their mouths are turned towards the inner wall of the room, where the bullets fly into a heap of sand. The walls of the room are of great strength and thickness, and the doors and windows are strongly barricaded with iron. A train of powder is then laid, running over the touch-hole of each piece to a small opening, where it is fired. On the occasion of my visit, 120 muskets, intended for the navy, were tried. These are of larger calibre than those in use in the army. After the discharge had taken place, a little time was allowed for the smoke to clear away before we entered the proof-room, where we found that seven barrels had burst, but that 113 had stood the test. The superintendent of the establishment told me that sometimes as many as twenty out of a hundred would burst, but very often also fewer than seven. If we take five or six per cent. as the average, it gives us a high idea of the excellent workmanship of English gun-makers. We were told that, not long ago, a workman, who had been detected in some little peculation, found means to secrete himself in the proof-room, where he placed his body immediately in front of the battery. He was found quite dead, and pierced by six bullets.—*Kohl's England.*

CURE OF IDIOTS BY INTELLECTUAL MEANS.

In reference to an article on the improved method resorted to in France for the amelioration and cure of idiocy, which appeared in our last volume (page 333), we are happy to observe that the system there described has been quite successful in Prussia. It will be remembered that we specially referred to Dr Voisin, chief physician to the Bicêtre hospital near Paris, who has long been successfully employed in improving the intellectual powers of idiots, by bringing into exercise those faculties which appear to be in the most healthy condition. For total idiots, of course nothing can be done; but their proportion to partial idiots is very small; and of the latter, while most of the faculties are deficient, there are generally others that do not fall much, if at all, short of the common condition. To such faculties this treatment is pointedly directed, and the result is, that all the others become gradually improved. The system has been adopted at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, situated No. 83 Lines Street, Berlin, into which insane patients are admitted. 'The instruction of idiots by intellectual means,' says the German newspaper from which we derive our information, 'has succeeded. The problem, theoretically and practically, has been solved by the director, M. Saegert, in conjunction with M. Sachs, first teacher of the establishment; and this solution has been scientifically proved and acknowledged by our eminent physicians Dr Bary and Dr Joseph Müller.' So fully assured is the Prussian government of the complete efficacy of the system, that a portion of the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution is to be permanently set aside as an hospital for idiots, in which to test more fully the efficacy of the educative mode of treating them. It would give us great pleasure could we announce that the plan, so ably advocated by Dr Voisin, and so effectually carried out by him at the Bicêtre in Paris, and by the teachers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Berlin, had found its way into Great Britain. But we have not heard of any attempt to form an hospital for idiots, although no such institution exists here at present.

DR ARNOTT'S FOUR NECESSARIES FOR HEALTH.

Dr Neil Arnott, author of the Elements of Physics, and inventor of the Water Bed and Stove which pass by his name, has prepared a table exhibiting the four necessaries for sustaining health, and the effects of their deficiency and excess; as also the noxious influences to which we are subject. This table is here subjoined. We would suggest that young persons in schools and private dwellings should be set to copy it on a large sheet, and that these copies should be hung up in all places where they are likely to be read by a considerable number of persons:—

THE FOUR NECESSARIES.

In Fit Kind and Degree.	In Deficiency, or of Unfit Kind.	In Excess.
1. Air,	Suffocation, Unchanged air.	Excess of oxygen.
2. Temperature,	Cold (intense),	Heat (intense).
3. Aliment:—		
Food,	Hunger or bad food,	Gluttony or surfeit.
Drink,	Thirst,	Swilling water.
4. Exercise:—		
Of the body,	Inaction, or	Fatigue or exhaustion.
Of the mind,	Ennui,	Want of sleep.
	Certain depressing passions—as fear, sorrow, &c.	Certain exciting passions—as anger, jealousy, &c.
Of the mixed social aptitudes,	Solitude,	Certain kinds of debauchery.

THE TWO KINDS OF NOXIOUS AGENTS.

1. Violence:—
   Wounds—Fractures—Dislocations—Burns—Lightning, &c.
2. Poisons:—
   Animal, Mineral, Vegetable.

Certain of these, such as alcohol in its various forms, opium, tobacco, &c. which in large quantities kill instantly, when they are taken in very moderate quantity can be borne with apparent impunity, and are sometimes classed as articles of sustenance, or they may be medicinal; but, if taken beyond such moderation, they become, to the majority of men, destructive slow poisons.

Contagious—as of plague, small-pox, and measles.

Malaria of marshes, thickets, and filth.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

Though natural history long ago declared that these sounds proceed from a little harmless insect, hundreds of believers still exist who refuse to be persuaded that the noise is not prophetic of the charnel-house. Even those who have been brought to credit the fact of the ticking being made by an insect, are reluctant all at once to abandon a gloomy notion, and therefore affirm that the sound is still significant of death; for, say they, it comes from a spider in the act of dying, and when the ticks cease, the creature is dead. Many intelligent persons are aware that this latter opinion is equally erroneous with the former; but as others may lack such correct information, it might not be altogether superfluous to state that the insect in question is *not* a spider, but 'the *pediculus* of old wood, a species of *vermes* belonging to the order *aptera* in the Linnean system.' It is very diminutive. There are two kinds of death-watches. One is very different in appearance from the other. The former only beats seven or eight quick strokes at a time: the latter will beat some hours together more deliberately, and without ceasing. This ticking, instead of having anything to do with death, is a joyous sound, and as harmless as the cooing of a dove. It is to be regretted that science, to which we owe so many blessings—so much of health, both bodily and mental—should have made an inconsiderate compromise with superstition, by naming this lively and harmless little creature *mortisaga*—that is, the 'death-presager.'—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

OTHER MEN'S ACTIONS.

There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things so succeed as they are taken. To construct an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing, is a treble wrong—to myself, the action, and the author.—*Bishop Hall.*

NOTES.

The note on the wines of Palestine in No. 34, has, we find, given rise to some remarks in the publications of the professors of Total Abstinence. We have been induced in consequence to review the subject, and the following is the sum of what occurs to us with reference to it:—Professor Hitchcock appears to have somewhat overstated the opinions of the author of Anti-Bacchus, in representing him as endeavouring to establish that the wines alluded to in Scripture were not alcoholic. Anti-Bacchus endeavours, it is true, to take away as much as possible from the grounds for supposing that the scriptural wines were alcoholic, and in some passages he makes such large demands to this effect, that a cursory reader might suppose him denying altogether that these wines contained any alcohol. In other passages, however, the alcohol of *some* of the wines of Scripture is explicitly allowed, and this we find to be a general admission amongst the professors of abstinence. Of course, in as far as we have been misled by the professor's paper to overstate the conclusions of Anti-Bacchus, we feel regret, and now offer our best apologies. We must at the same time remark, that what we have latterly read in that work and others with regard to the distinction of the character of ancient wines, appears to us overstrained and unsatisfactory, more particularly when we find that the present wines of Palestine are all of them largely alcoholic. We therefore mainly hold to our former position, that the advantages of abstinence from intoxicating drinks ought to be argued for on other grounds.

With reference to a paper on Suretiship in No. 37, it may be proper, for preventing misconception, to state that the idea of the Guarantee Society, which substitutes the insurance principle for private security, originated in 1839 with a gentleman belonging to the Bank of England, although first explained to the public in the manner stated by us.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, back in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, October 19, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 43. New Series. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'See what beautiful flowers Mrs Woodley has given us!' exclaimed, almost at the same moment, Augusta and Caroline Shelton, as they entered their mother's drawing-room after a morning's walk; 'but we wish to give them to you, mamma, if you will accept them,' continued the children in set phrase, and with an air of affectation, that would have been anything but pleasing to a more discreet mother.

'My darlings,' replied Mrs Shelton, rising languidly from the sofa, and drawing the children towards her; 'my sweet girls never forget dear mamma, do they? And what did Mrs Woodley say to you, my dears?'

'She did not say much,' returned Augusta, a prim womanly Miss of fourteen years old, and the eldest of the family; 'but she told us to gather some flowers if we liked, and asked us to have a ride on the pony; but of course we did not mount, because we thought it might crease these clean frocks, and that would have displeased you. Margaret, however, rode him round and round the paddock.'

'Of course; she has no thought.'

'But Margaret had not a clean frock on, mamma,' said Caroline, who was a degree more child-like than the other, and sometimes, though not often, put in a kind word for her neglected sister.

'Never mind, my love; you and Augusta shall go out with me this afternoon; that will be much better than pony-riding.'

At this moment a loud sobbing was heard at the door, and the next instant Margaret Shelton, the youngest daughter, entered the room, accompanied by her constant companion, Rover, a large spaniel, whose collar was now ornamented with fresh flowers, very similar to those the favoured children had just presented to their mother. Margaret was about eleven years old; and though her complexion was less delicate, and her features less regular, than those of her sisters, intelligence beamed brightly and surely from her dark eyes; and feeling, sentiment, and suffering had already imprinted their characters on her countenance.

'What is the matter now—crying again?' said Mrs Shelton in no very gentle tone.

'Morris, Nurse Morris is so very ill,' sobbed the poor child.

'And will your crying make her better?'

'Oh, mamma, do send for a doctor,' said Margaret, endeavouring to stifle her tears; for she felt instinctively that a storm was gathering, and that she should be reproached as the cause of innumerable calamities, if her grief disturbed the delicate 'nerves,' or rather temper, of her capricious parent.

Mr Simmonds is too busy to come before to-morrow; and why cannot you call people by their names, instead of using that vulgar phrase, "send for a doctor." But I suppose they are Morris's own words; you pick up everything from the servants.'

The rebuked child stooped down to fondle the dog, and hide the tears which she had failed to drive back, while her sisters exchanged glances that seemed to say, '*She* does not bring mamma a nosegay.'

Mrs Shelton read the glance, and had before observed the flowers, which, loosely twined round the dog's collar, were now dropping about the floor.

'Come, clear away this litter,' she exclaimed, addressing Margaret; 'you and Rover and Morris are only fit company for each other I think. Your sisters, indeed, thought of their mother first, and preferred bringing *her their* flowers to dressing up a dog with them.'

Another rush of tears from poor Margaret was the rejoinder, as she sobbed out—'Last—last—time—mamma—you would not have my flow—flowers.'

'I cannot bear this noise; go away,' said Mrs Shelton, with a wave of her hand; and Margaret, picking up the flowers which she ventured to leave on the table, hastened to obey. The dog followed her, and in a few minutes the 'neglected child' was sitting upon the old nurse's bed, where Rover had mounted also, as if for the purpose of licking the hand of his weeping mistress, and offering her his mute consolations.

Mrs Shelton was considered in society 'fascinating,' and a 'beauty;' but, in truth, she was vain, selfish, and capricious. Her husband was a shrewd worldly-minded man, with a much smaller proportion of the ballast of principle than needs belong even to such a character. A pair of this kind were not likely to regulate their household very admirably; and the advent of poor little Margaret had been most unpropitious. In the first place, a boy had been ardently desired, for whom doubtless had been reserved a share of that sort of affection which capricious people can only bestow, and which had been lavished already in due proportion on the elder girls. But this formed no inheritance for the unwelcome little girl, on whom fell the additional calamity of receiving a baptismal name unpleasing to the ears of an influential elder of the family, who, with a consistency, it would seem, inherent in the race, took a dislike to the poor infant forthwith, and was heard to declare that no one of that name (he had been jilted by a Margaret in his youth) should ever touch a farthing of his money. Brothers, however, in due time appeared, and they finally jostled poor Margaret from any slight hold she might have had on the parental tenderness. From babyhood she had been as it were a shuttlecock in the house, tossed to and fro by every gale of temper; blamed, scolded, punished often; but caressed and petted seldom or never, except by her constant friend Nurse Morris, to whose affec-

tion, ill-directed though it might sometimes be, she was indebted for almost every word or act of kindness she could remember.

The illness of old Nurse Morris became more and more alarming; and when the busy Mr Simmonds found time to pay her a visit, he looked grave, and ordered those prompt remedies which startle even the thoughtless and indifferent into the consciousness that death must be hovering near. Margaret was sitting on the stairs watching Mr Simmonds's departure on the occasion of his second or third visit to poor Morris.

Sir—Mr Simmonds,' she exclaimed, as she crept after him into the hall, resolutely checking her tears, because she had been so often told not to cry when she was speaking to any one—'do tell me, sir, if nurse is going to die.'

'Little girls should not ask such questions,' replied the doctor, scarcely looking at the child, and, since she had so effectually concealed her feelings, not at all aware of the anguish of her young heart.

The language of contempt was nothing new to her, and yet a flash of something like anger and scorn might have been detected from those dark eyes, had there been any one near to read such a sign, as she turned away once more to plant herself beside the old servant's bed. In a few minutes, however, she was summoned to 'lessons,' which, to the astonishment of the governess, were so accurately prepared, that she made some remarks on the subject.

'You told me,' replied the child, trembling with fear, lest she should be deprived of the promised reward, 'that if there were no mistake, I might stay all day with Morris.' What a pity, that when Margaret Shelton was called idle, obstinate, and self-willed, her parents—and, copying them, her teachers—never thought of the sweet and simple plan of ruling her through her affections!

'I know I shall not live many days,' said the old nurse, when it happened that she was alone with Margaret; 'and there is much, my poor pet, that I want to say to you. Now, don't cry, but listen,' she continued. 'I made my will long ago, and I have left you near upon five hundred pounds that is in the bank, part of it prize-money my poor old husband got in the war-time, and partly my own savings. Now, remember it is to be yours either when you are of age, or when you marry, whichever happens first; and though you are young to talk of such things, remember old nurse's words; get a good husband as soon as you can, for it's my belief you'll never have a bit of peace or comfort at home.'

'Oh, nurse, nurse!' interrupted the poor girl, 'if you die, what will become of me? Nobody loves me but you—nobody ever did love me but you.' And she threw her arms wildly round the old woman's neck.

'I know that,' returned Morris, who, though an affectionate creature, it will be perceived had little or no governing principle. 'I know that, and I have only stayed in the house all these years for your sake. They don't love you, and that's the fact; but never mind; don't you care about them. *I* think you're just as pretty as your petted sisters, and I daresay some day some one else will think so too. And now you must remember they cannot keep the money away from you; and you're to have my gold watch; here it is—you know it—it goes capitally, though it is large and old-fashioned, and not like such as ladies wear; but you will keep it for old nurse's sake; wont you?'

'That I will,' sobbed Margaret, 'and never part with it.'

'And here,' continued Morris, drawing an old pocket from under her pillow, 'is a matter of twenty pounds in notes, gold, and silver; they may bury me,' she whispered as in a sort of parenthesis, 'out of the wages that are due; so take it now, and hide it; you'll find a use for money at odd times, I warrant.' A violent fit of coughing put a stop to the sick woman's words, and perhaps prevented more counsel, which, however well-intentioned, had so much that was pernicious in it. Alas! why had Mr and Mrs Shelton, by their harshness and apathy, thrown their warm-hearted child entirely upon this one affection?

The old servant's prediction was verified. She did not live many days, and her will was found to be exactly as she had declared, with, however, the specification, that the interest of the 'near upon' five hundred pounds was to accumulate until one of the events to which she had alluded—namely, Margaret's marriage, or coming of age—should take place. Meanwhile, the sorrow-stricken child, unpractised in deception, and no willing pupil in the art, even though instructed in it by the dying lips of her beloved nurse, felt oppressed by the weight of her secret—the hoard contained in the old pocket. She might have concealed it easily, but her nature was too ingenuous long to do so.

It was well known that Nurse Morris was worth money, and it is very likely that rumour had exaggerated the amount. It is likely, too, that Mr and Mrs Shelton were not blind to the probability of her leaving her savings among the children she had helped to rear; for she had often declared that she had not a relation in the world. But they were quite startled to find their least-loved Margaret the old servant's sole heiress. Alas! the fact was treated as a new offence, and a new phase of suffering was shown to her; for certainly she never before could have been an object of envy to her elder sisters. I believe, however, that the present possession of the large old-fashioned gold watch was, and not unnaturally, a something more coveted than Margaret's future expectations. Certainly a watch is the gift most longed for both by boy and girl, even though a timepiece may mark the hours in every chamber of their dwelling; and often is it the last possession that poverty wrings from man or woman. Margaret, thus endowed, took a sort of childish precedence over the spoiled and selfish pair, which they could ill endure; while on her part she was so unused to have any advantage over them, that she was quite unconscious of the feelings her legacy had engendered; besides, her poor little heart as yet was wrung with grief for the loss of her much-loved nurse.

It was the day after the old servant's funeral when Margaret crept softly into the drawing-room. 'Mamma, may I come in?' she asked as she entered.

'Yes, if you will be as quiet as your sisters are.

This was not very warm encouragement; but, accustomed as the poor child was to rebuke, it was anything but a repulse.

'Mamma, I have a secret to tell you,' she continued, her voice trembling from many causes; 'will you take care of some money for me—some money poor Morris gave me just before she died, though she told me to keep it for myself? But it would be wrong not to tell you I know.'

'Give it me this instant!' replied Mrs Shelton, her ire rapidly kindling; 'why, you naughty girl, you deceitful little creature, what do you think you deserve for all this slyness? Good gracious me! nineteen pounds odd shillings: you wicked little creature, to hide all this money for a week!' And by the time her harangue had proceeded thus far, the lady's passion had so risen, that she seized poor Margaret by the shoulder, shook her for a minute, and as her combativeness reached its climax, gave her a box on the ear which almost threw her down.

'It was wrong, mamma,' sobbed the poor child; 'but oh, pray do forgive me! It was nurse——' But here she checked her words; for she felt it would be easier to bear reproaches directed against herself than reproof of the dead. It was too late, however; for Mrs Shelton, quick at surmises, had already divined the truth.

'An old good-for-nothing creature,' exclaimed Mrs Shelton: 'it was she, I suppose, who told you to hide the money, and taught you all sorts of deceit. You are much too young to have any money at all; I shall not give you a farthing of it. And to punish you for such naughtiness, I shall take away the watch till you know how to behave yourself.'

Margaret's anguish would have melted any softer heart than that of a silly ill-tempered woman; for silliness, for want of the power of thought and sympathy, is usually unfeeling. But the sort of anguish that proceeds from the blight of a young nature, from the misapprehension of its motives, and the utter want of all appreciation of its best emotions, is very apt to harden the character. Grief has a maturing hand; the mind is instructed through the feelings much more than we commonly acknowledge; and when, after a week of silent suffering, the cherished watch was restored to Margaret Shelton—because, as she very well knew, the possession of it no longer rendered her an object of envy to her more favoured sisters, since they had been presented with small fashionable watches, purchased with the hoard of which she had been deprived—she was no longer the child whose heart was all tendrils, and whose character was as wax to mould.

It was some little time after this, that, in examining an old note-case, part of the contents of the pocket which she had been permitted to keep, more carefully than she had done before, she discovered a sovereign between its folds. No doubt it had been part of the hoard which had slipped accidentally into its hiding-place; but this accession of wealth was a serious trouble to poor Margaret. To keep it, or to take it to her mother, she was equally afraid; and to spend it, she dared not, since she, who had never any money of her own, could not make purchases without exciting suspicion. From the harshness and misapprehension which had driven the neglected child to turn her thoughts inwardly, and seek counsel only of herself, she had at least acquired the power of deciding quickly; and the resolution she came to was, that she would take an opportunity, when walking out, to hang back from her companions, and give the sovereign to a certain poor woman, a crossing-sweeper, whom they often encountered. She would thus, she argued, have the satisfaction of feeling that it would do some good, while she should escape all risk of that blame which would have fallen on her almost equally, had she spent, acknowledged—for her ignorance of its possession would not have been believed—or been found out in hoarding the piece of gold. It was a child-like plan; for a more experienced person might have foreseen that some eloquent demonstration of gratitude from the poor sweeper, or other circumstance, would probably betray the munificence of her gift. And so it fell out; for the poor woman, who was an honest creature, knew the family by sight; and believing the sovereign must have been given her by mistake, and yet, as it was wrapped in paper, not having discovered its value in time to run after the child, for she was lame, she prudently and properly brought it to the house; and asking to see Mrs Shelton, the whole affair came to light.

The scene which followed was beyond description. The old crossing-sweeper was rewarded for her honesty with a few shillings, and dismissed; but though, of course, she knew little of the circumstances which had led to Margaret's gift, she saw and heard enough to make an indelible impression on her mind, and one which, as we shall find in the sequel, led to important results.

'Mamma, mamma, I should have given it you,' repeated the child over and over again; 'but I was afraid you would have thought I had kept it on purpose, and would have scolded and punished me. Indeed, indeed, I am speaking truth.'

But Margaret was not believed. Nay, she was suspected of having further hoards. Every likely place was searched; and many an opprobrious epithet was hurled on the head of the defenceless child by the irritated temper of a weak woman. This was a second era in the life of Margaret Shelton, another ordeal through which she passed, and by which her character was moulded and hardened. And if I have dwelt perhaps too long on these childish incidents, it is because I have a firm belief that the virtue, happiness, and moral advancement of the next generation depend so wonderfully on the training of the present children, that no child is too young, or in position too obscure, to exercise in the future an influence for good or evil, according to the impressions which are made on its malleable nature. To treat a child with caprice, to rob it of its own self-respect by doubting its word (unless under rare circumstances), to deny it that sympathy for which it silently asks, are those evil deeds of the unthinking which bring about as grave and disastrous results as any mistakes of active politicians.

From the time of her nurse's death, and its immediate consequences, any observing person would have marked a decided change in Margaret Shelton. She was no longer a tearful child, apparently yearning for affection, and thus meeting with constant rebuffs; nay, she seldom demonstrated regard for anything except the dog Rover, which was now growing old, and did not live above a year or two. She acquired her allotted lessons with that calm indifference which gave no encouragement to teachers to take much trouble with her, especially as they found a quicker reward for their labour in adding to the showy accomplishments of the elder sisters—a mode of proceeding which drew down money and praise. And thus time passed on; the best part of Margaret's education consisting in the desultory sort of reading in which she contrived to indulge; and the age of sixteen found her grown, by slow degrees, into something much more like the waiting-maid of her elder sisters than their companion. That she did not visit with them, was said to be on account of her youth; and the same reason was offered for her simpler and less expensive dress. But two, three years rolled away. She became much older than they were when first ushered into society, yet no change was there in her destiny. Meanwhile the weak, unjust, and silly mother found no improvement in her own temper proceed from disappointment; for she had educated her *darlings* solely with the view of their 'getting well married;' and astonishment and vexation at the continuance of their single blessedness made no little commotion in her mind. Neither were the dispositions of the two young ladies themselves greatly improved by finding themselves less idolised than they had been foolishly led to expect. And, as if a crowning calamity were needed, Mr Shelton had losses in business, and the family were obliged to retrench! Poor Margaret! she was the ready conductor to carry off the storms of temper which arose from every quarter of the domestic horizon; nor must the selfishness and indifference of her sisters be thought more unnatural than her parents' neglect; in fact, they had come to consider her as in quite a different position from their own.

It was the autumn of the year; and though, in consideration of his reduced finances, Mr Shelton declined taking a house at Brighton, where for many seasons his wife had insisted on spending a portion of the year, he agreed to a less expensive sojourn at one of the French seaports. Accordingly, early one morning the family embarked. The weather was wet, and the whole party had risen at an hour which they called 'the middle of the night;' neither circumstance being one likely to render pleasant very uncertain tempers. Poor Margaret! she was in the way when not wanted, and absent when called for; in short, she seemed to have done a hundred things she should not have done; and, thus blamed and scolded, no wonder she felt glad, when at ten or eleven o'clock the skies cleared and a brilliant sun shone forth—by which time the steamer was well out at sea—to find a quiet corner on the deck, far away from the family.

She sat apparently musing, absorbed in the contemplation of sea and sky; yet it is very likely that she might have been observed by many of the passengers, although she scarcely noticed them; for though plainly, almost childishly dressed for her age, there was a natural grace in her figure, and though not strictly handsome, she had a sweet and gentle expression of countenance,

which often pleased more than beauty. Presently one of her young brothers came hurriedly towards her—'Oh, here you are!' he exclaimed; 'Mamma says she hopes the box that holds Augusta and Caroline's new bonnets has not got wet, and she says you had better look after it, for you know where the luggage was put;' and having already struck up an intimate acquaintance with the man at the helm, to whom he was extremely anxious to return, the boy ran off without waiting for an answer.

Margaret was accustomed to obedience, and she instantly rose to make the required investigation; indeed her seat had been very near the pile of luggage, and she thought she could already discover from beneath the tarpauling a corner of the important box safe and dry. She was mistaken, however, though she knew it must be near that spot, and fancied that if she could push on one side, even to the distance of a few inches, a heavy package which impeded her view, she should ascertain the fact. At the instant of her attempting this, a young man, whom she remembered had sat near her for some time, stepped forward to assist her; but, alas! though she quickly discovered her sisters' bonnet-box was safe, a heavy chest, disturbed by the movement, fell upon her foot, bruising it very severely, and causing her the most exquisite pain.

A fine and sentimental young lady would certainly have fainted, or shrieked, or in some other approved manner have rendered herself conspicuous on becoming the object of such a catastrophe. Margaret, however, was too well accustomed to self-reliance and to endurance—had been so little in the habit of receiving sympathy—that though the pain was excessive, she endured it with the virtue of a martyr. The young stranger near her, who soon gave his name as Arthur Williams, was struck with the remarkable degree of self-control which she evinced, and earnestly offering his aid, the first link of a chain of sympathy was established, which influenced the future life of both.

Arthur Williams was but three-and-twenty, yet he looked nearer thirty; and no physiognomist would have hesitated to declare that he had thought and suffered deeply. And yet there was a strange contradiction in the expression of his handsome countenance, and a faint shade of irresolution about the mouth, which was the index to the fault of his life—a want of firmness to withstand temptation; so that too often he had known the right, yet done the wrong. Brought up by a weak and foolish mother, who had instilled neither religion nor morals as principles in his mind, Arthur Williams became his own master at sixteen. A small fortune, to which her death entitled him, was forestalled by his youthful extravagances before it came legally to hand; and—to reverse the old-fashioned story-tellers' plan, of shrouding every personage in a robe of mystery until the grand denouement acts as a harlequin's wand to show each in his proper colours—I will frankly own, that when he encountered Margaret Shelton, he was flying to the continent with an equally guilty companion, to evade the consequences of embezzling the money of their employers. He had assumed a name, and by that only need he be known in this narrative. He called his associate—who was more hardened in guilt than Williams, coarser minded, and every way his inferior—Jackson.

'Why,' exclaimed this companion about an hour after Margaret's accident, 'if it were a time for such fancies, I should really think you had taken a downright liking to that girl—what people call falling in love. Now, it strikes me it might turn out a good spec; they seem dashing folks, though this pretty little youngest is a dowdy. I have a great mind to pump the servants, and find out if there is any money. Why, you know, a few hundreds would put all to rights; they wouldn't prosecute if we could refund; they'd know better than that.'

'Ay,' replied Williams, 'and life in the New World afterwards with such a companion.'

'Well, try it,' returned the other; 'you know I have got a wife already; and, besides, I am no gentleman—she wouldn't have me.'

Jackson, by feigning himself to be Arthur Williams' servant, did find out a great deal concerning the Sheltons—the truth, and something more than the truth, about them. For the domestics, as is not unusual, had no very clear sense of truth, and chose to increase their own importance by adding to the worldly fortunes of the family, and in particular giving an original version to the story of Morris's legacy, which was multiplied by four at least.

Arthur Williams was not a thorough villain. His was a character even more painful to contemplate. His associate, Jackson, could not comprehend that, in seeking Margaret Shelton, he had any thought but that of obtaining her property; but it was not so; for before many weeks had elapsed, he loved her with the ardour and sincerity of deep affection. Then indeed was it that the agony of remorse for his past misdeeds and blighted character tortured him almost to madness.

But I must return for a moment to that eventful day on the steamboat. The lameness consequent on Margaret's accident proved a ready excuse for a thousand attentions during the remainder of the voyage, while the accident itself was the medium of a self-introduction on Arthur Williams's part to her family. As the hours passed on, and the voyagers became more and more weary, Margaret was more completely neglected by her mother and sisters, more entirely thrown on the stranger's care. And there was something so strange in hearing any one speak kindly to her, or of being the object of solicitude, that she perceived not the gulf over which she was impending.

The acquaintance thus commenced, Arthur Williams took care to improve; and few circumstances offer more facilities for this sort of chance intimacy than the idle lounging of a watering-place. Yet the Sheltons, who had a great deal of purse-pride, and a sort of vanity rather than any higher feeling, which disinclined them from associating with those of doubtful reputation, were by no means satisfied with all they saw of young Williams. But *it was too late.* Margaret having been left uninstructed in the necessity for exercising caution in giving encouragement to a stranger of whom little or nothing was known—ignorant of the calamities which so frequently ensue from misplaced confidence—perhaps flattered, and at least pleased, with the attentions bestowed upon her, had already yielded up her affections. Not to delay the history of this sad affair—in two months from her meeting with Arthur Williams, Margaret Shelton left her home for ever, taking with her only the clothes she wore, and the ponderous watch, which was still fondly cherished.

Before the marriage, Arthur Williams was aware of the real amount of the old nurse's legacy; but as I have already said, though stained by crime, he had still enough of humanity left to love her truly and devotedly. Had she been penniless, he would have been unselfish enough to refrain from asking her to share his wretched fortunes; but he now looked forward to her few hundreds releasing him from the fate which hung like a drawn sword over his head; while he hopefully and resolutely looked forward to supporting her humbly, but by honest industry, for the future. Alas! what has power to dim the future like the ever-rising mists of past errors!

Arthur's associate had deceived him in the amount of their mutual liabilities, and seizing on the first sums he could touch, the hardened villain made off with it, and left Williams unable to refund the remainder. *Now* the truth must have been revealed to Margaret, though of how she bore the shock there is no chronicle. It is only known that she clung to her husband through all trials, and that she humbled herself to apply to her offended family for assistance—an application which met only a stern and brief refusal.

What a year of agony that must have been which followed the ill-omened marriage!—in wretched poverty, and hiding from the officers of justice. Yet amid all this misery a child was born—the sole heir of

its unhappy parents' love; for affection still reigned in their hearts; and these young creatures, whatever their separate errors had been, were still true to each other. The latter part of that year they were hidden in London; for Williams had been induced to return to England by the sanguine representations of the greater villain Jackson.

Margaret's infant was about two months old when the threatened blow fell; when her husband's hiding-place was discovered, and he was dragged from the humble home, which yet by constant industry he had, under his assumed name, contrived to provide, to answer the charges of fraud and embezzlement which were brought against him. Proofs were abundant; there was no chance of escape—no mitigating circumstance that might tend to lighten his punishment—and a few weeks saw poor Margaret the wife of a convicted felon—her husband under sentence of transportation for life! Bitterly, bitterly did she pay for the one act of disobedience—the wretched marriage—the more wretched, because she truly loved and was beloved. But oh, how much more dark the fault of those whose cold neglect and cruel caprice had turned back on her own heart the fountains of natural affection, which, when they found a channel, flowed with irresistible force!

Used as such persons are to heart-rending scenes, the officers about the prison were touched at the deep misery of Arthur Williams and his wife; and it was after the last permitted interview—the fearful parting—that Margaret encountered an old woman, who addressed her with some words of sympathy, and made herself known as that some time crossing-sweeper to whom the unhappy child had given the sovereign she dared not keep. In rags and poverty she still was, and in deeper misery too; for though passing honest herself, a wretched ignorant child, now grown to manhood, had failed to withstand the temptations of want, and lay in a neighbouring cell to that of Arthur Williams, convicted of some petty theft.

Associated as she had been with guilt, yet Margaret shuddered anew amid her anguish; it seemed as if another nerve were laid open to torture, to feel a new humiliation. Yet the woman meant neither presumption nor rudeness; she had a grateful recollection of Margaret's childish gift. Unregarded herself, she had watched her for years. She knew her in a moment, and had contrived in some tell-tale manner, before addressing her, to learn the cause of her great and absorbing grief.

'Oh, ma'am,' whispered the woman, 'if you have money enough to follow the ship a little while, I do believe they would take you on board. I did hear of a wife that so softened the captain's heart, that he took her on board; and though I've heard tell that she never saw her husband till they arrived in foreign parts, she had the comfort of knowing she was near him. And when they did land, oh, they met then; and when by good behaviour he had won some favour, they lived comfortably enough, as I have heard tell.'

It was a wild tale, with probably but a slight foundation of truth. Yet no wonder that the idea came like a ray of hope and light to the despairing wife.

One more application to her family was made for a trifling sum of money; but the disgrace she had heaped upon them was the reproach which alone she received for answer. In truth, it did seem that, on the public exposure consequent on Arthur Williams's trial, two worldly suitors of her worldly sisters had each cleverly contrived to evade his engagement, or rather the fulfilment of something that was implied as one, if not positively so, rather than make such a 'disgraceful connexion.' Darkly and strangely, in blighting the prospects of their best-loved children, worked the instrument which their own faults had prepared wherewith to scourge them.

It was a dull and chill December day when a certain convict-ship, freighted with guilt and misery, weighed anchor. The wind was fair, the sails were spread, and rapidly did it lessen to a speck on the horizon. Yet for many a weary hour a small boat followed in its track. It contained only two rowers, with a young woman and her infant. It was Margaret and her child, the sale of the long-preserved watch having afforded her the means of casting all her earthly future on the hazard of one chance.

But the day was waning, and the rough-mannered yet kind-hearted rowers exchanged significant glances. They felt the chase was hopeless, but they knew the motive of the pursuit, and were willing to strain every nerve to reach the vessel. Yet the thing was impossible, and gradually the dreadful truth dawned on the mind of the desolate being before them. Never have those weather-beaten sailors forgotten her countenance. She seemed stunned with despair; they say that twice or thrice a single tear rolled down her cheek, falling upon her poor sickly baby's face; but there was no violent demonstration of her grief. They remembered, too, that for a long time she looked fixedly at the infant, while it, unconscious creature, faintly smiled, playing with a band of its young mother's *gray* hair which had escaped from its confinement. How the ocean had been linked with her latter destiny! The meeting with him who had ruled it; the dream of passing over its friendly bosom to a friendly land which they had both so often cherished; and now, the horror of reality, the blank of despair! Did she think of all these things? None can tell. But Margaret's nature was a fond and affectionate one. By affection in childhood, she might have been governed; by misplaced affection in after-years, her fate was sealed. Let charity believe that reason sank beneath the stroke of anguish 'more great than she could bear!'

Suddenly, too suddenly for prevention on the part of her companions, poor Margaret, clasping still her infant firmly in her arms, leaped from the boat, and in life was seen no more. A large steamer, freighted with many a joyous heart, at the moment was near; and although this multiplied the attempts at a rescue, the swell of the water caused by the paddles rendered it more difficult. The bodies were not found for hours. Besides the depositions of the two rowers, many from the deck of that stately vessel witnessed the suicide: there could be no misinterpretation of the fact. It was another brief chronicle, a deep tragedy, added to the many which crowd our newspapers, and of which the happy and prosperous too rarely investigate the causes.

NOTES ON THINGS IN IRELAND.

As every circumstance connected with Ireland excites peculiar interest at present, and as I have now resided in it for several years, and have had the opportunity of mixing freely with all creeds and classes, I have thought that I might be able to throw together some remarks and anecdotes, illustrating the very peculiar state of society and feeling existing in that country. I do not pretend to be more capable of observing than many others, but I have had more opportunities for observation.

The town in which I principally resided was a seaport, with a very considerable import and export trade. The exports were almost entirely provisions—grain, bacon, live cattle, &c.—the imports, manufactured goods from England, timber from Canada, and two or three vessels in the year with sugars from the West Indies; the teas, sugars, and tobaccos, were got almost entirely from England. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town the rent of land varied from L.3 to L.8 per acre, and L.10, L.12, and in some instances at the rate of L.15, was given for the con acre, as it was called. The meaning of the con acre is this: a farmer or a gentleman manures the land (sometimes only partly manures it), and then lets it as potato-ground for a year. From time to time dreadful cases of hardship arise from this system, for the tenant is bound for this enormous rent whether

the crop fail or not, and murder not unfrequently ensues. Some time since a gentleman—a magistrate—let a con acre to a poor man for L.10, who paid one fourth of the money, L.2, 10s., before entering on possession. The potato crop failed, the landlord seized the crop, which brought only L.5, and then proceeded at law against the tenant for the remaining L.2, 10s. Now, this might be all fair enough if the two parties were on equal terms at first; but they are not; for the peasant must frequently take the con acre ground on any terms, or starve; he has but a choice of the two evils; and cases of hardship similar to what I have mentioned are very frequent. The usual rate of wages is 8d. or 10d. a-day for farm-labourers, without food, or fourpence or sixpence a-day if fed by the farmer; their food, in this case, is almost invariably dry potatoes; at least I have been in some hundred farm-houses, and have seen the farm-servants at their meals, and I cannot remember that I ever saw them have meat, milk, or butter, except on Sundays, or at harvest time, when they fare somewhat better; though, I believe, a pig's head is the only meat they ever get even then. The farmer's family live somewhat better, have milk and butter, but scarcely ever meat; a piece of bacon hanging up in a farmer's kitchen is scarcely ever to be seen. Goldsmith tells us of—

> 'Some Irish houses, where things are so so,
> A gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
> But as to think of eating the thing they take pride in,
> They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.'

Now, even for a show, the gammon of bacon is not to be seen. An exception to all this, however, occurs on grand occasions, such as a station or a wedding. A station is where the parish priest appoints some farmer's house (generally a very 'comfortable' one) for the purpose of hearing the confessions of the people; the different farmers on these occasions vie with each other in their entertainments. This custom is now very generally given up, but at weddings they still put forth all their strength. I was at the wedding of a 'comfortable' farmer's daughter a short time since. I went with a party of six or eight from town. The country guests could not have been fewer than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and there was 'cead mille failtha'—Anglice, a hundred thousand welcomes, and abundance for all. We did not dine till six o'clock; but this was not from fashion, but the parties were within the prohibited degrees of kindred, and there had been some delay about getting leave from the bishop to have them married. The dinner was served up in the barn; the head table was the breadth of the room, and from it ran two long tables. On the table at the top we had a large piece of roast beef, roast mutton, boiled leg of mutton, boiled ham, &c. and the other tables seemed equally well supplied. The parish priest presided at the head, and one of his curates, or coadjutors, as they are called in Ireland, at each of the other tables; and assuredly they had no sinecure posts. Fancy, my good reader, two hundred of the most hungry people you ever saw. I was ashamed of myself, or rather would have been, but that I was kept in such capital countenance by all the people around me. I only hope their reverences had dined before they came there. I really forgot to think about them at the time. Yet with all there was no confusion, no unseemly haste, positively no vulgarity, in the right sense of the word; all were polite and attentive to their neighbours; no scrambling for the viands, no eating them up before half the guests had arrived, as in certain splendid banquets we have heard of in other places: nor do the priests lose in the slightest degree the respect of their flocks from the intimacy with which they mix with them on these and similar occasions. On the contrary, they appear to gain even in respect; I need not say how much in love; while the slight degree of restraint which they cause is evidently useful. There were a great many very pretty girls, very nicely dressed, and looking and acting like young ladies, though every one of them was in the habit of constantly working in the open air, ay, and working hard too, coarse and unseemly work; and I must confess, when I saw some of them a few days afterwards, I did find it rather hard to recognise my fair friends of the former evening.

Though wine and spirits were on the tables, the almost universal drink was lemonade. Thanks to Father Mathew. This recalls to my mind that, just at the time when the temperance movement first began to spread in Ireland, there appeared in the Dublin University Magazine a very clever pleasant paper ridiculing the idea of a temperance song being ever sung and applauded in Ireland; and yet, in a month after, nothing was to be heard from one end of the country to the other but songs in praise of Father Mathew and cold water; hot coffee and unbroken heads quite superseding the 'Cruiskeen Lawns' and 'Jugs of Punch' which for so many ages had charmed our bibulous and excitable friends across the Channel. Clever men do prove false prophets sometimes. Sir H. Davy denied that a house could be lit with gas; and, when a house was, that a street could. Now half the world or so is lit with it. Dr Lardner's paper, to prove steaming across the Atlantic impossible, appeared in the Edinburgh Review much about the time the Great Western appeared off New York. And of course many similar cases might be cited.

An unpleasantness occurred after dinner which showed very strongly the feeling with which their priests are regarded by the people, and the manner in which they at all times maintain it. One of our party from town was a young officer, and at dinner he sat next a girl of uncommonly good personal appearance. After the conclusion of our meal he attempted to give her a salute. The lady rose up, and in doing so, stumbled, on which the priest, a fine tall handsome man, immediately stood up, and said, 'I am astonished you allow any man to insult one of your sisters. How dare you, sir, forget yourself?' The officer immediately apologised; said he had not meant any insult; on which the priest made some remarks to the effect that no fancied difference of rank should make a man for a moment fancy that he might take a liberty; that the feeling of propriety in the people he saw around him was as delicate as it could be in any rank or circle; that if he chose to mix in their society, he should consider himself for the time, at least, as their equal. 'And in my presence,' he said, 'no man shall presume on his position.' A low murmur of applause ran round the tables, and the eyes of the party glistened as they looked up at the priest; but they remained perfectly quiet, and in no way interfered.

Among the warmest admirers of the priest was evidently the hedge-schoolmaster. A very curious class are those hedge-schoolmasters, or philomaths, as they are pleased to term themselves. Friends of learning they certainly may be, but if so, friends on very slight acquaintance indeed; and assuredly learning is no friend to them, except that she appears to supply them with an unlimited quantity of strong waters. This race will shortly be extinct. National schools, and other valuable institutions, will be spread over the land, and philomaths will be no more.

There was one thing in Ireland I never could be taught to like. I mean an Irish jig. I often tried to introduce country dances among the country people, but in vain; they invariably preferred their native jig, which is danced in this wise: A gentleman goes up to a lady, and bobs his head; this is sufficient challenge; and they stand opposite each other, and commence dancing. After a time, the gentleman retires, and the lady curtseys to her favoured swain, but generally finds the use of her tongue too; and thus they continue to tire each other down. Now, I do contend for it, that whoever introduces the gay bustling English country dance into Ireland will be a national benefactor.

Marriages are often made up among the country people after a very curious fashion. The Rev. Mr Hickey of Ross, a Protestant clergyman, well known in Ireland as Martin Doyle, the name under which he writes agricultural tracts, which have been of great use,

tells in one of them a story of a young Wexford farmer, who married the ugly girl with two cows instead of the pretty girl with one, wisely holding that there was not a cow difference between any two lasses. Very hard bargains are certainly not unfrequently made by the old people, in which the young are allowed very little voice. The landlords, also, in some cases exercise a control over such matters. A landlord or agent will likewise occasionally help to make up a match merely as a mutual friend. I knew of one of this kind. About two years since, a friend of mine, who was agent over a large property, thought he should do a very good deed in getting a husband for one of the pretty daughters of a respectable widow, who was a tenant on the property; and the only person he could think of who would be a good match was a rich old bachelor of some fifty, or rather perhaps threescore, who held a capital farm, well stocked. 'John Power,' said my friend, 'you must get married.' 'Oh, sir,' said John, scratching his head, 'I couldn't.' 'You must, John; you must.' 'Oh, your honour,' said John, 'I never thought of the likes.' 'No matter; you must, man; you must.' 'Oh, your honour, what 'ud the sisters say?' Now, John had two maiden sisters, and the sweetest wine will get sour after a certain period. 'John, you must marry Alice Walsh.' 'Ah, your honour,' said John, beginning to forget the sisters, 'she's a very purty girl anyhow.' And John was perfectly right; she really was. John became 'quite convanient.' Mrs Walsh was delighted when she heard of it. The lady thought the intended bridegroom rather old; but then he was very rich. She relented, and soon became Mrs Power. I have no doubt but that all things have gone on very happily.

The question is frequently asked—Will temperance continue to prevail in Ireland?—and many persons remark, that already there are numerous instances of the pledge being broken. It is not to be expected that the temperance feeling will continue as warm as it now is; and even now it has cooled down considerably from its first fervour. Yet the good which has been effected by Father Mathew will probably never be done away. The great evil in Ireland was not so much that the people drank, as that they gloried in drunkenness. When the Rev. George Carr, who established the first temperance society in Europe at Ross, in the county of Wexford, endeavoured to introduce them generally into Ireland, his temperance converts were almost invariably shamed out of the pledge, laughed at and ridiculed, till they gave it up. I have seen an unfortunate fellow walk down a street, and all the people laughing at him, merely because he had joined the temperance society. Now, thanks to Father Mathew, all that has passed away for ever.

The prevalence of drunkenness in Ireland was really, in the good old times, something quite awful; and General Mathews's praise of potheen, which he delivered midst universal applause in his place in the Irish House of Commons, was probably not at all exaggerated—'The chancellor on the woolsack drinks it, the judge on the bench drinks it, the peer in his robes drinks it, the beggar with his wallet drinks it, I drink it, every man drinks it.' More odd and witty things have probably been said by Irishmen in favour of drinking, than by any people in the world. Who does not know Sheridan's remark—'When a good thought is slow of coming, a glass of wine encourages it; and when it does come, a glass of wine rewards it.' And when his son, Tom Sheridan, was told that brandy would destroy the coats of his stomach, 'Then,' said he, 'it must attack the waistcoats.' 'Is it possible,' said a friend, who came in and found Sir Hercules Langrishe alone, and three empty claret bottles beside him—'is it possible, Langrishe, you have finished all that claret unassisted?' 'Oh no,' said Sir Hercules, 'I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira.' It is of this witty baronet the anecdote is told—Riding in the Phœnix Park with some lord-lieutenant who had just come over, I now forget which, his lordship expressed surprise that some land which they were passing had not been drained by any former government. 'Oh, my lord,' said Sir Hercules, 'government was always too busy draining the rest of the country.' Lord Cloncurry lately declared at a temperance meeting in Dublin, that in his younger days a gentleman scarcely ever went to the drawing-room after dinner sober. Now, of course, it would be almost impossible that one should enter it intoxicated; and among merchants and professional men in Ireland, I am satisfied there is much less wine now drunk than in England, and spirits are very seldom introduced.

THE HEALTH OF TOWNS COMMISSION.

For some time a commission, composed of noblemen and gentlemen appointed by the crown, has been engaged in a most extensive series of investigations affecting the sanitary condition of large towns, and its first report has now been laid before the public. Consisting of two well-filled octavo volumes, much of the matter may be said to be deprived of novelty from the publication of certain sanitary reports a year or two ago; with the drawback of a little repetition, however, the present volumes embrace statements of incalculable value, and we should hope will speedily lead to what the public are now prepared to expect—a comprehensive legislative measure enforcing the proper ventilation, sewerage, and drainage of large towns—the opening up of confined alleys—the supplying of water to the poor—and all other arrangements which medical officers may suggest.

The mass of evidence on these various topics in the report of the health of towns commission before us, renders it impossible to present anything like an analysis of its contents, and all we can do is to glean from its pages a few striking passages likely to be perused with interest by our readers. The first party examined was Dr Southwood Smith, physician to the London Fever Hospital, whose statement is so complete in itself as regards the mortality—the private misery, and public loss—caused by want of ventilation and cleanliness, that we gladly leave it for publication in its entire form.* We pass on, therefore, to the second person under examination, Mr N. B. Ward, surgeon, a gentleman favourably known as the originator of a plan for growing plants in glass-cases. In the pursuit of this object, Mr Ward had occasion to direct his attention to the influence of light and air, freed from deleterious particles. His answer on these points is interesting and instructive:—

'During a practice of thirty years in a densely-populated neighbourhood, my attention has been repeatedly drawn to the influence of light, not only as a most efficient means of preventing disease, but likewise as tending materially to render disease milder when it occurs, and more amenable to medical and other treatment. Dupuytren (I think) relates the case of a lady whose maladies had baffled the skill of several eminent practitioners. This lady resided in a dark room (into which the sun never shone) in one of the narrow streets of Paris. After a careful examination, Dupuytren was led to refer her complaints to the absence of light, and recommended her removal to a more cheerful situation. This change was followed by the most beneficial results; all her complaints vanished. Sir James Wylie has given a remarkable instance of the influence of light. He states that the cases of disease on the dark side of an extensive barrack at St Petersburg have been uniformly, for many years, in the proportion of three to one to those on the side exposed to strong light. The experiments of Dr Edwards are conclusive. He has shown that if tadpoles are nourished with proper food, and exposed to the constantly-renewed contact of water (so that their beneficial respiration may be maintained), but are entirely deprived of light, their growth continues,

* We propose issuing the evidence of Dr Southwood Smith as a distinct publication in the work entitled 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts.'

but their metamorphosis into the condition of air-breathing animals is arrested, and they remain in the form of large tadpoles. Dr Edwards also observes, that persons who live in caves and cellars, or in very dark and narrow streets, are apt to produce deformed children; and that men who work in mines are liable to disease and deformity beyond what the simple closeness of the air would be likely to produce.' He adds, in reply to other questions, that he would recommend the opening up of alleys and courts, so as to admit an abundance of light as well as air into the dwellings of the poor, and that the advantages to the general health would be remarkable. He likewise suggests that the salubrity would be improved by the introduction of plants in cases into dwellings. The plants, he says, would absorb to a certain extent the breathed carbon; but their cultivation would be not less useful in promoting a love of nature. 'And what would be the expense of one of the cases?' is asked. 'The expense would be trifling; glazed and puttied frames can be obtained at a shilling the square foot, which might be put in their windows and little yards, and they would repay the expense of the case within a twelvemonth by the growth of salad or flowers.'

The next individual under examination was Dr Neil Arnott, distinguished alike for his philanthropy and scientific acquirements. The want of a knowledge that pure air is essential for the support of life, was perhaps never more strikingly manifested than in what the doctor describes as having happened not long since in London. 'A year or two ago, a new house was built to receive the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and no expense was spared which, in the opinion of those intrusted with the management, could insure to these natives of a warmer climate all attainable comfort and safety. Unhappily, however, it was believed that the objects would be best secured by making the new room nearly what an English gentleman's drawing-room is. For warming it, two ordinary drawing-room grates were put in, as close to the floor as possible, and with low chimney openings, that the heated air in the room should not escape by the chimneys; while the windows and other openings in the walls above were made as close as possible. Some additional warm air was admitted through openings in the floor, from around hot-water pipes placed beneath it. For ventilation in cold weather, openings were made in the skirting of the room, close to the floor, with the erroneous idea that the carbonic acid [foul air], produced in the respiration of the animals, because heavier than the other air in the room, would separate from this, and escape below. When all this was done, about sixty healthy monkeys, many of which had already borne several winters in England, were put into this room. A month afterwards, more than fifty of these were dead, and the few remaining ones dying. This room, open only below, was as truly an extinguisher to the living monkeys as an inverted coffee-cup, held over and around the flame of a candle, is an extinguisher to the candle. Not only the warmth from the fires, and the warm air that was allowed to enter by the openings in the floor, but the hot breath, and all the impure exhalations from the bodies of the monkeys, ascended, first to the upper part of the room, to be completely incorporated with the atmosphere there, and by no possibility could escape, except as a part of that impure atmosphere gradually passing away by the chimneys and the openings in the skirting. Therefore, from the time the monkeys went into the room until they died, they could not have had a single breath of fresh air. It was necessary only to open, in the winter, part of the ventilating apertures near the ceiling, which had been prepared for the summer, and the room became at once salubrious.' In a subsequent part of his evidence, Dr Arnott alludes to one of his latest inventions in the cause of humanity —a bellows for propelling fresh air into houses or ships, and which, from having seen in London, we can recommend as one of the most simple and cheaply-wrought plans of ventilation which has fallen under our notice.

The science of statistics was perhaps never brought to bear on a more curious subject than that of disease arising from the number of persons who sleep in one apartment or in one bed. In this department of inquiry we have first the evidence of Mr Toynbee, one of the surgeons of the St George's and the St James's Dispensary. Referring to a house-to-house visitation of Mr Weld in the parish of St George's, Hanover Square, he mentions that there were in the parish 1465 families of the labouring classes, who had for their residence only 2175 rooms and 2510 beds. It appeared that 929 families had only a single room, and 408 two rooms. With respect to beds, 623 families had only 1 bed per family, 638 had 2 beds, 154 had 3 beds, 21 had 4 beds, 5 had 8 beds, 6 had 3 beds, 7 had 1 bed, 7 dwellings had no bed, and 10 were not ascertained. Where this state of things exists, it is customary to let half, or a quarter of a room to a family; each has its corner. 'In the course of the first months that I was attached to the dispensary,' says Mr Toynbee, 'an aged Irish woman applied to me with a broken rib; she declined going into an hospital; the dispensary therefore supplied her with a flannel roller, and I promised to visit her and apply it. On reaching her *home*, I found that it consisted of one corner of a room on the first floor of a house in Peter Street. The landlady of this room, who herself occupied the central part, near the fireplace, had tenants in the other three corners, in one of which was a widow with three or four children. I applied the bandage to my patient, who went on, to use her own words, *very comfortably* for four or five days, at the end of which time I found her in considerable pain from the following cause. Not being able to go out as usual with her basket to sell fruit and vegetables, she could not pay her daily rent, and therefore, on the suggestion of the landlady, consented to underlet half of her bed; but it happened, unfortunately, that the new tenant, being bulky in person, occupied more than her fair proportion of the joint tenancy, so as to press against the broken rib of my poor invalid, and displace it, thus producing a recurrence of the pain and suffering from which she had but just been freed.' He adds, that the noxious air breathed in these overcrowded rooms is a 'principal cause of the scrofulous affections which abound to an enormous extent among the patients;' scrofula, from a similar want of ventilation, is also, he says, a prevailing cause of mortality among the animals in the Zoological Gardens. How strange does it seem, that the directors of these interesting repositories should be equally ignorant of the principles of ventilation with the meanest denizen of St Giles or Whitechapel.

The Rev. J. Clay of Preston, in Lancashire, presents some statistics respecting house and bed accommodation fully more distressing than those of Mr Toynbee. He speaks of a section of streets, courts, and yards in Preston, which contains 422 dwellings, inhabited by 2400 persons, sleeping in 852 beds—that is, an average of 5 and a fractional part for each bed. The specification is as follows:—in 84 cases 4 persons slept in the same bed, in 28 cases 5 in a bed, in 13 cases 6 in a bed, in 3 cases 7 in a bed, in 1 case 8 in a bed; and, in addition, a family of 8 on bed frames covered with a little straw. The deterioration, or, more correctly speaking, ruin of morals, arising from this overcrowding, does not require to be insisted on.

It would naturally be supposed that the horrors we speak of, arise, as a matter of course, from poverty—that no one would *voluntarily* live in a manner so little removed above that of the lower animals. It appears, however, that, irrespective of means, choice governs this mode of existence. A mill-watchman having met with a serious accident, was visited by the surgeon at his dwelling, when it appeared that he had only a very small room with one bed, in which he lay by turns with a paralytic old man—the watchman all day, and the old man all night; yet 'the watchman was a single man, sober, and orderly in his conduct, and receiving regular wages of 18s. per week—a sum which would

have enabled him to procure good lodgings and every attendant comfort.' Take another case: 'A shoemaker who, with his wife, could earn 25s. weekly, keeps a pig under the room in which he, his wife, and three children live. A sow belonging to a friend, having brought forth a more numerous litter than she could support, the shoemaker fitted up, for the reception of the two supernumerary pigs, a corner of his living room, in which they were found by the agent of the Charitable Society.'

Of the manner in which wages are spent by certain classes of operatives in manufacturing towns, we obtain the following information from the evidence of Mr Coulthart of Ashton-under-Lyne. In that busy and populous town, where the factories are fully employed, the cotton operatives receive a weekly sum of L.5775, or, reckoning fifty weeks to the year, they receive the annual amount of L.288,750, which is irrespective of wages paid to tailors, shoemakers, bricklayers, masons, joiners, and all other handicraftsmen and day-labourers. With the assistance of a committee of intelligent cotton operatives, Mr Coulthart drew up a table showing the manner in which the L.288,750 were disposed of. There were spent, as we see from this table, on food, L.185,720; clothing, L.26,410; fuel, L.9350; house-rent, L.33,870; sundries, L.8180; education, L.2220; ale and spirits, L.14,430; medicine and medical advice, L.6160; and deposited in savings'-bank, L.2410. Out of the enormous sum of L.288,750, only L.2410 saved, and L.14,430 spent on intoxicating liquor! We give much credit to the Ashton operatives for the honesty of the confession; and believe it differs little in character from what could be made by every great body of factory operatives in the United Kingdom.

THE SUBURBS OF LONDON.

There is something peculiarly cheerful and pleasing in the aspect of the suburbs of a great city. Here monotonous streets of houses have not utterly annihilated the ever-refreshing grass and shadowy trees, nor do solitary fields and woods seem to mourn the absence of man and his dwellings. The quietness of the country is animated by some of the more agreeable and exciting features of city life, and the distracting noise of the mighty Babylon is moderated by a due admixture of rural serenity. Equally removed from noise and loneliness, the man-made city and the God-made country are here united, and nature and art blend pleasingly together. Here we are neither jostled by the crowd, nor in danger of losing our way for want of a guide. Here there are no attenuated monstrosities half-a-dozen storeys high, looking as though they were panting and pining for more space, nor any lonely dwellings vainly staring out upon the solitude around for a neighbour. Here are no pestilent gasometers, nor belching tall chimneys, pouring forth their abominations night and day—nor, on the other hand, any reeking dunghills and stagnant pools to taint the breeze and offend the olfactories of the passer-by. Such are some of the advantages of the suburbs of great cities generally; advantages, indeed, which combine those of both city and country, without the peculiar inconveniences of either.

If such remarks are in anyway appropriate to the suburbs of great cities generally, much more are they to those of London. There is an appearance of plenty and comfort about the suburbs of 'the great metropolis' which is quite cheering to contemplate. It is true there is somewhat of pride and pretension in the appearance of not a few of the 'cottages' and 'villas,' which may well provoke a smile. The 'prospect houses,' hemmed in on all sides by taller neighbours—the 'woodbine cottages,' with their bare walls, savour of the ludicrous; and the Swiss and Elizabethanised snuggeries, with their ambitious porticos and minikin stables, are amusing specimens of the tendency of even bricks and stones to ape the manners of their superiors. Yet, cynical and sour-hearted must he be who should condemn too severely their harmless pomposity, and refuse to rejoice at the comfort and abundance everywhere so apparent.

Unlike their crowded brethren of the city, the houses in the suburbs are for the most part isolated, or at least possess each a small garden. Their occupants are principally superior clerks, heads of firms, or gentlemen who are compelled to visit the city daily, and who reside in the suburbs both on account of its cheapness to themselves, and its pleasantness and healthfulness for their families. Here is the 'habitat' of the professional man, and here also that of the snug annuitant, the expectation of his poor relations, whose chief occupation consists in making his biennial pilgrimage to the city to receive his dividend at the bank. The houses have a remarkably clean and neat appearance; the blinds are of unsullied whiteness; and the stones and steps leading up to the doors so perfectly unsoiled, that one could scarcely imagine a dirty foot having ever trodden there. It is, however, rarely dirty in the suburbs, at least where the streets are completed, as the roads are generally kept in excellent condition, and the traffic is so small, that the rain speedily soaks into the ground, or runs off the stones before it has time to form that nuisance of the city—mud. Flowers abound, not only in the trim flower-beds, but also in reddened flower-pots at the windows, though some, as more genteel, prefer to place them on a stand inside the window.

Scarcely is breakfast concluded, when the punctual city omnibus, grinding along the newly-graveled road, draws up to the well-known house. The servant-maid appears at the door in a twinkling, and unlocking the gate (vigilantly fastened to keep out beggars and nomadic venders of small wares), is quickly followed by her master, with brushed hat and brilliant boots, his Mackintosh or greatcoat prudently thrown over his arm, and a little flower tastefully adjusted in the buttonhole of his coat. The conductor, touching his hat, assists his accustomed fare, who smilingly exchanges a 'good morning' with his well-known fellow-passengers, and waves his hand to his youngest child, held up at the window to see papa depart.

The various cries soon begin to echo through the quiet road. The mop-seller, the knife-grinder, the dogs'-meat vender, and their brother tradesmen, busily commence their avocations, and 'hearthstone,' 'old clo,' 'mops,' 'brooms,' and numberless other cries, rapidly succeed each other, in every imaginable pitch of voice from alto to bass. The stalwart Bavarian girl, in the garden before some promising window, sings her well-known air, beseeching the inmates to 'puy a broom.' The Italian boy perseveringly grinds his lively melodies, to the delight of the dancing young ones at the window; and his light-hearted brother, with his tray of images on his head, offers them for sale with an air of honesty and good temper that deserves a customer. Prosperity to his humble trade! There are the embodiments of innocence, wisdom, beauty, and chivalry in his little collection; and he must be a misanthrope indeed who can look with indifference either upon him or his snowy wares. The flower-seller, too, with his fragrant and blushing specimens, is on the alert to find customers, in which he fortunately experiences little difficulty, as our suburban friends are wisely fond of these fairy children of the earth, and grudge not a trifle to secure a favourite flower or a fine-grown plant. The ruddy butcher boy, with his clean blue sleeves, and his tray on his shoulder, wends his way to the accustomed house with the bespoke joint. The pale befloured baker trundles his barrow of bread before him, lingering to exchange jokes with the not-unwilling servant-girls; and the cheesemonger's lad, with fringed apron, and his basket on his arm, goes his usual round for orders. The old jobbing gardener is intent upon trimming the shrubs and mowing the tiny grass-plot into the desired primness; but exercises a prudent tardiness, lest he should have finished his task before another job presents itself. The ill-paid teacher, with her portfolio of music under her

arm, is hurrying along to give her morning lesson; and the drawing-master, with brushed and well-worn suit of black, is on his road to his pupils. The lumbering water-cart jolts along the dusty road, but invidiously marking the non-payers, by leaving them to the pleasures of unmitigated dust, and thus writing, as it were, on the very road before their doors their parsimony or their obstinacy. The servant-maid takes the children an airing, but her attention is not, however, so entirely absorbed by them as to render her unobservant of the smiling shopmen with whom she is in the habit of gossiping; while her fellow-servant is despatched to the circulating library to exchange the well-thumbed three-volume novel, with the special injunction from her romantic young mistress to inquire whether they have 'anything new.' Thus passes the morning.

The sun is declining westward, and the appearance of the baker with his tray of savoury pies intimates that the important hour of dinner is at hand. The omnibus returns from the city, and, punctual to his accustomed time, papa steps out of the vehicle, big with city news, and the all-important topics of the Gazette and the Exchange, while his rosy children and his lady-like spouse, happily ignorant on such matters, greet his arrival at the threshold. Papa, declaring he is very fatigued, exchanges his tight boots for a pair of slippers, and substitutes a comfortable wrapper for his dress-coat. The grave ceremonies of the table shortly commence, relieved by the narration—on one side, of meeting accidentally some old acquaintance in the city, or the arrangments for the forthcoming dinner 'of the company' at 'the hall;' and, on the other side, with an account of the behaviour of the little ones, their quaint questions, so indicative of their precocity; or some harmless bit of scandal circulating among the neighbours.

The sun has set, the misty shadows of evening gather fast, and the nimble lamplighter, with his ladder on his shoulder, posts along to light the widely-dispersed lamps. The crimson curtains are drawn, and the cheerful glare of the comfortable fire-light flashes against the walls of the well-furnished room. Anon the tea-urn and the candles are introduced, and the refreshing steamy beverage hisses in the cups; while papa, who has previously made the daily tour of his little garden, and examined into the wellbeing of his floral favourites with parental care, proclaims the pleasing tidings that there is another bud appearing on *the* rose-bush, and that he has actually counted eleven pears on the pear-tree. Wo to the profane hand which should dare to molest them; ill speed the wind which should rudely scatter their unripened glories on the ground. No, those pears are no common sort, and papa would nearly as soon that one of his children should be snatched from the door, as one of those eleven pears pilfered from the tree. At the same time a packet of seeds is produced from the favourite shop in the city; and their merits having been dilated on, and mamma and the young ones puzzled at the pronunciation of the hard name written on the label, are safely deposited among papa's horticultural stores for use at a fitting opportunity.

Tea ended, papa amuses himself with a volume, or the last number of his favourite periodical, or listens to the prattle of his chubby little boy, as, seated on his knee, he stammeringly tells him, with sparkling eye and child-like enthusiasm, what he saw in his morning walk with Mary, or how terrible an accident happened to his little cart. Mamma takes her seat at papa's side, with her work-box before her, busily occupied with her 'wool-work,' or sometimes sits down to the pianoforte and thunders away at some well-known overture, or warbles a sentimental melody from 'that dear Moore.' She does not fail to remark, however, if any stranger be present, that she has quite forgotten her music since she has been married, and that her many stern household duties leave her no time to practise. The eldest little girl, too, must play over her lesson, to show papa how rapidly she is improving, during which mamma looks at him significantly, as though to assure him she will yet be a player. The little favourite is applauded for her industry, and liberal promises are made of treats and presents if she will attend to her studies.

It is nine o'clock. The younger members of the family are gone to bed; the road is quiet; scarcely a human being is to be seen abroad, except a solitary maid-servant, with the key in her hand, just popped out to procure some little forgotten necessary. The pot-boy takes round the supper-beer to his customers, giving notice of his approach by his well-known cry of 'beer,' with his lantern fixed at the end of his tray, throwing its strong light across the dark road. Supper is soon concluded; papa with a yawn throws down his book and looks at his watch; and after observing upon the lateness of the hour, and giving some horticultural directions as to the morrow, the whole household are quickly asleep, and not an echo awakens the silence of the road except that of the safety-assuring tread of the heavy-booted policeman.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Antiquarian societies have long existed in every country pretending to any advancement in taste, one of their objects being to collect and preserve ancient historical or curious relics in museums. Such a mode of assembling coins, ancient armour, manuscripts, and other small objects, answers every desired end; but there are others which, from their size, it would be impossible, even if it were desirable, to deposit in such collections: we allude to sepulchral monuments, old castles, abbeys, churches, encampments, and other equally interesting relics of past times, which are likely to lapse into a state of utter decay and neglect. The preservation of such objects is worthy of a nation's care, for they are among the most valuable records of our social and political history. Till the present time, however, all such monuments of antiquity have been left to the charge of their proprietors, and been neglected or preserved according as private, and often uninstructed, feeling dictated. We are glad to know that this evil is likely to be remedied. Among the various movements now agitating society, there is one for preserving and examining the class of antiquities to which we refer. An archæological association has lately been formed in London, with a view to promoting intercourse among the antiquaries and artists of Great Britain, and to investigate, preserve, and illustrate national monuments of every character—architectural, numismatic, or documentary. Hitherto, the society has flourished with hopeful success. A monthly journal, published under its superintendence, and filled with matter deeply interesting to the antiquary, has already attained a very respectable circulation. A part of the plan of the association consists in forming meetings on the most interesting scenes of British history, and investigating on the spot such remains as may exist in them. The first of these excursions took place at Canterbury between the 9th and 14th of last September, when a large party of gentlemen were in attendance, some of them accompanied by the ladies of their families.

At an early stage of proceedings, there was a discussion respecting certain Roman antiquities on the south coast of Britain, in which the dean of Hereford took a part. Subsequently, an especial excursion was made to Richborough, or, as it was called by the Romans, Rhutupia. This old Roman port was situated at the bottom of the bay, which extends on the one side by Sandwich to Deal, on the other by the Reculvers and Ramsgate to the North Foreland. Nothing but the walls remain at present; but they are remarkable for their strength and thickness, and enclose a raised platform, which extends 150 yards in one direction, and 158 in the other, with the exception of the side which fronts the sea (and from which the ruins are now separated by a large extent of alluvial deposit), where the terrace has given way, leaving no trace of the wall, and exposing the soil, which contains quantities of human bones, and shells of oysters, which

were apparently a favourite food of the Romans. Rhutupia was not only a favourite residence of the Romans, and the dwelling-houses appear to have extended far and wide around the castle, but was also much frequented by Britons, and subsequently by Saxons. It was there that the Prefect Clemens Maximus was slain by the Briton, Theodosius, whom Ausonius calls the Rhutupian robber. Hither Vortigern awaited the arrival of his allies, the Saxons, Hengist and Horsa; and Ethelbert made it also the chief seat of his government: hence the country around is often called Rhutupia's land. On this subject a paper was communicated by Miss Halsted, who considered the harbour of the Romans to be generally that sheltered estuary which still extends between the county of Kent and the Isle of Thanet; and that it was protected at one entrance by the castle of Richborough, and at the other by that of Regulbium (Reculver), together styled Rhutupiæ. This author also called attention to the interesting fact of the antiquity of the chapel of our Lady of Reculver, ordained for the sepulture of such persons as perished by storm or other casualties, as testified by commission preserved in the Harleian manuscripts, and bearing date 8th May 1485, the time of Richard III.

Close by Canterbury, the association also visited the little church of St Martins, now in progress of restoration, and supposed by Bede to be an ecclesiastical edifice of the time of the Roman Christians; a deduction which met with corroboration from a number of unique coins, which were exhibited to the association as coming from the same locality, and which, Mr R. Smith remarked, attested that there must have been a church there as early as the period when Christianity was first introduced into this country. In this church is also preserved an ancient baptismal font, with a sort of ornamental interlacings in low relief, in which tradition says King Ethelbert was baptised. In addition to these papers and questions of such great local interest, there were also read other communications relating to the Romans, among which was one by Professor Buckland on a Roman town, fortifications, temple, and cemetery, discovered by Mr Medhurst at Jordan hill, in the parish of Preston, Dorsetshire: another by Mr Puttock on the Roman roads in Kent, more especially in reference to the indications of that valuable Roman Itinerary called that of Antoninus, ascribed in the manuscripts to four different Cæsars: a third was by Mr Saull, on the Roman encampments near Dunstable, the Durotrivæ of the abovementioned Itinerary: and a fourth, by Mr Artis, was on certain Roman remains from Wansford in Northamptonshire. Mr Repton also communicated a mixed paper on Roman and Saxon columns; and a variety and number of relics of Roman art were laid before the association at its different sittings.

The chief thing accomplished by the association in *Saxon antiquities*, was the opening of so-called *barrows*, or graves with mounds above them, on the Barham and Breach Downs, which constitute portions of the great north downs of Kent. These operations were, however, preceded by the distribution of a printed account, by Mr Wright—one of the most active members of the association—of barrows which had been previously opened in the same locality; and also by a paper on barrows generally, communicated by the Rev. B. Deane. In this communication the author distinguished the cromlech from the barrow, as being the tomb of the rich man, the other that of the poor. It would, however, have perhaps been more accurate to have said, of the great or distinguished man, the king, the patriarch, or the hero; for there appears to be no doubt that many of the affluent among the Saxons were buried under mounds, as it is well known many of the greatest men among the ancients were under tumuli of earth and stones. 'Kit's cotty house,' a remarkable cromlech near Maidstone, and where Mr Wright has been lately carrying on curious excavations, was also distinguished as a sepulchral monument; and Sir William Betham took the opportunity of asserting the sepulchral character of the round towers of Ireland, as attested by the discovery of a skeleton in that of Ardmore, and in which conclusion he was supported by Mr Crofton Croker, the learned Irish antiquary. The Saxon barrows were opened at the suggestion of Lord Albert Conyngham, who presided over the association at this its first meeting. The situation on which the first batch were placed was picturesque; between two or three cottages on the one side, and a windmill on the other, and overlooking the wooded and fertile vale of the *Bourne*—the old English name for a rivulet—the burn of the Scots. In the first grave opened, remains (very fragmentary) were found of a woman and her child; they had not been parted in death; and with them were found the relics of necklaces, of variously coloured beads, which the Saxons wore apparently in a similar manner as is done in the present day by many semi-civilised nations, as well as, when fashion dictates, by the most refined civilisation. A ring and several other Saxon ornaments of no great value were also found in the same grave. The third barrow opened was distinguished from the others by the lower portion of the skeleton being displayed, by excavation, in nearly complete preservation. This fragment of humanity appeared to excite much interest among many present. The fourth opened was the tomb of a peasant warrior. His sturdy skull remained nearly entire; and by his side was the head of a spear, and a small portion of the boss of a shield, of the usual Saxon form. In the seventh, a knife, four and a half inches long, and at first supposed to have been a dagger, was found by the side of the skeleton of a female. Numerous other fragmentary relics were found; all, however, attesting, with the superficiality of the grave, that this had been the burial-place of some poor Saxon villagers who had settled themselves in these fertile and productive districts.

After refreshment at Bourne, the hospitable mansion of Lord A. Conyngham, situated a few miles nearer Canterbury, on the same rivulet, the members of the association repaired to Breach Down, constituting a portion of the grounds attached to the house itself; and barrows of greater importance had, as in the other case, been previously excavated to within a few inches of the mortuary deposit, but which in this case lay at a depth of upwards of six feet in the chalk. Human bones were obtained from two of the graves thus opened; and patience was further rewarded by obtaining from one of them a Saxon urn of beautiful form, and with the usual zig-zag ornament, as also a small vessel of green glass. On the contents of the urn being afterwards explored, it was found to contain the clasp of a purse, which had apparently contained no coins; whence some of the antiquaries present, notwithstanding the depths of the graves, and the care that had been taken in the entombment of the dead, were inclined to consider that they were the remains of poor Saxons—not, it will be thought, a perfectly satisfactory conclusion.

A lively discussion arose upon various points of interest connected with these barrows at the subsequent meeting of the association; but we shall only notice the most striking. The teeth, with the enamel often still in good condition, had the tip of the crown worn down in a manner which indicated a diet mainly of peas and beans, upon which, as several present remarked, it was attested by existing records the soldiery were also commonly fed, even down to a late period. A second fact was the absence of hair, which led Dr Pettigrew to advance an opinion that the Saxons had been shaved like the easterns; but notwithstanding the proved occasional long endurance of hair, it is well known that, in opening quite recent mortuary deposits, such is generally found wanting; and the improbability of the deduction thus made was pointed out by one of the aldermen of the city.

A still more curious subject of investigation presented itself in the bones of rats and mice, that are found in these Saxon graves. In the printed account of Mr Wright, previously noticed, mention

is made of there having been found, in graves adjacent to these, the skulls and bones of mice, with remains of seed, &c. as if hoarded up. In an account of discoveries recently made in barrows opened in the vicinity of Bakewell, Derbyshire, and communicated by Mr T. Bateman, the remarkable feature was noticed of the discovery of rats' bones a foot deep, which precluded the assumption that they had found their way into the barrow, and was evidence that they had been buried there. The bones thus found, according to Sir W. Betham, are those of the rat commonly called the Hanoverian, and attest to its long dwelling in these islands. In the barrows now opened, bones of mice were also found; and in the barrows of Barham Downs, there were found in one several land-snails of the genus helix; and in those of Breach Downs, two live earth-worms, which, according to Professor Buckland, had gone there in search of moisture during the summer heats. It may be remarked, in connexion with Saxon relics, that Sir W. Betham took two different occasions to insist upon the so-called kelts—Saxon, hatchets of stone—being adzes, or carpenter's tools, from the circumstance of one having been found which had been used as such; but which, it will be seen at once, is not a satisfactory conclusion that all were so used.

In the next in succession, the subject of *Norman antiquities*, the attention of the association was particularly called to the line of Norman forts, which extend from Dover, by Canterbury and Rochester, to London. Of all these, that of Canterbury is the least perfect. That of Dover was minutely described by the Rev. C. Hartshorne, who considered it as one of the most perfect types of a Norman castle in existence.

The cathedral of Canterbury, though an edifice belonging to various ages, was considered along with the Norman section of antiquities. Semicircular arches, it is well known, were adopted by both our Saxon and Norman ancestors; hence the term Romanesque has been used to express such style as coming from the Romans, and avoiding the difficulty which often presents itself of determining what is Saxon and what Norman. In reference to the cathedral, an interesting communication was read by Professor Willis, being a translation of the account given by the monk Gervase of that portion of the choir, and of other parts of the building, which were erected after the fire of 1173, and which belong to the late Norman epoch. This account had been verified by the professor's examinations on the spot. The cathedral, however, presents much that is more modern — the eastern transept, Trinity chapel, Becket's crown, &c. which are early English; the western transept, the chapel of St Michael, and the screen, which belong to the decorated or florid Gothic; the nave, central tower, called Bell Harry steeple, which belong to the perpendicular style; and Christchurch gate, which is Tudor. Mr Godwin, who has for some time past turned his attention to the masonic signs which exist on the hewn stones in old edifices, exhibited copies of a variety which he had discovered in various cathedrals both in this country and on the continent, and which he had now also met with on Canterbury cathedral. The subject is one of considerable interest in connexion with the origin of free-masonry; and similar marks are met with on the edifices of antiquity in the East, in still greater numbers, and with still greater peculiarities.

Barfreston church, a little architectural gem of the middle ages, was made the object of an especial excursion. The published drawings of this beautiful little edifice do not give a complete notion of the neatness and fitness of all its details, and the consequent harmony and perfection which pervades the whole. From a legend which is sculptured in a number of compartments over the main entrance, it appears, like Roslyn chapel, and the chapel of St Hubert in the Ardennes, to have owed its origin to a hunting adventure, and which is narrated in these sculptures with much oddity and burlesqueness.

Among the various papers which were read, and which bore reference to *The middle ages*, we shall briefly notice, from their prominent interest, two on paintings on walls (it was not determined whether in distemper or frescos), by Dr Spry and by Mr Woolaston, the one in Denham church, the other at East Wickham. The latter communication excited much interest, as it was intimated that the religious scruples of the incumbent were about to cause its immediate destruction. The association, as in duty bound, took immediate steps to prevent this act of barbarism.

In an interesting paper read by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne on embroidery for ecclesiastical purposes of the reign of Edward III., the author took occasion to direct the particular attention of the ladies present to this beautiful kind of needlework, and to express a hope that he might see our ladies once again employed in this interesting labour, instead of the unartistic repetitions they so often make with the coarse kind of German wools.

Papers of local interest were also read; first, by Mr Wright, being extracts taken from the old archives of Canterbury; and, secondly, by Mr Halliwell, on the ancient and more curious manuscripts in the library of Canterbury cathedral. Other curious communications, which need not be particularised, followed; one being from Mr T. J. Pettigrew, upon the discovery of a bilingual inscription by Sir J. Wilkinson, by which hopes are entertained that the Persepolitan or arrow-headed characters can be compared with Egyptian hieroglyphs, and a key to their deciphering be ultimately discovered. This gentleman concluded the meeting of the association by unrolling, or rather cutting up (for the bandages were too much impregnated with bitumen to allow of their being unrolled), a mummy from Thebes, and which turned out to be that of a gentleman, for his profession was not indicated by the hieroglyphics found on his person. His time of living was calculated to have been about 2300 years ago—that is to say, not of the most remote antiquity of mummies. It was decidedly found in this case that the brain had been removed through an opening made into the cribriform plates of the ethmoidal bone, and the cavity of the skull had been injected with bitumen. The face had been gilt.

Thus terminated the first meeting of the British Archæological Association. As a means of intercommunion, and an association for the preservation of monuments, its institution is invaluable. We leave it for the present, with ardent hopes for its welfare and success.

THE BABYLONIAN PRINCESS.

A short time ago, when spending an evening with some kind friends in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, we had the unexpected pleasure of meeting a lady who inspired the whole party with some degree of interest. She was a foreigner, and her conversation was in French, though she spoke also a little English. Before being introduced to her, we were informed that she was by birth and education a Babylonian princess, belonging, however, to a race of Asiatic Christians. We were briefly informed that she had undergone many misfortunes, but was not without a hope of seeing brighter days in her own country. On inquiring still more minutely something of her history from herself, we learned that she had recently given to the world a memoir of her life and adventures; and having possessed ourselves of the work, we now beg to offer a sketch of the not uninteresting narrative, trusting that the notice, short as it is, will draw attention to the original.*

Maria Thérèse Asmar was born at Nineveh, whither her parents had fled to escape a plague raging in Bagdad, in 1804. Her family were Chaldean Christians,

* Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess; written by herself, and translated into English. In two volumes. Colburn: 1844.

in communion with the Catholic church, her uncle being Basilius Asmar, archbishop of Diarbekir. Her father, the Emir (or Prince) Abdallah Asmar, possessed great wealth, of which, however, he was frequently despoiled by Mohammedan rulers, on account of the zeal with which he and his family professed the Christian faith. The heroine of these memoirs appears to have been peculiarly enthusiastic in the cause of Christianity, having benevolently attempted to establish schools for the education of her countrywomen both at Alkoush (where the prophet Nahum was buried) and at Bagdad. While residing at Mosul, she became acquainted with the sister of the pasha, and visited her at his palace. Her sex and intimacy allowed her to range over that mysterious apartment in a Turkish nobleman's establishment, the harem, which she describes; being the only person, except Lady Stuart Wortley, who has been able to furnish English readers with a correct account of an eastern harem. The following will therefore be read with interest:—

'We proceeded first to visit the bedrooms, which were very numerous. They were covered, for the most part, with magnificent carpets. The beds, the manufacture of Bagdad, were made of the branches of the palm-tree, and were so light, that the whole frame might, without difficulty, be lifted with one hand. On the bed of the pasha's chief wife were five matresses, each covered with silk of a different colour from the others, filled with the feathers of the peacock. After seeing a number of sleeping-rooms fitted up in this manner, which could not have been fewer than thirty, we ascended to the terrace on the roof, from which we enjoyed a fine view of the whole town and its environs, mingled here and there with the mouldering ruins of the once mighty city of Nineveh. While I was gazing upon them, how forcibly did the words of the prophet present themselves to my mind—"And as for Nineveh, her waters are like a great pool; but the men flee away. * * Thy shepherds have slumbered, O king of Assyria; thy princes shall be buried; thy people are hid in the mountains, and there is none to gather them together." On the roof were erected three tents, made of a bluish-green oil-cloth. Protected by these, we enjoyed the magnificent prospect before us unmolested by the rays of the sun. After remaining here for a short time, we descended into the garden, which covered an immense space of ground, not less, I should say, than three quarters of a square mile, intersected on every side with rivulets of water of not more than a foot in width, embanked with marble, and fringed with a profusion of flowers of every description, which filled the surrounding air with fragrance; the predominating odour proceeding from the beds of roses, which flourished in most lavish abundance.

'After spending an hour in this enchanting place, the princess conducted me to a saloon opening upon the garden, where I was introduced to the wives of her brother, the pasha, in number twenty-five. In addition to Georgians and Circassians, there were some from Kurdistan. One of them, with whom I conversed, was a beautiful Georgian, with large black eyes, shaded by eyelashes long, dark, and drooping like a cedar branch, and not more than eighteen years old. She told me she was born of Christian parents, and that at the age of twelve she had been carried off to Constantinople, where see had been compelled, on pain of death, to abjure her faith and embrace that of Islam. She had a brother, a Mameluke, in the service of the pasha, who had also been forced to abjure the faith of his fathers. I asked her if she was happy in her present condition? She replied, that, far from rejoicing at her lot, she never ceased to bewail her hard fate, and to mourn the loss of parents and kindred. Our colloquy was here cut short by the entrance of the pasha himself. All instantly rose to salute him. He was a man apparently about forty years of age, and of lofty and commanding stature: his eyes were large, dark, and brilliant; his beard, which was black and copious, descended to his girdle, where his "hanjar," or dagger, hung, its handle rough, and sparkling with jewels. His dress was sumptuous, and befitting his rank, and his courteous manner inspired confidence and respect.

'The princess presented me to him as the relative of his "kerkhea," or lieutenant, which was the fact; whereupon he received me with distinguished politeness, and made many inquiries respecting my family and kindred, particularly after my father, who was at that time at Bassorah, on his way to Bagdad. Our conversation had lasted a quarter of an hour, when the mollah, from the minaret, began to call all true believers to the "salat al zohor," or mid-day prayer; whereupon the pasha immediately took his leave, for the purpose of repairing to the adjoining mosque, leaving his "harem" to say their prayers in the saloon.

'Forthwith the ladies gave themselves up to their devotions; first going upon their knees, and then prostrating themselves on the ground, and kissing it, crying aloud, "There is no God but Allah; there is no God but the God of heaven, and Mahomet is his prophet; there is no hope, no refuge, save in the most high and mighty God." During all this time they had before them what they called a relique of the great prophet himself, which was no less than a fragment of the very "sherwals," or trousers, said to have graced the limbs of Mahomet's sister, enveloped in paper, and encased in a rich gold cover, inlaid with diamonds. This precious relique they repeatedly kissed, and placed on their heads during their prayers.

'These pious observances lasted about a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which period I remained seated on the "diwan," regarding the extraordinary scene with unmingled curiosity. As soon as it was over, a slave entered and announced dinner. The invitation was promptly attended to, and we all proceeded to the dining-room, which, on account of the great heat of the weather (it being then the month of June), was one of the apartments opening, the whole width of one of its sides, into the court.'

Soon after this visit, the princess, in travelling from Tekel to Mosul with her mother and brother, was attacked by the predatory Kurds, and obliged—after escaping death herself—to carry for a long distance her wounded brother.

For some years subsequently the Asmar family lived in peace at Mosul; but at length new religious persecutions began, and the princess's father died. She then determined to make a pilgrimage to Palestine: for which purpose she joined a monster caravan, consisting of about 5000 individuals, with the necessary number of camels and horses. In forty days she reached Damascus in safety; but having met with an accident, she was prevented from rejoining the caravan. Another opportunity, however, presented itself on her recovery, and she arrived in Jerusalem just before the Holy Week of 1826. Like other pilgrims, she visited the Holy Sepulchre, of which so many legends have been fabricated. Viewing the spot with devotional enthusiasm, she was overcome with the intensity of her feelings. 'It is impossible (she says) to enter the church of the Holy Sepulchre without being impressed with a feeling of awe and veneration, the sombre light reigning in the interior being strongly calculated to dispose the mind to reflection on the awful events which happened on the different spots now enclosed within its walls. The first object which presents itself on entering the church is the stone where our Saviour was anointed with myrrh and aloes. It is covered with a marble slab, having a nob at each of the four corners, to protect it from the chisels of indiscreet pilgrims, and surmounted by an iron railing. Eight lamps of large size are kept constantly burning above it. It is nearly eight feet long, and almost two wide. This stone is used in common by all nations, Catholics, United and Schismatic Greeks, United and Schismatic Armenians, Nestorians, Kopts, and all, in their turns, perfume it every day with much pomp and ceremony.

At the distance of thirty paces from the anointing stone, under the centre of the great dome, which was formerly sustained by sixteen marble columns, now replaced by stone supporters of a square form, and receiving light from the top, is the Golgotha, the tomb of our blessed Saviour, a small cell hewn out of the solid rock; which is in possession of the Latins. The entrance, which faces the east, is four feet high, and two and a quarter wide, which makes it necessary to stoop on entering. The tomb is nearly square, being six feet long, and five feet eleven inches wide, and upwards of eight feet in height. In excavating the tomb, a slab has been left about two feet six inches high, six feet long, and nearly three feet wide, on which was laid the body of our Lord, the head towards the west, and the feet towards the east, as though indicating the ruin which was afterwards to fall on the early habitations of man, and that the Almighty was about to desert for ever his once favoured people.

'Forty-four lamps are kept constantly burning in the Holy Sepulchre; in the roof of which three apertures have been made, to allow the smoke to escape. The tomb is enclosed in a small chapel, surmounted by a dome, the walls of which are of beautiful marble of dazzling whiteness, and a smooth-faced red stone, and are ornamented by pilastres and other architectural decorations. Before entering the sepulchre, as it were in the anti-chapel, is seen a stone about a foot and a half square, marking the spot on which the stone which closed the mouth of the sepulchre was rolled by the angel. It was from this stone that the angel addressed the Marys.

'We then ascended a narrow staircase, which led us to the summit of Mount Calvary, upon which our Saviour suffered. All the superincumbent earth having been removed, the chapel which encloses this sacred spot is built upon the naked rock. It is divided into two parts by an arcade running east and west; and its inner walls are lined with marble. The northern division, which belongs to the Latins, encloses that part of Mount Calvary where our Lord was bound on the cross. The pavement here is a mosaic, principally composed of red marble, as if to mark the sacrilegious deed perpetrated on this spot, where our Saviour shed his blood to save all mankind from everlasting death.

'In the southern division is shown a hole about eighteen inches deep, in which the fatal tree was planted on which Christ was crucified. On each side of this were fixed the crosses of the two thieves, that of the good thief being on the right of our Lord; that is, towards the north; for our Saviour's face was turned towards the west, his back being towards Jerusalem; and that of the bad thief to the left, or south. Upwards of thirty lamps are constantly kept burning on the north side of the arcade, which divides the summit of Calvary, and fifty on the southern division. Near this is shown the rent which was made in the rock when our Saviour yielded up the ghost.'

While in Palestine, the Princess Asmar obtained the friendship of the Amira, or wife of the Emir Beschir, ruler of Lebanon, to whom she was appointed woman of honour. In this employment she seems to have spent about five years in great happiness. During that period the following story, highly illustrative of eastern manners, came to her ears:—'There lived at Acre a Christian merchant, whose son also dwelt with him in the same house, which was built in a low situation close by the sea, and the lower apartments of which were in consequence exceedingly damp, although all above were airy and healthy enough. The father abode on the upper storey, and the son lived in the rooms below. The son being on the point of marriage, requested of his father, as a great favour, that he would consent to change apartments with him for fifteen or sixteen days, that he might show his bride becoming honour. To this the father willingly consented, and forthwith made room for the wedded couple. Sixteen days passed away, and yet the son showed no disposition to restore the old man his rooms. At length his health began to suffer from the change, and he remonstrated with his son on his want of good faith, who assured him that his wife entertained so great a repugnance to descend, that he had been hitherto unsuccessful in his attempts to prevail upon her, and requested yet fifteen days' grace, in which time he undertook to overcome her scruples. The father again yielded, and although his health grew worse from day to day, he patiently waited till the period agreed upon had expired, when he again renewed his demand to be reinstated in his own apartments: whereupon the son, with the utmost effrontery, told him that he had no intention whatever of changing his quarters, and warned the old man not to pester him with his solicitations, upon which the father left him, absorbed in grief. Djezzar (the pasha), who always knew everything that was going on in the city, either by his own personal knowledge (for, like the caliphs of old, he was fond of wandering about in disguise in search of adventures), or by information derived from some of his emissaries, who were ever on the alert to pick up intelligence, on learning these circumstances, sent guards to bring the young man before him: and when they had brought him, and he stood trembling beneath the stern and relentless gaze of the pasha, who sat on his divan, surrounded by his officers and executioners, any one of whom would have been ready at a word to strike his head from his body with his drawn scimitar, Djezzar addressed him in a voice which, for its terror, perhaps never had an equal, being more like the roaring of a lion or a bull than a human sound. Thundering out his name, he asked him of what religion he was? The young man, struck dumb with terror, was unable to utter a word. At length he faltered out in timid accents that he was of the Christian communion, thinking all the while that they would be the last words he should ever utter.

"You say you are a Christian," said the pasha; "let me see you, then, make the sign by which the Christians are known." Whereupon the young man crossed himself. "But let me hear distinctly the words which accompany that sign," shouted out Djezzar, putting his hand on his dagger.

"Bismil ab w' leben w' lroukh alkaddus"—(In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost)—cried the young man, half dead with affright, repeating the sign of the cross, in which, as all are aware, the finger points first to the head, then to the heart, and then to the two shoulders.

"It seems, then," said the pasha, "that your religion teaches you that the father should be above, and the son beneath. Hence, thou accursed imp of injustice, and let me hear that thou hast conformed to the rules of thy faith, if thou wishest to keep thy head on thy shoulders." It will readily be believed that the father was not long in obtaining his just rights.'

The princess, inspired with an intense wish to visit the capital of the Catholic world, left the palace of the Emir Beschir, and sailed for Italy. She arrived in Rome in 1832, where she had the misfortune to be robbed of a considerable amount of valuable property. Shortly afterwards, the war which began with the sieges of Acre and Beyroot deprived her of the assistance of her friends, the Emir of Lebanon and his wife; while a merchant in Beyroot, in whose hands a large portion of her property was lodged, failed in consequence of the war. She was by these misfortunes reduced from affluence to poverty, and in this condition was induced to travel to Paris, where she endeavoured to earn a subsistence by teaching her native language. The straits to which she was sometimes reduced, may be inferred from the following touching anecdote:—

'I had hired a very humble apartment in an establishment belonging to a noble lady, whose fortune had been acquired in the East. Through a succession of misfortunes, I had lost all I possessed. I was, indeed, reduced to the bitterest penury; my only means of subsistence being derived from a pupil, to whom I had been recommended by the late lamented and truly kind-

hearted Duke of Orleans, whose untimely fate has robbed many an unfortunate of his only true friend, to whom I was in the habit of giving two lessons a-week in Arabic, and for which he paid me at the rate of three francs a lesson. For some time I had been endeavouring to procure a subsistence by this means; for I could teach several Oriental languages; but this was my only pupil. Small, however, as this pittance was, I determined to make an endeavour to live upon it, rather than submit to the humiliation of seeking assistance at the hands of my acquaintances. As my means narrowed, I gradually lessened my allowance of food, until, at length, it was so reduced in quantity as to be scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. For months I had allowed myself only one meal a-day. It consisted of a little semolina boiled in water, by the aid of a spirit-lamp (for I had no means of purchasing fuel), and a small portion of bread. My case now became desperate; for I had a sum equal to twenty shillings a-month to pay for my lodging, and my income did not exceed five shillings a-week, the fee of two lessons, which I gave every Tuesday and Friday. Thus week after week passed over my head. Every day the cold hand of poverty tightened his grasp. The fountains of my blood were almost frozen to ice; I was as a shadow. My voice had nearly forsaken me; I was with difficulty able to walk.

'One day—never shall I forget it! it was one of those upon which I was in the habit of going to my pupil, who lived in a fashionable part of the town—I had eaten nothing for thirty hours; for I had nothing remaining wherewith to purchase a morsel of bread. I waited with all the impatience of pinching hunger for the hour at which my pupil was in the habit of taking his lesson. It was in the depth of as bitter a winter as ever visited that city. The snow was lying thick upon the ground, and the river was frozen hard, on the day when, scarcely able to crawl, I set out in the full confidence of receiving the price of my labour, with which I purposed to buy food to save myself from starvation. At length I arrived at the residence of my pupil. But what were my sensations on being told by him that he had accepted an invitation to a ball, and consequently could not take a lesson that evening. He made a thousand apologies for the trouble he had given me, and was, I have no doubt, sincere in his protestations. But what frightful words were these to one whose life hung upon the miserable pittance which she expected to receive. My heart sank within me. His voice sounded like my death-knell. I know not what I said; but I left him, and again found myself treading the deep snow, while every blast seemed to freeze my blood and to chill my very bones.'

The Princess Asmar, however, afterwards obtained several additional pupils; and through the late lamented Duke of Orleans she got introductions to the English ambassador, and to M. Guizot, by whose advice she visited England, 'where, from its boundless possessions in the East, he seemed to anticipate a larger field for the exertion of my humble efforts in teaching my native language.' The Earl of Munster, founder of the Oriental Translation Fund, kindly befriended her. It is not a little singular, and is truly melancholy, that each of the lady's patrons met with an untimely end. The Earl of Munster suddenly left the world in March 1841, and the Duke of Orleans was thrown out of his carriage and killed on the 14th of July 1842. The Princess Asmar has resided in London since the latter year, but she says, 'My expectations of deriving an income by teaching my native language, and translating Oriental works and manuscripts, have by no means been realised. It might possibly have been otherwise, had it pleased Providence to spare the kind-hearted nobleman who took so warm an interest in my welfare. I have, moreover, suffered sadly in health since my stay in England, where my formidable enemy, the "tic doloureux," has renewed his attacks with redoubled vigour, occasionally visiting me with paroxysms so violent, as well nigh to deprive me of reason.'

We take leave of this interesting personage with the hope with which she concludes her narrative—that better days are in store for her; and it will afford us very great pleasure if our notice of her adventures and misfortunes should help on that desirable end.

MEMORABILIA OF THE TEETH.

In 1593 it was reported that a Silesian child, seven years old, had a tooth of solid gold growing in the place of a cheek-tooth it had recently cast. Hortius, professor of medicine in the university of Helmstadt, was so convinced of the story being true, that he wrote a history of this tooth of gold, affirming that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by Heaven to that child to console the poor Christians under the oppression of the Turks. In the same year that Professor Hortius published his history of the golden tooth, Rullandus wrote another history of it. Two years afterwards the learned Ingosterus wrote a very elaborate and scientific reply, in opposition to the notions of Rullandus. Then another great man, Libavius, collected all that had been said on the golden tooth, and appended his own peculiar doctrine concerning it. Lastly, a goldsmith examined this wonderful and precious tooth, and discovered that it was an imposition; the natural tooth having been very dexterously covered with a piece of gold leaf.

The ancient Welsh took particular care of their teeth, keeping them perfectly white by frequently rubbing them with a stick of green hazel and a woollen cloth. To prevent their premature decay, they invariably abstained from every kind of hot food. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, one Matthew Flint, a dentist, received from Richard III. a grant of sixpence per day, on condition of his drawing the teeth of the poor of London without charge to them.

In reference to a popular notion that sugar injures the teeth, Mr Montgomery Martin, in his work on *The British Colonies*, vol. ii., says, 'Let those who believe this unfounded assertion visit the sugar plantations, and look at the negroes and their children, whose teeth are daily employed in the mastication of sugar, and they will be convinced of the absurdity of the statement.' It may be added, that Dr Willis having imputed this corrosive quality to sugar, Dr Slare disproved the notion, by relating, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 337, that his grandfather had all his lifetime been in the habit of eating at his breakfast a great quantity of sugar spread upon his bread and butter, and that he used also to put sugar into his ale and beer, and even into the sauce he ate with his meat. When eighty years of age, he had all his teeth strong and firm, able to crunch the hardest crust, and free from all pain or soreness in his gums. In his eighty-second year one of his teeth dropped out, and soon after he lost another, which was one of the front teeth—in fact, all his teeth dropped out in the course of two or three years; but what is most remarkable, they were replaced by the growth of a perfectly new set. His hair was at that time of a very white colour, but it now became much darker. He enjoyed good health and strength, and died in the ninety-ninth year of his age.

One of the commonest tooth-powders of the present day consists of pulverised orris root, burnt hartshorn, charcoal, Armenian bole, and dragon's blood; the orris root being used merely to give it a pleasant flavour, and to conceal any disagreeable effluvium emitted from the mouth. But the finest of all dentifrices is the plain camphorated tooth-powder; for while the camphor does no injury to the teeth, it instantly destroys those minute creatures which produce the tartar and green incrustation on the enamel. To promote a general cleanliness of the teeth, the fact cannot be too often repeated, that a microscopic observer, M. Mandl, has discovered that not only the foul mucous covering of the tongue, but the tartar of the teeth, consists of the dead remains of millions of infusorial animalculæ. Leuwenhöck discovered long ago that the mucous secretion of the human mouth abounded in living specimens of these minute beings; but it remained for M. Mandl to make known that the tartar of the teeth consists of their dead bodies compactly united together in one mass by chemical decomposition. When a portion of this tartar of the teeth is softened in clear water, and placed under a powerful

microscope, it is found to consist of their delicate skeletons. M. Mandl, who is unable to account for their origin in the mouth, says they are most observable in those persons who live on spare diet, and he recommends, as the quickest mode of destroying them, the application of a tooth-brush dipped in brandy or in any other ardent spirit.

Europeans pride themselves on teeth of pearly whiteness; but many Asiatic nations take pains to impart a black colour to their teeth. The Chinese, in order to blacken their teeth, chew the fruit of the *areca*, commonly called the betel-nut, from its being generally rolled up in the leaves of the piper-betel. The Tonquinese and Siamese practise the same custom, which renders their teeth as black as ebony. It is not until they are twelve or fourteen years of age that they undergo this staining process, which is performed both on boys and girls, and occupies three or four days, during which time they take only liquid nourishment, for fear of being poisoned by the pigment if they swallowed food masticated with their newly-dyed teeth. All persons, high and low, rich and poor, submit to this dyeing operation, alleging that they should think it a disgrace to grow up to manhood or womanhood with teeth as white as those of dogs and elephants. From time immemorial the Indians have highly esteemed the charcoal of the areca-nut as a preservative of the teeth. Dr Lind, an eminent physician, formerly of Bengal, relates that by its means he preserved all his teeth perfectly sound to the age of eighty; and several persons, long resident in the East Indies, assert that they also found it to be a great preservative of the teeth, and a certain preventive of the toothache. Professor Hertz, a celebrated Prussian dentist, says that those who use the areca-nut tooth-powder will never require the assistance of himself or any of his fraternity.

Dentists are in the habit of inserting ligatures of gold, platina, or silk, between teeth which cross or press upon each other, to make them grow equal and regular; but M. Delabarre uses for this purpose Indian-rubber, which, swelling with the heat of the mouth, is better adapted for pressing upon the teeth, and causing them to assume a uniform and straight position.

THE LINE WE HAVE CHOSEN.

Were the computation made, we would find that nine-tenths of our 'successful men' were those who, without any extraordinary share of genius, had risen to their present eminence by diligence and perseverance in the line they had chosen. Nor can it well be otherwise: the knowledge of any business is not born with us; it requires much time and attention to master its details, and even then there is so much elbowing and jostling to get forward in the race of life, that it requires almost the whole of our mental and bodily energies to keep us abreast with the multitude of competitors who have started in the same direction. If we begin to dissipate our energies on a variety of objects, we are just in fact stepping aside from the race-course to take on additional weight, and ten to one we get distanced for our ambitious folly. Much less can a man hope to succeed, if, after toiling for twenty or thirty years in one course, he shall suddenly stop short, and recommence the struggle in a different direction. It is true that we have instances of men at a late period of their lives engaging in new pursuits, and rising to remarkable eminence; but in most of such cases the change has been caused by the impulsive force of extraordinary genius—genius, indeed, which had formerly been misdirected, and which is not the lot of one man in a thousand to possess. Let his wishes be what they may, it is not in the power of every organ-player to become a Herschel, or of every barber to become an Arkwright. If such examples, as has been prettily said, are 'lights for hope,' they are also beacons for caution, and the great mass of society had better still receive them under the latter interpretation. Opportunities may no doubt occur where an over-timorous caution in the matter of professional change may prevent success; but such opportunities form exceptions to the general rule, and as mankind are not in general guided by exceptions, it must be wisdom to adhere to the rule.

QUARRELS.

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood for ever, no fire will follow.—*South.*

FAREWELL.

[The following piece appeared originally in an Ayr newspaper. It is the composition of a young woman, named Parker, of Irish birth, who lives in that town, in humble but respectable circumstances. Miss Parker has lately attracted considerable local attention on account of her poetical productions, of which the present is a fair specimen. It refers to a real event, the disappointment of a young woman who went to Australia to be married to a youth to whom she had been engaged, but who, on her arriving there, neglected her, in consequence of which she was obliged to return home.]

Yes, our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part;
Every tie is now unwreathed
Which had bound us heart to heart;
For too plainly I discover
All is perfidy in thee:
Every dream of joy is over,
But my heart, my heart is free.

Proudly is love's cincture broken,
Which encircled it too long;
Not for slightful language spoken—
But the deep, deep sense of wrong.
In my bosom's fond romancing,
How I formed thee bright and pure;
Each fond vow my love enhancing—
Breathed, alas! but to allure.

Love, when cold neglect assails it—
When 'tis too severely tried,
Struggles long; but what avails it,
It must yield at length to pride.
Ah! how each contending passion
In my tortured bosom strove;
Grief, and pride, and adoration—
For 'twas deeper still than love.

All was agony and madness
In my breast and in my brain—
Then a calm and sullen sadness
Gave a darker tinge to pain.
Now this heart, once thine, thine only,
Nerves itself with pride and scorn;
Though forsaken, sad, and lonely,
It thy tardy vows can spurn.

For the storms of grief are over,
And a death-like stillness reigns:
Yes, mistaken, heartless lover,
Love no longer now remains.
Love thee now! my soul would scorn it—
Bend to woo thy faithless smile—
Now accept thy heart! I'd spurn it,
Though my own should burst the while.

For our last farewell is breathed,
And we part, for ever part;
Every tie is now unwreathed
Which had bound us heart to heart.

NEW WORK OF WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Next week will appear the First Number of CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS, consisting of a large foolscap octavo sheet, price 1d. This work, though conducted on the same principles as CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, will differ materially from it. Each number will present a distinct subject, as, for example, the biography of a distinguished person, an interesting historiette, a moral or humorous tale, a favourite ballad, a manual of advice in reference to a branch of social or domestic economy, &c. While some of the numbers will consist of a sheet at a penny, others will be complete in half a sheet at a halfpenny, or in a quarter sheet at a farthing. Besides being published in numbers, the work will be issued in sewed monthly parts, price *fivepence*; two of these forming a volume (256 pages), price *one shilling*, neatly done up in boards for the table or library. The annual cost of the work, therefore, will not exceed four shillings in numbers, five shillings in monthly parts, and six shillings in volumes—a degree of cheapness, the quantity of matter considered, which has no parallel.

To the clergy of all denominations, country gentlemen, heads of families, owners of houses of business, and all others generally interested in *improving the minds and general condition of the people*, CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS is respectfully submitted for distribution and encouragement. Every facility will be afforded by the publishers and their agents for supplying quantities sorted, or in any other form that may be desired.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their offices, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, October 26, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE, &c.

No. 44. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1844. Price 1½d.

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

LONDON TO THE LIMAGNE.

France again! Yes, I had still some things to see in it, still some interesting scenes to visit—scenes remarkable either for their physical features, or their historical associations, or for both. I wanted to see Auvergne—to see its rich green plains, to loiter on its mountain-tops, to have a word to say of its people—the wreck of that intrepid nation, who showed a bolder front to Cæsar than any other of the Celtic races. Perhaps, also, I was influenced by the consideration, that Auvergne is out of the usual track of English idlers. Not that it is unknown to our summer tourists; but they are travellers of a peculiar stamp; men who walk on foot, hammer in pocket, and who would rather dine under the canopy of a rock than in the salons of Tortoni, of the Trois Frères Provençeaux, or any other scene of Parisian splendour.

Mohammedans perform a duty in toiling their way to Mecca, Hindoos are known to creep thousands of miles to the Ganges—geologists visit Auvergne. Auvergne may be called the Mecca of students of nature, and the Puy de Dome their altar. I will go to the Puy de Dome next time I visit France, said I; and in the summer of the present year, 1844, I was fortunately able to perform my promise. I did not go like a geologist—solitary, with a hammer and haversack—for I do not pretend to be a geologist, but only a humble admirer of the great truths respecting our planet which the science of geology discloses. I went as a loiterer, to see what curious things could be seen; and on this, as on a previous continental excursion, was accompanied by two persons very dear to me—a wife and sister.

Folkestone, Boulogne, Paris—that was our route. It was my first visit to Folkestone, a strangely crooked, up and down, collection of houses, situated in a nook of the bold, white, cliff-shores of the Channel, and which, thanks to railway communication, is beginning to spirit up wonderfully as a port, so as almost to threaten Dover and its hotels with destruction. Railways are clearly going to turn the world topsy-turvy, and the first of their clever feats will be the revolutionising of inns—substituting large houses, in which accommodation will be given on a wholesale and cheap principle, for the expensive resorts of past times. There is a capital hotel of this new order at Folkestone—a vast concern, elegant, yet moderate in charge, and which seems a happy union of the foreign with the English system of things. From this rising port steamboats now run daily across to Boulogne, in ready communication with the Parisian diligences; and in one of these craft we left the shores of old England, and were speedily, though not very pleasantly, borne to the opposite coast. Boulogne I had seen frequently before, and cared nothing about; yet it is worthy of notice, that the town is improving under the influence of English custom—in fact, is becoming an English watering-place. The English, however, find a few odd arrangements, which, with their unaccommodating straightforwardness, they cannot well see the meaning of. Does any lover of the sea, or any family to whom sea-air is prescribed, wish to take a little sail in a boat? the permission of the Chef de Douanne must first be asked and obtained—because, who knows but they are going to smuggle. Is it necessary to have a pailful of salt-water to bathe a weakly infant? the permission of this great man is also indispensable—in plain terms, you must have a custom-house order to be allowed to take a bowl of water from the ocean. Wherefore such absurdity? Is not the ocean big enough for everybody? A steam-engine, let alone a wash-hand basin, could not drain it. Simple man! The arrangement affects the welfare of a kingdom: you may be going to make salt from the water, and so defraud the revenue! John Bull always returns from the continent a wiser man.

We arrived in Paris towards the end of June, in time to make a few visits to the Exposition of National Industry in the Champs Elysées, of which a sketch has already made its appearance in these pages, and therefore pass we on southwards by railway to Orleans, whence we are once more conducted down the Loire to Blois in one of the queer little steamers which I formerly described—a composition of wood patched with tin, and which I fancy they dare not wash for fear of rubbing it in pieces. Blois and its environs need no second description. The only novelty which we saw on this occasion was the communal or town library. Most of the capitals of departments in France possess public libraries, supported by local taxes, and encouraged with presents of books from government. Of course they are open to every one who likes to visit them for the purpose of study without hindrance or payment. This one at Blois is in a great measure composed of the libraries swept from the adjacent monasteries at the Revolution, and is rich in curious antique books written on vellum, and beautifully illuminated. Some we saw were as old as five to six hundred years, and had been used as works of devotion by royal and pious personages. A magnificent modern work was shown to us, now publishing at the expense of the government, and purporting to be illustrations of art in the middle ages. Issued in livraisons, copies are presented to various public libraries throughout the country, where they remain for the improvement of students in the fine arts. The work is produced from a large printing establishment in Paris, supported out of the national resources, for executing, among other things, books which could not be undertaken without a prospect of loss by private enterprise.

Blois is somewhat off the route southwards, and we could leave it only by means of a hired caleche, for which—to give the reader a notion of French travelling expenses—I paid the small sum of 74 francs (L.3, 1s. 8d.) to carry us a distance of about fifty-six English miles. Bourges was our destination, and it was not reached till the afternoon of the second day. At Vierzon, a small town on the banks of the Cher, where we stopped for the night, the country altered in character from extensive alluvial plains to undulating hill and dale, and here commenced on the road-sides those long continuous lines of walnut-trees which extend in various directions through the centre of France. Orchards also became numerous; and occasionally we had glimpses of uplands warmly clothed in vegetation, and dotted with villages. Whatever may be said of the intelligence of the people in this part of France, no one will deny that they are patterns of industry. Not an idle man, woman, or child—or, I may add, cow—is to be anywhere seen. The men and women were busily engaged in rural labour, while the girls, in tending a few sheep, employ themselves in knitting or spinning with the distaff. Yet, although the people work hard, and are to all appearance their own masters, they do not seem to be in the enjoyment of many worldly comforts. They were universally bare-legged, and wore wooden shoes, while their cottages appeared to contain little furniture. The beasts of draught we met were principally cows and asses, the former yoked in pairs by the horns, and forming a dismal picture of poverty and oppression.

Bourges, one of the most ancient towns in France, has nothing of interest to detain the stranger except an old cathedral, locally celebrated for its painted glass windows; which, however, did not strike us as worth more than a transient notice. We were therefore glad to quit the place on the day after our arrival, and proceed to Moulins, a distance of sixty miles, which a diligence with five horses spiritedly conquered in nine hours. Approaching Moulins, we find ourselves entering the fine flat vale of the Allier, rich in tall trees and the most luxuriant vegetation. Artificial grasses likewise make their appearance in the fields; and although it is only the 8th of July, bands of reapers are already busy cutting down the grain.

Moulins has a vastly superior appearance to Bourges. The streets are generally open, and pretty well paved; there are several spacious airing-grounds, adorned with trees, both within the town and in the environs; and the houses of the opulent classes are numerous and elegant. The Allier, which forms one of the principal tributaries of the Loire, is here crossed by a long stone bridge; but though broad, it is a shallow stream, full of sand-banks, and of little value in inland navigation.

It was our object to push on from this very agreeable town to Clermont, or, more correctly, Clermont-Ferrand, but from this we were persuaded by the numerous inquiries if we were going to Vichy. The walls were plastered with affiches about Vichy. Diligences would take you and bring you back from Vichy in a day for a mere trifle. Men in blouses waylaid you at corners of streets, asking if you wanted conveyances to Vichy. Vichy, Vichy—the very atmosphere was full of Vichy. One cannot stand up against these pervading influences, and it is always best to give in at once with a good grace. I know nothing of Vichy, said I, but let us go and see what sort of a place it is; we shall not be at any rate much out of our way. So the second morning after our arrival in Moulins found us in the coupé of a little diligence, which in eight hours, at the rate of about three miles each, over a hilly tract of country, safely delivered us at this place of general request—the most fashionable watering-place in France.

Situated in a plain on the right bank of the Allier, Vichy was fifty years ago a poor old town resorted to by a few invalids for the sake of its mineral waters. In the present day, the two or three original streets have shrunk almost out of existence, and there has sprung up a new town—a miniature sketch of the finer parts of Paris—hotels, boarding-houses, shops, salons de lecture, cafés, a bath-house, and Champs Elysées. Such modern improvements, with the pretty surrounding scenery, the shelter of well-wooded hills, and the real or imaginary quality of the springs, have conspired to render Vichy an attraction during the season from all parts of France. At the centre of the open space near which the chief hotels are situated, stands the *Batiment Thermal*, or bath-house, covering the spot through which the principal springs force their way to the surface. This building, occupying, as I should suppose, a quarter of an acre of ground, is a handsome stone structure, with a portico or gallery at each end, and a promenade through the centre, whence are the entrances to the suites of baths along the sides. In the storey above is a splendid ball-room, card and billiard-rooms, open every evening to subscribers. The grand resort of the valetudinarian residents is the gallery along the north end of the building, where the waters are dispensed all day long by women appointed for the purpose. As at the German watering-places, no pumps are employed. The water comes gushing up in volumes to the surface, and with such force, as would pretty nearly drive a mill. Welling up in this manner into circular basins of stone, the fluid from each spring is ladled out in tumblers to the miscellaneous crowd of drinkers, without charge. All may drink copiously and daily, and nothing beyond a trifle at the end of the season is expected to be imparted to the diligent and ever obliging Ganymede. The springs here, and in other parts of the town, differ a little from each other both with respect to heat and chemical properties. All are thermal, varying from 86 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit, or that very agreeable range of temperature usually employed for artificial hot-baths. Carbonate of soda is the chief ingredient in their composition, along with such a proportion of carbonic acid gas as gives a lively effervescence to the water, and renders the swallowing of some half-dozen tumblers in a morning a less difficult feat than could at first be imagined. Each of the springs has its particular worshippers; but the Grande-Grille—so called from being surrounded with an iron rail—situated in the northern gallery of the Batiment, is the general favourite. The feeling on the palate from this famed liquid, is that of a glass of warm soda-water. Here and elsewhere the water seems pure and colourless; but when suffered to stand, it yields a yellowish calcareous deposit. Impalpable as are the various materials contained in the waters, it is ascertained that the springs throw up not less than 80,000 pounds' weight of solid substances daily, and are believed to have done so, with little variation, since the invasion of Gaul by the Romans, and probably for thousands of years before that event. Their degree of temperature has been less regular. The waters were warmer in past times, and the heat is said to be gradually, though very slowly, decreasing. Finally, as is reasonably conjectured, they will cool down to the ordinary temperature of water, and probably cease to maintain the same mineral character. The heat which warms them—the subsiding remains of volcanic action—will, it is supposed, ultimately expire; yet at so distant a day, that the hotel-keepers of Vichy, who are the parties chiefly concerned in seeing the springs keep merrily in action, may, I believe, remain at ease on the subject.

For my own part, I am inclined to think that the fresh air, abundant out-door exercise, and relief from common cares, form the chief magic of a visit to Vichy, as to most other watering-places. Up in the morning by five or six o'clock, professedly to drink the waters, troops of Parisians may be seen strolling in the beautiful walks adjacent to the Batiment Thermal. Four or five hours of this sort of exercise send them to breakfast in their respective boarding-houses, which breakfast—*le grand déjeûné*—is, in point of fact, an early dinner. In two hours or so after this repast, those who are recommended to bathe adjourn to the everlasting Batiment, and those who do not care for bathing disperse themselves over

the Champs Elysées, the highways and byways, and the country for miles around. At this stage of daily routine, voitures rise prodigiously in their fare, and the long line of asses *á louer* one by one disappear. Gentlemen, in caps and beards of a foot long, ladies, and children, trot off the field, and the town is left in genteel silence till dinner proper, which is theoretically promised at five o'clock; but as no single movement in France is exact to the hour, it is half-past before seats are taken at that magnificent array, the table d'hôte. The evening is sacred to cigar-smoking, the café, *le bal*, and conversation *en famille*, all who lodge in a house being free of the saloon or drawing-room. At eleven o'clock or thereabouts the fatigues and indulgences of the day begin to operate visibly on the eyelids, and before midnight, every one has betaken himself to repose.

It is not probable that many of the idlers who kill time in this pleasant manner at Vichy, spend a thought on the geological character of the country around, or are aware that the town, with its Champs Elysées, its cafés, and its salles, occupies the bed of a lake once as large as some of the sheets of water in North America. Thousands of years have doubtless elapsed since the sun was reflected from the tranquil surface of this magnificent mirror, yet the tokens of the existence of such a lake lie scattered over plain and upland, and attract the curiosity of the traveller as he journeys forward into Auvergne. The environs of Vichy, indeed, form part of that extensive, though not altogether level plain, which has been designated the Limagne—a term which seems to have the same root as Leman, the name applied to the lake near Geneva. While Lake Leman, an expansion of the Rhone, has not been able to empty itself, in consequence of the hard nature of its western boundary, the lake once covering the Limagne has in the course of ages sawn and washed away its lower confines, and now all is gone. Where there was once a long and deep sheet of water, there are now beautiful valleys and plains, through which winds the comparatively small river Allier and its tributaries.

Although rich and fertile in the neighbourhood of Vichy, we do not prize the beauty and extent of the Limagne till we cross some rounded hills on the road southwards to Clermont. On attaining the brow of the last of these green and woody hills, we have the Limagne spread out before us in all the glory of summer. The garden of France is at our feet. The morning on which we reached this interesting spot was one of the most brilliant of the season, and our eye had an opportunity of taking in the whole plain—rich in orchards, vineyards, bright green fields, and yellow crops of grain—as far as its mountain boundary, formed by the range of Puys, or volcanic peaks, which it was our object to visit. A white cloud alone rested on the top of the central peak, the Puy de Dome, marking its superior height and grandeur. The scene was grateful even to the senses of our voiturier, although he must have seen it hundreds of times before. 'Le Puy de Dome! le Puy de Dome! la voilà!' he exclaimed, pointing with his whip in the direction of the great mountain; 'il a monté son chapeau;' and down ran our vehicle with redoubled speed into the plain before us.

While the carriage may be supposed to be rolling on its way to Clermont, between long rows of walnut-trees, a glance may be taken at what is supposed to have been the former condition of this beautiful valley. The idea that the Limagne once contained a lake, is one of the results of modern geology. The soil of the country is alluvium, mixed with stones of volcanic origin washed from heights, and resting on limestone strata. In some places are seen masses of granite and other primitive rocks; also basaltic heights covering the calcareous substratum. Limestone, of a kind which the included organic remains show to have been deposited from fresh water, is so abundant throughout the district, that no one can doubt that the country is nothing more than the bottom of an exhausted lake. From being a sheet of water, however, to being dry land, there were various stages, as is evidenced by the organic remains in the calcareous strata. An examination of these with the microscope affords a striking notion of the changes which have taken place from active to inert matter. Several beds or strata of limestone are found to consist of the remains of shell-fish—a species of mollusca shaped like small tubes. 'If, then,' observes the ingenious Scrope, in his Geology of Central France—'if, then, we consider that repeated strata, averaging five or six feet in thickness, and almost entirely consisting of these tubes, appear once to have extended over the whole plain of the Limagne, occupying a surface of many hundred square miles, we shall arrive at an imperfect idea of the countless myriads of minute beings belonging to a single species of mollusca, which have lived and died in turn within the bosom of this extensive lake!' The investigations which have disclosed these phenomena, have likewise made known that the fresh-water deposits of the Limagne contain the fossil remains of gigantic animals now extinct, of palms and other plants, with leaves of vast size, and of insects suitable to a climate now unknown in France—the whole indisputably proving that this part of the world, not to speak of any other, has in the lapse of time undergone mighty revolutions and changes; that its present features are but the wreck of a pre-existing and entirely different state of things.

THE VILLAGE HEROINE.

A TALE.

'So old Giles Gibbons is dying, I hear,' exclaimed the Widow Benson, addressing her son, who had just entered the cottage, and sunk wearied with the fatigues of the day upon the settle which stood beside the fire.

'Dying?' repeated the young man, starting and looking at his mother with an expression which seemed to beseech her to unsay her words.

'Yes, dying,' she rejoined. 'And is it so very surprising that an old man who has been bedridden these five years *should* die at last?' she querulously asked.

'No, mother, there is nothing surprising,' the youth returned; 'but I am much grieved to hear it.'

'And I don't know why you should be *grieved*,' she further remarked, whilst a bitter smile sat upon her thin lips. 'The old are better in their graves, out of the way of the young.'

'Mother, it is unkind of you to talk thus,' interposed the youth, whilst his cheek grew flushed; 'you know there *are* sons and daughters whose highest happiness is to promote the comfort of their aged parents.'

'Well, well, Ralph, I did not mean to accuse you of wishing me out of the way,' she returned in a softened tone; 'but I don't think there will be any to lament poor Giles Gibbons.'

'Don't say so, mother,' cried Ralph; 'I am sure there is one who will deeply lament him.'

'You can't mean his daughter Jessy?' observed the widow. 'She will be released from a task which few young women like; and I don't doubt she will think it a happy release.'

'You do Jessy injustice, mother,' pleaded the youth; 'her task of nursing her poor old father for so many years has been cheerfully performed, and, I am sure, to lose him will be the greatest trouble she could endure.'

'You seem to be in her confidence?' said the widow, who, we may remark, did not readily agree with any other person's opinions. To the unjustifiable taunt her son calmly replied by saying that he only echoed the opinions of every one who knew Jessy Gibbons; and so the conversation dropped.

Widow Benson was entirely dependent for her support on her youngest son—the others having consulted their own fancy in leaving the maternal roof. Ralph, however, neither felt nor complained of the burden which had fallen to his lot, and rather rejoiced that he had the power of supporting his remaining parent. To an equally generous mind this self-sacrifice would have awakened emotions of gratitude, and desires to promote the happiness of so dutiful a son; but such was not Mrs Benson's. She, on the contrary, looked with a jealous eye upon any young woman who, she thought, might stand in the way of her interest. She had once extorted a promise from her son not to marry, unless he had the certainty of a home for her beneath his roof; but not contented with this, she had determined, if possible, to prevent his marrying at all; hence her snappishness on an allusion to the daughter and sole attendant of old Giles Gibbons.

The young husbandman was correct in his surmises respecting the position of that beloved one, whose sad duties he would willingly have shared, and whose griefs he would have felt it happiness to lighten and console: but she was wholly unconscious of the tender interest she had awakened, and believed that her father's expiring breath would leave her unloved in a world which, without the charm which affection bestows, would be to her as a barren wilderness. The morning's dawn found Jessy Gibbons an orphan—an orphan in the most complete sense of the word; for though there were few who did not deeply sympathise in her now friendless condition, yet she could not but experience the loss of one in whom the love of years has been concentrated.

The obstinate and selfish prejudices of Mrs Benson became now more than ever a source of unhappiness to Ralph, who longed at this juncture to offer his home, as well as his heart, to the desolate girl. He loved her dearer now she was in affliction; but his weekly earnings were not sufficient to warrant his taking such a step, knowing, as he did, that his mother would not be willing to forego any comfort she had hitherto enjoyed, that she might promote their welfare.

A residence under the lonely roof of her late father was now felt by Jessy to be impossible. There was sorrow in the thought of breaking up and leaving a household in which she had been reared; but duty was paramount to sentiment. It was necessary she should quit the spot to seek a means of subsistence. Naturally of a strong mind, her plans were matured without the aid of neighbours; and one fine morning beheld her departing from the village, on her way to a distant town, there to learn an art on which she might rear a structure of personal independence. To her surprise, while leaving the grave of her father, to which she had paid a parting visit, she found that she was followed by Ralph Benson. Jessy Gibbons had hitherto never thought of Ralph with any warmer sentiment than that which the other young men of the village awakened; but now, when she beheld his expressive countenance, beaming as it was with affection, solicitude, and sympathy, she could not but understand the motive which had induced him to shun a public farewell, and thus follow her steps in secret. She experienced nothing of the exaltation of the coquette in this discovery, but it cannot be denied that the lonely heart of the orphan felt a glow of pleasure in the idea of being thus fondly beloved. She had before respected the character of the young man, and now there was a rush of remembrances which tended to increase that sentiment, and to give it a softer aspect. Ralph was not slow in observing that the orphan maiden did not look on him with displeasure, and he now ventured to reach her side. What were the mutual confessions that ensued, may be so readily conjectured, that it is needless to describe them minutely. We may only mention that, as the stage drove up which was to convey Jessy to her destination, she placed in the hand of her lover one of the flowers which she had gathered from her father's grave, and the action, simple as it was, conveyed to him a sweet and soothing sentiment, upon which he might dwell with hope till they should again meet. It seemed to say that the affection that had been buried in that grave might yet live, and be transferred to him.

Jessy commenced her new undertaking with additional pleasure, from the fact of feeling herself beloved. A sense of loneliness had made the prospect cheerless; but the assurance of the deep interest she had awakened in one warm heart, created a future of hope she had before never felt. Esteem and gratitude were easily softened into affection; and with woman, it is not necessary that the object of her regard should be near, nor even that she should hold communion with him; her fond recollections and warm imagination will suffice to keep alive the flame which has once been kindled in her breast.

We will pass over the two years which Jessy studiously devoted to the acquirement of her business; for she was not the less solicitous to make herself mistress of it because she had the prospect of a home. The limited means of her betrothed husband was of itself a sufficient inducement for her to desire assisting him as far as lay in her power; but the knowledge that his mother would be dependent upon him, increased her anxiety to do so. Her generous nature acquiesced with cheerfulness in the anticipation of the sacrifices which it would be necessary to make in order to afford the widow those comforts which age more especially requires; nay, she loved Ralph dearer for the solicitude he ever expressed for the welfare of his parent, though he failed not to make her acquainted with the promise he had given never to marry until he could feel a certainty of still affording her a home beneath his roof. Happily for the orphan girl, she was wholly unconscious of the adverse interests of her future mother-in-law; and in her day-dreams of future happiness as the wife of the young husbandman, she formed many little plans for her comfort, and in imagination transferred to her the love which her warm heart had entertained for her own departed parents. Little did she deem how great was the difficulty her betrothed found in gaining his mother's consent to the union, and that, had he not pleaded more urgently than he had ever done on any other subject, she would have remained inexorable. Ralph certainly had reason and even prudence on his side, when he declared that he saw no just grounds for postponing his marriage, since Jessy was now fully competent to undertake the important office of village *modiste*, and her industry, taste, and perseverance could not, he thought, fail of meeting with success. But Mrs Benson was unwilling to admit the validity of his arguments. Independent of the selfish fears she entertained lest the union should war against her interest, she felt some reluctance in yielding up the position of mistress, which she had for so many years enjoyed; and her judgment was too much warped by prejudice, for her to perceive how unlikely it was that one so gentle, and who had from her earliest youth been accustomed to the exercise of forbearance, should assume an unwarrantable authority, or even be desirous of disputing those points where justice might be on her side.

Jessy did all that daughter could do to smooth the asperities of her mother-in-law's disposition; and, of course, was unsuccessful. Yet, notwithstanding the tyranny to which she was exposed, the young wife never repined; no word of complaint ever fell from her lips; nor would she suffer her husband to know how much she underwent, lest it should mar his peace. It is impossible to conceive—if we have never witnessed it or felt it—how much unhappiness the ill-temper of one individual can inflict on the family with whom he or she is unfortunately connected. As there is no person so unimportant as to be incapable of conferring pleasure, so in proportion is the baneful influence; and thus the domestic harmony of many a little circle is changed to discord, and the most disastrous events not unfrequently ensue. The meekness of the gentle young wife in the present instance, however, preserved the quietude of her home

Had she retaliated, that home would have been to Ralph deprived of half its attractions, and thus her forbearance obtained a reward (the approval of her own conscience alone excepted) the most complete she could enjoy. Independent of the trials of patience Jessy suffered from the widow's querulous disposition, the first twelve months of her married life passed prosperously and happily. She found ample and profitable employment for all the leisure she could spare from the fulfilment of her domestic duties in the pursuits of her business. Indeed so highly were her abilities esteemed, that every damsel in the village was desirous of having her Sunday and holiday gown made by her fairy fingers; no one else, they thought, could fit the shape so exactly, or arrange the trimmings so tastefully, as she did; and even the squire's lady occasionally sent for her to assist her maid when she had dresses to alter; but at the expiration of that period, a trial awaited her which could neither be foreseen nor averted.

Whilst engaged one morning in his usual farming occupations, Ralph met with an accident by the falling of a heavy piece of wood upon his right arm. He thought it trifling at first, and endeavoured to pursue his employment; but the pain and swelling greatly increasing, he was obliged to desist, and return home. His wife's careful nursing, and his mother's experience in the treatment of wounds and bruises, he thought would soon effect a cure; but he found it to be otherwise. The limb was injured so seriously, that medical assistance was necessary. The sincerity and depth of Jessy's affection was now put to the test. His helpless condition required her constant attention, his pain her soothing tenderness, and his spirits her unostentatious but animating piety. Ralph was a well-principled and amiable young man, but he possessed little strength of mind. Accustomed from his infancy to enjoy a robust constitution and vigorous health, he had never thought that sickness and debility might be his lot, and when it came, he sunk into a state of depression from which it was difficult to arouse him. Happily for the young couple, they had made a reserve, in their season of prosperity, for what they termed 'a rainy day,' and a small sum had been providently saved from the sale of her father's effects. Jessy, however, resolved at once to rely on no such small resources. Her corporeal and mental powers were called into full exercise; and she became the sole stay of her stricken husband and his aged mother. With her accustomed peevishness, Mrs Benson saw no virtue in her daughter-in-law's conduct; she was herself continually bemoaning the evil which had befallen her son, and she thought it a proof of want of feeling that Jessy could be cheerful and gay. She could not understand the motives which actuated that noble-minded girl, and she continually put false constructions on her actions, from the fact of her own selfish nature not being able to comprehend generosity in its self-denying character.

But the skill of the surgeon, and the tenderness and care of the young wife, failed in restoring the use of poor Ralph's injured limb; and after some weeks had elapsed, it was suggested by one of his neighbours that it would be well to obtain the advice of some of the faculty in London, where it could be had gratuitously by becoming an inmate of one of the hospitals. His mother was vehement in her opposition to this plan. She could not bear, she said, that her darling son should be taken a hundred miles away, and left to the care of strangers, perhaps to die of neglect; but Jessy saw the matter in a different light. She felt confident, that under his present treatment, her husband would never regain the use of his limb; indeed the surgeon had talked of amputation as the only means of saving his life, and she had heard that the skill of the first of the profession could be obtained for the poor through the medium of those excellent institutions. Ralph's first idea was, that he must go alone; but Jessy had determined otherwise. She saw the difficulty which would follow giving up her business for a season, especially as it was now their only means of support; but she saw also that the beneficial results which were anticipated from the visit, were likely to be rendered ineffectual by his solitary situation. Could she procure a little lodging near to him, and obtain some employment, she felt assured that the chances of his recovery were greater; for she dreaded the probable result of his being wholly deprived of her society and attentions. This plan she thought also would silence her mother-in-law's objections; but on this point she was mistaken. Mrs Benson declared that she would not be left behind alone. She was too weak, she said, to wait upon herself; and by what means was she to be supported? It was in vain that Jessy assured her that she would share with her her earnings, and represented that it was not likely that the neighbours, with whom she had lived for so many years, would suffer her to want either assistance or provision. She was obstinate in her determination to go with them, if, she said, they were mad enough to go at all.

This was a fresh trial for poor Jessy; but she saw no other alternative than to submit; and since submit she must, she resolved to do it graciously. The expense of the journey for three persons would take the principal part of her little store; but this portion of her trouble was removed by the benevolence of the squire, who had always shown a willingness to assist any member of Giles Gibbons's family. He kindly offered his travelling carriage to conduct them, observing, that it would not only spare them the expense, but be a more easy mode of conveyance for the invalid. Jessy's gratitude was unbounded at this unlooked-for kindness, and her heart beat with indescribable emotions as she contemplated this assistance, as a proof that Heaven favoured her project by facilitating her means of undertaking it.

The cottage was left under the care of a neighbour, and taking as little luggage as possible, the trio set out on their journey. As they travelled by easy stages, on account of the motion increasing the pain in Ralph's arm, they were three days in accomplishing it; and far from enviable was his or his wife's situation in having their mother for a companion: she could see no pleasing prospect to divert, no mercies to call forth her thankfulness; and she did little else but complain the whole of the way. Jessy, on the contrary, felt so animated by the anticipated result of the visit, that she had no room for the admission of aught save gratitude and hope.

The squire had provided Ralph with a ticket of admission to an hospital of which he was one of the directors, and thither they immediately drove. Jessy's first care was to see her husband comfortably settled in his new abode. This done, she took leave of him, it must be confessed not without a pang, and then sought a home for herself and her mother-in-law. She felt timid and solitary when she found herself alone in London's crowded streets; but she at length succeeded in procuring a small ready furnished apartment near to the hospital, to which she immediately conducted the old woman.

'A miserable home this,' the widow muttered, after she had with some difficulty mounted two flights of dark and steep stairs.

'The entrance is unpleasant, but the room is neat and cleanly, dear mother,' Jessy soothingly observed; 'and I trust,' she added, 'that we shall not require to occupy it for a very long period.' But Mrs Benson could see nothing to admire, and nothing to hope. She persisted that Jessy had brought both herself and son to die in a strange place, removed from all their friends, and no arguments on the part of the young wife could quiet her.

Our heroine's next duty was an endeavour to find some employment which would serve to support them till Ralph became convalescent; but here her little knowledge of the state of trade in London had induced her to form a wrong estimate of the difficulties she had to contend with. She imagined that she had only to persevere in her applications to the houses of business where female labour was required, and that success must at length crown her efforts; but she was mistaken

and disappointed; and she then discovered that hundreds of her sex were placed in the same pitiable situation, and many of them in consequence wanting the common necessaries of life. Jessy's mind was not, however, of a character to sink under discouragements. She had the satisfaction of finding, on her visits to the hospital, which were as frequent as the rules allowed, that her beloved husband was improving under the care and skill he enjoyed. It is true her money was almost expended, and want seemed ready to startle her by his wan aspect; but her fortitude and humble trust in the protection of an all-wise and all-gracious Providence forsook her not.

The change from a healthful and airy situation to a confined chamber in the most densely-populated part of the metropolis, greatly affected the health of the widow. Jessy was less a sufferer from it, because she was less at home; but she began to entertain serious apprehensions lest her mother-in-law's death should be the result; and knowing how dear she was to her son, notwithstanding her faults, the wife was obliged to speak with great caution to him when she gave her report concerning his mother's situation. The failure of Jessy's plans with respect to procuring employment in the manner she had expected, induced her to request her landlady's permission to put a bill in her front window intimating that needle-work was performed by a person residing in the house; and the request was most opportunely made, for the woman informed her that she had that morning been asked if she knew of any person who would assist in making up mourning for a lady in whose family a death had just taken place. The offer was an inviting one to poor Jessy, who had exchanged her last piece of silver coin; but she felt it necessary to consult with her mother-in-law ere she accepted of it, as it would constrain her to leave home for the whole of the day. Mrs Benson was at first angry at what she called her daughter's wish to neglect her; but when her selfishness led her to contemplate the benefit which she should share, she ungraciously consented. Jessy immediately proceeded (agreeably to the direction given her) to the residence of Mrs Grover, who gladly engaged her services for the ensuing week, and who, moreover, upon hearing her simple story, volunteered to recommend her to the ladies of her acquaintance. The mild eyes of the young sempstress overflowed with tears of gratitude at this assurance; she was too little versed in the ways of the world to know that ladies with really kind intentions are apt, for the want of a little thought, to promise, under the excitement of instinctive charity and sympathy, a great deal more than they are either able, or, in some instances, willing afterwards to perform. Be this as it may, Jessy, by the expedition and neatness with which she executed her task, gave entire satisfaction to her employer. A source of uneasiness, however, occurred on the third day. It was the time appointed by the rules of the institution for visitors to be admitted to the hospital, and she had never yet failed in availing herself of the opportunity to see her husband. She could have borne the privation with fortitude, had she been able to make him acquainted with her engagements elsewhere, but she could find no one who could undertake the mission; and kindly as were the feelings of her present employer towards her, she yet saw that she was too much interested in having the mourning finished, to consent to any delay. Whilst she was sitting musing upon the disappointment and anxiety her beloved Ralph would feel at not seeing her form enter the ward at the usual hour, Mrs Grover, who, meanwhile, had been planning the arrangement of the crape ornaments from a magazine of fashions which lay open before her, was summoned from the room by the footman's announcing that Dr A—— had arrived.

'Dr A——,' Jessy repeated, raising her eyes suddenly from her work.

'Do you know that gentleman?' inquired her companion in some surprise.

'Jessy blushed. Not personally, ma'am,' she returned; 'but I have heard my husband speak of a Dr A—— who has showed him particular attention and kindness.'

'He is one of the physicians in attendance on the hospital, and is well known for his benevolence,' Mrs Grover observed, as she moved towards the door.

'Oh! madam,' exclaimed the young sempstress, gazing after her with a look of great earnestness—'oh! madam, do you think I might be so bold as to ask to see him?'

'Do you wish to inquire concerning the state of your husband's health?' the lady demanded.

'No, ma'am,' she hesitatingly replied; 'I am not in doubt on that matter. I am thankful to hear he is in a likely way to recover the entire use of his limb; but—but——'

'But what?' Mrs Grover inquired.

'I am too intrusive in asking such a thing perhaps,' cried Jessy; 'but I thought if Dr A—— would kindly let my poor husband know that I am working for you, ma'am, and that that is the reason he does not see me to-day, it would dispel his fears, and make me very happy.'

'I will make the request for you,' Mrs Grover rejoined with an approving smile, 'and I don't doubt it will be granted.'

The lady had not been long absent from the room, when the footman re-appeared with the request that Jessy would wait on Dr A—— in the drawing-room. She arose with a palpitating heart, and could scarcely summon courage to raise her eyes as she entered the apartment, lest the favour she had asked should have been deemed a liberty; but the kind voice of the physician reassured her. 'So, you are the wife of Ralph Benson, young woman?' he said as she advanced. Jessy curtsied an assent. 'And you are concerned lest your husband should be made unhappy by your absence?' he further interrogated.

'Not by my absence, sir,' was Jessy's reply, 'but by the cause being unknown to him.'

'Well, my good young woman, you may rest satisfied on that head,' he kindly rejoined; 'I shall visit the hospital to-day, and will make a point of seeing him. Pray, is there any other way in which I can serve you?'

Jessy hesitated a moment. 'Oh, sir, you are very kind,' she energetically exclaimed; 'and if it were not too much to ask, I would wish you to visit my husband's mother, who is seriously ill at our little lodging.'

'Give me your address, and I will call upon her to-morrow,' he returned.

Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the now happy young wife—gratitude too powerful for expression. She named the number and the street in which she lived; nor did she forget to caution the kind physician not to speak of his mother's illness to Ralph. Again she curtsied, and retreated, but not till the benevolent disciple of Esculapius had forced into her hand a small donation, which, in her present circumstances, was to her a little fortune.

Dr A—— was not a man to promise much, but he was a man to act, and to gain his confidence and esteem was of no small value. He visited the elder Mrs Benson on the morrow, and recommended an immediate change to a more airy and healthy situation as the only means of restoring the aged invalid. The widow was touched with the cheerful assent Jessy immediately gave to this proposal; she was aware it must be a sacrifice to her feelings to remove her to a greater distance from her husband; she knew also it would add to her toil by lengthening her walk; and her conscience told her that she deserved not such a return from the young creature, whose affection she had made no effort to gain, and whom she had even treated with unkindness.

The change was made as soon as Jessy's engagement with Mrs Grover would permit, and they now occupied a large airy chamber, open to the fields. 'I trust you will revive here, dear mother,' was the daughter's ex-

clamation a few days after their arrival, as she arranged the pillow of an easy-chair she had hired expressly for the invalid. 'Under good Dr A——'s care, both you and Ralph will soon be well,' she continued, 'and we shall return to our home so very happy!' Mrs Benson's heart responded that she at least deserved to be so; but her pride would not at present let her acknowledge that Jessy had done quite right.

'Oh, what a blissful sight it will be to see dear Ralph using his arm again!' the young wife pursued, whilst her countenance was irradiated with delight at the bare idea.

'Nay, it depends upon the manner in which he uses it,' interposed the old woman, whilst a smile of pleasantry foreign to her usual habits lit up her features; 'suppose he exercise it in making you feel its power?'

'I would cheerfully submit even to that,' Jessy laughingly rejoined; 'anything that would prove that his strength was restored.'

'It shall work for thee, my own Jessy, and I shall never think it can do enough to repay all thy kindness,' exclaimed a well-known voice, and Ralph was the next moment in the presence of his mother and his wife. The former uttered a cry of surprise, and the latter sunk into his extended arms. The young man being pronounced sufficiently convalescent, had procured his dismissal unknown to his family; and not being aware of the severe illness of his mother (though he had been informed of their removal), he had come with the intention of giving them a joyful surprise. His heart beat quick with pleasure when he heard the kindly tones with which Mrs Benson addressed her daughter; it was a happy omen, he thought, and it made the bliss of his return more complete.

The pale aspect of his mother, however, excited his alarm; but Jessy assured him that her health was already improving, and she doubted not but a week or two at most in their present abode would restore her so far as to enable her to undertake the journey home. Their kind friend the squire had, she said, through the medium of her sister, offered the use of the travelling-carriage once more. 'And oh how happy home will be after this long absence!' she energetically added.

'Surely I shall value the use of my limbs more than ever I did before,' exclaimed Ralph.

'I shall value *you* more than ever, after having so nearly lost you,' responded Jessy, whilst she struggled between smiles and tears.

'And I hope I shall value you both more than I have hitherto done,' cried the widow, now completely softened and humbled at the contemplation of the selfish part she had taken, and she opened her arms to fold her children together in her embrace as she spoke.

And need we say how delightful was such a confession to our long-enduring heroine. Her meekness and forbearance had accomplished the desired object. She had won the love of one who had hitherto been dear to her for her husband's sake, but whom her warm heart desired to encircle with its affections for her own. The griefs of her past life were forgotten—that happy moment repaid them all.

Many were the joyful greetings and congratulations which accompanied the return of the Bensons to their native village, and Ralph recommenced his employment with feelings of gratitude which made his labour sweet. Jessy, too, thought that the sun shone brighter, that the birds sang sweeter, and that everything looked more beautiful, than they had done before; and thus it ever is, when the storms of affliction are past, and the sweet calm of happiness follows. The widow lived to see herself surrounded by a numerous train of grandchildren; but she was an altered woman. Hitherto, her life had been a source of disquiet to those around her, but now (although long-indulged habits could not be entirely eradicated) a new principle having been implanted—a principle of love and peace—its salutary effects were seen in her words and actions, and she became a blessing where she had before been a bane.

Happy would it be for society were hers an insulated case, and happy would it be if forbearance were exercised when families are thus tried, since experience, with few exceptions, proves the truth of the proverb of the wise man of old, that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

FRACTURED BONES.

THERE are few accidents more frequent, or more distressing in their results, than those arising from fractured bones; and none in which the attempts at relief afforded by bystanders are fraught with greater danger to the patient. When a person is seen to fall prostrate, the first impulse of the crowd is to raise him up, without stopping to inquire the nature or extent of the accident, and totally overlooking the fact, that the recumbent position is the one chosen by nature as that best adapted for the sick, the weary, and the infirm—as the only position in which they can enjoy perfect rest, without the exercise of any muscular effort. In the case of fracture of any part of the lower extremity, moving the patient from the horizontal position is productive of great mischief, and a knowledge of this simple fact would, in a majority of cases, avert the necessity of the surgeon's knife, or the patient from permanent lameness and much subsequent torture.

The writer's attention was first particularly drawn to this subject by an accident that occurred some years ago to himself. His horse fell with him, and as it happened in a principal London thoroughfare, a crowd immediately gathered round, and the first cry was, 'Lift the gentleman up.' Happily for him, his presence of mind had not deserted him, and he enjoined them to desist, as, being a medical man, he best knew how to proceed. In a few moments he discovered that his leg was broken, and then the consequences of being 'lifted up' occurred to him in all their horror. A shutter having been procured, he directed it to be laid down at his side, and moving very cautiously, so as not to disturb the limb, soon contrived to edge himself upon it; it was then raised by four of the bystanders, and in this manner he was carried to his residence.

A few moments' consideration will convince us of the impropriety of raising the body from the ground. It may readily be conceived that, by preserving the horizontal position, if the limb be straight, encased as it is by its various muscles and integuments, the broken bone will remain in its natural situation; but that, by raising the body (and consequently the leg), we make a lever of the upper half of the bone, the broken point of which becomes the fulcrum, and turns at right angles with the lower half, which, having lost its continuity of support, is disposed to preserve its original posture; and that by this, although the skin may not in every case be actually torn, still there must be an approximation towards it, and that the surrounding parts must be more or less lacerated. Should the skin be torn, the simple fracture, in the language of surgery, becomes a compound one, the inconvenience to the patient more severe, and the chances of recovery considerably lessened.

The possible mischief, and consequent danger, does not rest here. One of the arteries of the limb may be wounded by a point of the fractured bone, and then the danger is much increased. The arteries gradually increase in size from the foot upwards, and above the knee unite into one trunk or main artery, any laceration of which is productive of the worst consequences. Even in the foot they are large enough, if the bleeding be permitted to continue, to produce fatal results, although in that case time enough is generally obtained to arrest the hemorrhage. But should the thigh be fractured, and the femoral, or main artery, of the limb be wounded, the flow of blood is so great, that if not immediately stopped, the patient's life may be lost in three minutes.

The femoral artery takes the course of, and runs

parallel to, the thigh bone; and when that is broken, it will readily be seen how likely it is to be pierced by a spicula of bone, or one of its broken points; and this indeed frequently happens.

It now remains for us to consider what we are called upon to do in accidents of this nature. In the first place, do not attempt to alter the position from that in which the patient falls; that is, supposing the limb be not bent. Administer a glass of wine, or spirit and water, obtained from the nearest good Samaritan (and one will easily be found); next, should the accident occur in a crowded thoroughfare, let a ring be formed, to prevent the sufferer from being pressed upon or run over. In a few moments, if his senses have been spared, he will be able to say where he is hurt, by gently moving his limbs. A shutter should now be obtained; and if he possesses sufficient nerve, it will be best, as in the writer's case, for him gradually to edge himself upon it, as he will best know what degree of motion he can bear without pain. If he is unable to do this, one of the bystanders must proceed to assist him, by supporting the injured limb.

It is necessary to observe great caution in doing this. Suppose, for instance, the limb be raised by lifting the foot, if we refer to the observations already made, we shall perceive the same consequences will occur as if the person were raised from the ground. It is therefore necessary to remember, from the first moment of the accident to the last before the cure, that in raising a broken limb, care must be taken to use both hands, the one placed below, and the other above the point of fracture, as if the limb were in two separate pieces, and but slightly held together.

It may happen that the patient is insensible, and the seat of injury not obvious. He may be suffering from compression of the brain, or concussion, or fracture of the skull or spine, or may have sustained some internal and severe injury. In such cases the worst consequences are always to be apprehended, and the sufferer must be treated with the utmost tenderness. If the power of swallowing remain (which may be known by pouring a little water into the mouth), a little wine, or spirit and water, may invariably be given, and this is all that is necessary: great mischief often arises from doing too much. Let the patient be placed upon a litter, and carried home, or to the nearest hospital, with great care and tenderness.

To return to the case of fractured leg. Before placing the patient in bed, be careful that everything is well prepared for his reception, as he will have to remain there at least one month without moving the broken limb. It is of great importance to have the bed so hard and smooth, as to receive no impression from the weight of the body. A small French bedstead, wide enough for one person only, will be found most convenient, a lath bottom being indispensable; if this cannot be had, an ironing-board must be placed on the sacking, and on this a horse-hair mattress, covered by a blanket, over which nail down the sheet tightly on both sides.

In removing the patient from the shutter, place it on a line, and level with the bed, and let him shift himself upon it, as we have before described. Before this removal, splints had better be applied to the limb, as it can then be supported with less pain to the fractured parts.

Fractures of the arm and forearm are in general more easily cured than those of the lower extremity, although the future freedom of the forearm depends in a great measure on the tact and talent of the surgeon. They, of course, do not involve the necessity of maintaining the recumbent position; and all that is necessary previous to professional attendance is, the placing the arm in a sling or half handkerchief, which should extend from the elbow to the wrist.

Setting a broken limb means nothing more than placing the fractured ends of the bone opposite each other, and retaining them there by the application of splints made of wood or mill-board. Much misapprehension prevails on this point; it is generally considered as a formidable operation, requiring to be performed as soon after the accident as possible. When the fracture happens to be a compound one, with one end of the bone perhaps protruding through the skin, it is then desirable to reduce it as soon as possible; but otherwise, it may be postponed until the bed is fully prepared for the patient's future requirements.

In closing this paper, the writer cannot help adverting to two points of great importance in the treatment of fractures, although in doing so he is aware he is trespassing beyond the limits he has prescribed for himself; they are, on the impropriety of blood-letting, and the use of cold applications, during any period of the subsequent treatment. Bleeding by some is had recourse to to *prevent* inflammation; this it will not do: and the proof is, that uniformly, the more delicate the subject, the greater is the degree of susceptibility to its attacks. But in fractures, we have really no inflammation to dread, nor blood to spare, for nature will require more than her usual supply to repair the injury sustained, and, if needlessly subtracted, the period of cure will be proportionably prolonged.

With respect to cold applications, we do not always sufficiently discriminate the nature of the complaint for which they are used. For pain arising from inflammatory action, cold is an excellent application; but for pain arising from contusion of parts, warm fomentations are by far the most soothing and efficient. It is a trite observation, that old fractures are as sensitive to atmospheric changes as the barometer. Where warmth alone has been used, the writer has never known this to occur.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE.

SECOND ARTICLE—BOOKS.

HAVING given some idea of the manner in which the Chinese record their ideas in writing, we will now describe the means by which those ideas are disseminated in print: first detailing the mechanical processes by which books are, if we may so speak, manufactured; and, secondly, affording some information respecting their contents.

Printing—instead of originating in some such fortunate accident as historians and collectors of traditions are so fond of tracing nearly every invention to—was, as Dugald Stewart has explained, more probably the result of those general causes on which the progress of society seems to depend. However the art may have originated, one thing is certain, that it was employed by the Chinese as early as the tenth century, or five centuries before its general adoption in Europe. Chinese printing, as then practised, was exactly the same as it is at present. Those who have read the 'Facts about the Chinese,' previously detailed, are aware that this singularly vain people consider themselves perfect in nearly everything—in printing among the rest; and therefore deem improvement impossible. Hence, nothing can be more primitive and simple than the means they adopt; nothing, moreover, can be more effectual—except presses and moveable types, which the Chinese know little about.

The Chinese literary man sends his 'copy'—not, as we do, immediately to the printer—but to a transcriber. This is a person skilled in what we should call penmanship, who copies the manuscript in the bold, legible characters of the *Sung-te* hand,* which, from skill and practice, he is enabled to render as uniform in appearance as Roman print. The copy is made on single leaves—two pages on each leaf, with a division or white column in the middle. The writing is inscribed, not in horizontal lines, as with us, but in perpendicular columns, arranged so as to be read from right to left. Having made his copy, the transcriber passes it to

* See first article on this subject, at page 251 of No. 42.

another person; who first prepares a piece of pear-tree wood, above an inch thick, and with a surface corresponding to the size of the copyist's leaves. This face having been planed beautifully smooth, is washed over with thin rice-water, and, while wet, the leaf is laid on the wood with the writing downwards. The paper being as transparent as our silver-paper, the transcriber's ink shows through, exhibiting the writing backwards, just as it is to be carved on the block. When the solution is dry, the manuscript leaf has stuck firmly to the block, and the carver sets to work, cutting away the interstices between the black marks with sharp instruments, so as to cause the characters to stand up in relief. In short, he is a professor of wood-engraving, only he engraves writing instead of pictures. Of course for every leaf (or two pages) a separate block is required; and could we enumerate the works of all the Chinese authors who have published since the tenth century, we should find that the accumulated and still increasing number of these stereotype printing-blocks is prodigious. Although printing from blocks is the general mode, yet moveable types were known to the Chinese as early as the eleventh century. For a time, single characters made of clay, and baked hard, were used; but soon abandoned for the neater mode now universally practised—except for The Imperial Calendar, published once a quarter, and the Pekin Gazette, issued daily, which are printed from moveable types made of a plastic gum. This is, however, immeasurably inferior to the block-printing.

The blocks having been engraved, they are passed to the printer, properly so called. His part of the business is performed with uncommon ease and despatch, considering the simple means at his command. He has no press or machinery of any kind. Beside him is a quantity of Indian ink, thickly ground up: in his right hand are two brushes, of the ordinary size of such as are used by house-painters, one being stuck on at each end of a single handle. With that below the hand he inks the surface of the block. A sheet of the very thin paper in general use is then placed upon it, the hand turned up, and the other brush—a *dry* one—having been passed with a light pressure over the paper, the impression is taken. The operation is performed with such celerity, that an expert printer can take off from two to three thousand impressions in a day. The sheets being extremely thin and porous, require no wetting; and after time has been allowed for the ink to set upon them, they are ready for the folder and stitcher.

Printing on both sides being of course impracticable, from the lightness of the paper, the folder turns each leaf back to back (for which the white column beforementioned serves as a gauge), pasting together the blank or unprinted side of each leaf; hence the printed sides have exactly the same appearance as the pages of a European book.

The stitcher now takes a certain number of these pages and sews them with silk thread into a cover of smooth drab-coloured paper. About ten of the little volumes go to a work of ordinary size, and the order in which they run is numbered on the outer edges of the leaves. Thus a book is never bound in China, but the bookbinder's occupation is represented by the makers of book-cases, or boxes, into which a complete work is neatly packed. Some of these cases are splendidly covered with satin or silk, embroidered with gold, exhibiting the name of the book in legible characters. The selling of books is considered one of the most honourable of trades; and there is no town in the empire in which a bookseller does not reside.

Despite the despotic character of the government, the press—if we may call it so—is quite free and unshackled by a censorship: no license is required, no restrictions are imposed; but the *Leu-lee* (civil code) declares that 'whoever is guilty of editing wicked and corrupt books, with the view of misleading the people, and whoever attempts to excite sedition by letters or handbills, shall suffer death by being beheaded.' Every writer and printer, therefore, issues his works subject to this very terrible responsibility. Nor is this law a dead letter: the emperor Kien-lung (1736–1795), a great patron of letters, caused three unfortunate authors to be put to death in three consecutive years, for publishing books which, read with European eyes and ideas, seemed hardly worthy of notice. This fear, and the supposed infallibility of the ancient sages, causes each new work on the more important subjects of literature to be totally devoid of originality: even fancy and imagination are cramped, and seldom take high flights. Original authors are few everywhere, but in China they are especially scarce.

The grand collections of history, philosophy, and other standard national works, comprehensively known as the 'sacred classics,' are printed by royal authority at the imperial printing-press at Pekin, under the superintendence of the fountain of all Chinese learning, the *Han-lin* college. They are distributed to the viceroys of provinces, presidents of departments, and petty magistrates, to be deposited in public libraries, one of which forms part of each town-hall, or magistrate's official residence, and to it every man in the empire has the right of free access. For this reason such books are seldom found in private collections. The other departments of Chinese literature include every possible variety; and thousands of works are daily issued in Pekin, and other great cities, consisting of novels, romances, with moral, amusing, and comic tales; precepts from the ancient sages, and exhortations from living sovereigns; plays; songs, fables, and every description of poetry; jest-books and lampoons; cookery books, and collections of recipes for curing disorders; predictions of the weather and fortune-telling books; manuals of devotion and of religious rites; books of etiquette; together with almanacs and quantities of other ephemera it would be impossible to enumerate. The more bulky and expensive works on philology, history, and jurisprudence, not printed by the government, are published by subscription in the way we have previously mentioned.

To give some idea of the gigantic scale upon which literary works are sometimes undertaken and carried out in China, we may mention that the Imperial Encyclopædia in general use, in 450 volumes, is a mere abridgment of a work, the original of which comprises no fewer than 6000 volumes. It is in every respect like the European works of a similar class, being a repertory of Chinese knowledge in a lexicographical form. The history of the country, from the earliest period to the accession of the present or Mongol dynasty to the throne, fills 300 volumes; *Sing-poo*, a biographical work, occupies 120 volumes; the *Leu-lee*, or civil code, may be appropriately called the statutes at large, for they extend to 261 volumes. There is a single collection of plays which numbers 200 volumes. The emperor, Kien-lung, caused a reprint to be made of all the standard works throughout China: in five years as many as 168,000 volumes were completed, and it was expected that the whole would extend to 600,000 volumes.* The *Shoo-king*, in other words, 'The Book,' is regarded by the Chinese as we look upon the Scriptures. It is the work of Confucius (whom they call Kung-foo-tze), and combining a collection of historical aphorisms with a species of chronology, is the text-book not only for moral conduct, but historical facts.

From the axioms contained in the works of their sages, Chinese *Poetry* took its rise, as we learn from the character that expresses it, which means 'words of the temple.' Rhymatic sentences are delivered and commented on by the literati in the temples. Rhyme is an easy matter; for so similar are the sounds of hosts of words having a dissimilar meaning, that Gutzlaff says he could write a perfectly intelligible treatise in the Chinese language, yet every character, when

* The reader must, however, remember that a Chinese volume is seldom thicker than two of the monthly parts of this Journal would be if stitched together.

read, would be represented to an English ear by the sound 'E.' On prosody so much stress is laid, that modern versifiers often aim more at the smoothness of their numbers than at sense or point. The ancient poets are considered the best; the following was written three thousand years ago:—

'The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away;
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride, constrained;
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

Mourn for the tiny architect,
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest;
Mourn for the hapless, stolen bride;
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!'

Of modern descriptive poetry, nothing is better calculated to interest English readers than a poem written by an intelligent Chinese, who, in 1813, accompanied an English gentleman to this country as his instructor. It is headed 'London, in ten stanzas.' In this confined space the author chiefly noticed those objects which excited his attention, by their contrast with those of his native land. After stating that—

'Afar in the ocean, towards the extremity of the north-west,
There is a nation or country called England,'

he sings concerning the city itself—

'The towering edifices rise storey above storey,
In all the stateliness of splendid mansions:
Railings of iron thickly stud the sides of every entrance;
And streams from the river circulate through the walls;
The sides of each apartment are variegated with devices;
Through the windows of glass appear the scarlet hangings.
And in the street itself is presented a beautiful scene;
The congregated buildings have all the aspect of a picture.

The spacious streets are exceedingly smooth and level,
Each being crossed by others at intervals;
On either side perambulate men and females,
In the centre career along the carriages and horses;
The mingled sound of voices is heard in the shops at evening.
During mid-winter the accumulated snows adhere to the pathway;
Lamps are displayed at night along the street-sides,
Their radiance twinkling like the stars of the sky.'

He observes, that 'the houses are so lofty that you may pluck the stars from them; that, on four sacred days in the month, people put on their best clothes, and go to the temple; that the virtuous read their sacred book, which they call *Pe-lee to Kot* (pray to God); that the appearance of the country is beautiful, and the hills rising one above another delightful to behold; that little girls have rosy cheeks and fair complexions; that men and women marry from mutual choice, and love and respect each other; and that there are no second wives; that the grass is cut, and dried, to feed cattle in winter when there is frost and snow; that men and women ramble into the fields to gather flowers; that poor women at the wheat-harvest gather the grain which is left, and sing as they go home.'*

Satires are constantly aimed against general manners, and lampoons against private individuals and officials. As a specimen of the former, we may cite some lines on a dissipated Chinese fop, which occur in a novel called 'Dreams of the Red Chamber:'—

'His outward form by nature's bounty drest,
Foul weeds usurped the wilderness his breast:
And bred in tumult, ignorant of rule,
He hated letters, an accomplished fool!
In act depraved, contaminate in mind,
Strange, had he feared the censures of mankind!
Titles and wealth to him no joys impart,
By penury pinched, he sank beneath the smart;
In uselessness, the first beneath the sky,
And curst, in sinning with supremacy!
Minions of pride and luxury lend an ear,
And shun his follies, if his fate ye fear!'

The English reader may suppose that these powerful lines have been polished and adapted to his taste by the translator. But that gentleman assures us the 'version is lineatim, and almost verbatim, and pretends to nothing more than a very close adherence to the original.'*

The Chinese have almost universally a taste for verses; boys who have just learned to read are taught to compose them. Pedantic schoolmasters adorn their walls with their own productions, and paste them up at their door-posts. Cups and saucers, pans and screens, are ornamented with couplets. Even the kitchens and fireplaces are adorned with verses, chiefly on cookery.

We must defer our account of the dramatic and fictitious literature of the Chinese for a third article.

* The above is part of a literal prose-translation, supplied by Mr Davis to the second volume of the Royal Asiatic Society's Transactions.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Two parliamentary papers, supplementary to the census, have just been published, giving a view of the occupations of the people of our island. Though not free of a few blemishes on minor points, they seem trustworthy in essentials, and the results are of an interesting nature. The following table presents the employments of 7,846,569 persons engaged in active life, or living independently, leaving 10,997,865 to be understood as women and children having no recognised occupations:—

EMPLOYMENTS.	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Isles in the British Seas.	Total.
Commerce, trade, and manufactures,	2,619,206	473,581	17,589	3,110,376
Agriculture, including farmers and graziers, labourers, gardeners, nurserymen, and florists,	1,261,448	229,337	8493	1,499,278
Other labourers, miners, quarriers, porters, messengers, &c.	673,922	84,573	3373	761,868
Navy, merchant-service, watermen, &c.	93,193	24,959	2279	121,921
Navy and merchant seamen afloat,	—	—	—	96,799
Army, *half-pay*, and East India Company's service,	36,763	4631	840	42,234
Army abroad,	—	—	—	89,230
Professions, clerical, legal, and medical,	53,041	9709	434	63,184
Educated persons in other pursuits,	123,878	18,099	859	142,836
Government civil service,	14,088	2777	94	16,959
Parochial and law-officers, police, &c.	22,125	3085	65	25,275
Domestic servants,	999,048	158,650	7535	1,165,233
Returned as independent,	445,973	58,291	7176	511,440
Alms-people, pensioners, paupers, lunatics, and prisoners,	176,206	21,690	1173	199,069
Ditto afloat,	—	—	—	957
Residue of population,	9,390,866	1,531,402	74,130	10,996,398
Afloat,	—	—	—	1467
Total of population, including army and navy abroad and afloat,	15,911,757	2,620,184	124,040	10,844,434

The most striking fact evidenced by this table, is the disproportion of the agricultural class to those devoted to

* Quarterly Review, vol. 41, p. 109.

active pursuits *not* agricultural, the former being less than a half of the latter. It also appears that this disproportion is undergoing a constant and rapid increase, for the proportions which the agricultural, the commercial, and the miscellaneous class bore to each other were, in

	Agricultural.	Commercial.	Miscellaneous.
1811, ...	35	44	21
1821, ...	33	46	21
1831, ...	28	42	30

while they were respectively, in

1841, ...	22	46	32

there being only this source of doubt about the last table, that, in the three first instances, families, and in the last, individuals, were enumerated. It seems, however, beyond a doubt, that the absolute numbers of the agricultural population remain nearly stationary, so that if this branch of our national industry is, as it appears, not falling off, but, on the contrary, increasing, we must presume that fewer men are now required to perform the same amount of work as formerly, which, considering the improvement of husbandry, is not unlikely. The increase of the population between 1831 and 1841 must therefore have been entirely absorbed by the other branches of industry. 'The total male population of Great Britain, twenty years of age and upwards, was, in 1831, 3,199,984; and in 1841, 3,829,668; showing an increase, in ten years, of about 630,000 adult males. Hardly one of these additional men has been able to find employment in agriculture. The agricultural occupiers and labourers were, in 1831, 980,750, and in 1841, only 961,585. Allowing here for a correction pointed out by the enumerators, it still appears that, at the end of the decennial period, there was either no increase, or a very small one, in the number of adult males employed in agriculture. The case of those employed in commerce, trade, and manufactures, is very different. In 1831, they were 1,278,283, and in 1841 they amounted to 1,682,044; showing that those branches of industry had found employment for more than 400,000 additional persons of the class before-mentioned.'*

Another remarkable result of the inquiry is, that England and Scotland are nearly upon a par in respect of the proportions of occupations. At the Union in 1707, the latter country had no commerce or manufactures worthy of the name, and to obtain a share of these, was one main reason for its submitting to the loss of its independence. The purchase has been worthy of the sacrifice, for now the commercial and manufacturing population of Scotland bears just about the same proportion to the agricultural as that of England, showing the vast progress which our people have made in industry and wealth in the course of little more than a century. What makes this still more clear is, that Scotland possesses within 0.60 per cent. of the proportionate number of persons of independent means which England does. It is nothing to the purpose that England has more paupers by 0.23 per cent.; for Scotland, as is now becoming notorious, only escapes the infamy of a numerous pauper population by denying regulated subsistence to the destitute.

The following are the centesimal proportions of the people in the various classes of occupations in England and Scotland:—

	England per cent.	Scotland per cent.
Agricultural occupations,	7.40	8.16
Trade, manufactures, &c.	29.56	30.46
Independent,	2.81	2.21
Alms-people,	0.90	0.67
Others, not described,	0.42	0.26
Residue: women and children,	58.91	58.24
	100.00	100.00

The returns give what has probably never been given before—an accurate statement of the number of persons employed in various branches of manufacture. Those employed in the cotton manufacture are classed thus:—

Males, 20 years and upwards,	138,112
Ditto under 20,	59,171
Females, 20 years and upwards,	104,470
Ditto under 20,	75,909
Total,	377,662

* Here and elsewhere, we borrow passages from the newspapers.

We extract also the total number engaged in each of the following manufactures:—

Hose,	50,955
Lace,	35,847
Wool and worsted,	167,296
Silk,	83,773
Flax and linen,	85,213

The total number of persons engaged in the manufacture of textible fabrics in Great Britain is stated to be 800,246.

Of those employed in mines, there are, in

Coal mines,	118,233
Copper ditto,	15,407
Lead ditto,	11,419
Iron ditto,	10,949
Tin ditto,	6,101

The total of persons employed in mines is 193,825.

Of persons employed in the manufacture and working of metals, there are, besides the miners, in

Iron,	29,497
Copper,	2,126
Lead,	1,293
Tin,	1,320
There are employed in	
Pottery and glass,	32,238
Gloves,	9,225
Engines and machines,	16,550

In considering the number of persons supported by any particular manufacture, it is to be remembered that the numbers given are of actual workers, and not of those who, as wives, children, &c. are supported by the labour of others. The total number of persons whose occupations were ascertained in Great Britain was 7,846,569, leaving 10,997,865 as the 'residue' of the population, which must be taken to consist of persons dependent on the former. Therefore, to the number given under each employment, we must add another number bearing to it the proportion of about eleven to eight, in order to ascertain the entire number of individuals whom that branch of industry supports.

It is worthy of remark, that, from other reports, the proportion of those workers who are of tender age is decreasing, and the total number of children now engaged in the above occupations is only 31,566, under one twenty-fourth of the whole workers.

The largest number returned under any one occupation is of domestic servants, being 1,165,233, of whom 908,825 are females; and the commissioners justly consider it a matter of congratulation that so large a number of females 'should be comprehended in a class in which habits of steady industry, of economy, and of attention to the maintenance of a good character, are so necessary as that of domestic servants.'

'It appears that in Great Britain, on the night of the 6th of June, 1841, 22,303 persons slept in barns, tents, pits, and in the open air; 5016 persons were travelling. The average number of inhabitants to 100 statute acres for England and Wales is 43; for Middlesex and Westmoreland, which are the counties of the highest and lowest averages, the numbers are 873 and 11 respectively. The average annual number of marriages for England and Wales to every 10,000 inhabitants is 78. In Middlesex, which is the most marrying county, it is 93; in Cumberland, which is least so, it is 57. The average of births to every 10,000 for England and Wales is 319; of deaths, 221; of inhabited houses, 1850. It may be worth noticing, that it is in the maritime counties we find the least comparative mortality.

'Few persons are aware of the influence of immigration on the increase of the population of England and Wales. The fact is, the actual is to the natural increase per cent. as 14 to 9 nearly in the 10 years 1831-1841, the difference being ascribable to immigration principally, as it seems.

'In Cumberland, in 1841, for every 10,000 inhabitants, there were 356 persons born in Scotland, and 274 born in Ireland. In Lancashire, there were 130 Scotch, and 635 Irish, for the same number of inhabitants—that is to say, one-thirteenth part of the actual population of Lancashire is made up of Irish and Scotch, and nearly one-sixteenth of that of Cumberland. Many other counties exhibit large proportions of immigrants from the sister kingdoms, though none so large as these. No county is free from a considerable proportion: Suffolk and Norfolk, which have fewest, show 33 for every 10,000 inhabitants. Throughout

Widow Benson was entirely dependent for her support on her youngest son—the others having consulted their own fancy in leaving the maternal roof. Ralph, however, neither felt nor complained of the burden which had fallen to his lot, and rather rejoiced that he had the power of supporting his remaining parent. To an equally generous mind this self-sacrifice would have awakened emotions of gratitude, and desires to promote the happiness of so dutiful a son; but such was not Mrs Benson's. She, on the contrary, looked with a jealous eye upon any young woman who, she thought, might stand in the way of her interest. She had once extorted a promise from her son not to marry, unless he had the certainty of a home for her beneath his roof; but not contented with this, she had determined, if possible, to prevent his marrying at all; hence her snappishness on an allusion to the daughter and sole attendant of old Giles Gibbons.

The young husbandman was correct in his surmises respecting the position of that beloved one, whose sad duties he would willingly have shared, and whose griefs he would have felt it happiness to lighten and console: but she was wholly unconscious of the tender interest she had awakened, and believed that her father's expiring breath would leave her unloved in a world which, without the charm which affection bestows, would be to her as a barren wilderness. The morning's dawn found Jessy Gibbons an orphan—an orphan in the most complete sense of the word; for though there were few who did not deeply sympathise in her now friendless condition, yet she could not but experience the loss of one in whom the love of years has been concentrated.

The obstinate and selfish prejudices of Mrs Benson became now more than ever a source of unhappiness to Ralph, who longed at this juncture to offer his home, as well as his heart, to the desolate girl. He loved her dearer now she was in affliction; but his weekly earnings were not sufficient to warrant his taking such a step, knowing, as he did, that his mother would not be willing to forego any comfort she had hitherto enjoyed, that she might promote their welfare.

A residence under the lonely roof of her late father was now felt by Jessy to be impossible. There was sorrow in the thought of breaking up and leaving a household in which she had been reared; but duty was paramount to sentiment. It was necessary she should quit the spot to seek a means of subsistence. Naturally of a strong mind, her plans were matured without the aid of neighbours; and one fine morning beheld her departing from the village, on her way to a distant town, there to learn an art on which she might rear a structure of personal independence. To her surprise, while leaving the grave of her father, to which she had paid a parting visit, she found that she was followed by Ralph Benson. Jessy Gibbons had hitherto never thought of Ralph with any warmer sentiment than that which the other young men of the village awakened; but now, when she beheld his expressive countenance, beaming as it was with affection, solicitude, and sympathy, she could not but understand the motive which had induced him to shun a public farewell, and thus follow her steps in secret. She experienced nothing of the exaltation of the coquette in this discovery, but it cannot be denied that the lonely heart of the orphan felt a glow of pleasure in the idea of being thus fondly beloved. She had before respected the character of the young man, and now there was a rush of remembrances which tended to increase that sentiment, and to give it a softer aspect. Ralph was not slow in observing that the orphan maiden did not look on him with displeasure, and he now ventured to reach her side. What were the mutual confessions that ensued, may be so readily conjectured, that it is needless to describe them minutely. We may only mention that, as the stage drove up which was to convey Jessy to her destination, she placed in the hand of her lover one of the flowers which she had gathered from her father's grave, and the action, simple as it was, conveyed to him a sweet and soothing sentiment, upon which he might dwell with hope till they should again meet. It seemed to say that the affection that had been buried in that grave might yet live, and be transferred to him.

Jessy commenced her new undertaking with additional pleasure, from the fact of feeling herself beloved. A sense of loneliness had made the prospect cheerless; but the assurance of the deep interest she had awakened in one warm heart, created a future of hope she had before never felt. Esteem and gratitude were easily softened into affection; and with woman, it is not necessary that the object of her regard should be near, nor even that she should hold communion with him; her fond recollections and warm imagination will suffice to keep alive the flame which has once been kindled in her breast.

We will pass over the two years which Jessy studiously devoted to the acquirement of her business; for she was not the less solicitous to make herself mistress of it because she had the prospect of a home. The limited means of her betrothed husband was of itself a sufficient inducement for her to desire assisting him as far as lay in her power; but the knowledge that his mother would be dependent upon him, increased her anxiety to do so. Her generous nature acquiesced with cheerfulness in the anticipation of the sacrifices which it would be necessary to make in order to afford the widow those comforts which age more especially requires; nay, she loved Ralph dearer for the solicitude he ever expressed for the welfare of his parent, though he failed not to make her acquainted with the promise he had given never to marry until he could feel a certainty of still affording her a home beneath his roof. Happily for the orphan girl, she was wholly unconscious of the adverse interests of her future mother-in-law; and in her day-dreams of future happiness as the wife of the young husbandman, she formed many little plans for her comfort, and in imagination transferred to her the love which her warm heart had entertained for her own departed parents. Little did she deem how great was the difficulty her betrothed found in gaining his mother's consent to the union, and that, had he not pleaded more urgently than he had ever done on any other subject, she would have remained inexorable. Ralph certainly had reason and even prudence on his side, when he declared that he saw no just grounds for postponing his marriage, since Jessy was now fully competent to undertake the important office of village *modiste*, and her industry, taste, and perseverance could not, he thought, fail of meeting with success. But Mrs Benson was unwilling to admit the validity of his arguments. Independent of the selfish fears she entertained lest the union should war against her interest, she felt some reluctance in yielding up the position of mistress, which she had for so many years enjoyed; and her judgment was too much warped by prejudice, for her to perceive how unlikely it was that one so gentle, and who had from her earliest youth been accustomed to the exercise of forbearance, should assume an unwarrantable authority, or even be desirous of disputing those points where justice might be on her side.

Jessy did all that daughter could do to smooth the asperities of her mother-in-law's disposition; and, of course, was unsuccessful. Yet, notwithstanding the tyranny to which she was exposed, the young wife never repined; no word of complaint ever fell from her lips; nor would she suffer her husband to know how much she underwent, lest it should mar his peace. It is impossible to conceive—if we have never witnessed it or felt it—how much unhappiness the ill-temper of one individual can inflict on the family with whom he or she is unfortunately connected. As there is no person so unimportant as to be incapable of conferring pleasure, so in proportion is the baneful influence; and thus the domestic harmony of many a little circle is changed to discord, and the most disastrous events not unfrequently ensue. The meekness of the gentle young wife in the present instance, however, preserved the quietude of her home

Had she retaliated, that home would have been to Ralph deprived of half its attractions, and thus her forbearance obtained a reward (the approval of her own conscience alone excepted) the most complete she could enjoy. Independent of the trials of patience Jessy suffered from the widow's querulous disposition, the first twelve months of her married life passed prosperously and happily. She found ample and profitable employment for all the leisure she could spare from the fulfilment of her domestic duties in the pursuits of her business. Indeed so highly were her abilities esteemed, that every damsel in the village was desirous of having her Sunday and holiday gown made by her fairy fingers; no one else, they thought, could fit the shape so exactly, or arrange the trimmings so tastefully, as she did; and even the squire's lady occasionally sent for her to assist her maid when she had dresses to alter; but at the expiration of that period, a trial awaited her which could neither be foreseen nor averted.

Whilst engaged one morning in his usual farming occupations, Ralph met with an accident by the falling of a heavy piece of wood upon his right arm. He thought it trifling at first, and endeavoured to pursue his employment; but the pain and swelling greatly increasing, he was obliged to desist, and return home. His wife's careful nursing, and his mother's experience in the treatment of wounds and bruises, he thought would soon effect a cure; but he found it to be otherwise. The limb was injured so seriously, that medical assistance was necessary. The sincerity and depth of Jessy's affection was now put to the test. His helpless condition required her constant attention, his pain her soothing tenderness, and his spirits her unostentatious but animating piety. Ralph was a well-principled and amiable young man, but he possessed little strength of mind. Accustomed from his infancy to enjoy a robust constitution and vigorous health, he had never thought that sickness and debility might be his lot, and when it came, he sunk into a state of depression from which it was difficult to arouse him. Happily for the young couple, they had made a reserve, in their season of prosperity, for what they termed 'a rainy day,' and a small sum had been providently saved from the sale of her father's effects. Jessy, however, resolved at once to rely on no such small resources. Her corporeal and mental powers were called into full exercise; and she became the sole stay of her stricken husband and his aged mother. With her accustomed peevishness, Mrs Benson saw no virtue in her daughter-in-law's conduct; she was herself continually bemoaning the evil which had befallen her son, and she thought it a proof of want of feeling that Jessy could be cheerful and gay. She could not understand the motives which actuated that noble-minded girl, and she continually put false constructions on her actions, from the fact of her own selfish nature not being able to comprehend generosity in its self-denying character.

But the skill of the surgeon, and the tenderness and care of the young wife, failed in restoring the use of poor Ralph's injured limb; and after some weeks had elapsed, it was suggested by one of his neighbours that it would be well to obtain the advice of some of the faculty in London, where it could be had gratuitously by becoming an inmate of one of the hospitals. His mother was vehement in her opposition to this plan. She could not bear, she said, that her darling son should be taken a hundred miles away, and left to the care of strangers, perhaps to die of neglect; but Jessy saw the matter in a different light. She felt confident, that under his present treatment, her husband would never regain the use of his limb; indeed the surgeon had talked of amputation as the only means of saving his life, and she had heard that the skill of the first of the profession could be obtained for the poor through the medium of those excellent institutions. Ralph's first idea was, that he must go alone; but Jessy had determined otherwise. She saw the difficulty which would follow giving up her business for a season, especially as it was now their only means of support; but she saw also that the beneficial results which were anticipated from the visit, were likely to be rendered ineffectual by his solitary situation. Could she procure a little lodging near to him, and obtain some employment, she felt assured that the chances of his recovery were greater; for she dreaded the probable result of his being wholly deprived of her society and attentions. This plan she thought also would silence her mother-in-law's objections; but on this point she was mistaken. Mrs Benson declared that she would not be left behind alone. She was too weak, she said, to wait upon herself; and by what means was she to be supported? It was in vain that Jessy assured her that she would share with her her earnings, and represented that it was not likely that the neighbours, with whom she had lived for so many years, would suffer her to want either assistance or provision. She was obstinate in her determination to go with them, if, she said, they were mad enough to go at all.

This was a fresh trial for poor Jessy; but she saw no other alternative than to submit; and since submit she must, she resolved to do it graciously. The expense of the journey for three persons would take the principal part of her little store; but this portion of her trouble was removed by the benevolence of the squire, who had always shown a willingness to assist any member of Giles Gibbons's family. He kindly offered his travelling carriage to conduct them, observing, that it would not only spare them the expense, but be a more easy mode of conveyance for the invalid. Jessy's gratitude was unbounded at this unlooked-for kindness, and her heart beat with indescribable emotions as she contemplated this assistance, as a proof that Heaven favoured her project by facilitating her means of undertaking it.

The cottage was left under the care of a neighbour, and taking as little luggage as possible, the trio set out on their journey. As they travelled by easy stages, on account of the motion increasing the pain in Ralph's arm, they were three days in accomplishing it; and far from enviable was his or his wife's situation in having their mother for a companion: she could see no pleasing prospect to divert, no mercies to call forth her thankfulness; and she did little else but complain the whole of the way. Jessy, on the contrary, felt so animated by the anticipated result of the visit, that she had no room for the admission of aught save gratitude and hope.

The squire had provided Ralph with a ticket of admission to an hospital of which he was one of the directors, and thither they immediately drove. Jessy's first care was to see her husband comfortably settled in his new abode. This done, she took leave of him, it must be confessed not without a pang, and then sought a home for herself and her mother-in-law. She felt timid and solitary when she found herself alone in London's crowded streets; but she at length succeeded in procuring a small ready furnished apartment near to the hospital, to which she immediately conducted the old woman.

'A miserable home this,' the widow muttered, after she had with some difficulty mounted two flights of dark and steep stairs.

'The entrance is unpleasant, but the room is neat and cleanly, dear mother,' Jessy soothingly observed; 'and I trust,' she added, 'that we shall not require to occupy it for a very long period.' But Mrs Benson could see nothing to admire, and nothing to hope. She persisted that Jessy had brought both herself and son to die in a strange place, removed from all their friends, and no arguments on the part of the young wife could quiet her.

Our heroine's next duty was an endeavour to find some employment which would serve to support them till Ralph became convalescent; but here her little knowledge of the state of trade in London had induced her to form a wrong estimate of the difficulties she had to contend with. She imagined that she had only to persevere in her applications to the houses of business where female labour was required, and that success must at length crown her efforts; but she was mistaken

England and Wales, the average is 248 for every 10,000, or 31 for every 1250—that is, something more than one-fortieth part of the whole population is composed of strangers. In fact, there seems good ground for thinking that the amount of this immigration into England considerably exceeds the amount of emigration from England to the colonies.' Let it be understood we do not condemn this immigration; the empire is free to all; every man is entitled to seek the means of honest subsistence where it best may be found. For our own part, we are always glad to see respectable English and Irish in Scotland, and would expect the same courtesy extended to our countrymen in whatever part of the United Kingdom they may find it advantageous to settle.

'Of one hundred marriages, about eight take place with both parties under age. Middlesex, Surrey, and Devonshire, are the most prudent counties in this respect; and generally, it is remarkable that the agricultural counties furnish the greatest proportion of early marriages. The number of persons signing the marriage register by marks is considered by the commissioners as a fair criterion of the state of education; if so, Middlesex, Surrey, and Westmoreland, are the best educated counties. Westmoreland is considerably the most favourable to infant life of any county in England. Next stands Hampshire, Dorset, Devonshire, and Cornwall; the least favourable is the East Riding of Yorkshire.

'Clergymen (it is understood only of the Church of England) are returned for England at 13,574; commercial clerks (one of the largest descriptions) for Great Britain, 56,830; chiropodists, 58; dressmakers and milliners, 106,801, of whom 22,174 are females, and 127 males, respectively under 20 years of age; East India Company's service, 591; farmers and graziers, 300,123; government civil service, 16,750; agricultural labourers, 1,127,103, of whom 14,295 are females under 20; army, 33,057, of whom 6,976 are soldiers under 20. There are only seven persons returning themselves as oculists in all Great Britain. The physicians amount to 1476; printers, 18,313, of whom 133 are females; surgeons, apothecaries, and medical students together, 18,653; so that the whole body of the medical profession in Great Britain, including students, comprises only 20,134 persons. The teachers of music and singing are 3,235, being more than double the number of all the other teachers enumerated put together.'

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ADMIRAL THE EARL ST VINCENT.

The name of John Jervis, Earl St Vincent, will always be one of the most revered amongst British naval heroes. He was the parent of that school of discipline which banished from the service the coarse manners and loose morals that formerly prevailed—not overdrawn pictures of which are to be found in Smollett's Roderick Random. Under his guidance, and by his example, the most distinguished officers of his time were promoted; among whom were Collingwood, Saumarez, and Troubridge. He was, moreover, says Dr Parr, 'the master and instructor of Nelson, whom he formed and made a greater man than himself, and then did not envy him.' This is corroborated by Nelson himself; who, in one of his letters to the Earl St Vincent, when on the Mediterranean station, wrote thus:—'We look up to you, as we have always found you, as to our father, under whose fostering care we have been led to fame.'

The early history of Lord St Vincent cannot be more graphically narrated than in his own words. One day, very late in life, he dictated the following autobiography to Captain Brenton, his friend and companion:—'I was born at Meaford, in Staffordshire, on the 9th January 1734, old style. My father was counsellor and solicitor to the admiralty, and auditor of Greenwich Hospital. At a very early age I was sent to a grammar-school at Burton-upon-Trent, where I remained long enough to be considered a very capital Latin and Greek scholar for my years; and I was often selected by the master to show what proficiency his boys had attained. At the same time, I frankly own to you that I know very little about the matter now. At the age of twelve years I was removed to a school at Greenwich, kept by a Mr Swinton, and where I was to have remained until fitted for college, being destined for the law. This favourite plan of my father's was, however, frustrated by his own coachman, whose name I have now forgotten. I only remember that I gained his confidence, always sitting by his side on the coach-box when we drove out. He often asked what profession I intended to choose. I told him I was to be a lawyer. "Oh, don't be a lawyer, Master Jackey," said the old man; "all lawyers are rogues!"

'About this time Strachan (father of the late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan) came to the same school, and we became great friends. He told me such stories of the happiness of a sea life, into which he had lately been initiated, that he easily persuaded me to quit the school and go with him. We set out accordingly, and concealed ourselves on board of a ship at Woolwich. My father was at that time absent on the northern circuit. My mother and sisters were in a state of distraction at learning our absence from school, fearing that some disaster had happened to us. But after keeping them three days in the utmost anxiety, and suffering ourselves much privation and misery, we thought it best to return home. I went in at night, and made myself known to my sisters, who remonstrated with me rather warmly on the impropriety of my conduct, and assured me that Mr Swinton would chastise me severely for it; to which I replied that he certainly would not, for that I did not intend to go to school any more, and that I was resolved to be a sailor. The next day my mother spoke to me on the subject; and I still repeated that I would be a sailor. This threw her into much perplexity; and, in the absence of her husband, she made known her grief, in a flood of tears, to Lady Archibald Hamilton, mother of the late Sir William Hamilton, and wife of the governor of Greenwich Hospital. Her ladyship said she did not see the matter in the same light as my mother did; that she thought the sea a very honourable and a very good profession, and said she would undertake to procure me a situation in some ship of war. Shortly afterwards, Lady A. Hamilton introduced me to Lady Burlington, and she to Commodore Townshend, who was at that time going out in the Gloucester, as commander-in-chief, to Jamaica. She requested that he would take me on his quarterdeck, to which the commodore readily consented; and I was forthwith to be prepared for a sea life.

'My equipment was rather what would now be called grotesque. My coat was made for me to grow up to; it reached down to my heels, and was fully large in the sleeves. I had a dirk and a gold-laced hat; and in this costume my uncle caused me to be introduced to my patroness, Lady Burlington. Here I acquitted myself but badly. I lagged behind my uncle, and held by the skirt of his coat. Her ladyship, however, insisted on my coming forward, shook hands with me, and told me I had chosen a very honourable profession. She then gave Mr Parker a note to Commodore Townshend, desiring that we should call on him early the next morning. This we did; and, after waiting some time, the commodore made his appearance in his nightcap and slippers, and in a very rough and uncouth voice asked me how soon I would be ready to join my ship? I replied, "Directly." "Then you may go to-morrow morning," said he; "and I will give you a letter to the

example. Both these meliorations Lord St Vincent introduced into the British naval service. When he rose to power, he took care, while enforcing a wholesome discipline, to use every effort to improve the manners and feelings of those under him, and was unquestionably the father of the 'new school;' which, while it is distinguished for the superior scientific attainments of British naval officers, also presents a marked improvement in their manners and morals.

SMALL COUNTRY PAPERS.

Our occasional suggestions for establishing small and cheap periodical papers in country towns, have, we are glad to say, not been lost sight of. There are now many towns of from two thousand to three thousand inhabitants, in England as well as in Scotland, where such papers have been started, to the advantage alike of the publishers and the public. A few have also been begun in Ireland. When a town, with its neighbourhood, cannot support a weekly newspaper, it can very easily maintain a monthly sheet, occupied partly with advertisements, and partly with miscellaneous literary matter, including a notice of agricultural experiments and movements. The law prevents political intelligence from being given except upon stamped sheets; but we do not consider this restriction a disadvantage. The world has much to learn and be amused with, independently of what is called *news*.

Small monthly prints (mostly sold for a penny) being thus established, and in the course of making their way in the country, we are anxious that their publishers should sustain them on a respectable footing. In the first place, they ought to be well printed, and be on good paper. It is necessary to offer this hint, for some are not by any means elegant typographical productions. Their printers should exclude all kinds of engravings in connexion with advertisements, nor should any clumsy or coarse-faced letters be introduced. In these respects, as well as in quality of matter, we observe that the papers printed in the small Scotch towns generally excel those produced in England. There is likewise a remarkable distinction between the advertisements in the papers of the two countries. The English monthly sheets abound in quack medicine announcements—whole pages filled with advertisements, or, more correctly speaking, with lying puffs respecting pills, elixirs, and powders, garnished with pictorial embellishments of old men ill with gout, skeletons and coffins, and other equally offensive devices. We have not seen any such advertisements or engravings in the small Scottish papers, in which the announcements chiefly concern the ordinary kinds of goods, the letting of farms, opening of schools, running of coaches, and life-insurance.

The mode of conducting these papers, whether English or Scotch, seems to differ materially. Some appear to have no regular editor, but are composed of scraps gathered together with little taste or skill; others are evidently under proper editorial supervision; trash is excluded; and the original articles are tasteful, varied, and useful. We have latterly seen none which pleases us so much as a paper published by James Lothian, in Alloa, a town in Clackmannanshire, on the north bank of the Forth. This paper, under the title of the 'Alloa Monthly Advertiser,' resembles in shape and quantity of typography a sheet of our Journal previous to its late change of size. While its two outer pages are occupied with advertisements of a respectable kind, the remaining six are filled with literary articles of which no metropolitan print might be ashamed. By way of stimulating this order of productions, we beg to notice the contents of the number for October now before us.

The first article presents a cheering view of the present popular movements for improving the condition of the humbler classes. These are the *Bath* movement, the *Musical* movement, and the *Educational* movement. As to the movement for baths:—'The importance of cleanliness, and especially cleanliness of person, is much under-estimated. We have to inform few of our readers of the great amount of matter that must continually make its escape through the skin, in order to the enjoyment of good health. If the escape of this matter be obstructed, from want of cleanliness or any other cause, diminished or indifferent health *must follow*. How apparent, then, the value of a clean skin! Is it not one of the many things that are "too true," that from one end of the year to the other a great portion of the community are accustomed only to "wash their face," as the phrase goes?—the hands, however, being of necessity included in the performance of that ceremony. Many do not even that; while it must be admitted there are others who, in order to despatch a cold, or, in rarer cases, from a sense of duty, now and then perform the extraordinary ceremony of "bathing the feet!" We rejoice in such a beneficial movement as that in favour of baths for the working-classes. It gives evidence of the existence of self-respect amongst the working-class originators of them; and it is cheering to notice that this feeling is becoming daily more generally diffused. Let a man cease to respect himself, and he at once makes a retrograde movement. But let a becoming self-respect be maintained, and he will be apt to embrace every opportunity of improving his condition, physically, morally, and intellectually.

'Another pleasing and delightful movement now in progress, is that in favour of the cultivation of music. The taste for this science is everywhere diffusing itself amongst all ranks of the people, and is a most cheering indication of the dawn of better days. A musically-inclined people can scarcely be other than a virtuous people; and if the national cultivation of music exercises a salutary influence over the national character, it follows that its influence over the individual is no less certain or beneficial. Confident we are, that could the mass of our population be brought under the power of music—could they be induced to cultivate it in their pastimes, and thereby to supersede, by means of it, many of those enjoyments which neither elevate the soul, enlighten the intellect, nor invigorate the body, society would assume, and that ere long, a much more harmonious and delightful aspect than hitherto it has worn. The musical movement in this quarter is cause for deep gratulation.'

Next, as to the educational movement:—'So long as we have an uneducated people, crime must prevail, and seeing that it is one of the chief ends of government to suppress crime, that government cannot be held guiltless which refuses to furnish the means wherewith to educate the people. * * All admit the lamentably uneducated state of the people, but all are at variance as to the process by which they are to be enlightened. Years may elapse before any definite course is resolved upon; and, after all, working-men will find that, so far as *they* are concerned, *self-culture* must be their resource. They must educate themselves; and a man bent on acquiring knowledge may overcome many obstacles incidental to his condition, and ultimately eclipse others in intelligence who have had superior advantages, but fewer powers of application. Working-men ought to bear in mind, that though their condition in life is by no means what it ought to be, they have, nevertheless, the means in their own power of improving it. Judicious legislation may do much for them, but they may do more for themselves; and those who look listlessly on in expectation of government working wonders on their condition, are just the individuals whom the efforts of no government will be able to awaken from the state of moral and mental torpidity into which they have sunk. Remembering that they have been called to the discharge of higher duties than to "work, work, work," they ought by every legitimate means in their power to improve their moral and intellectual condition.'

The second article in this interesting miscellany is a 'Chapter for the Ladies,' in which is pointed out the beneficial influence of well-educated women in society. The following is not a bad hint:—'Why should our

approach to a lady be the signal for trifling and frivolity? When will the civilities of social life become, through her influence, something beside an exchange of heartless forms, or of self-seeking attentions? Precisely so soon and so fast as woman shall determine to reject the empty adulation of the vain, to be commended only for what deserves praise, and to be entirely sincere and Christian in the social interview no less than by her own fireside. Until this take place, society in fashionable circles will be like "the brilliant assemblies of Paris, a collection of young men who have nothing to do, and young women who have nothing to say." In every domestic relation, the influence of woman is of transcendent concern. Let her measure the responsibilities that attach to her position. A faithful daughter, a kind sister, a disinterested inmate, no less than the parent, must habitually realise the conviction that around that little spot, her home, she is distilling, and must distil, either dews that fertilise the spirit, or night-damps that destroy whatever they may touch.'

After this follows an article on Natural History, which is succeeded by accounts of the meetings of horticultural societies, &c. queries for solution, notices of books, extracts, and poetical trifles—not trifles, however, to their writers. We close our notice of this promising provincial print, by copying one of those village productions, entitled 'Definition of a Long Visit:'—

'To define a long visit, is something like saying
What persons time creeps, trots, or gallops among;
On those it depends, who the visit are paying,
Whether *long* shall be *short*, whether *short* shall be *long*.

If prejudiced pride, or formality prosing,
If smooth-tongued hypocrisy, vain affectation,
Curiosity pert, or stupidity dozing,
Should stay but a *day*, 'tis a long *visitation*.

If ignorance rude, or if slander's sharp voice,
If a poppinjay-coxcomb should pester your ear,
Or if clamorous revelry stun you with noise,
Each *minute's* a *day*, and each *day* is a *year*.

But if worth unaffected, if friendship sincere,
If talents exalted, and wisdom refined,
If candour, good sense, and good nature appear,
Enlarging, enlightening, enchanting the mind,
How swift flies the time, and how short is their stay!—
Each *day's* but a *minute*, each *year* but a *day*.'

REPRODUCTION OF SILK.

French papers state that Professor Debzenne has discovered a method of transforming silk rags into a glutinous paste, which can be drawn out into threads, and then woven into articles equally strong and beautiful, as if formed of the original cocoon silk. In the same way that caoutchouc is drawn out into filaments, and woven into a durable material, so are these remnants of silk reduced to what is no more than its primitive state—namely, a glutinous paste, by means of a dissolvent, and, like fused glass, re-acquires, on coming into the air, all its original strength and tenacity. Having found the best dissolvent of the caoutchouc (the distillation of this elastic resin), Professor Debzenne was not deceived when he thought that he could also distil silk, which he found to be the true medium for its dissolution. The crude silk, and that which is not dyed, was easily managed. The inventor at present has found no difficulty but with the dyed portions of silk, and more especially the black ones; but he hopes, by continuing his close attention to the subject, to overcome this difficulty. This is certainly a very startling discovery, and one of whose value it is, in its present state, impossible to form any estimate. Every one knows the important uses to which linen, cotton, and even woollen rags are applied; but hitherto, worn-out silk has been of no value whatever. If, however, it is possible to dissolve them into a glutinous paste analogous to, or the same with, that which exists within the silk-worm (and which is derived from the caoutchouc which exists in the mulberry leaves) before it spins its cocoon, then there will be little difficulty of drawing it out into filaments for the use of the weaver.

ANTI-BOWING SOCIETY.

The practice of bowing has arrived at an inconvenient degree of frequency on the continent. In Germany, a man is bound to pay this mark of so-called politeness to every one with whom he has the smallest acquaintance. A person, therefore, who moves much in what is called 'society,' cannot take the shortest walk in a public street or promenade, without having to go through a rather elaborate evolution some half-dozen times: he has at first to slacken his pace; when beside the person he meets, to place his hand to his hat, and *after* passing him, either to lift it from his head, or, if to a lady, to take it fairly off and put it on again. This has at length been found extremely inconvenient and fatiguing, and a society has recently been established at Berlin to abolish the practice, by each member entering into an agreement never to follow it. The French newspaper from which we copy the information recommends the formation of a similar association in Paris; and not without reason, for the French outdo even the Germans in the assiduity with which they practise bowing. They not only observe it amongst friends and slight acquaintances, but often towards perfect strangers. When you enter and leave a café, you are expected to bow: you cannot go into the humblest shop without bowing at least twice to the *femme* or *fille de boutique:* if you meet a stranger on the stairs, in a passage, or inside a public vehicle, you must bow. In country places, you are bound to bow to *every* individual you meet, because they either bow or curtsey to you. The French editor, in recommending the abatement of this custom, commences his strictures on it on æsthetic grounds. It is, he argues, a tasteless and unbecoming evolution. 'Can,' he asks, 'there be anything more ungraceful than the movement of the arm when it is raised above the nose to touch that hideous black head-dress of beaver or of silk with which European man surmounts his visage? Can there be anything more stupid than the concave movement which he afterwards executes, hat in hand, under the plea of politeness, and which gives to the most comely figure the air of a puppet suddenly distorted by the pulling of a thread or the pressure of a spring? From considerations of art and taste, the projected reform is therefore evidently necessary. It is equally desirable in a sanitary point of view. In so often exposing your head to the elements, it may happen that a current of air or a torrent of rain may inflict a severe catarrh. Lastly, on the score of domestic economy, such frequent bowing ought to be abolished; a hat a month is almost necessary to keep up a respectable appearance, for the rim is so soon worn by the constant action to which it is subjected by the incessant succession of bows which it assists in perpetrating.' Such are the facetious arguments put forth by our French contemporary to stimulate the formation of a society similar to that established at Berlin. On this side the Channel no such efforts need be made. The national reserve for which we are celebrated is a bar to any more frequent bowing than is absolutely necessary to keep up that degree of sociality which outward forms contribute to preserve.

SONNET.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

THERE is a spirit in this world of ours,
Albeit unobserved by vulgar eye,
Of gentlest grace and queenly majesty.
The poet is her lover; in her bowers
He still for aye would spend the happy hours:
With her he drinks the cloudless morning sky,
Marks in the storm heaven's dazzling arrows fly,
And evening build i' the west her golden towers.
With her, his ever young and beauteous guide,
He scans the earth, the ocean, and the air;
Explores the haunts where peace and joy abide,
And worships grace and beauty everywhere.
In her dear bosom he his heart doth hide,
Nor chance nor change shall that pure love impair.

NOTE.

The answer to the Enigma in No. 38 is—NOTHING.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, November 2 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 45. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1844. Price 1½d.

RELATIONSHIP.

It is a poetical idea of old standing, that there is something in blood-relationship which is quite irrepressible, and never fails to make itself known through the thickest disguises. Thus, a child lost in infancy, coming into the presence of its parents at a future period, is supposed always to excite in their bosoms such feelings as are sure, sooner or later, to lead to a recognition. There is more of sentimental beauty than of truth in the notion, and we have, in reality, no well authenticated case of children being affiliated in this manner, unless where there was a likeness, or some other circumstance, to give rise to a suspicion. The fact is, that parents and children, brothers and sisters, who have never seen each other, may be brought together, and continue to meet for years, and never dream of the relationship which exists between them. They are to each other merely human beings, members of the great democracy, bearing no natural ensigns of any kind to awaken those yearnings of which poetical writers speak. It will, indeed, sometimes happen that a trace of family resemblance awakens a supposition of the relationship, and that this occasionally leads to a clearing up of the case; but of mysterious recognitions, through the force of some unseen principle, such as is usually called the voice of nature, there is assuredly no satisfactory evidence.

There is likewise a prevalent belief that relations, fully cognisant of each other, are endowed by nature with a mysterious mutual affection which nothing can ever altogether extinguish. Thus a parent expects to be necessarily, or by the mere force of nature, beloved by his children, however he may treat them. Thus brothers and sisters, uncles and nephews, aunts and nieces, all expect to find themselves held reciprocally in great regard, simply because of those relations; although it may be that they have never before been in each other's company, or had any other opportunity of forming the slightest attachment. This belief is not so entirely unfounded as the preceding. Nature has given to the mother an instinctive love of her offspring, though this appears in very different degrees in different individuals, and only has force during the tender age of the children. There is also a certain feeling entertained at all periods of life amongst blood-relations, a certain interest in each other, independent of habits of intimacy, being apparently a modification of the *amour propre*, as if we held these persons as somehow part of ourselves. But beyond these feelings, which may be admitted to be implanted by nature in our mental constitution, there is certainly nothing in consanguinity calculated to produce attachment. There, as in other relations of life, friendship depends simply upon those conditions which are usually productive of it—as old association, congeniality of dispositions, community of likings and dislikings, and the interchange of civilities and benefits.

I do not think it necessary to attempt to support this proposition by many arguments; for it seems to me that a little reflection will show to all rational persons that no other conclusion can be come to. The opposite notion seems to be merely one of those dreams of early mankind, which have been handed down from one generation to another, escaping challenge purely from their reaching us at a time of life when all that is offered to the mind is accepted. And I would say that this is peculiarly one of those nurse-implanted notions which are of all others the most apt to take deep root in our minds, and afterwards to defy the efforts of reason to supplant them. Perhaps it would be found in nine out of ten of all the best intellects of the country, that they believe, without inquiry, or any just foundation for their belief, that there is a kind of witchcraft in blood-relationship, making mutual love of parent and child, of brother and brother, independent of all worldly conditions. The idea has in it some poetical beauty and interest; but it is nevertheless a great error, and, like all errors, liable to produce evil.

It seems to me that a large part of the occasional unhappiness attending relationship may be traced to this cause. Relations depend upon the efficacy of the supposed instinct for procuring and retaining mutual affection, and, secure in this reliance, see no occasion to cultivate friendship or attachment by the ordinary and only legitimate methods. Often parents will treat their children with coldness or even harshness, conceiving that nevertheless the children will or ought to regard them with reverence and affection. Brothers and sisters, in like manner, trusting to an abstraction which has no existence but in the mind, often act with levity or unkindliness towards each other, expecting nevertheless that the offended individual will overlook it by virtue of the instinctive regard arising from relationship. And generally, it may be observed that a reliance upon this supposed instinct induces, in domestic circles, a much less careful conduct amongst the various members, with regard to each other's feelings and interests, than is to be seen amongst associates who are not akin. The parent thinks he may indulge safely in a little tyranny over his little ones—'are they not my *children*, and should they not *therefore* love me?' He may be unreasonable as much as he chooses with one who *ought to be ever attached;* he may insult and mortify the most sensitive of natures, and yet expect to see the wounded being crouch, spaniel-like, at his feet, the more loving that he has been aggrieved; he may show a general conduct in life which no one can respect; yet he will expect that his children are to be unaffected in their attachment by all such circumstances. Or, at the very best, the parent may take no pains to cultivate the

affections of the children. Fulfilling only the most obvious duties, he may never address his young ones with a kindly word or caress, but always act towards them with the appearance, if not the reality, of indifference. And yet this man will expect to be as much beloved by his offspring through the whole extent of their joint lives, as if he had been continually pouring benedictions and acts of kindness upon them. Here is surely an error of great magnitude, which it is most desirable to see corrected. There are, too, fathers, and even mothers, who, though fond of their children, and sufficiently anxious to advance their happiness, have, from awkwardness or some other habits of the mind, no power of showing their feelings. Perhaps they, on the contrary, take refuge from the difficulty they are under, in a hard external manner, bearing an appearance of indifference, if not of unkindliness. Here, likewise, the full stream of affection is expected to flow from the children: but can it do so? Can the children of such parents love them as much as if they had been in the habit, from the dawn of intelligence, of experiencing every mark of parental affection? It is evidently impossible. I have heard of a mother of excellent general character who had always borne to her numerous children an appearance of comparative coldness. She confessed to them on her deathbed, to their great surprise, that in reality she had always felt in the warmest manner towards them all, but was utterly incapable of expressing her real sentiments. This was surely most unfortunate; for it cannot be doubted that the children of this mother would have displayed a much warmer degree of regard towards her through life, if they had not been all along under an impression that she was indifferent to them. How much, then, of possible happiness was forfeited in this family in consequence of a *bad manner*, probably induced at first by a false notion regarding the natural affections.

It is strange that, while meliorations are sought in all departments of social polity, no one ever thinks of the tremendous oppressions and grievances which prevail in domestic circles. The mercilessness of the most barbarous ages flourishes to this day in many a household bearing every external mark of propriety. Persons of all imaginable respectability in their ordinary conduct, take leave to act with Draconic tyranny and cruelty towards the helpless beings committed by nature to their charge, and whose very inability to resist or escape ought to be a strong pleading in their behalf. To every caprice that the human mind is capable of, to every possible peculiarity of heartlessness, jealousy, malignity, children are exposed at the hands of their parents, and yet no one can presume to interfere. A parent can take leave to visit a child with every kind of persecution in word and act, and yet the sufferer has not even the poor consolation of public sympathy if he attempts to reclaim against the injury. And all this is mainly on account of a notion, that there is a mystic tie between parent and child, which at once renders their relation independent of all the ordinary principles of human nature, and raises it above the scope of all human law. When we consult nature herself, we hear nothing of such a tie. Ask any child who is well-treated by its parents why it loves them, and invariably you have for answer, 'because they are kind to me,' or something to the same effect. And when investigation is made into the feelings of an ill-used child towards its parents, the result as invariably is, that these are found to be objects of dread and dislike in consequence of their conduct.

What I wish to impress, in fine, by this paper, is, that the affections of relatives towards each other are simply governed, like the affections of persons not akin, by the manner in which they treat each other. Here you no more gather grapes from thorns, than in any other department of our varied social relations. To attain, therefore, and to preserve the affections of children, or of brothers or of sisters, it is necessary to have always appeared before them in a kindly and beneficent character, and to have always spoken and acted with a deference to their feelings. Not that there may not be much good-humoured latitude of discourse amongst the members of a family; but certainly all hard and biting speeches should be as carefully avoided here as in miscellaneous society. Let these conditions be observed, and amity and mutual helpfulness, love and peace, will undoubtedly be realised; but let an opposite course be followed, and the results will as unquestionably be opposite. The parent will be unhonoured by his children, and he will deserve to be so. And brothers and sisters, who might have promoted each other's happiness to an almost indefinite extent, will find themselves a source of continual mutual heartburning and vexation.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE.

THIRD ARTICLE—THE DRAMA AND FICTION.

The Chinese are excessively fond of theatrical representation, consequently the drama is one of the most extensively-supplied departments of their literature. Their mode of performing plays accords with that of the British stage when in its infancy. There are no scenes; but the dresses of the best companies are splendid, and costly in the extreme. The women's parts, moreover, are performed by young men and boys. Their theatres are seldom stationary; and the actors wander from town to town, where they exhibit their performances for hire. On festivals, the government contributes to their reward, as our own corporations did to that of English strolling companies in the olden time; but the usual plan is, for the inhabitants of the town they may visit to subscribe a purse and engage them. A temporary theatre is erected, and the whole neighbourhood liberally allowed to attend. When the actors have concluded their performances, they move off to another quarter, and the same thing is repeated. It is customary to employ actors at private entertainments, which are never considered complete without a theatrical exhibition. Upon such occasions a list of plays is handed to the most distinguished guest, who selects whichever most accords with his fancy. The principal inns and all large private establishments have a room expressly for this purpose.

Not only witnessing, but reading plays, would appear to be a favourite pastime of the Chinese, if we may judge from the vast number of such productions already extant, and constantly added to. They do not divide these productions into tragedies and comedies; but an equally broad disfinction exists, their plays being of two kinds: historical dramas, which, like those of the Greeks, represent the actions of some ancient hero; and domestic dramas, taken from ordinary and familiar life. They have no divisions into acts and scenes. The dialogue is in ordinary prose, but interspersed with snatches of song or vaudevilles, which the principal performer chants forth in unison with music. The name of the tune is inserted at the head of each passage which is to be sung, exactly as it is in the lighter pieces of the French school. Of 'The Sorrows of Han,' one of their best historical plays, Mr Davis remarks, in the preface to his translation, that it is in 'remarkable accordance with our own canons of criticism. The unity of action is complete, and the unities of time and place much less violated than they frequently are on the English stage. The grandeur and gravity of the subject, the rank and dignity of the personages, the tragical catastrophe, and the strict award of poetical justice, might satisfy the most rigid admirer of Grecian rules;' and, the translator might have added, every admirer also of the stock repertory of English tragedy; for in this Chinese play there is, in common with ninety-nine pathetic dramas out of a hundred, a hero-lover, an injured heroine, a rival, and a villain; but the working out of the plot, exhibiting as it does some curious points of Chinese manners, imparts the charm of novelty to the European

reader. A short account of, and a few quotations from, 'The Sorrows of Han' (*Hán Koong Tsew*), will afford a favourable notion of the Chinese drama. It is one of the classics, being selected from 'The Hundred Plays of Yuen.'

The Emperor Yuente, of the Han dynasty, was one of the many Chinese monarchs who preferred luxury and courtly pleasures to war; and at the beginning of the play, he declares that his peaceful propensities have been much indulged, for

> 'Long have the frontiers been bound in tranquillity by the ties of mutual oaths,
> And our pillow has been undisturbed by grief or anxiety.'

The fact is, a truce has just been concluded with the restless Tartars on the Mongol frontier. In this agreeable state of things he commissions his favourite minister, Maou-yen-show, to seek throughout his realm for all the most beautiful of womankind between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and to send him portraits of each, that from them he may select a princess. The minister—who is the villain of the play—starts on his mission, which he makes extremely profitable to himself, by taking bribes from the parents of several girls, to wink at a little flattery in the likenesses. At length he meets with a maiden whose beauty requires no flattery from the painter's art. In a soliloquy, the wicked mandarin thus describes her attractions and his own base designs:—'The brightness of her charms was piercing as an arrow! She was perfectly beautiful, and doubtless unparalleled in the whole empire. But unfortunately her father is a cultivator of land, not possessed of much wealth. When I insisted on a hundred ounces of gold, to secure her being the chief object of the imperial choice, they first pleaded their poverty, and then, relying on her extraordinary beauty, rejected my offers altogether. I therefore left them. (*Considers awhile.*) But no! I have a better plan. (*He knits his brows, and matures his scheme.**) I will disfigure her portrait in such manner that, when it reaches the emperor, it shall secure her being doomed to neglected seclusion.' In this object he succeeds; the girl is ordered to repair to the palace, in spite of her supposed ugliness, and once within its walls, she could never, by the law of the country, return home. In this imprisonment she afterwards appears with a lute, and 'sorrowing in the stillness of midnight: let me,' she continues, 'practise one of my songs to dispel my griefs.' While singing, the emperor happens to pass near her with a single attendant, to whom he complains, that among all the beauties selected to grace his palace, he has not yet discovered an object worthy of preference. Hearing the music, he inquires, 'Is not that some lady's lute?

Attend. It is; I hasten to advise her of your majesty's approach.

Emp. No; hold! Keeper of the yellow gate, discover to what part of our palace that lady pertains, and bid her approach our presence; but beware lest you alarm her.

Attend. (*Approaches in the direction of the sound, and speaks*). What lady plays there? The emperor comes; approach to meet him. (*Lady advances.*)

Emp. Keeper of the yellow gate, see that the light burns brightly within your gauze lamp, and hold it nearer to us.

Lady. (*Approaching.*) Had your handmaid but known it was your majesty, she would have been less tardy; forgive, then, this delay.

Emp. Truly this is a very perfect beauty! From what quarter come such superior charms?'

The lady declares her birth, parentage, and education, by which means the fraud of the mandarin is discovered.

'*Emp.* Keeper of the yellow gate, bring us that picture, that we may view it. (*Sees the picture.*) Ah! how has he dimmed the purity of the gem, bright as the waves in autumn? (*To the attendant.*) Transmit our pleasure to the officer of the guard to behead Maou-yen-show, and report to us his execution.'

The traitor, however, manages to escape this very summary sentence, and the plot thickens. He flies to the Tartar camp, then assembled at the frontier, and excites the khan or chief to invade his late master's territories. To afford a pretext, he shows the Tartar prince a true portrait of the heroine, and persuades him to demand the lady of the emperor. No sooner said than done: an envoy is despatched by the khan, who adds, 'Should he refuse, I will presently invade the south; his hills and rivers shall be exposed to ravage. Our warriors will commence by hunting, as they proceed on their way; and thus, gradually entering the frontiers, I shall be ready to act as may best suit the occasion.' The arrival of the envoy finds Yuente desperately enamoured of the heroine, while she returns the passion with equal warmth. The Tartar's demand fills him with distress. He calls on his officers to rid him of the invaders; but the ministry bewail the weakness of the empire, and call on his majesty to consult its peace by complying with the khan's demand. Anything rather than war; and the emperor consents. Both lovers are in despair; and the following parting scene takes place. The actors in it, besides the hero and heroine, are the Tartar envoy, and the Chinese president of the board of censors.

'*Envoy.* Lady, let us urge you to proceed on your way; the sky darkens, and night is coming on.

Prin. Alas! when shall I again behold your majesty? I will take off my robes of distinction, and leave them behind me. To-day in the palace of Hán; to-morrow I shall be espoused to a stranger. I will cease to wear these splendid vestments; they shall no longer adorn my beauty in the eyes of men!

Envoy. Again let us urge you, princess, to depart; we have delayed but too long already!

Emp. 'Tis done! Princess, when you are gone, let your thoughts forbear to dwell with sorrow and resentment upon us. (*They part.*) And am I the great monarch of the line of Hán?

Presid. Let your majesty cease to dwell with such grief upon this subject!'

The lady is led off, and his majesty vents his disappointment in invectives against the cowardice of his army.

'*Emp.* She is gone! In vain have we maintained those armed heroes on the frontiers. Mention but swords and spears, and they tremble at their hearts like a young deer. The princess has this day performed what belonged to themselves; and yet do they affect the semblance of men!

Presid. Your majesty is intreated to return to the palace; dwell not so bitterly, sir, on her memory; allow her to depart!

Emp. Did I not think of her, I had a heart of iron—a heart of iron! The tears of my grief stream in a thousand channels. This evening shall her likeness be suspended in the palace, where I will sacrifice to it; and tapers, with their silvery light, shall illuminate her chamber.'

Meanwhile the heroine reaches the Tartar camp. Her charms make a deep impression on the khan, but the damsel is inconsolable for the loss of her emperor. The Tartar army marches off with the lovely prize towards their own territories, and the catastrophe approaches. When they reach the boundary of the Chinese empire (at a spot marked as minutely in the play as if it were a book of topography), the princess exclaims, 'What place is this?

Envoy. It is the river of the Black Dragon, the frontier of the Tartar territories, and those of China. This southern shore is the emperor's; on the northern side commences our Tartar dominion.

Princess. (*To the khan.*) Great king, I take a cup of wine, and pour a libation towards the south; my last

* Stage directions are very distinctly marked in Chinese plays. Instead of 'enter' and 'exit,' they use the words *shang*, 'ascend,' and *hea*, 'descend.'

farewell to the emperor. (*Pours the libation.*) Emperor of Hân, this life is finished; I await thee in the next! (*Throws herself into the river.*)'

The damsel is drowned, and the khan deeply distressed. He decrees that her sepulchre shall be placed on the river's bank, and called 'The Verdant Tomb;' and, as a sort of expiation, makes up his quarrel with the Chinese emperor, to whom he delivers over the traitorous mandarin. The scene returns to the Imperial palace, and the play ends thus:—

'*Presid.* This day, after the close of the morning council, a foreign envoy appeared, bringing with him the fettered traitor Maou-yen-show. He announces that the renegade, by deserting his allegiance, led to the breach of truce, and occasioned all these calamities. The princess is no more! and the khan wishes for peace and friendship between the two nations. The envoy attends with reverence your imperial decision.

Emp. Then strike off the traitor's head, and be it presented as an offering to the shade of the princess! Let a fit banquet be got ready for the envoy, preparatory to his return. (*Recites these verses.*)

At the fall of the leaf, when the wild-fowl's cry was heard in the recesses of the palace,
Sad dreams returned to our lonely pillow—we thought of her through the night.
Her verdant tomb remains, but where shall we seek herself?
The perfidious painter's head shall atone for the beauty which he wronged!'

We now turn to novels and romances, which are extensively read by the Chinese. Some of them present a remarkable resemblance to our own. The chapters are occasionally headed by verses appropriate to their contents, like the mottos of English novels. On the same principle which dictates the selection of names in English fiction for such characters as Sir Anthony Absolute, Young Rapid, Oldbuck, Waverley, namely, a reference to their dispositions and conduct, names are selected for the characters in Chinese novels. Thus, the hero of one of the most popular Chinese tales, 'The Fortunate Union' (Haon-kew-chuen), is named Teih-choo-ngyu, or 'Iron;' and he is a very strong and determined fellow. The literal import of the heroine's name (Shwey-ping-sin) is 'icy-hearted,' a trope implying, amongst European as well as Chinese poets, chaste.* This lady's father, an extremely inflexible person, is Shwey-un, literally, 'dwelling in singleness of purpose:' there is scarcely a novel from which similar examples might not be obtained. Another point of the comparison with European fictions is presented in alternation of dialogue with description which takes place in Chinese stories. In the art of sustaining a plot, and finally conducting it to the denouement, but little or no difference can be perceived between the best Chinese and the best English romances. 'It is in picturing the details of social life,' observes M. Abel Remusat, 'that the authors of Chinese romance excel, approaching very nearly in this respect to Richardson and Fielding, but, above all, to Smollett and Miss Burney. Like these novelists, the Chinese produce a high degree of illusion by the truth of their portraiture of the passions and of character. Their personages possess all possible reality. One seems to make their acquaintance by reading of their actions, by hearing them talk, and by following the minute particulars into which their conversations enter.'† One scene from the 'Fortunate Union' will exemplify this, and give a favourable notion of Chinese jurisprudence. A frontier general has been condemned to death, and the hero (Teih-choo-ngyu), the son of one of the judges (Teih-ying), rushes into the court to plead the general's cause. 'The three members of the triple-court had not ventured, after the emperor's approval of his minister's advice, to record their dissent. At the same time, however, that they confirmed the sentence of beheading, and waited only for the imperial warrant to execute the same, they still felt a secret uneasiness at the prisoner's fate; and when a person was seen entering the court, and thus loudly addressing them, they experienced a mixed sensation of alarm at the disturbance, regret for their sentence, and resentment at the intrusion. Discovering, on a closer view, that it was Teih-choo-ngyu, the other two members felt unwilling to be harsh; but his father struck the table with fury, and rated him in round terms, demanding how he presumed thus madly to address so high a court, assembled there by imperial commission to decide on a capital case? "The laws admit of no private feelings," cried he, and ordered the intruder into custody; but Teih-choo-ngyu loudly exclaimed, "My lord, you are mistaken; the emperor himself suspends the drum at his palace gate, and admits all to state their hardships without reserve; may I not be allowed to right the injured before this very tribunal of life and death?" "What have you to do with the prisoner," inquired his father, "that you should right his case?"' The Brutus-like father orders his son into custody for daring to show contempt of court; but his two colleagues interfere in favour of the young man, whom they 'pacify with good words.' But he is not to be silenced, and after some further discussion, exclaims, '"Let me ask you what meant that saying of the ancient emperor, 'Thrice be death delayed,'* or of the ancient minister, 'In three cases only be death inflexibly awarded?' Your reasonings, if true, would go far to deprive these sacred characters of their reputation for wisdom."

'The two other judges answered not a word, but his father broke silence. "Foolish boy, say no more. This man's death is inevitable." Teih-choo-ngyu, however, rejoined with warmth, "Brave men and worthy leaders are the rare productions of heaven; if your lordships are inflexible, and persist in condemning How-heaou to death, let me intreat you to condemn me with him!" "But his guilt and incapacity have been proved," said Teih-ying; "it is only condemning a worthless servant; is there anything extraordinary in that?" "Men's capacities are not so easily known," said his son; "the courage and ability of this leader are such, that if he be reappointed to the frontier, he shall prove another 'wall of a thousand leagues'†—no hero of the age may compare with him." "Allowing his capacity to be great," observed the father, "his delinquency is still greater." "The ablest leaders," said Teih-choo-ngyu, "must ever be liable to commit errors; and hence it is customary for the emperor to reprieve them for a while, that they may redeem themselves by acts of merit." "But in that case," remarked one of the judges, "somebody must be surety; will you venture to be answerable for him?" "If How-heaou be restored to his command," replied he, "I intreat that my own head may answer for his misconduct, as the just punishment of such rashness." The other two judges now turned to Teih-ying, and said, "Since your lordship's son thus publicly tenders his personal responsibility, it befits us to make a formal representation, and request his majesty's pleasure." Teih-ying was compelled, under the circumstances of the case, to assent to this: the leader was accordingly remanded to prison; and Teih-choo-ngyu, being called upon to enter into a written engagement on the spot, was placed in custody for the time being.' By this spirited conduct Teih-choo-ngyu succeeds in saving the injured general.

It is impossible to detail the involved and exciting plot of this excellent tale sufficiently to give even the merest outline. It will, however, well repay perusal. A translation of it has been made by Mr Davis, at the expense of the 'Oriental Translation Fund,' and a co-

* 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.'—*Hamlet.*

† Preface to the 'Two Cousins,' translated from Chinese into French.

* Such is the actual practice in ordinary cases at the present day; first, by the local magistrate, who refers to the provincial judge; next, by the provincial judge, who refers to the criminal tribunal; lastly, by the criminal tribunal, which refers to the emperor.

† The Chinese name for their great wall.

pious epitome of the story appeared in the 28th volume of the Asiatic Journal. The plot of another tale, however, called the 'Three Dedicated Rooms,' falls better within our compass:—

Two men, named Tang and Yu, live in the same street. Yu is constantly spending his estate, while his neighbour is as avariciously increasing his; gradually buying up Yu's property, till all the latter has left in the world is a single building, which rose to three storeys, each consisting of a single room; the lowest he dedicated to men, being that in which he received his friends; in the middle room he read and wrote, and dedicated it to the ancients; the highest was dedicated to heaven, and had only within it a sacred book and a chafing-dish for incense. It seems that in China, if a man, on selling his estate, reserve any part, however small, he can at any time redeem the rest; so that a purchase under such reserve is no more than a mortgage. This circumstance was annoying to Tang, the avaricious man, who tried by every possible means to get possession of the 'three dedicated rooms;' and thus cut off the privilege of redemption. In the midst of Yu's poverty, he was visited by a wealthy and benevolent friend, who generously offered to redeem his house and gardens; but the other having turned somewhat cynical, resolutely declined it, saying the three rooms would do for him; that he could not live long; and that at his death every brick and tile would go to strangers. The friend, on taking leave, thus addressed him: 'At night, while I was reposing in the lowest room, I observed a white rat, which suddenly sunk into the floor. Some treasure is no doubt concealed there. On no account part with these three rooms.' But Yu only laughed at his friend's caution. Yu had a son born to him in his old age, on which occasion his guests poured in upon him in such numbers, that, according to the Chinese expression, 'they ate his salt clean, and drank his vinegar dry.' He sold his rooms to the purchaser of the other part of the property, and died shortly after, leaving his widow and son in great distress. The rich Tang died also.

The son, however, became a great scholar, and of course acquired a mandarin's cap. One day, as he was travelling towards his mother's house, a young woman presented a petition in the name of her husband, imploring his protection, and offering, with his whole family, to become his slaves. Her father-in-law (who happened to be Tang), she said, was a rich man, and while he lived, contrived to keep out of scrapes; but he made many enemies; and at his death his son was persecuted by them, and lost a great part of his property; but that a greater misfortune had now befallen him—he was cast into prison, and none but himself (the mandarin) could get him out. The young man conceived it to be some trick, but the woman assured him to the contrary. 'In the midst of our property,' said she, 'is a tall building, called "the three dedicated rooms." It originally belonged to your lordship's father, but was sold. We lived in it for several years without molestation. Lately, however, some one presented an anonymous petition to the courts, saying that my husband was one of a nest of robbers; and that the three generations, from the grandfather to the grandson, were all rogues; that there were now twenty pieces of treasure deposited under the "three dedicated rooms," and that when the hoard was taken up, the particulars would be understood.' She went on to state that, in consequence of this information, the magistrates caused a search to be made, 'that the treasure was found, her husband apprehended, and sent to prison, where he underwent the torture, to force him to a discovery of his associates. Nothing,' she adds, 'can save us but your claiming the money, which must have belonged to your family.' The young mandarin refused to do this, but promised to inquire of the magistrate into the particulars of the case.

On mentioning the circumstance to his mother, she immediately called to her recollection the story of the white rat, which the young man laughed at; but the magistrate, who had now arrived, thought there was something in it which would give them a clue to the business, especially when the mother informed him, that ten years after her husband's death, his friend had paid her a visit, and inquired whether, before they sold the 'three dedicated rooms,' they had discovered any treasure; and that, being answered in the negative, he said it was a fine thing for those who had bought the property, but that, undeserving of the wealth they had thus acquired, instead of a blessing, it would turn out their greatest misfortune. During this conversation the old gentleman made his appearance, and the story of the white rat and the treasure was at once unraveled; the treasure was employed in redeeming the property of the deceased Yu; and the son of Tang was released from prison.

In order to remember these circumstances, every one had a stanza of verses, the object of which was to advise persons of opulence not to be contriving schemes for the acquirement of their neighbours' property. The lines were to this effect:—

> By want compelled, he sold his house and land:
> Both house and land the purchasers return.
> Thus profit ends the course by virtue planned,
> While envious plotters their misfortunes mourn.

Of course it would be possible, from such an immense library as Chinese literature presents, to multiply specimens of the various departments of writing in which Chinese authors excel. Enough, however, has been selected to give the reader a notion of the high state of literary art in the 'Celestial Empire.'

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

ASCENT OF THE PARIOU AND PETIT PUY DE DOME.

Our vehicle, as I said, had descended the southern slopes of the low hills which lie to the south-west of Vichy, and entered on the principal plain of the Limagne, now rich in all that renders the earth beautiful, but, in the remoteness of past ages, the bottom of a great fresh-water lake. Advancing at easy pace along avenues of massive walnut-trees, we had an opportunity of observing the fertility of the alluvial fields on each side of us, the country being loaded with crops of grain, part of which were already, though early in July, falling under the hands of the reaper. Occasionally, we also passed patches of land doing the double duty of supporting crops of bright green herbage and clusters of apple-trees, the natural fertility of the soil in such cases being greatly augmented by artificial irrigation.

In the course of our ride across the plain, we passed through the small towns of Aigue-Perse, Rhiom, and Mont-Ferrand, the latter situated on the summit of a rising ground, and consisting of heavy buildings of a dark-coloured lava. At this point we had gained within two or three miles of the further limits of the plain, and the town of Clermont came prominently into view, backed by a semicircle of mountains broken into masses, varying alike in height and colour; the lower consisting of round-topped hills, clothed in vineyards and cottages, while those behind, heathy and brown, rose to a majestic height, and were gathered around the gigantic Puy de Dome, as if clinging to a common protector and parent.

At length we reached Clermont, favourably situated on a flattish low hill, sloping gently in all directions, at the verge of the Limagne. The ascending approaches to this ancient capital of Auvergne are described by old travellers as so vile and offensive, that we were pleasingly disappointed in finding them much improved, and that the town generally had in recent times undergone numerous reparations, so as to be now one of the neatest and best built in France. As at Mont-Ferrand, the houses are built of lava, and the streets paved with the same material. There is, however, nothing

strange in the employment of this volcanic product, many of our Scottish towns being constructed of whinstone, which is only a compact species of lava, of a light-blue colour. The lava-stone of Clermont is grayish-black, and vesicular; that is, full of small holes, like the cooled cinders of furnaces; but it is excessively hard, and so impervious to the weather, that the stones of the cathedral, which is built of it, though hewn six hundred years ago, are as sharp in their angles as the day they were fashioned by the builder.

Leaving the examination of the town to a future opportunity, I was anxious to take advantage of the settled fine weather to pay my visit to the range of adjoining puys or peaks. To be done properly, this requires a guide, and the use of a car; for about five miles must be passed over in ascending the braes, or low hills, formerly noticed, before we reach the base of the principal mountains. A car was accordingly hired, well-provisioned for a day's excursion, and, accompanied by a geological friend from Edinburgh,* who was fortunately on the same errand, and had already procured a guide, our party drove out of Clermont, on an expedition the most interesting in which we had ever been engaged. While pursuing our way beyond the barriers, let us consider for a moment what it is we are going to see.

In the year 1751, two members of the Academy of Paris, Guettard and Malesherbes, on their return from Italy, where they had visited Vesuvius, and observed its productions, passed through Montelimart, a small town on the left bank of the Rhone. Here they were surprised to observe that the pavement of the streets consisted of masses of basalt, brought from Rochemaure, on the opposite side of the river; and they were, moreover, told that there was a mountain-tract in that direction which abounded with similar rocks. Incited by a love of science, they proceeded in search of the basaltic hills, and, step by step, reached Clermont in Auvergne, discovering every day fresh reason to believe in the volcanic origin of the mountains they traversed. At Clermont, all doubts on the subject ceased. The currents of lava in the vicinity, black and rugged as those of Vesuvius, descending uninterruptedly from some conical hills of scoriæ, most of which present a regular crater, convinced them of the truth of their conjectures, and they loudly proclaimed the interesting discovery. On their return to Paris, M. Guettard published a memoir, announcing the existence of volcanic remains in Auvergne, but obtained very little credit. The idea appeared to most persons an extravagance; but the obstinacy of ignorance was finally forced to yield to conviction, and the investigations of Demarest in 1771 put an end to all doubt on the question.†

The more recent inquiries of our indefatigable and ingenious countryman, Scrope, and others, French and English, have brought the volcanic region of Auvergne prominently into notice as a field of geological study. Nor is it without interest to ordinary travellers. A great cluster or chain of conical mountains, each an extinct volcano, left very much in the form it possessed at the moment of cooling, when it ceased to act—and which may have been ten thousand years ago, for what anybody can tell—is not a thing seen every day, or in every situation. Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna, smoke and rage, and from time to time vomit forth their currents of liquid lava and their showers of scoriæ. Here are dozens of volcanic heights once equally active, but now dormant, and covered with the soil and herbage of accumulated centuries—a region of fire and smoke transformed by time into a tranquil sheep and cattle walk. It was the central point of this once extraordinary scene of commotion that we were going to see.

Our way lay along a road which wound itself in a singular and picturesque manner up the acclivities of the hills, in a direction westward from Clermont, every turn of the path revealing some new and striking prospect. The lower ridges, consisting of calcareous stratified rocks, were chiefly covered with vineyards; but to these succeeded small fields of grain; and these, in their turn, gave way to heathy uplands, through which projected masses of bare rock, either lava or granite. These features of the country around us were, however, for the time less attractive than its human inhabitants. Nearly all the way, from the gates of Clermont to the summit of the plateau on which the peaks appear to rest, a distance of several miles, we encountered and passed a seemingly continuous band, or series of bands, of mountaineers proceeding with cars of firewood to market. This was my first introduction to the descendants of the ancient Gauls, as they are supposed to be, and it was with something more than mere curiosity that I examined their garb and personal appearance, as they descended the successive slopes towards the plain. The cars, rude in their construction, and piled with chopped brushwood, were each drawn by two cows or oxen, bound together by a yoke across the forehead, to which the pole of the vehicle is attached. No reins were employed. Before each vehicle stalked its saturnine conductor, having a long rod over his shoulder, with which by a touch he guided his docile and downcast charge in any required direction. The garments of the men were coarse, and wild in aspect; a black hat slouched over their grim features and long matted hair; while the bulk of the person was concealed under a cloak of striped woollen, confined like a woman's petticoat round the neck. Pouring down almost in a continuous line from the summit of the hills, the eye caught them at different points of the zig-zag declivity, and was charmed with the picturesque effect of the scene. These mountaineers, as we were informed, speak a peculiar dialect, not understood by the natives of the towns, though they generally possess a sufficiency of the vernacular French to transact their business when coming to market with their rural produce. Persons competent to form a judgment, have declared that the patois of these mountaineers contains a number of Celtic words; and, if so, there could not be a more convincing proof of their direct descent from the original inhabitants of Gaul. Their language, however, from the specimens of it printed in Clermont, appears to possess a much greater resemblance to Italian than any other tongue, from which a fanciful investigator might with equal plausibility assign to them a directly Roman origin. Like the rest of the French nation, they are doubtless Romanised Celts, only less changed and cultivated than their more highly-favoured countrymen. In character, they are rude and uninstructed, and I was assured that the crimes of a savage people are not uncommon amongst them.

Having attained the brow of the eminence, we found ourselves pursuing a slightly inclined plain, keeping the village of Orcines on our left, and observing on both sides tracts of land little better than a wilderness of scattered rocks, and stones, and broken ground. At the distance of a mile further on, our journey with the car terminated. Alighting at an auberge by the wayside—a gloomy abode with a vaulted roof—we placed the haversack of provisions on the back of the guide, requested the driver of our vehicle to proceed round to the other side of the mountains, to await our return, and forthwith betook ourselves to the serious business of a pretty long and toilsome walk through the heather. Our object was to reach the Pariou, the nearest hill on the south, a kind of stepping-stone to the chief of the puys. Fortunately, the ground and herbage were dry; the heath was blooming like a garden; wild thyme and lavender scented the air with their fragrance; bees hummed merrily in the sunshine; and happy little lizards of various hues ran in and out beneath the bushes.

The base of the Pariou is gained, and now commences the ascent. The hill is a singularly perfect cone, regular all round, and rising with a slope of about 35 degrees to a height of 738 feet above the

* Mr Charles Maclaren, editor of the Scotsman newspaper.

† Memoir on the Geology of Central France. By G. Poulett Scrope. London: 1827.

plateau on which it rests. Taking advantage of every slip of path formed by cattle to fix our footing, and every bush to hold by, and sitting down to rest at least a dozen times during the journey, our party, ladies and all, at last gained the summit of the cone. It was an agitating moment. 'Le cratère!' exclaimed Guillaume, 'le voilà, mesdames et messieurs;' and sure enough there was before us the crater of the volcano. We stood on a rim of about twenty feet in breadth; behind us was the exterior of the cone which we had climbed, and before us was a perfectly formed basin, three hundred feet in depth, and with a circumference of three thousand. The inward inclination of the sides of the crater appeared to be the same as the exterior declivity, and terminated in a flat bottom of perhaps forty feet in diameter. The whole was covered with grass and small bushes, the bottom of the basin being the most fertile. Although having no outlet, the great deep dish, as it may be called, was quite dry, the porous subsoil absorbing all the rain which can fall. We sat down within the brink to eat our first luncheon, and contemplate the interesting spectacle. The spot, from the shelter and fresh bite of herbage which it yielded, was evidently a favourite resort of the mountain herds. Round the shelving sides were narrow footpaths formed by the cattle, resembling the steps of an amphitheatre, conducting to the flat bottom of the basin—the closed orifice whence burst forth the loose material which formed the mass of the cone. The rim or upper edge I have stated as being about twenty feet in width; but it varies somewhat in its proportions, and is a little higher on the south than the other sides.

It appears from minute investigation, that the Pariou has been formed by successive discharges at distant intervals. On the north and north-west, a segment of a former crater encircles the cone, the broken part having been carried away by a vast current of lava, which has flowed in a broad stream towards the plain on the east, intruding on the granitic rocks and calcareous deposits, and forking off in branches, which, having cooled and become hard in the course of ages, now form those valuable quarries whence the building-stone of the Limagne is partly dug. Scrope's account of this great and primary outbreak of the lava from the Pariou is so interesting, that I take the liberty of extracting it entire.

'The first direction of the stream is to the north-east, and the current appears to have set with fury against a long-backed granitic eminence opposing it on that side. Thence, led by a considerable slope towards the south-east, it coasted the base of this hill; and leaving to the right another protuberance of the primitive plateau, on which now stand the church and hamlet of Orcines, advanced to a spot called La Baraque. Here it met with a small knoll of granite, capped with scoriæ and volcanic bombs, marking the source of a much more ancient basaltic bed, known by the name of Prudelles. Impeded in its progress, the lava accumulated on this point into a long and elevated ridge, which still bears the appearance of a huge wave about to break over the seemingly insignificant obstacle. But an easier issue offered itself in two lateral valleys having their origin in the part of the plateau occupied by the lava current; which, separating consequently into two limbs, rushed down the declivities presented on each side. The right-hand branch first deluged, and completely filled an area surrounded by granitic eminences, and probably the basin of a small lake; thence entered the valley of Villar, a steep and sinuous gorge, which it threaded exactly in the manner of a watery torrent, turning all projecting rocks, dashing in cascades through the narrowest parts, and widening its current where the space permitted, till, on reaching the embouchure of the valley in the great plain of the Limagne, it stopped at a spot called Fontmore, where its termination constitutes a rock about fifty feet high, now quarried for building-stone. From the base of this rock gushes a plentiful spring, the waters of which still find their way from Villar beneath the lava which usurped their ancient channel. The branch which separated to the left plunged down a steep bank into the valley of Gresinier, replacing the rivulet that flowed there with a black and shagged current of lava; entered the limits of the Limagne at the village of Durtol; and continuing the course marked out by the streamlet, turned to the north, occupied the bottom of the valley lying between the calcareous mountain, Les Côtes, and the curtain of granitic rocks, and finally stopped on the site of the village of Nohanent. Here, as at Fontmore, an abundance of the purest water springs from below the extremity of the lava current. The various rills which drain the valley of Durtol and its embankments have recovered their pristine channel, and filtering through the scoriform masses, which always form the lowest surface of a bed of lava, flow on unseen till the rock above terminates and they issue in a full and brilliant spring. Above this point, consequently, is seen the anomaly of a valley without any visible stream; and the inhabitants of Durtol are condemned in seasons of drought to the strange necessity of seeking at Nohanent, a distance of two miles, the water which flows there beneath their own houses. A similar phenomenon is very general throughout the Auvergne, wherever a current of lava has occupied the bed of a mountain rivulet, not sufficiently copious or violent to undermine the lava above, or open a new channel through its formed banks.' To these streams of lava, chiefly, as is believed, from the Pariou, the phenomenon of bare basaltic rocks and loose stones on the surface of the declivities and adjoining parts of the plain is likewise due. The rock, where it assumes a ridge-like form projecting from the ground, is called by the French a *coulée* of lava, and coulées, as well as vast quantities of fragments, encumber the vineyards in the lower slopes of the hills.

Whatever may have been the early eruptions of the Pariou, those at the conclusion of its career have consisted of scoriæ, puzzolano, and volcanic sand; where the turf happens to be broken, a reddish loose soil of granular particles is exposed; and of materials of this nature the entire cone seems to be composed; indeed no other than loose matter, falling in showers about the mouth of the crater, could have formed the elegant and regular cone which now exists.

From the crest of the hill a fine view is obtained of other conical mounts on the north-west, beyond the line of road by which we had approached with the car but as the view is still better from the grand puy, we spent little time in its contemplation, and pushed off in quest of fresh spots of investigation. Our way still lay southwards, and it was in this direction we descended the Pariou, a feat considerably more difficult than that of its ascent. At the end of half an hour, the southern base of the cone was gained, and we found ourselves again on a heathy tract, open to the eastward, and rising towards the south, where, before us, at the distance of a mile, rose the high but unshapely mass styled the Petit Puy de Dome, to which another walk, and frequent rests among the bushy heather, at length brought us.

The ascent of the Petit Puy is almost half accomplished ere we reach the steep part of its sides, for its base is spread considerably out from the main protuberance of the hill. On attaining the more abrupt part of the ascent, the path which we had to pursue was up a kind of ravine or gash, formed by the washing away of the loose matter, and by the continual abrasion of the mountain cattle. The tracks of wheels, also, showed us that this formed a road for the rude cars of the mountaineers in their visits to these high pasturages. The broken sides of the ravine were composed altogether of puzzolano, a reddish material almost as loose as rough sand or gravel. The embarrassment of our journey up this awkward pathway was in due time rewarded with the same pleasurable sensations we had experienced on reaching the top of the Pariou. We were landed upon a broad but irregularly shaped abutment—a stage, as it may be called, from the loftiest protuberance—and here, to our satisfaction, we had before us the crater

whence the matter composing the sides of the mountain had been ejected. This crater is somewhat less in its dimensions than that of the Pariou, but is equally regular in form and beautiful in surface. Its depth is two hundred and ninety-two feet, and its diameter nearly the same. The only difference between it and the other perfectly-formed craters is, that, instead of having only a narrow rim at top, it lies imbedded in the shoulder of the hill, having to all appearance been overtopped by later protrusions. From, as I imagine, its neat form and sheltered situation, it is called by the people of the district, 'Le Nid de la Poule,' or Hen's Nest. At the time of our visit, a herd of cattle, under the charge of a ragged Flibbertigibbet, came leisurely round the corner of the hill, and descended the sides of the crater in quest of the pasturage with which it was covered; and we left them grazing on its flat and verdant bottom.

At the point we had attained on the Petit Puy de Dome, we were at an elevation of about 3600 feet above the plain of the Limagne, but were still from 700 to 800 feet lower than the top of the Puy de Dome itself. Another and much more toilsome ascent was therefore yet to be performed, and as we had already been several hours on our feet, it was proposed, and unanimously agreed, that the ladies should not attempt to climb the impending height, but, selecting a pleasant spot below the rocky knoll of the Petit Puy, lay out dinner, and remain at rest on the heather till our return. These, and other grave matters being arranged, we proceeded to climb the gigantic Puy; an account of which, however, must be postponed till another paper.

NEWSPAPERS.

The appearance of a newspaper is such an every-day occurrence, that, like most ordinary things, its commonness blinds us to its singularity, and we lose, in familiarity and curiosity, those impressions of surprise and astonishment which would certainly possess us were we looking on one for the first time.

Unique in the world of letters, the newspaper bears no resemblance to any other literary production. It is the ephemeral record of the exciting *now* of the world's history; a confused collection of the jottings of Rumour, or the sweepings of her studio, if she can be said to have one. It is the busy scavenger of the world's highway, picking up everything of to-day, from the revolution of an empire to the dimensions of a mushroom. It is a cluster of bubbles floating on the stream of the present hour, the petty sand-marks which to-morrow's tide will for the most part obliterate, a crowd of transitory nothings which history will not care to chronicle. It is an omnivorous monster, greedily opening its capacious jaws for anything offered. It is a restless busybody, interfering with every one's concerns; a noisy babbler, chattering upon every subject, and often hiding its profound ignorance under the most dogged assertions; an impudent intruder upon the privacies of popular men. It is a sleepless caterer to the appetite of the million, serving up, crude and uncooked, anything likely to prove welcome pabulum to the popula. palate. In its anxiety to appease the insatiable craving of the quidnunc, the improbable and the fabricated are hastily dished up with the authentic. Greedy of news, too impatient to verify and inquire, it is often erroneous; but deems it beneath its dignity to acknowledge an error; or if it does, always declares that the misstatement was 'copied from a contemporary.'

The heterogeneous confusion of subjects in a newspaper is singular to contemplate. The ludicrous and the pathetic are here met with in strange proximity; vice and philanthropy unceremoniously jostle each other; strange cunning and stranger simplicity, love and murder, politics and poetry, are here all huddled together in grotesque disorder. Here, in a corner, are births, marriages, and deaths, in startling juxtaposition; death and life, as it were, hand in hand · the cradle and the coffin side by side. Here, in the advertisement columns, the profligate corresponds with his 'friend' by means of the well-understood initials; and there the agonised parents beseech their erratic son to return to his anxious relatives. Here a long list of 'wants' painfully reminds us of the scarcity of employment, and the superabundance of labour; there the heartless votary of fashion offers a starving salary to the possessor of every imaginable preceptive qualification. Here the honest finder of a purse of money honourably advertises it, that it may be owned; and there the professional shark announces a vacancy for an apprentice, concluding the pompously-arrayed advantages with the significant words, 'a premium expected.' Here a bloated capitalist trumpets forth his thousands to lend; and the next advertisement is an appeal by some broken-hearted man, who declares that the loan of five pounds would save himself and family from ruin. Here is a singular case of death occurring from the most trivial accident; there the preservation of life under the most heroic circumstances. Here a brutal mother is prosecuted for the ill-treatment of her own children; there a benevolent stranger is commended for his disinterested adoption of some friendless orphans. Here are particulars of the costly celebration of a marriage in high-life; and there the melancholy details of the self-destruction of some hope-abandoned miserable. Bankruptcies and fashionable movements, theatres and criminal courts, scraps of sermons and stale conundrums, strangely mingle with each other.

The newspaper is no bad test of habits and tastes. No straw thrown into the air more surely indicates which way the wind blows—no game of chance more truly reveals the state of the temper — than does the newspaper the peculiarities of thought and taste in the individual. The spectacled politician turns instinctively to the 'leader' and the foreign intelligence, to note the movements of party, and anything likely to disturb the balance of power among the nations. The fund-holder turns to the price of stock, and anxiously scans the political horizon, to see if there be any little cloud gathering and threatening to affect prices. The merchant passes over every other subject as comparatively uninteresting, to bestow his undivided attention on the 'price current' and the state of the markets; and the wealthy ship-owner cons the shipping intelligence with special interest. The literary man is concerned but little either about the price of consols or the arrival of vessels, but devours the reviews of books with the greatest avidity, and pores over the advertisement columns with the deepest curiosity, to learn what is 'in the press.' The tradesman glances with indifference at the accounts of the movements of foreign powers, but the movements of a wealthy and liberal customer are to him a subject of intense interest. The theatre-loving apprentice hates 'those dry leaders,' and gloats over the theatrical column, wishing that the whole newspaper were filled with theatricals, and wondering who is the writer of such clever articles, and how he can know so much about the actors. The plot of the latest farce, the libretto of last night's opera, the movements of his old favourites, the recent first appearance of some provincial aspirant, and the advertisements of forthcoming 'benefit nights,' are all to him topics to which nothing is secondary in interest. Others, who only live for the opera, can scarce condescend to notice anything besides the success of a new prima donna, or the reappearance of a favourite *danseuse*. Some find a peculiar piquancy in the details of 'breaches of promise,' especially if any of the letters are given. The antiquary is in ecstacies at reading a paragraph recording the discovery of an old Roman pot or a handful of coins; the devotee of fashion is in raptures while perusing the most approved shapes and colours for the ensuing month; and the astronomer is delighted with a notice which few of the uninitiated would care to read, describing in scientific terms the situation and appearance of a new comet. Some, of more vulgar taste,

in search of the romantic and the horrible, eagerly turn to the exciting records of the criminal court, or revel in the disgusting developments of the last murder or suicide. Few, except those pitiable persons who are bent on killing time, read perseveringly down every column, but each, according to his inclination, selects that for perusal which is most consonant to his taste.

What varied emotions are excited in the breasts of different readers of a newspaper! With what opposite feelings is that damp sheet perused, which the newsman coldly places in the hand of his customer! The tradesman turns pale at seeing the name of his principal debtor in the Gazette, as in this ruin he reads his own. The actor, who has ventured to leave the provincial theatre to try the hazardous experiment of a first appearance before a London audience, views the favourable critique as an earnest of his future fame and fortune. The poor widow reads with agonised feelings the sad intelligence that her son's regiment is ordered abroad; and the expectant legatee peruses with an ill-suppressed satisfaction the long-looked-for death of the rich relation. The betrothed maiden devours the shipping intelligence which informs her of the expected speedy return of *his* ship; and the anxious wife with indescribable agony learns that her husband's vessel sank at sea, 'and all hands lost.' The poor author lays down the paper with a sigh, on perusing the ill-natured and crushing review of his laboured volume; and the friendless teacher spells over her advertisement in print, with a silent prayer that the lines, for the insertion of which she changed her last sovereign, may procure her a situation. The corn-factor trembles for the success of his speculation, as he reads the probable abundance of the harvest; and the railway proprietor rubs his hands with glee at the prospect of the rising value of shares in his line. The fiery political partisan peruses with unbounded glee the recorded triumph of his favourite candidate at the county election, viewing in the ascendancy of his party the panacea for every social and political evil. Smiles and tears, expectation and disappointment, follow in the train of a newspaper; sunshine and shadow, the blackness of despair and the rainbow-tints of hope, chequer its pages in a strange manner above those of any of its literary brethren.

THE LEGACY.

Mr Wilson—of the well-known firm of Sandford and Wilson, manufacturers, Stockton—sat alone at his well-furnished breakfast-table. Apparently, he did not want more agreeable companions than his own thoughts, at least if one might judge from his countenance, which expressed a considerable degree of self-satisfaction and self-gratulation. Nor did he appear in need of social intercourse to sweeten the repast, for he ate with a zest that denoted an excellent appetite, and keen relish for the good things before him. And Mr Wilson had reason to be in a peculiarly happy and contented frame of mind. He had that morning, early as it was—and it was not yet nine o'clock—made what he called an excellent bargain. The manufacture in which he was engaged was one in which there was considerable consumption of coal, and of course it was an object to obtain supplies of so necessary an article at as reasonable a rate as possible. He had that morning ridden over to the village of Thorley, a distance of several miles, in order to see an old man, the proprietor of a small field, under which ran a valuable vein of coal. This field joined one of the mines belonging to the firm, and the object of Mr Wilson's visit was to inquire the terms upon which they could obtain a lease of the ground for the purpose of excavation. It was the very satisfactory result of this negotiation which imparted so much cheerfulness and buoyancy to the countenance and manner of Mr Wilson. But there is no perfect happiness in this world, and a doubt which he could not entirely suppress—as to what might be his partner's opinion on the subject of his bargain—served to destroy the perfection of his. However, it was impossible, as he proved to his own satisfaction during his walk to the manufactory—quite impossible that any man, not an absolute fool, could raise any objection to an agreement so obviously for their joint interest. As it certainly was not a failing of his own, it did not enter into Mr Wilson's calculations that a man, without being an absolute fool, or indeed a fool at all, might think that some consideration was due to the interest of others as well as his own; and that the precept, to do as you would be done by, was not quite so obsolete but that some might be found old-fashioned enough to look upon it in the light of a moral obligation. No two persons could differ more in character than these partners. They were both excellent men of business, keen, industrious, and energetic; but whilst the one considered stratagem allowable in business, as in love and war, and held the doctrine that the end sanctifies the means (and the end constantly before his eyes, that of getting riches, sanctified many means not strictly honourable or even honest, but all in the way of business of course), the other would not, to promote the success of the most promising speculation, have taken advantage of the ignorance, or practised on the credulity, of the poorest or most simple person with whom he had to deal. To render to every one that which was justly their due, was Mr Sandford's maxim in business; whilst Mr Wilson, in commercial transactions, as strictly adhered to his favourite saying of 'Every man for himself, and God for us all;' taking especial good care of his own interest in every possible way, and leaving it as a matter of faith and practice to Providence to take care of other people's. On his arrival at the counting-house, he greeted his partner with a 'Well, Sandford, I have seen old Richardson about that bit of land, and he is very willing to let us have it. He says it has never been anything but a plague to him, and he shall be very glad to be rid of it. 'Tis a very fortunate thing I thought of riding over this morning, for I understand Morton has been thinking of getting it from him, and sinking a shaft there; but I have made every arrangement, and we are to have it for fifty pounds a-year. It will be a capital speculation.'

'The man must be entirely ignorant of the value of his own property to agree to such terms,' said Mr Sandford. 'Did you tell him the purpose for which it was wanted?'

'Oh yes; of course I told him we thought there might be coal. I did not see the necessity of entering into particulars; he knows nothing about mining, and he will, upon these terms, make a deal more by his land than he has ever done yet.'

'Perhaps so, but not so much as he ought to make by it. If he does not know its value, we do; and I cannot consent to profit by what would, you know, be an imposition upon him.'

'Nonsense; you are so over-particular. No one but yourself would think of making the slightest objection to a thing so much to your advantage, especially as the man is perfectly satisfied. He would not know what to do with more.'

'Do you think he will be perfectly satisfied when he learns that he is not receiving more than half of what he has a right to expect? But even supposing he were, that does not alter the question: so far as we are concerned, we should be equally taking an unfair, and, in

my opinion, dishonest advantage, to bind him to such terms.'

'Well, I don't know how it is,' said Mr Wilson, who was losing his temper; 'but it is impossible to do anything to please you. I never make an arrangement that you have not some objection to advance, some fault to find. If you might have your way in everything, the concern would soon come to nothing.'

'Nay,' said Mr Sandford, laughing, 'that is asserting more than you can prove, I think. You know that I believe no one loses in the long-run by plain and straightforward dealing; so that, setting aside all but selfish motives, I act only in such a manner as I think will best promote our interest.'

'Well, if you can make out that it will be for our interest to pay one hundred instead of fifty pounds a-year for the right of mining under that field, well and good, but I confess I cannot; and I must say, Sandford, it will be very absurd of you to make any alterations in the terms agreed upon. They are satisfactory to Richardson, and advantageous to us, and what more would you have?'

'I would have nothing more than justice and common honesty dictate,' replied Mr Sandford. 'I would give Richardson what, were I in his place, I should expect myself, as the rent of that land—say one hundred a-year. This would be right towards him, and still advantageous to us; and what I lost in money I should expect to gain in kindly feeling and confidence in my upright intentions—capital which is always secure, and which brings larger returns than those who do not employ it can conceive.'

'Well,' said Mr Wilson, greatly irritated, 'it is no use arguing with you; I will have nothing more to do with the affair; manage it as you like.' So saying, he sat down to his desk and wrote letters with great rapidity and energy.

Accordingly, that same evening Mr Sandford rode over to Thorley. He found the old man at work in his garden, busily engaged in digging up potatoes, in which occupation he scarcely paused to return Mr Sandford's salutation. 'My partner was here this morning, Mr Richardson,' said that gentleman, 'speaking to you about a piece of land of yours, and I understand you partly made an agreement with him to let us have a lease of it at a rent of fifty pounds a-year?'

'Why, yes,' replied he, 'you ar'na far wrong; there was something o' the kind talked on atween us.'

'Well,' said Mr Sandford, 'perhaps you do not quite understand for what purpose we want that field of yours, and are not aware of its value to persons in our business. It is worth much more to us than fifty pounds a-year; and it was to make what I consider an equitable proposal for both parties that I came to see you this evening. If you are willing to accept one hundred a-year for it, I shall be glad to have a lease of the land upon such terms, as it is contiguous to one of my pits; but farther than this I am not prepared to go.'

The old man paused from his digging, and looking up at Mr Sandford with an admiring twinkle in his eye, said, 'I've always heerd say, sir, as you was a rightdown good un'; an' now I believe it. You see, sir, I cou'na say as I understand much about the vally of coal an' suchlike; but I seed as Mester Wilson were mighty anxious to get the field; an' at after he were gone, I turned it over i' my mind, an' I thought, as he seemed so willin' to give fifty pounds, which is above the real vally of the land, as land, he might be willing to go a little further if I hung back like. Just as I were thinking i' this ways, up comes Mester Morton, an', says he, "I heerd as you was wanting to sell that bit o' ground o' yours as gines up to Mester Sandford's coal-pit." So, says I, I rather think you heerd wrong, sir; for I wasna thinking of selling it at all. "Oh," says he, "perhaps it was letting it, then, you was thinking of? It cou'na be of much use to you; an' I daresay you would make more by it that way; now, s'pose I was inclined to make a bargain with you, what would you let it me for?" Why, says I, I've partly promised it, you see, to Mester Wilson for fifty pounds a-year: an' then he fires up, and says, "Well, what an imposition; it's downright disgraceful; you mustn't accept it, Mester Richardson. I'm willin' to give you seventy, or even eighty; so you'll consider my offer, an' let me know what you decide on to-morrow;" an' with that he rode away. But you see, sir, I didna like Mester Morton's offer no better than Mester Wilson's; for I thought they was both "birds of a feather." I wasna quite so soft as they thought me. But, sir, I think you are honest (no offence); for you tell me what you want the land for, an' make an offer you're willin' to stick by; an so, sir, you shall have it, that you shall, even if they offer me a hundred and fifty; an' you may send a lawyer to draw out the lease as soon as you like.'

'Very well; then I may consider the matter settled? The lease shall be drawn out as quickly as possible, and will, I hope, be ready for your signature in a few days.' So saying, and wishing the old man good evening, Mr Sandford turned towards home. Richardson stood for some minutes looking after him, spade in hand, then calling to a neighbour who happened to be passing by, he said, 'I say, John, do'st know who that gentleman is there upo' the brown hoss?'

'No,' replied his friend, 'I canna say as I do.'

'Well, then, I'll tell thee; it's the honestest man i' Stockton, let the other be who he will; an' that's Mester Sandford. He's put fifty pounds a-year i' my pocket; an', please God, he shanna lose by it i' the end; for I'll leave him all I leave when I'm dead; and it's not so little, for I've naither kith nor kin, an' it'll do some good that way, more than I shall ever do with it I doubt; for they say as he's as open-handed an' kind-hearted to the poor, as he's honest and straightforrard.' In the meantime Mr Sandford rode home, ignorant of Richardson's benevolent intentions towards him; and though in the course of a few days what had been said was repeated to him, it was no sooner heard than forgotten, and in the press of business the whole affair passed from his mind. It occasioned little surprise in Stockton when, in a short time after this event, it became known that Messrs Sandford and Wilson were about to dissolve partnership. The wonder was, how two persons, differing so much in their manner of conducting business, should have continued together for so long a time. It now remained to be seen whether Mr Wilson was correct in his prediction as to the probable fate of a business carried on in strict accordance with the rules and principles advocated by his late partner. It would scarcely be justice to him to say that he wished for the accomplishment of his own prophecy, or that he would not, supposing it in no way detrimental to his own interest, have done anything in his power to avert such a catastrophe; but still, as he said, 'knowing Sandford's quixotic opinions, such a thing would not have surprised him in the least;' nor, at the bottom of his heart, have grieved him either; for it is rather a dangerous experiment to place self-esteem and benevolence in direct opposition. In such cases, the former will more generally prove victorious than people are willing to admit. However, Mr Wilson was spared any such conflict. Months and years passed on, and still Mr Sandford's business grew and prospered; so also did the estimation in which he was held, and the influence he possessed in his native town; for, though riches alone will always buy a certain degree of outward respect and attention for their possessor, be his character what it will, it is entirely distinct from the influence which high principle, and undeviating consistent rectitude of conduct, must always command, and which is felt even by the most ignorant and careless. It was perhaps this difference, presenting itself in an undefined manner to his mind, that gave rise to, and kept alive in Mr Wilson, a kind of rivalry; a continual wish to place himself in contrast and comparison with Mr Sandford, in order, if possible, to humble him, and display his own superiority. So far had he allowed this feeling to gain ground, that when, in compliance with a requisition, numerously and respectably

signed, Mr Sandford consented to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the borough of Stockton, Mr Wilson immediately offered himself in opposition. Their politics were similar, their talents for public business pretty equal, though Mr Wilson had considerably the advantage as a speaker. But the electors of Stockton were not to be diverted from the choice which their inclination and judgment alike approved. At the hustings, the show of hands was all in favour of Mr Sandford. The day's polling saw him several hundreds in advance of his opponent; and, amidst the acclamations of the people, he was declared duly elected. Mortified and humbled, Mr Wilson talked of a petition to console his wounded pride; but his committee knew better. Not one person could be found to second his wishes, as they well knew such an attempt would prove as fruitless as it would be discreditable and vexatious.

It was on a bleak and gusty morning in early spring that Mr Sandford's family was assembled in the comfortable breakfast-room; the table ready spread, and the fire giving that cheerful glow so desirable on one of our raw March mornings. The timepiece told the hour of half-past nine, and several little faces were beginning to look anxious for breakfast, and many were the exclamations of—'Mamma, what can papa be doing?' 'I wonder where he is; surely he cannot be very hungry.' And the eldest hope had just given it as his opinion that they had better not wait any longer, when the well-known footstep was heard. The umbrella placed on the stand, the hat on its peg, the breakfast-room door opened, and Mr Sandford made his appearance, looking even more good-humoured than usual, while a half-suppressed smile lurked about the corners of his mouth. The children rushed forward to meet him, and Mrs Sandford rang the bell for the long-expected breakfast. As soon as all were seated, and their various wants supplied, Mr Sandford said, 'Well, my dears, I suppose you wonder what has made me so late this morning?' A very general look of assent was the result of this inquiry. Mr Sandford proceeded—'A singular and most unexpected circumstance has happened to me. John Simpson and William Wood came to my counting-house this morning, and said if I were at leisure they wished to speak to me on business of consequence. Their looks were so full of importance, that though it was then time to come home, I could not refuse. They then told me that old Richardson, the man from whom I have rented that field containing the valuable stratum of coal for so many years, is dead, and has left me all his property, except a small sum to each of themselves as executors. After enjoying my surprise, they brought to my recollection what John had told me of the old man's intentions when I first agreed to take his field upon a lease. I thought nothing of it at the time, and I do not think it has ever entered my head since. The men detained me some time longer by the accounts they had to give of their old friend. It is now several years since I have seen him, as he removed to a small farm of his own at some distance from his former residence; but, previous to his leaving Thorley, I had several conversations with him, in which I endeavoured to impress upon his mind the duties he owed to his fellow-creatures; and it seems these conversations produced some effect, for the old man has, I understand, been much more kindly and benevolently disposed of late years. The property, of course, is not large, though considerably more than he was supposed to possess; but I shall value it much, not only as a tribute of sincere respect and regard, but as a testimony to the truth of my principle—that even as a matter of self-interest, to give no higher motive, the simple rule, "To do as you would be done by," will be found most successful. I was much amused, as I came along, to see what an excitement this news has caused. One after another rushed breathless out of their houses, with a "Sir, do you know old Richardson's dead, and has left you all his money?" One man was actually at the trouble of running a considerable distance to overtake me, in order to give me this wonderful information. So now I think you cannot wonder at my being so late for breakfast; eh, little Mary?' 'No, indeed, papa; and I think that old man was very wise to give you all his money.' This remark caused a general laugh, but there were many others who agreed with little Mary. Amongst the poor this feeling was very general: they knew that he regarded riches not as a means for self-indulgence or personal aggrandisement, but as a loan intrusted to his care for the benefit of others, especially the poor; and that the richer he was, the more his power to serve them would be increased, and his means of doing good multiplied. The wealth which Richardson so carefully hoarded, and which, in his possession, was like a sealed fountain of pure water, has, by being usefully and benevolently employed, like the same fountain released from confinement, spread into innumerable small streams, refreshing, fertilising, and diffusing plenty and contentment in their course; and hundreds have had reason to bless the old man's legacy.

A SECOND CHAPTER OF RECOLLECTIONS OF SPORT IN INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN BELLEW.

In my former chapter, I sketched a little excursion in the mountains of Kamaon. With the reader's permission, I will now in some sort enact the part of the enchanter, and with a wave of my pen transport him to other scenes. I have visited few places in India in pursuit of amusement where I have more enjoyed myself than at the small but picturesque lake of Kishenghur in Rajpootaneh; in which, I think, I may safely affirm that I was one of the first, if not the very first European, who ever dropped a line. My earliest visit to Kishenghur was during the Pindarrie war, shortly after the surrender of Ajmeer, and when proceeding thence with a part of Sir David Ochterlony's army, under Colonel Thompson, to the siege of Madhorajepoora. We were encamped, to the best of my recollection, at some distance from the town, and were not at first aware of the valuable preserve in our neighbourhood, for such it strictly was; the scaly inhabitants having, in all probability, enjoyed uninterrupted repose, saving from intestine warfare, from time immemorial. I should state, as the reason for this, that the Rajpoots of Rajasthan seldom if ever eat fish, against which, as an article of food, I have always been given to understand they entertain a religious repugnance. A Captain Reding and myself were among the first who made the discovery that there was here fine work for the rod; a discovery, as may be supposed, that we certainly did not proclaim throughout the camp with sound of drum and trumpet. We were indifferently supplied with tackle, but went to work gaily, and certainly did pull out the fish at an astonishing rate.

The town of Kishenghur, which is well built, and extensive for the rank it holds, is situated at the termination of a range of lofty and rugged hills, twenty-two miles from the ancient city of Ajmeer. It is the capital of a petty principality, containing about 800 square miles, and the smallest of the nineteen states of Rajpootaneh. The rajah's residence is a massive fort or castle, not unlike some of our feudal strongholds at home. It projects into the lake above-mentioned; hills at some little distance, walled to their summits, forming the background. This romantic pool, which is, when full, two or three miles in circumference, is formed, as are many artificial jalabs or lakes of this country, by a broad stone bund or embankment. These

lakes are of course highly valued in a somewhat arid country; for not only do they refresh the eye, and add beauty to the scenery, but are of great use in irrigation; their waters being let off, as required, by means of sluices. The bund at Kishenghur, which has doubtless existed for ages, is formed of massive masonry—has projecting bastions here and there—and, in addition to some regular ghauts, flights of steps along nearly its whole length leading down to the water. It is, moreover, shaded by aged and venerable trees, under the spreading boughs of which we sportsmen were wont to pitch our tents. The embankment extends from the castle or palace for the distance of two or three hundred yards, to some rocky projections, where it terminates; and beyond this the lake forms a little bight or bay, the opposite side of which is a bluff rocky promontory, partly wooded, and crowned with a small white tomb or temple. This projection in some measure bifurcates that part of the lake, and gives a pleasing irregularity to its outline. Some years after my first visit to it, as above-mentioned, I was stationed at Nusseerabad, a large military cantonment, formed a short time after the cession of Ajmeer to the British government. It is about twenty miles from Kishenghur, which place was my favourite resort whenever I could obtain a week or fortnight's leave of absence. Of many such excursions I retain pleasing but indistinct recollections; the incidents, too, from their similarity, have become confusedly blended in my mind. Of one of these excursions, which was a right merry and successful one, and the party more than usually numerous, I have, however, more distinct remembrance than of the others, and will recall a few of the particulars, and make them the basis of what I have to record regarding Kishenghur.

I will not enlarge on our starting from cantonments —our gallop across the rocky plain—our arrival—the smoking breakfast—the soothing hookha—and so forth; but describe the place and our general proceedings at once. Let, then, the reader picture to himself a gray and massy, but Orientalised fort or castle (partaking, however, more of the latter character), with battlemented walls and loop-holes, numerous buildings, with here and there a cupola, or projecting Moorish-looking lattice (whence fancy might imagine the dark eyes of captive beauty peering), rising in pleasing irregularity above them, tower and terrace commingled. Let him further imagine a verdant strip of garden, filled with the pomegranate and the luxuriant and flag-like plantain, interposed between the walls and the lake, and mirrored in its waters; and then carrying his eye past this garden and some walls, and an archway or two, it will rest on the long bund or embankment, on which, peeping out from the grove, are the snow-white tents of the fishing party. Before the door of one of these, he may, in his mind's eye, behold one of the sportsmen lolling luxuriously in his chair, his feet stretched on a mora, a book in his hand, and tranquilly smoking his hookha; hard by, on one of the projecting bastions, another of the party, with white hat of ample brim, giving him somewhat the look of a tall mushroom, is, rod in hand, intently watching the motions of his float as it rides on the waters below; whilst standing near, in mute attention, are some groups of black-bearded Rajpoots, in their green or yellow tunics and lofty turbans, curiously gazing on the novel operations of the Faringhee. A sepoy, or derby, is near, leaning on his cane or ramrod (the latter being often carried as a substitute for the former), and looking on the whole proceedings with stolid apathy and indifference; whilst a caher or bearer, holds a huge red chattah, or umbrella, in readiness for his master's summons. Let him fancy a breeze curling the lake, and two or three milk-white pelicans riding far out, like stately swans; whilst a ball is on its way towards them, propelled from the rifle of some sporting griffin who prefers the gun to the rod. Let him further draw upon another sense, and fancy that he hears the sound of the tom-tom and sitar from the distant summit of the rajah's castle; and then, over all let him throw the amber light of a declining sun, and he has just the scene before him which I have there so often witnessed. The rajah of Kishenghur of those days, however, was no friend to the fishermen. He did not, as was perhaps natural enough, like to have his fish caught and his privacy invaded; but his objections were invariably overruled, and he had it intimated to him more than once, I believe, in reply to his complaints, that he ought to consider the protection he enjoyed as cheaply purchased by his allowing the Faringhees to enjoy a little amusement now and then in their own way. Orientals imagine (and they are perhaps not much mistaken) that nothing is too hard for European skill to effect. A ludicrous example of this occurred about the time to which these recollections refer. A wag of an officer of my acquaintance, who passed much of his time at Kishenghur, having been refused permission to fish in the garden under the fort, gave out, in revenge, that a telescope which he was in the habit of using and pointing towards the castle, had the wonderful property of revealing its most secret recesses, turning it in a manner inside out. This was duly reported to the rajah, who, fully believing it possible, and that his stone walls were no protection to his privacy, was filled with consternation, and made a formal complaint to the officer commanding at Nusseerabad against the offender, who, I believe, got well 'wigged' for his joke.

The fish we caught at Kishenghur were of various kinds, but none of them exactly resembling any we have in England. The first in point of size and voracity was the boalie, a creature, in habits and character, though not in appearance, coming very near our freshwater shark, the pike. The form of the boalie is common to a peculiar order of fish found in India, of which there are many varieties. It is flat and tapering, and has a fringe-like ventral fin extending nearly its whole length. The back and head are of a greenish or ash colour, and the belly a silvery white. It has no scales (or, if it has, they are too small to be visible), but an enormously capacious mouth. I do not know the maximum size to which they attain, but have caught them weighing from one to sixteen pounds. Our native servants, from the Company's provinces, ate them with great gusto, declaring that they were 'burra muzza ka muchee,' and 'burra chicknai'—'very unctuous and high-flavoured fish;' but, from a prejudice, strong amongst Europeans in India, against fish without scales, I never knew them to be eaten by an officer. The booee muchee, a huge sort of carp very common in India, and excellent eating, which grows to sixty or eighty pounds, or even more, is to be found, I believe, at Kishenghur; but as I do not remember to have ever seen one caught there, I shall here say nothing more of that species. A smaller sort, however, and a very beautiful fish, the narrain, is abundant; and I have often taken them. The eye of the narrain is like a ruby, or some such precious stone, and very beautiful; and its scales are like burnished silver, with a slight copperish or golden tinge. It seldom exceeds four or five pounds in weight.

The pootie, a sort of chub or roach, is a famous fellow; bites well, and pulls hard; prefers paste to worms; and when there is a stiff breeze on the water, I have always found him to take best. Two or three pounds is the largest I have seen. The calabanse, a leather-mouthed fish of the tench kind, I have likewise caught here, and it is very delicate eating; likewise the chulwah, a little lively fish, like a thin plate of silver, which bites most ravenously, and requires no coaxing. With two or three hooks in, you may pull up an equal number of fish at a time. This is, I believe, the kind which, as is well known, sometimes falls in showers—a phenomenon accounted for by the fact, that they swim in shoals near the surface; and being skimmed off, or rather sucked up, by the whirlwinds (or, as they are called in India, 'devils') so common there, are deposited at a distance, and strewed over the surface of the ground. I never saw a shower of fish myself; but that they do fall sometimes after a tuffaun, or tempest, and are seen leaping on the grass, is incontestable. The whirlwinds I have mentioned are sometimes attended with the most destructive effects, unroofing houses, tearing up trees, and doing other damage. Besides the fish I have described, there were eels and various other kinds; so the reader may imagine there was no lack of sport. This variety, by creating a pleasing uncertainty when a fish was hooked as to what he might be, added greatly to the interest of the sport here.

Some may think float-fishing in still water a very dull sort of occupation, and tending to justify Johnson's definition of the sport—a stick with a fool at one end and a worm at the other—and so perhaps it is, under ordinary circumstances, in some petty sluggish stream or duck-pond of a place, where you know to a certainty that nothing in the way of magnitude or variety will fall to your lot. But expand your pond into a lake, where your fish has space to dance you a saraband, and run you out a hundred yards of line before you can draw your breath, down the middle, back again, right and left, and plenty of sea-room, gliding, shooting, and cutting capers like a Taglioni; tenant its profundity with fish of an unascertained size and variety; then the whole affair acquires dignity—mystery and uncertainty, parents of pleasurable emotions, brood over it, and it presents altogether another aspect. I certainly never enjoyed float-fishing so much as at this place, and one or two others of a similar description. Seated on one of the bastions or abutments, my legs hanging over, intently would I watch my little buoy; at length it would tremble, give two or three preliminary cocks, and then down with it as solemnly and majestically as a theatrical ghost through a trap-door. Then was the agitating moment. I would strike, and, whiz! away would bolt an eight or ten-pounder right into the depths of the lake; reel singing like a humming-top, till he had taken perhaps almost the last yard of my line. Great has often been my fear on such occasions that he would pursue his headlong course a few yards farther, and snap my tackle; but often as I have been on the verge of that catastrophe, by singular good fortune it never actually happened to me, and I always contrived to turn my fish, and reel up a good piece of line in readiness for another harmless dart. Often have I walked up and down the bund for the best part of an hour with a big fish, before I could tire and secure him. One large boalie which I caught on the occasion above referred to, occupied me, I am satisfied, two hours before I had him fairly on his side. I had but a light fly-rod and a slender line, and could apply but a moderate degree of force to him; and it was certainly a full half-hour before I could raise him to the surface, and get a sight of him. When he did come, however, he gave a most exhilarating and indignant splash, which told pretty plainly that he was no sprat. He weighed between sixteen and seventeen pounds. This fish fairly tired me out walking up and down, and shifting the rod from one aching hand to the other, before I had secured him.

The boalie is sometimes lumpish and lazy, and does not give equally good sport; but occasionally he is very strong, and makes desperate play. I saw the present Colonel P——s, now in India, and a first-rate fisherman, play one here once for an extraordinary length of time—I am afraid to say how long, but think it was some hours. He will, if this ever meets his eye, remember the long struggle he had, the broken rod, and our speculations touching the bulk of the fish, which turned out, though large, so much smaller than we expected. From frequent fishing since the occupation of Ajmeer, there is doubtless much less fish here than formerly; but to give an idea of what might be taken at one time, I may mention that one day, between breakfast and dinner, I caught eighty pounds, accurately ascertained by weighing them on a steelyard. The greater portion of these were boalies, of from two to eight or ten pounds. The eatable portions, pooties, narrains, &c. of this and other 'takes,' which we did not consume fresh, we converted into an Indian luxury called 'tamarind fish,' which is thus prepared. The fish being cleaned, is cut up into small pieces or junks, and well mixed with tamarinds in a conserved state, but without sugar. The mixture is then put into jars, and in a short time the acid of the tamarind penetrates the fish, completely dissolving the bones and cartilages, and imparting to it a delicate garnet colour and delicious flavour. A piece of tamarind fish fried for breakfast, with rice, forms a very agreeable relish, and I am surprised it has not found its way to this country.

Though fishing was our principal amusement here, it was by no means our only resource. We had various ways of killing 'the enemy;' and when they all failed, we went to sleep, the siesta being much in vogue in India. Sometimes we shot, sometimes coursed the hare, the fox, and the jackal; and once or twice, when my friend George S—— brought his hawks and falconers, we had a little sport in that way. Unless your bird is well trained, however, and thoroughly under command, hawking, if I may judge from the little I have seen of it, is productive of more trouble than pleasure, it being often extremely difficult, particularly in bush or tree jungle, to lure him back, and the more so if he has struck his quarry. I have known a bird sometimes to sit unseen on a tree or rock for an hour or two, whilst the poor falconer, with glove and meat displayed, has vainly tried to coax him back. There are many varieties of the falcon in India, both long and short-winged, but I am not acquainted with many of their names. The pirie, a long-winged and powerful hawk, is flown at the large black curlew, which gives sport very similar to that afforded by the heron in Europe. The moment he catches a glimpse of the pirie, he mounts, wildly screaming, as if anticipating his fate, whilst his fierce pursuer strains every nerve to get above him. Thus they mount, till dwindled to specks in the clear sky; but the upper hand once gained by the pirie, down they both come, cleaving the air like thunderbolt, and the curlew is generally griped by the pirie's talons ere long, and borne a captive to the ground. As the birds ascend, they rapidly recede, and it becomes necessary that the hawker should gallop after, and fix his gaze upon them; hence arises the danger of the sport; for whilst the sportsman's eye is thus, like the poet's, glancing heavenwards, he is likely to experience a little practical bathos, by sinking into a pit or a Mahratta well. I do not know whether the sparrow-hawk is ever trained for sport in Europe, but in India he often is. He is carried in the hand, partially concealed, and thrown at small birds much as you would fling a stone. When thus launched, he takes his quarry in a moment. I have often seen a bevy of sociable minas* hopping about amongst the cows, as do our starlings, and chattering very pleasantly together, when one of them, to his

* Birds so called, about the size of a starling.

exceeding astonishment, has suddenly found himself in the gripe of this little bird.

Here, for the meantime at least, must end my recollections of Indian sport. Perhaps I may once more meet the reader on the same ground.

A VISIT TO BERANGER.

[From the 'Glasgow Citizen.']

I ACCOUNT it no small honour to have enjoyed a tête-a-tête, of an hour's length, with the first of the French lyrical poets—even Beranger himself, who has been well named the Burns of France, and of whom his country is as proud as is Scotland of her own immortal bard. The hope of seeing this celebrated writer formed no small item in my list of anticipated pleasures on leaving home, and amply was that hope fulfilled; for not only was I kindly welcomed by Beranger, and pressed to repeat my visit, but my translations of his songs and poems received the poet's marked approbation, expressed in a letter which he was so good as address to me on the subject a few days afterwards. Little did I expect, as I amused an occasional idle hour in translating 'Le Violon Brisé,' 'Le Vieux Sergent,' 'Les Etoiles qui filent,' and others of Beranger's poems, that I should one day meet the good old man from whose warm heart and clear head they had emanated; and little would I have grudged my journey, had my interview with the author of these pieces been its only recompense.

After being eight or ten days in Paris, I wrote a note to Beranger, stating that I had attempted the translation of part of his works into English, and would feel honoured by having an interview accorded me when it might answer his convenience to grant it. The return of post brought me a polite reply, appointing the following Monday at ten o'clock for the meeting, and regretting that he could not allow me to choose my own time, as he was obliged very soon to go into the country. When Monday came, I got into an omnibus after breakfast, and enjoyed a pleasant ride to Passy, a village on the river-side, within three or four miles of Paris, and where Beranger has for some time resided. It wanted a quarter to ten when I arrived, so I had sufficient time to climb the hill on which Passy stands, and to inquire for Rue Vineuse, No 21.—the residence of the poet. A country youth showed me the house, which is a neat little mansion of two storeys, having a sort of bronze door, and the Venetian-blind-looking outside window-shutter everywhere to be met with in France. It was altogether such a dwelling as I had imagined a man of Beranger's simple taste likely to inhabit, and I felt a degree of reverence as I knocked at the gate. My summons was answered by an elderly servant-maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did, catching a glimpse, as I crossed the lobby, of a well arranged flower-garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said politely, 'Entrez, mousieur, s'il vous plait,' when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard. He rose to receive me on my entrance with the politeness so natural to his nation, and at the same time with a degree of pleasant jocularity well calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and begged me to be seated on the easy chair which he had just left. When I wished to take another seat, Beranger intercepted me, placed his hands on my shoulder, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgment of the honour he had done me in granting me the interview—'Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it—there's little enough honour in being received by a poor fellow of an old bachelor like me—sit down then I beg of you.' This was of course said in French, in which language all our conversation was conducted, as he scarcely understands a word of English. He then drew his seat close in front of mine, with so good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Should this meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Beranger, he will recognise the poet's unaffected kindness in this little scene. Beranger's 'studio' presented to the eye as little of the 'pomp and circumstance' of literature, in which souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow-window—a bed with plain blue check curtains at the one end of the apartment—a small table having a mahogany desk on it at the other—a couple of chairs—at most half-a-dozen of volumes—'voilà tout'—behold all.' The first song-writer of France needed no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. As he himself says of his great Emperor (in the 'Souvenirs du Peuple,' well translated in *Chambers's Journal* some years ago)—

'They will tell of all his glory round the hearth for many a day.'

Beranger is a little man, I should say 5 feet 3 inches in height, about 65 years of age, of a firm make, and apparently robust and healthy. He has an intellectual forehead, regular and rather handsome features, and a clear black eye. The principal expression of his face is, I think, that of kindness and shrewdness; and I at once set him down as a man of large and noble heart, as became a poet. He wore a gray dressing-gown and a black silk cap; and the window of his room was darkened a little, so I suppose his sight is not very strong. The pictures we have of Beranger are, without exception, *bad*; the only good likeness which I could meet with being a little stucco cast, a copy of which I brought home with me, and which I shall be happy to show to any admirer of the original. But to return to our interview. Beranger expressed his regret that he could not talk much with me about the English poets, from his being unacquainted with the language, and so few of them being translated into French. He said it was remarkable that, after his own character as an author had been established for many years, his countrymen still persisted in considering him less as a poet than as a 'chansonnier' (a writer of songs); and that it was in Scotland his claim to the title of *poet* was first recognised, in an article in the Edinburgh Review. I told him that he was considered, by those who knew his writings in my native land, the Burns of France; to which he replied, that a prouder encomium could not be passed on him than was implied in that name; adding, that although he could not read Burns, he revered his memory from what he had heard of his works by friends who could. He had been intimate with Sir J. Mackintosh, whom he used to see often in Paris. Sir Walter Scott Beranger does not consider a great or correct writer. He complained of the errors to be found in 'Quentin Durward' as to the life and character of Louis XI. of France, and generally of historical blunders. He admitted, however, that his novels were grand panoramas, in which appear splendid and interesting groups, but with few characters perfectly well drawn; and he remarked, that in all of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the interest of the reader attaches itself naturally to some other individual rather than to the hero or heroine—which he considered a defect—instancing 'Ivanhoe,' where Rebecca is the centre of interest, &c. &c. His poetry (Sir Walter's) Beranger understood to be enchanting. He mentioned also that, of the older works of fiction, 'The Monk,' by Lewis, and 'Caleb Williams,' by Godwin, are most admired in France; he considers them both fine works. After some conversation, which I shall not here quote, in reference to living English authors, we touched upon his own poems, some of which I told him were, I thought, unfit for translation into English, owing to the subjects of them having either passed out of mind, or possessing an interest purely local. He expressed a desire that I should lend him my translations, that he might submit them to a friend of his who understands English thoroughly, and on whose opinion in literary matters he can rely; and having brought the pieces with me for that purpose, I left them with him, saying that should they meet his approbation, it might encourage me to the translation of others. On my naming the edition of his works which I possess, Beranger informed me that it was a very imperfect one, and said he regretted he had beside him only one copy of a correct edition, and that copy marked with typographical corrections of his own on the margin, but that if I would accept it, I should confer a favour on him. I told him I should value it very highly; so he wrote my name on it, and I put it into my pocket. We then talked for half an hour more, when I rose to depart, but he made me sit down again. Messages began to come in, however, so I bade him farewell, having first agreed to return in a few days to hear his opinion of my translations. He accompanied me to the stair, shook me warmly by the hand, and so we parted; and I left the amiable Beranger, whose songs will have an existence coequal with that of the language in which they are written.

Although Beranger has been little before the public of late, he still continues to write; but his present produc-

tions, as he told me, will not appear until after his death. He smiled when I replied that I hoped in that case it might be long indeed ere we should see a new song of Beranger.

It is difficult to conceive the power which this author has over the popular mind in France. There is no doubt that his 'Chansons' had an immense influence in producing the revolution in 1830, although he does not view the existing government with approbation, and has refused everything in the shape of boon or favour at its hands. At the funeral of his friend Lafitte, not long ago, which was attended by the king and princes, the royal carriages passed onward unnoticed; but when that of Beranger appeared, a burst of acclamation welcomed the poet of the people—his horses were unyoked, and hundreds strove for the honour of drawing him in triumph; it was with difficulty he persuaded them to desist. Beranger's retirement is far from being of a cynical or misanthropic character. He seems to have sought his 'chimney corner' from a desire of repose after a busy, and, latterly, not unrewarded life; and to have carried to it, in its full strength, that generous susceptibility of friendship and patriotism which breathes in all his songs. He possesses a mighty lyre, one vibration of whose chords would still rouse a kingdom to attention.

A SURGICAL PUZZLE.

Between the years 1750–60, the medical rage of the day was for tar-water, just as brandy and salt, hydropathy, and other universal remedies, have been fashionable lately. The newspapers teemed with accounts of wonderful cures which were said to have been almost miraculously brought about by the use of tar in various forms. Pamphlets and scientific essays were published, the most celebrated of which was written by Dr Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, called 'Siris, or a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning Tar-water.' Scarcely a disease existed which the public were led to believe was not to be cured by the invaluable but far from aromatic nostrum. Berkeley found tar-water infallible for nervous cholic; some declared it had cured them of the gout; from others it had driven away ague, toothache, asthmas, and consumption. But the most remarkable cases in which tar was said to have been effectually curative, were those of broken limbs. One of the most singular of such instances is thus related in one of Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, which has been recently made public:—'A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fallen from the top of the mast, and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still, it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies; and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense; but, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter he added these words:—"I forgot to tell your honours that the leg was a wooden one."' This story, though true, did not occur exactly as Walpole relates it. The hoax was played off by a very eccentric character of the time—Sir John Hill—who had been refused admission to the Royal Society, and revenged his disappointment by sending a letter, detailing the case of the sailor as if from a country practitioner. The assembled wisdom of the Fellows of the Royal Society discussed the extraordinary nature of the case with the most earnest gravity, bringing all their medical and scientific knowledge to bear upon it. The result of their learned deliberations was given to the world, and then Sir John Hill sent a second letter, informing the Society that he had forgotten to state one circumstance in the cure, which was, that the sailor's leg was a wooden one! This pleasantry having got extensive currency, the universal virtues of tar and tar-water were much less believed in, and at last got quite exploded.

MORAL REFORM BY THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.

We can fancy a small country village—where the hand of God has been bountiful, but which man, who ought to have made it a paradise, has rendered a wilderness—afflicted and overrun with pauperism, drunkenness, and crime. The minister for years has been steady in his observance of the ordinances of the church, has discoursed on each succeeding Sabbath most eloquently on the secular as well as spiritual advantages of attention to the requirements of religion; but, alas! to listless or slender congregations. He goes from house to house on lay days, earnestly imploring his flock to leave the error of their ways, and seek for salvation in the merits of a crucified Redeemer; but his remonstrances are received with scoffing, and his sacred office does not shield him from personal insult. By his influence with the neighbouring gentry, an Allotment Society is formed; a portion of land is appropriated to its object by the owners, by persons holding it in trust for special purposes; or a part of the clergyman's glebe is found to be suitable. Half an acre is intrusted to the care of some of the most respectably-conducted cottagers, according to the size of their respective families. They are furnished with husbandry implements, seeds, and other requisite articles, at the lowest possible price, and on terms according with their circumstances. The beer-shop, which these persons formerly frequented, and where they sacrificed their health, means, and character, and imbibed the worst principles from the debauched conversation of their depraved companions, or the perusal of infidel and revolutionary publications, is deserted; instead of prowling at night among the preserves of their wealthy neighbours, and combating with gamekeepers—too often to the loss of life on either side, and the sacrifice of the murderer—they sleep the sleep of peace, and rise refreshed to pursue the labours of the day. Their wives become more domesticated and affectionate, their children look to their return home with delight, instead of awe and horror. Their meals—economically prepared under receipts furnished probably by the minister's wife or daughter—have a relish for them which they never before enjoyed. Their cottage has a cleanly aspect, which it had not been accustomed to bear; their little flower-garden and the plants in the window are thriving; their clothes are well mended; their pig fattens, and grunts his satisfaction in the well-built and comfortably-littered stye; and the sale of the produce of their separate allotments has enabled them to place a considerable sum in the savings' bank of the village, as provision for a rainy day. There is no more radicalism in the parish; drunkenness and discontent have disappeared; poachers are unknown in the vicinity; there are no riotings or complainings; but the rural sports of the village are restored and kept up with spirit, without degenerating into excess; the ancient and honourable character of England's bold peasantry is re-established; the church is crowded, and the worshippers numerous and devout.—*Liverpool Mail.*

NEW RECIPE FOR AN OLD DISH.

We find the following droll recipe for making 'Scotch porridge' in the Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy, a work published the other day by Longman and Company. 'Stir oatmeal and water together, and let it settle. Pour off the water, and add fresh to it. This must remain till the next day, when the water is strained away from the oatmeal, and boiled. Milk is added while the porridge is boiling. The milk must be in the proportion of two parts of milk to one of water.' This is truly excellent. To make Scotch porridge, throw away the meal! We fear the advice will not be very thankfully received in the north.

SOCIAL CONVERSATION.

Talk not of music to a physician, nor of medicine to a fiddler, unless the fiddler should be sick, and the physician at a concert. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats the company as the stork did the fox, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-billed fowl. —*Jones of Nayland.*

ADVICE TO DWELLERS IN TOWNS.

BY A DWELLER IN MANCHESTER.

'In those fair seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go forth and view her beauties, and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and earth.'—*Milton.*

DEAR England! blessings on thy soil,
Thy wide and fertile valleys,
Thy stately halls, that stand so fair,
'Mid lawns and leafy alleys!

Blessings upon thy breezy downs,
Thy mountain wildernesses,
Thy forest walks and sylvan nooks,
Thy far-off, green recesses!

Thy village churches, old and gray,
Their dead serenely sleeping,
While over them the ancient yews
A solemn watch are keeping!

Thy moss-grown, swallow-haunted spires,
Upwards our thoughts directing;
Visible links 'twixt heaven and earth,
Us with our God connecting!

England! these blessings take from one
Who thinks it a high duty,
To wander forth, even for a day,
To revel in thy beauty.

Short-sighted men! to starve your souls,
And miss life's purest pleasures,
By living pent-up, and apart
From all these open treasures!

Call it not life, but rather death;
Your highest powers misusing,
In vain pursuit of phantom wants,
The only true wealth losing!

For what is true wealth, but the amount
Of blessings to us flowing
From all on earth we love and bless—
The power of love forth-showing?

Come out, then, dwellers 'mid dead walls,
Sick of the din and striving,
Health will be breathed into your souls,
From sights and sounds reviving!

Nature, thy most mysterious power,
And holiest ministration,
Is when thou bring'st to chafed hearts
Thy 'tranquil restoration!'

The blessing comes to us, if we,
In thy sweet grace believing,
Go forth with trustful heart, and free,
Thy influence receiving.

I, wandering in the Vale of Dove,
Have found these things no fiction;
For woods, and streams, and meadows green,
Brought me their benediction.

The morning air, the wild-flower's scent,
The sun upon the river,
Made my whole soul a thanksgiving
Unto the Gracious Giver!

On Haddon Hall the golden hues
Of eve were softly falling,
As in its silent courts I stood,
'The long ago' recalling:

The sparkling eyes and graceful forms,
The mirth and music ringing,
A sigh, perchance, from some young heart,
The minstrel's love-song bringing!

Round these wide hearths, on winter nights,
The wind and rain loud beating,
What maidens fair, and stately men,
Have sat, old tales repeating!

Oh! dearer far than gilded halls,
Thou venerable Haddon!
Thoughts of thy brave old English life
My heart will ever gladden.

Come forth, then, dwellers in the towns,
Your cares behind you leaving,
Your desks and mills, your books and bills,
Your hammering and weaving.

Against old England's majesty,
Against our better reason,
And sacred inner life and health,
This is the true high treason:

To live shut up, while all around
The balmy winds are blowing—
To lose those summer thoughts that make
Our winter hearths more glowing.

Then let us bless thee, dear old land!
And deem it our high duty
And privilege to see and feel
The affluence of thy beauty!

—*Written in Dovedale, August 6*, 1844. A. I.

PROCRASTINATION.

Sir Walter Scott, writing to a friend who had obtained a situation, gave him this excellent advice:—You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women very expressively call *dawdling*. Your motto must be, *Hoc age*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily, and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray, mind this: this is a habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home, is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would have a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson.*

A HINT TO THE ARISTOCRACY.

Baron Alderson, at the last summer assizes, addressed the following remarks to the grand jury of the county of Suffolk:—'In a neighbouring county which I passed through on the circuit this time, I had what I am afraid I shall not have here—a day of rest; and I went out into the country, and had the pleasure of seeing a match of cricket, in which a noble earl, the lord-lieutenant of his county, was playing with the tradesmen, the labourers, and all around him, and I believe he lost no respect from that course—they loved him better, but they did not respect him less. I believe that if they themselves associated more with the lower classes of society, the kingdom of England would be in a far safer, and society in a far sounder, condition. I wish I could put it to the minds of all to think so, because I think it is true.'

GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—*Locke.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Shellet Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday November 9 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 46. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844. Price 1½d.

WARLIKE TALK.

It is partly amusing and partly alarming to hear men and newspapers from time to time breaking out into warlike talk whenever any trifling difference arises between the diplomatists of our country and those of France and America. To do our country justice, it is not so much given to the bellicose spirit as either France or America; yet there is enough of this style of feeling about us to merit notice, and the words 'national honour,' 'insult to the British flag,' 'ample redress,' still occur with sufficient frequency to show that we are not wholly free from the atrocious disposition to war. In the very eagerness to keep up a large military establishment, merely lest it be needed, there is something to create uneasiness in a well-disposed mind, showing, as it does, that inclination to anticipate wrong which so often leads to wrong being given. Perhaps much of this warlike bravado is owing to the ignorance of war and all its woes, which must now be the condition of a large part of our nation. The men under five-and-thirty form a considerable portion of the energetic part of our population, and all of these can know nothing of war except from hearsay, because there has been peace ever since they were babies. It may therefore be, that many of those men on whom public movements depend, are reckless in courting the hostility of other countries, merely from false notions of what war is, what its effects are upon national progress, and the possibility of ending it when it proves inconvenient. Happening to be just old enough to have some recollections of the last war, it occurs to me that I shall probably be doing some good service if I detail these for the instruction of men somewhat my juniors.

The most conspicuous external feature of the war-time was of course the vast quantity of what is not inexpressively called soldiering. Bodies of military, regular and local, met the eye everywhere, and no spectacles attracted more attention than reviews, consecrations of colours (a profanity still practised, but at which men a few years hence must be astounded merely to think that it ever existed), and illuminations for victories. So prevalent were these things, that even the sports of children took a character from them, and mimic regiments with wooden swords, paper caps, and toy drums, were to be seen in the neighbourhood of every school. Such shows were, in a sense, only shows, but can we doubt that they engaged the time, feelings, and even intellectual energies of the people, to the neglect of things more important? A large proportion of the able-bodied men of the country were at that time obliged to bear arms; either they were constrained by a regard to public opinion, or a sense of the necessities of their country, to become volunteers, or they were compelled by law to appear in corps of local militia. Thus so far was their attention diverted from their business, and by so much was the country of course impoverished. Rich men, indeed, could obtain exemption from the latter kind of service by purchasing the services of a substitute of humbler rank; but this poor men could not afford, and they were therefore forced, when the lot fell upon them, to take up arms, to the desertion of their wives and children, and the abandonment of their ordinary calling. One also occasionally heard of the press-gang going about, and forcing merchant-mariners on board war-vessels, service in which was only a few years before considered as a fit punishment for unruly members of society and a minor class of malefactors.

My boyhood was spent in a small provincial town. I there saw three hundred of the men of a small district every year do duty for a month as soldiers. Recruiting parties paid us frequent visits, and went about inveigling thoughtless young men into the army, to the infinite distress of the parents whom they were deserting. In the latter years of the war, when there was a great need for men, high bounties were given for recruits; and we would then see poor youths giving up their liberty and an honest calling for ten or twelve pounds, the most of which sum, or the whole, would probably be dissipated in one debauch before they had once returned to their sober senses. In brief time these youths went abroad to enter into active service, and we were perpetually hearing of casualties more or less fatal befalling them. But the mere loss of so many individuals, and the grief which the loss occasioned in particular circles, were not the sole evils of the case. The more serious consequences were seen in the poverty induced in families by the absence or loss of the members most capable of gaining bread, and in the sadder class of evils which often befall young families left without parental protection. I distinctly remember hardships thus endured by humble families, such as are not now experienced from the same causes in the same departments of society. And when it so happened that a man returned from military service to the bosom of his family, it was too often found that he was not in any respect improved by his absence.

In August 1811, when nine years of age, I visited Edinburgh for the first time: it was also the first time I had ever seen a large town. Walking along the streets, and before I had as yet been taken to any house, I observed a large crowd proceeding along the High Street. On narrow inspection it proved to be a troop of French prisoners—poor miserable-looking wretches—who had just been debarked from a vessel in Leith Roads, and were now on their way to a prison in the castle, enclosed within a square of British soldiers. I followed them with my friends to the esplanade on the Castle-hill, and there for the first time beheld that won-

der to country boys—*the sea*—a beautiful estuary lying still beneath the autumn sun, and having a series of large war-vessels suspended as it were upon its clearness,

> ——like painted ships
> Upon a painted ocean.

This also was a sight peculiar to the time; one of great beauty certainly, but of external beauty only. Entering the castle, we quickly found our way to the place occupied by the French prisoners, a gloomy building between the square and the new barrack, having a court into which the poor men were allowed to come, like animals kept in a zoological garden, for the sake of a little fresh air. In the palisades surrounding the court was a small wicket, at which they were allowed to exhibit trinkets of their own making for sale, including hair watch-chains, hair rings, and little toys fashioned from the bones of their rations. There we saw a group of eager mustached visages gleaming out, as offers were made to them for the purchase of their wares—articles trifling as could well be, but the produce of which was nevertheless of great consequence in procuring them some small comforts to help out their prison fare. I may here remark, that it was marvellous to the people of this country how universally the knack of making such trifling articles was diffused among the French. It is of more importance to remark, that the condition of the many thousands of prisoners who were kept in this country was not the least unpleasant feature of the war-time. Their rations and accommodations were not so good as those of malefactors are now. And think of the condition of these poor helpless beings depending often upon the mere caprice of the two belligerent governments. When Napoleon was severe upon his English prisoners, or merely alleged to be so (which was quite enough), then the British government chose to be severe also with their prisoners. The screw suspected of being applied here, the screw was correspondingly applied there, the men always being the sufferers. Such was the uneasiness of the captives in Edinburgh castle, that in several instances they made attempts to escape through the drains which precipitately descend the rock on the outside—an adventure which seems to almost insure the most odious and most horrible of deaths. But of the miserable condition of a prisoner of war, there can be no better memorial than the depôt built for them about 1813 at Auchindinny, a few miles from Edinburgh. It consists of a radiating range of wooden fabrics, in two floors, each of which designed to contain three hundred men. The arrangement for the accommodation of the three hundred was simply this. Along the floor there was a central open space about ten feet broad. On each side of this was a range of beds, placed with the feet towards the wall, and each barely wide enough to contain a human being. No arrangement for ventilation—no accommodation for day life, but in the narrow central space, or in the courtyard. Arrangements forming such an instance of practical barbarism, speak powerfully to the visitor of the horrors inseparable from war.

Having occasion at this time to be much with friends at Leith, I was surprised to hear continually of ships being detained in harbour long after they were ready to proceed upon their voyages, and of great inconvenience being thus experienced. These vessels were, in the phrase of the time, 'waiting for convoy.' Unable to pass through the seas alone, for fear of the enemy's ships, it was necessary that they should remain in port until a sufficient number collected to make it worth while to grant them the protection of a war-vessel upon their voyage. It was quite an event when a set of merchant vessels at length went away in the train of some brig or schooner, for which they had lingered for several weeks. The inconvenience of this detention to all concerned, and the great additional expense which it occasioned, and which fell upon the trade, must of course have been seriously obstructive to commercial transactions. And, after all, it often happened that vessels of feeble sailing powers *lost* convoy, and were snapped up by the French privateers. But indeed the difficulties which war introduced into all departments of foreign trade were enormous. The enemy was perpetually closing up markets against us, or our markets were lost by their becoming the seats of war. At length Napoleon had the whole continent sealed up, so that it was only possible to *smuggle* goods into it. And such was the uncertainty attending this mode of traffic, that it was no surprise when one half of the merchants of Leith, the chief port in Scotland, were found one morning to have been ruined by a speculation in sugar, the article being designed for use on the continent. One of the expedients for carrying on this clandestine commerce was to furnish British ships with forged papers, establishing them as foreign bottoms, and thus enabling them to sail to inimical ports. This practice was carried to such an extent, as to be thought nothing of; it was even winked at by law. Owing, too, to the high duties required by the expenses of war, smuggling was largely practised in all the excise departments, insomuch that the honest brewer, distiller, or candlemaker, had no chance. The office of solicitor in the excise-office was then understood to be worth five thousand a-year, mainly from the perquisites arising from prosecutions. The officers of the revenue were almost to a man accessible to corruption; a distiller in East Lothian, finding one particularly difficult to deal with, at length brought infamous women to assail him, and thus succeeded. The pernicious effects of all these practices upon general society could not but be very great. I distinctly recollect the lower tone of the public mind of those days. No one seemed to have an idea that there was anything wrong in improving one's circumstances at the expense of the public without any adequate return of service. All who supplied it with articles of any kind, cheated it without compunction, and were only thought 'smart men' when they did this to a considerable amount. In the blundering hurry occasioned by the war, and the eagerness of the government to secure adherents, peculations of no kind were inquired into. In all these respects England does not look like the same country which it did thirty-five years ago.

It was but an unavoidable consequence of the exigencies of the war, that flogging was much in practice in the army. In the difficulty of obtaining recruits, persons of the worst character were readily accepted: indeed an idea then prevailed that the soldiery should not be too moral, and a minister actually declared it as his opinion in parliament, that 'the worst men make the best soldiers.' With inferior beings to be managed, humane maxims, such as now prevail in the discipline of the army, would have been inapplicable. The cat-of-nine-tails was therefore continually at work. Each stroke of this instrument upon a whole place drew blood, and inflicted extreme pain; and when it had peeled off the skin, it brought away pieces of flesh, and flew about dripping with gore. Yet there was a serious general order issued in 1807, by way of a correction upon the existing system, to this effect: 'It appearing to his majesty that a punishment to the extent of one thousand lashes is a *sufficient example* for any breach of military discipline, short of a capital offence; and as even that number cannot be safely inflicted at any one period, his majesty has been *graciously* pleased to express his opinion that no sentence for corporal punishment should exceed *one thousand lashes!*' An officer about this time was asked how he liked his new commander, 'Oh, we like him very well,' was the answer, 'only he does not flog enough.' Mr Henry Marshall, who records these facts,* states that, in 1811 or 1812, he saw *thirty-two* men punished at one time in a regimental hospital on a foreign station. But the wonder is not that such severe measures were resorted to; it would have only been surprising if discipline could have been otherwise kept

* Historical Sketch of Military Punishments, in United Service Magazine.

up. Driven to take up with bad men, and calling daily upon these to let loose their worst passions against their fellow-creatures, how was it to be expected that they should have been susceptible of regulation by gentle means? Now, the army is recruited with deliberation from a better class; the men have inducements to good behaviour and faithful service; and their function is rather that of peace-keepers than exterminators. The soldiery is therefore a different thing from what it was. But can there be any reasonable doubt that, if war were renewed, similar exigencies would lead to similar results, and the barbarisms of thirty years ago be revived?

The financial considerations respecting war are important. The expense which it occasions is pure loss to the country, being so much abstracted from its productive powers. But, serious as the cost is, I consider this as after all an inferior matter to the moral consequences of war. War never can be, without retarding the intellectual and moral progress of a nation. It tends to infuse a modified depravity throughout the whole community engaged in it. Should it be our lot once more to assume a hostile attitude, then farewell for the time to all those ameliorations of our state which have been going on for thirty years: adieu to improvements in education: adieu to the advancement of all the social arts. Minds which are now in the way of contributing to the humanisation of the mass at the bottom of society, would then be liable to have their energies called away to the coxcombries of military parade. Classes of men would all become harder and sterner with each other. Harsh modes of dealing with inferiors would again come into operation, and the poor would be valued only as instruments for working out the aims of a barbarous policy. Two years of such a system of things as existed during the last war, would put back the great works of peace *ten*, and two years more would reduce all the wellwishers of their race to despair. Let us, then, hear no more of these military breathings. Let us not even imagine the possibility of war. If other nations are eager to fight, reason them out of it, laugh them out of it; anything but fight them!

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

The Australian colonies, from their peculiar origin, their remote position, their curious productions, their extent of territory, the vicissitudes which have marked their progress, and the undefined destinies which await them, naturally excite a considerable degree of interest in the mother country. Nor is this interest confined to the wool-dealer or the emigrant agent. The great southern archipelago abounds in novel material for the naturalist, the geologist, the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the politician. To all these the Australian colonies afford a new and extensive field for exploration and exercise, as they afford to the speculator in bank stock one amongst a hundred other modes of investment, and to the poor and industrious family the prospect of a home, where labour has room to employ itself, and where energy, coupled with frugality, are sure to meet with their reward. Anything, therefore, professing to appear in the shape of an ample and ingenuous account of one of these distant settlements, pointing out their progress, affording an outline of their social condition, sketching the manners, habits, and modes of life which prevail in them, defining the hardships to be endured by the settler, and the returns which his industry is likely to secure him, and all interspersed with interesting adventure, and lively descriptions of scenery; and coupling the first impressions imprinted by the whole on an intelligent mind, with the knowledge of the subject which a protracted residence amid the scenes described, and amongst the people portrayed, has afterwards imparted, must be an acceptable literary offering to the public; and such, we venture to say, is the volume now before us by Mrs Meredith.

The authoress left her native country early in June 1839, and after a voyage which terminated about the beginning of the following October, and relieved by many incidents, which are told in a playful and attractive style, arrived at Sydney, the Australian metropolis. In passing through Bass's Straits, where they were much incommoded by fogs, amongst other objects which arrested her attention were the 'mutton birds,' as they are most unpoetically called, and which, if her account of them be correct—and she takes her husband, 'whose early wanderings familiarised him with many of the native creatures of the Australian islands,' as her authority—are very peculiar both in their form and habits. 'The birds are about the size of a wild duck, with handsome black plumage, shot with metallic shades of green or brown, according as the light falls on them: they are web-footed, and the beak is similar in form to that of the albatross family. They live wholly at sea the chief part of the year; but on one particular day in spring, November 1st (how strange to English ears does November sound as a spring month!) never varying many hours in the time, they come in from sea in countless myriads, filling the air with clouds of their dark wings, as they hurry ashore on some of the islands in Bass's Straits, where their "rookeries," as the sailors term them, are made. These are burrows in the earth, and the first care of the birds, on returning, is to scratch them out clean from any rubbish that has accumulated, and put them in order for habitation, and often to make new ones. This preparatory business occupies about a fortnight, and then the swarming squadrons put to sea again for another fortnight or three weeks, not a bird remaining behind. At the end of this time they return in a body as before, and take up their abode in the rookeries, and there lay their eggs and sit. They remain on shore (the parent birds sitting by turns) until the young ones are a third part grown, and immensely fat, like masses of blubber, when the old birds leave them, and go off to sea. The young ones, unable to leave the rookeries, are sustained meanwhile by their own fat; and by the time that is tolerably reduced, their wings are grown strong enough for flight, and they also quit the rookery, and go to sea.' We do not think Audubon, in his celebrated and extensive work upon the birds of America, has presented a species with habits more singular and peculiar than those characterising the 'mutton bird.' Their prudence, in preparing every necessary comfort for their anticipated brood, is instructive to unfeathered bipeds; and if they do desert their offspring when they are yet in a helpless condition, it must not be forgotten that, before quitting them, they make a competent provision (of fat) for their sustenance. These birds can only take wing from the water. That their name is a palpable misnomer, will be allowed when it is understood that, when cured for sale, their flavour is similar to that of a *red-herring*.

The approach to Port Jackson, one of the most magnificent harbours in the world, is thus described:—'The entrance to the port is grand in the extreme. The high dark cliffs we had been coasting along all morning suddenly terminate in an abrupt precipice, called the South Head, on which stand the lighthouse and signal-station. The North Head is a similar cliff, a bare bluff promontory of dark horizontal rocks; and between these grand stupendous pillars, as through a colossal gate, we entered Port Jackson.' The scenery of this noble estuary is much enhanced by the many bays and inlets by which it indents the land. 'A fresh vista every minute opened to the view, each, as it seemed, more lovely than the last; the pretty shrubs growing thickly among the rocks, and down to the water's edge, adding infinitely to the effect, especially as they were really green—a thing I had not dared to expect; but it was spring, and everything looked fresh and verdant.' The neighbourhood of Sydney is adorned

* By Mrs Charles Meredith. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

with villas, 'encircled with gardens and shrubberies, looking like the pretty *cottages ornées* near some fashionable English watering-place.' With the exception of these, the first appearance of the capital is not promising. 'The chief part of the city is built on the sides, and at the head, of a cove running at right angles with the stream in which we lay (with the main line of the harbour), which prevented the best parts from being observed; and the main portion of what was visible had an air of "Wapping" about it by no means engaging.'

The town of Sydney, with its mixed population, is described in a lively off-hand manner. Its chief feature is the main street, 'George Street,' which traverses its whole length, about a mile and a half. Here are all the 'fashionable emporiums,' and it is the chosen promenade, and the theatre for display, for high-life in Sydney; abandoning, much to the astonishment of Mrs Meredith, a beautiful rustic retreat in the vicinity, called the 'Domain,' for the crowded and dusty street. 'No lady in Sydney (your grocers' and butchers' wives included) believes in the possibility of walking, so that the various machines upon wheels, of all descriptions, are very numerous, from the close carriage and showy barouche, or bûtaka, to the more humble four-wheeled chaise and useful gig.' There is but little exercise on horseback, 'few ladies venturing to risk their complexions to the exposure of an equestrian costume.'

The Sydney market is abundantly supplied, particularly with fruits and fish, some species of the latter being excellent, although fashion proscribes them as a dish to be presented at a dinner party; preserved and cured cod and salmon from England being substituted, at great expense, in their place. Among the nuisances to which the town is subjected, a very serious one is *dust*. 'Unless after very heavy rain, it is always dusty, and sometimes, when the wind is in a particular point, the whirlwinds of thick fine powder that fill every street and house are positive miseries.' Flies and mosquitoes abound; and to protect one's-self from the latter during the night, the same mode, of spreading a gauze curtain over the bed, is adopted as prevails in the West Indies and in the Southern States.

Mrs Meredith had ample opportunity of indulging her enthusiastic fondness for flowers during a ride, in a varied and picturesque country, to the lighthouse on the South Head. The road appeared to lead through one continued garden, and she gathered handfuls of flowers in the open air such as she 'had cherished in pots at home, or begged small sprays of in conservatories or greenhouses,' together with many 'yet more lovely denizens of this interesting country, of which I know not even the name.' The 'Australian library' contains a good and extensive selection of books; but literary taste would appear to be at rather a low ebb in Sydney, so that the library is not frequented as it should be. 'The gentlemen are too busy, or find a cigar more agreeable than a book;' a lamentable character, truly; the counterpart of which is ascribed to the ladies, the tone of society being little elevated, and conversation generally of the most flippant and superficial kind. A large proportion of the population are emancipated convicts, or their immediate descendants, 'and a strong line of demarcation is in most instances observed between them and the free emigrants and settlers.' Some of them are the wealthiest men in the colony; but the most that their riches do for them, is to modify the prejudice against them. Mrs Meredith justly inveighs against the shallow, petty pride, or rather vanity, 'which causes so many heartburnings, and such eager rivalry, amongst those who can ill afford its cost.' As in all colonies, the very worst features of a graduated scale of society are here the most prominent; and the lines of demarcation and exclusion are arbitrarily and foolishly drawn. The great revulsion in 1837 in the United States was in no small degree owing to individual extravagance; and no doubt the same cause contributes much to the periodical distresses of the Australian colonies. The extravagance and ostentation of many—evinced in the scale of their house, the expense incurred for English furniture, and the number of their servants—have no doubt in too many instances occasioned those embarrassments which involve many others, perhaps more prudent—both families and individuals—in their consequences. The admiration of the authoress for a specimen of the 'red man'—a native chief whom she saw in Sydney shortly after her arrival—is unbounded; her sketch of him is happy and picturesque. 'I had often heard of, and seen what is called majestic demeanour; but this untutored being, with his tattooed face and arms, and long shaggy mantle, fairly outdid even my imaginings of the majestic, as he paced deliberately along, planting his foot at every step as if he had an emperor's neck beneath it, and gazing with most royal indifference around him. There was the concentrated grandeur of a hundred regal mantles of velvet, gold, and ermine, in the very sway of his flax-fringed cloak: I never beheld anything so truly stately. I verily believe, had you placed him amid the coronation splendours of Westminster Abbey, he would not have been so "vulgar" as to betray surprise.' We incline to the belief that the chief was, in all this, an exception to his brethren. Like many Americans, both bachelors and married people in Sydney, with their families, live in hotels, which are characterised as possessing most of the luxuries, but few of the true comforts of life. The intemperance of the lower orders is but too apparent in the multitude of public-houses with which the town abounds, and in the flourishing business which they all appear to carry on. The colonial newspapers are represented as abounding in epithets and personal invective, such as would have done credit to the fictitious creations in the Pickwick Papers. The minute account given of the capital is not merely the result of first impressions, but of a lengthened residence in the town, with every opportunity of closely observing what is described.

Shortly after her arrival, Mrs Meredith made a journey to Bathurst, one hundred and twenty miles into the interior. Her observations by the way are interesting, and full of the instruction so much needed by intending emigrants. The mode of clearing the land in the woody districts is precisely similar to that adopted in Canada and the States, by cutting down the trees, leaving their stumps to rot in the ground, or destroying them by the process of 'girdling.' An industrious people are generally a well-housed people. Little that is favourable can be inferred of the industry or the notions of comfort of the Australian labouring classes from the following description of their habitations. 'Their huts or hovels are built of heaped turf, or more frequently of slabs set on end, like a strong paling, and thatched, and which, if plastered with mud, would be weatherproof and comfortable [we doubt it]; but for the most part the slabs are all falling asunder, the thatch is half torn off, the window—or rather the place for one—stopped with pieces of wood, hides, and old rags, and the door, without hinges, inclining against the wall.' A very little trouble might procure abundance of fruit and vegetables, by cultivating a small garden; but such an appendage to a residence of this sort is seldom if ever to be met with. At the time of which Mrs Meredith speaks, idleness was the prevailing vice, occasioned by the high rate of wages, which enabled a man, by working only the third of his time, to get sufficient wherewith to spend the remaining two-thirds in drunkenness and laziness. Unfortunately, such is to some extent still the case in the colony, and the imperial government has been recently applied to to take some steps for procuring an additional supply of labour for the colony—both to lower the present ruinous rate of wages, and to compel the dissolute and idle to work a proper time for their subsistence.

Several 'chain-gangs'—the lowest class of convicts—were passed upon the road, and the following account of them presents a startling contrast to the condition of masses of our home population:—'Even the chain-

gangs do not perform, on an average, the third part of the labour which any English mechanic or labourer does gladly and cheerfully. Their rations of food are wholesome and abundant, and their huts or barracks provided with every necessary. When sick, they have the best medical care, and whatever additional luxuries their state may require.' This should teach philanthropists, whose delight it is to have their fields of operation at a distance, to look nearer home for objects on whom to bestow their compassion and exercise their benevolence.

Passing the village of Penrith, the authoress soon found herself ascending the 'long range of the Blue Mountains.' 'Among these lofty mountains, and in their shady recesses, the trees and shrubs grew in unchecked luxuriance, and yielded me many a new and beautiful flower. As we slowly wound up the steep ascent, and the folding hills narrowed the view behind us, the scene was most picturesque and striking. Far on before us we could see the white gleaming road still climbing higher and higher; gigantic crags, piled high overhead, were mingled with an endless variety of tree, shrub, and flower; and far below, from the depths of the ravine, the opposite side of the pass rose almost perpendicularly, till its upper trees seemed to cut against the bright unclouded sky.' The picture given of a country inn is anything but attractive, being, both in its internal arrangements and external accompaniments, well adapted to offend even an ordinary nicety of taste. The gigantic ant-hills, common to many parts of New South Wales, are 'great conical heaps of finely-worked earth, cemented into a hard mass, and from six to ten feet high, with no visible orifice outside; nor did I see a single ant about them, though I closely examined several. When cut open, they display numerous small cells, and the earth of which they are formed is so finely prepared by the little architects, that it is used by the settlers in the neighbourhood as plaster, and as cement for floors.' The road, in the main, was of the worst description, and sterility and monotony characterised the scenery as they advanced into the mountainous district. Near Mount Victoria, clustering richly around the shrubs, Mrs Meredith saw for the first time the native indigo of New South Wales. 'It is a delicate little climbing-plant, with slender stems, long, narrow, blunt leaves, and a profuse quantity of small violet-blue, pea-shaped flowers, growing in long sprays, and completely clothing any bush or fence where it flourishes.' By this road the produce of the interior is principally conveyed to Sydney; the apprehensions excited by the bush-rangers making it prudent for the farmers to travel in companies, similar in some respects to an African caravan.

Bathurst, which is described as the last township on the 'up-country road,' did not find much favour in the eyes of Mrs Meredith. Her visit to it was, however, confessedly at an unfortunate period, being shortly after one of these tremendous and blasting droughts with which the interior of the country is sometimes visited, withering up every shrub and blade of grass, and strewing the upper country with the bones of famished cattle. Everything procurable was dear. A pound a-night was the price of accommodation for a horse; and wheat was so high, that the flour in use was adulterated with inferior grain. Once, during her residence in the colony, wheat was as high as L.10, 10s. a-quarter in Sydney. The climate of Bathurst is unpleasant. Situated in the midst of a vast plain, surrounded by mountains, the only breezes with which it is visited are the 'hot winds' from the north-west, which, wherever they prevail, mark their course with blasting and desolation. 'I have seen large tracts of cultivated land covered with luxuriant green crops of wheat, barley, or oats, just going into ear, scorched, shrivelled, absolutely blackened by the heat, and fit for nothing but to cut as bad litter.'

Mrs Meredith dwells at some length upon the manners and peculiar characteristics of the natives. With many others who have described them, she too leads her readers to form the lowest possible estimate of their moral and intellectual character. They are fond of dancing; their principal festival, at which this species of amusement is immoderately indulged in, being the *Corrobbory*, at which their doctors, or 'crodjies,' deliver them certain charms, which are supposed to possess the highest virtue. They prepare themselves elaborately for this important ceremony; full dress being painted 'nudity.' A fire is lighted, around which they dance; and while thus engaged, the tableau is represented as 'fearfully grand.' The following is but little calculated to inspire us with a very high idea of the aborigines. 'One of the aboriginal dances is called the "Kangaroo dance;" and one man, wearing a long tail, drops down on his hands and feet, pretending to graze, starting to look about, and mimicking the demeanour of the animal as nearly as possible; the others, in the character of dogs and hunters, performing their part of the play in a circle round him, at a very short distance.' Their wives are called 'gins;' and getting married is, with the men, 'equivalent to keeping a servant;' so that the bachelor, who has no wife or wives to drudge for him, is universally denominated a 'poor fellow.' A wife with them leads but a miserable existence, being 'a slave in every social sense, and not even permitted to feed but at her husband's pleasure, and off the offal he may choose to fling her, although on her devolves the chief care of providing the materials for the repast.' The natives are not over-nice in their diet; 'their usual food consisting of kangaroos and opossums roasted whole, without any portion being rejected.' After the husband has 'gnawed' at the animal till he has gorged himself, it is then handed over his shoulder to his wife, who sits behind, and afterwards to the children; the whole family, after the repast, going to sleep around the fire. They are fond of children who have 'survived the perils of infancy;' but infanticide is nevertheless a common crime; and the mother of a babe, when asked for her infant, will reply with the greatest possible coolness, 'I believe dingo patta'—that is, 'I believe the dog has eaten it.' They are exceedingly treacherous, and, in the main, cowardly. They have very imperfect notions of a beneficent Supreme Being; but have an idea of an evil spirit, which they denominate 'Yahoo,' the 'Devil-Devil,' of whom they live in the greatest terror, and have conceived the most grotesque imaginings. 'Their fondness for European clothing is well known, and I have heard many amusing instances of its display. One Wellington boot was sometimes worn, unaccompanied by any other article of apparel; and great were the pride and grandeur of him who could button his upper man in a dress coat, that alone being considered sufficient costume.' Each tribe has its own allotted territory, and wo be to him, if caught, who commits a trespass upon the domains of a neighbouring tribe, and this even when accompanying settlers on their journeys. Their idleness is 'wholly unconquerable; the utmost effort they ever make towards the formation of a residence being to raise a few slips of bark slantingly against a tree, under which they crawl during bad weather.'

The habits of the native (not aboriginal) servants, or, as they are sometimes denominated, the 'currency,' in opposition to the 'sterling' (the emigrants), are generally, in a moral point of view, of rather a low and depraved order. The prevalence of drunkenness amongst them is astonishing, as it is deplorable. 'Age and sex make no difference; your dainty lady's-maid or pretty young nurse-girl is just as likely to be over-liberal in her libations to Bacchus, as your groom or shoe-black; and no threats, bribes, or punishments, avail to keep the besotted creatures from the dram-bottle, if it be by any means, or in any shape, accessible. I have known a female servant drink camphorated spirits of wine, and suspect her of consuming a pint of hartshorn, its evident strength being no doubt too tempting. Eau-de-Cologne and lavender water I know they drink when-

ever these are left about, or anything else believed to contain spirit. The universality of this vice is dreadful to contemplate, and far worse to witness and endure.' Describing a farmhouse at which she alighted on her way back to Sydney, she says, 'This universal addiction to drink, and consequent neglect of all industry and decency, are truly shocking. Here was a substantial farmhouse (sometimes performing in another character —a tavern—it is true), with the female inmates half drunk, and scarcely out of bed at 10 o'clock on a summer's morning; rooms unswept, beds unmade, and the whole establishment telling of plenty, sloth, and drunkenness.' The description of an emigrant settler's house affords a more pleasing picture, although the establishment is frequently the scene of the grossest incongruities—costliness and inconvenience, extravagance and discomfort, being often met with in intimate juxtaposition.

Mrs Meredith's stay in Sydney comprehended an entire year; and she speaks of the winter months in terms of laudation. In October 1840 she sailed with her husband for the neighbouring colony of Van Diemen's Land, where they intended permanently to settle. We hope the result of her observations of the sister colony will also be given to the world. She is evidently a lady of education and refinement, and acquainted with the higher grades of life in her native country—England. Her book wants in arrangement; but the principal fault attributable to it is the incessantly satirical vein which runs through every page of it. Much—perhaps too much—of it is devoted to the description of the natural productions of the country; but the amount of zoological and botanical knowledge thereby conveyed cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive. The work is frequently relieved by sallies of lively humour, and with allusions which show a more than ordinary extent of information at the disposal of the writer.

TOO LATE.

'The children of the earth,' says Miss Bremer, in one of her admirable novels, 'struggle against the sharp sword of suffering for many, many years: they live—they suffer—they struggle. The sword is broken, and they fall powerlessly down—success reaches to them the goblet—they touch their lips to the purple edge, and die.' Every thoughtful and experienced reader may, on reflection, remember some friend, or friend's friends, to whom these remarks are applicable, for society is full of such instances; and even amidst the long record of those illustrious names that the world will not 'willingly let die,' there are but too many to whom 'the fair guerdon' they looked to as the reward of their 'laborious days' came indeed, but came too late: the eye was dim, the ear was closed, the hand was cold, the heart still—all so worn and weary in the long pursuit, that fruition came *too late*, and could not bless.

Three hundred years have not been able to diminish the fame of Torquato Tasso—

> 'He with the glory round his furrowed brow,
> That emanated then, and dazzles now'—

and yet the story of his life is an almost unvaried record of sorrow and suffering, of baffled hopes, of vain endeavour, of unmerited wrong. He was the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet whose fame has been totally eclipsed by the superiority of his son; and gave indications, even from infancy, of the possession of an almost divine genius, which education and intimate companionship with the most celebrated men in Italy so developed and improved, that it was soon predicted of him that he would be the greatest poet of his age. When he was about twenty years of age, he was invited by Cardinal D'Este to reside with him at the court of his brother, Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, then the most brilliant in Italy, and adorned by the beauty of that Leonora who was destined to exert so powerful an influence over the future fortunes of the bard. For a time all went well with Tasso; his worst evil was poverty; and this, in the flush of youth and health, he could easily encounter. He was rich in glorious visions of future renown, and he lived in the presence of the fairest ladies of the land, whose smiles were the guerdon of his muse. Soon, however, the uncommon favour bestowed upon the bard excited the envy of the courtiers, while his widely-spreading fame awakened the jealousy of inferior poets; and their attacks upon his reputation excited the anger of Tasso, who had the proverbial irritability of the poetic temperament. His frequent complaints at length wearied the duke, who treated them with a haughty contempt the sensitive poet could ill submit to. He several times attempted to throw himself on the protection of other princes; but as the duke, on the plea of its careful preservation, retained possession of his 'Jerusalem Delivered,' he still returned to the court of Ferrara—the ladies Lucretia and Leonora as often interceding for him with their offended brother. It is not precisely known how the duke became aware of Tasso's passion for the lady Leonora; but the knowledge certainly tended to confirm him in the belief that the poet was insane. He, a mere man of the world, occupied with his own importance, his naturally narrow mind unimproved by education, could not enter into the poet's anxieties regarding his poem and his fame; still less could he pardon the presumption he was guilty of in falling in love with a lady of royal birth, though her beauty, her talents, and her virtues, might well have warmed a heart far less susceptible than that of Tasso. From the friend and patron, he became the persecutor of the poet; he caused him to be confined in the hospital of St Anne, in the part appropriated to the reception of lunatics; and here, for several years, the unhappy Tasso found himself imprisoned in a dungeon, whose walls re-echoed to the groans and frantic cries of the lunatics in the adjoining cells. He who had lived in every luxury, and in constant companionship with the most beautiful women and the most talented men of the age—who delighted in the beauty of nature, and had a keen relish for all that was exquisite in art—whose mind was capable of the loftiest conceptions, and whose heart was alive to the purest affection—was 'cabined' in a cell which scarcely allowed him to stand upright. His person and dress were neglected—his food was scanty and coarse—and he had no society save his keeper and his own sad thoughts. It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that he peopled this frightful solitude with spirits, both good and bad: it is rather a matter of surprise that a mind so sensitive as his should still have retained its powers—that his heart should neither have broken in the strife, nor been hardened against all mankind.

At length, at the repeated solicitations of many powerful princes, among whom were the pope and the Duke of Mantua, Tasso was liberated, and he immediately repaired to Mantua. But his health was impaired and his mind unsettled by his long confinement and privations: he wandered from Mantua to Rome, to Florence, and to Naples; then to Mantua again, staying a short time at each, until his restless and unhappy spirit urged him again to seek, in change of scene, that calm repose which exists only in the mind. During

several years, while leading this desultory life, he was engaged in a lawsuit for the recovery of some property that he had inherited from his mother; so that

> 'The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

fell heavily on the poor bard, who derived a precarious maintenance from the princes whose courts he honoured with his presence. Though poor, he still retained his taste for splendour and luxury, and thought only of dwelling in the palaces of princes. Though perplexed by worldly cares, he never forgot that he was a poet striving for immortality; a lover whose passion, though trampled on as presumption, and despised as madness, was to transmit to successive ages the knowledge of Leonora D'Este—a name which now, despite her remarkable beauty, her talents, her virtues, and her rank, would but for him have gone down to oblivion.

As a last asylum, on the complete failure of his health, which was undermined by the restless spirit, as the scabbard is worn by the sword, he repaired to the monastery of St Onophrio at Rome, which, being in an elevated and retired situation, was equally favourable to the restoration of his health and the composure of his mind. Tasso, at the court of Alphonso, in the pride of youth, manliness, and talent, full of those lofty hopes which genius alone can inspire, and giving himself up to the passionate love of a beauty he could never hope to possess, even though his love was returned—Tasso, in his dungeon at St Anne's, separated from human society, yet holding converse with imaginary forms of angelic loveliness, or striving with equally imaginary demons, yet with an intellect that shone out above all the darkness that overshadowed it, even as a rainbow whose very splendour exists between the glory and the cloud—Tasso, in both these phases, has not so strong a claim upon our love, our admiration, and our pity, as Tasso in the last days of his eventful life, when he gave himself up entirely to the performance of the sacred duties of that religion which had been to him through life his protection, and was now his solace and reward. The monastery was so near to Rome, that the breeze of evening brought to the ears of the musing bard the hum of the thickly-peopled city; and he to whom all the changes of humanity were so painfully familiar, might well picture to himself the rush, the turmoil, and the strife, which, though softened by the distance through which he heard them, had their origin in the life-and-death struggle ever carried on by the human passions keeping their restless vigil in its streets. Yet these conflicting crowds—the oppressor and the oppressed—had one feeling in common, and that was reverence for the bard who had taken refuge among them. With all the eagerness of their national character, which enters earnestly into whatever subject addresses the mind through the medium of the senses, they prepared to attend his much-talked-of coronation in the Capitol, where the pope was to confer upon him the laurel of Dante and Petrarch—an honour that was to atone for all the wrongs he had suffered, all the neglect he had endured in the years gone by. Already, all that Rome had of noble, lovely, learned, or wealthy, was summoned to attend at, and swell the triumph of Tasso on the 25th of April 1595, when Pope Clement was to invest him with that glorious wreath, the emblem of immortality, purchased—oh, how often!—with a lifetime of suffering. The eve was come: to-morrow, said the people, there will be a holiday—to-morrow, said the literati, there will be a triumph—to-morrow, said the gay beauty and the proud noble, there will be an assembly where I may display myself—to-morrow, said the pope, I shall crown the greatest poet of the age with the laureate wreath, and my name shall go down to posterity with his—to-morrow, said the bard, as he lay pale and fever-wasted on his narrow couch, listening to the last notes of the vesper service chanted by the monks of St Onophrio—'to-morrow I shall be alike indifferent to honour or neglect. Already the hand of death is on my heart. Slighted and oppressed through years of suffering, the fame that might have solaced and prolonged my life is now of no avail. I am about to enter into another and a brighter world. The crown they offer me is but a faint type of the one that awaits me there.' And so it was: they who came to summon him to his coronation, found him in the sleep of death—they were *too late*.

He was interred, on the day of his intended coronation, in the church of the monastery with great pomp; his laurel-crown being laid upon his coffin, and cardinals and princes bearing up his pall. In his person, Tasso was majestic; his manners were courtly and refined; his learning was extensive; his natural talents almost unequalled; his morals, for that age, were very pure, and he was always fearful of becoming profane or irreligious. It is perhaps too much to expect that minds like his should display, in conjunction with their finest attributes, the useful prudence that makes common men successful; yet, were it but possible, how much would they gain by the union! Tasso would have escaped most of his troubles by paying more attention to the every-day affairs of life; but would he then have written for all time? Nay, did not those very troubles, while they made him turn more eagerly to his beloved poetry for consolation, teach him lessons of virtue too true and too profound to have been inculcated amidst the splendid idleness of a dissolute court? 'Sweet are the uses of adversity' to noble natures like that of Tasso; it not only corrects, but elevates them; for, as one of his biographers beautifully observes, 'The very darkness that conceals from us the beauty of the earth, displays, to our upward gaze, the glory of the heavens.'

There are few things more mysterious and capricious than the way in which genius manifests itself. In fact, there is no calculating upon its advent; for it is sometimes hereditary in families, while elsewhere it appears unexpectedly, like a rare plant that unaccountably springs up, among the simple flowers of the field, from some wind-borne seed. Where it is hereditary, the clever father is often greatly surpassed by the extraordinary son, as in the case of the two Tassos and the two Mozarts; for though the elder Mozart was a good musician, it is through his son's fame that he is now remembered. Seldom, indeed, have talents so precocious as those of Wolfgang Mozart ripened into such perfection as his maturer years displayed; in him 'the child was father to the man.' From his sixth to his twelfth year, his father carried him in succession to the most splendid courts of Europe; and everywhere his extraordinary talents surmounted all the formal barriers behind which rank, riches, and worldly prejudice intrench themselves against *adventurers!* Kings and princes were interested and amused; queens and princesses were delighted; musical professors and *dilletanti* were surprised, puzzled, and, in spite of their prejudices, pleased. At Vienna, the most cold and stately of European courts, the infant genius was called upon to exhibit his talents before that haughty and celebrated empress, Maria Theresa, and her sons, Joseph and Leopold, who were successively Emperors of Austria. Here also were her daughters the archduchesses, and among them, pre-eminent in beauty, was Maria Antoinette, afterwards the too celebrated queen of France. Unabashed by the rank, undazzled by the beauty of his audience, the boy-musician gave himself up to the inspiration of his art, and became absorbed and entranced by what enchanted his auditors—a listening circle, fit subject for the pencil of some master who had power to seize upon and transfer to his canvass the mutable expression of each face. The majesty of rank, of beauty, and of genius, had never finer representatives than in the persons of Maria Theresa, Maria Antoinette, and Mozart, whose *petite* figure, pale face, and large luminous eyes, sufficiently indicated his sensitive temperament. When the musician had concluded, he passed before the circle to receive the compliments and gifts

they were prepared to confer upon him. The floor was smooth and polished, and the boy slipped; his court-sword caught between his legs, and he would have fallen, had not Maria Antoinette, with the quick impulse of genuine kindness, sprung from her seat, and caught him by the arm. Mozart regained his footing, and placed himself at arm's length from the archduchess, whose pure and brilliant complexion was heightened both by the suddenness of her action and the impulse that had prompted it. 'You are very beautiful,' said the boy, looking into her kind, bright eyes; 'and when I am a man I will marry you.' The brow of the empress-mother darkened, and the smile that the boy's simplicity called forth on the faces of those present passed rapidly away.

In early manhood Mozart repaired to Paris, as to a field where he might display his talents, and win his way to fortune and to fame. The archduchess who had been so kind to him at Vienna, was now the wife of Louis XVI.; she was queen of France, loveliest where all were lovely, gayest where all were gay. For her amusement talent was kept in constant requisition; for her gratification riches were scattered without restraint. Her smile conferred happiness, her frown brought disgrace; her caprice was the fashion, her will was law; apparently, she was the most favoured of the daughters of the earth. Meanwhile Mozart, who had thought to sun himself in her smile, met with nothing but difficulties; his character was essentially that of genius—grave, tender, earnest; he could not conform to the heartless frivolities of the Parisian character, and his music was not popular. Indifference, neglect, contempt, and poverty, were the portion of the young composer in the very place where he had indulged so bright a day-dream of distinction, and he resolved on returning to his native land. Even there he was not at first successful; his long residence in Italy had influenced his style—he was as much too gay and ornate for the grave Germans, as he had been too pure and grave for the gay Parisians. He was disappointed; and as his occupation led him into the society of actors, artists, authors, composers, and their admirers, he was fast tending to dissipation.

The misplaced love of Tasso was the cause of much of his suffering; a wiser affection preserved Mozart from the corrupting influences to which his public life exposed him. He became attached to Constance Weber, an actress, who had youth, beauty, and talent, and the far richer and more enduring charms of a temper that was sweet and firm, and a prudence and modesty seldom found in one of her profession. Her friends opposed their union, on the ground of Mozart's poverty and want of station in society—objections the young musician firmly resolved on removing. Fortunately for him, the Elector of Bavaria, at this critical moment, desired him to compose an opera for the theatre at Munich. He seized the opportunity, and wrought with all the enthusiastic energy of his nature, for his heart was in the work. It was his celebrated opera of Idomeneus, and Constance Weber was to play the principal character; her idea was thus, as it were, ever before him; and the whole of the music is said to be characterised by such grace, tenderness, and beauty, as only a man of genius in love, and trembling between hope and fear, could have produced. When first represented, it was received with unbounded applause, and its success so far established his reputation, and brightened his prospects, that Constance became his wife. From this time he devoted himself to his profession with steady and increasing industry; but the envy and opposition so generally attendant on superior genius fell to his lot: the profits derived from his works were uncertain, and his whole income was insufficient to maintain his family. Though settled at Vienna, and enjoying the favour of the emperor, he was obliged to toil daily for the bread of his little household; while the cabals of rival composers formed a source of misery to his too sensitive mind. He became, like Tasso, the victim of nervous apprehensions, and might probably have manifested decided symptoms of insanity, but for the soothing tenderness of his wife. She not only managed their affairs with the utmost prudence, but she exerted all her powers to cheer and support the mind of Mozart. She read to him the night through, unconscious of fatigue; she entered into his hopes; she reasoned away his unfounded fears; she had

> 'The laws of wifehood chartered in gold
> Upon the unblenched tablet of her heart—
> A love still burning upward to give light
> To read those laws—an accent very low
> In blandishment, but a most silvery flow
> Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
> Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
> Winning its way with extreme gentleness
> Through all the outworks of suspicious pride;
> A courage to endure and to obey'—

and thus, through their gloomy and fitful fortunes, she was ever to him as a star of hope, brightest when all else was dark. Among his latest works was his Zauberflötte, or Magic Flute, which became widely popular from the first moment of its appearance; yet from this opera he did not derive the smallest profit: he had just completed the score of it, when a theatrical manager, reduced to extreme distress by a succession of misfortunes, came to implore his assistance: the generous but improvident composer immediately gave him the score of the opera, which subsequently, by its success, relieved all his difficulties. Yet at this score, so freely given to one in distress, he had worked, for a considerable period, for sixteen and eighteen hours a-day; and if we consider the exhausting nature of his employment, and the corroding anxieties of a pecuniary nature which still beset him, we cannot wonder that he was becoming prematurely old, and a prey to the most painful nervous disorders. Conscious of his failing powers, yet unwilling to admit that he was the self-devoted martyr to his art, he fancied that his enemies had found means to administer to him the famous aqua Toffano, and that he was perishing, by slow degrees, through that subtle poison. This idea was strengthened by the appearance of a stranger, who came to order the celebrated Requiem, and, despite the reasonings of his wife and the raillery of his friends, he gave himself up to the belief that it was for his *own* funeral the Requiem was ordered, and that the stranger had calculated the day of his decease. It was liberally paid for, and the daily wants of his family rendered the money acceptable; but Constance would gladly have dissuaded him from the application necessary to its completion in the given time: still, though he grew more feeble every day, he continued to compose with unremitting zeal, as if fearful that life would barely last till his work was done. In the meantime, the emperor, having heard of his illness and his anxieties, appointed him chapel-master of St Stephens, a situation which at once secured him an easy competence, and freed him from the rivalry of his jealous competitors. The friend who hastened to communicate to Mozart the good fortune that had at last arrived, found him in bed, busy on the score of the Requiem; at the announcement of his new appointment a faint smile passed over his pale face; but when he looked on his beloved wife, so soon to be a desolate widow, surrounded by helpless orphans, the smile passed from his face as a wintry sunbeam leaves the snow-covered landscape, and he replied, '*It is too late!*'

In a few days the magnificent Requiem, whose composition had, as it were, wrung the very life-drops from the heart of Mozart, was performed in the unconscious presence of the now mute composer: often since has it been heard at the funerals of the mighty and the celebrated throughout the cities of civilised Europe; and thousands, as if penetrated by one feeling, swayed by one impulse, have bowed their heads to weep, overcome by the solemn grandeur of its harmony. His works are daily becoming more appreciated, and more widely-spread, and form an imperishable monument to his memory. Had he lived to enjoy the competence that awaited him, he might have produced yet nobler works; but he perished in the very meridian of life, his genius not

exhausted, but crushed by the heavy hand of necessity. Like too many of the gifted ones of the earth, his fellow-men did not know how divine a spirit animated his clay till he parted from among them, and the knowledge came *too late*.

SPECULATIONS ON OMNIBUSES.

Despite the conveniences which omnibuses offer, and the reasonable charges which are made for a journey in this class of vehicles, now of so general use, they are regarded by many persons rather in the light of necessary evils than of a positive good. Their slow progress may be advanced as one reason for this apparent anomaly. Perhaps others are to be found in their unpleasant jolting, and the dreadful rumbling noise which invades the ear and distracts the head, or the uncomfortableness of thirteen fat insides in hot weather, or one solitary victim in cold. I have, nevertheless, been accustomed to forget all such inconveniences, and even to regard omnibuses as pleasant subjects of speculation. One of these vehicles appears to me as a little world, and the passage in it from beginning to end as a type of that outer one which we inhabit—its varied changes, characters, personages, and feelings—our entrance into, and exit from it. When I succeed in viewing it in this light, all the tedium and unpleasantness of a journey disappears, and I quit my seat at last, and emerge into the street, somewhat entertained, if not much improved.

The inhabitant of this little world (that is, the omnibus), in like manner with the inhabitant of the great, sometimes enters upon his brief career in the midst of friends, sometimes alone. In the former case, the thread of his existence is woven into a tissue of smiles and sunshine, every occurrence assumes a pleasing and favourable aspect, and care is banished to the winds. The motto of such a one seems to be, to enjoy life while he may, and, with but a few intervals of rest, his enjoyment lasts until the termination of his journey (in his case probably abrupt), when he makes his exit, as he made his entrance, in the midst of smiles. The career of him who enters alone assumes a more varied aspect. He is probably at first abashed, and requires some time to become familiarised with his position. After a period, he takes a stealthy glance at his opposite neighbour, and, apparently emboldened at discovering that that neighbour is but an ordinary being like himself, takes a peep at the next, and the next, until he musters up sufficient courage to turn boldly round and look in the face of the parties immediately to the right and to the left of him. He is now either satisfied or dissatisfied with his scrutiny; emboldened, or continues abashed. If satisfied, he gradually forms acquaintances, which continue through his stay—acquaintances which are fortunate, as far as circumstances will admit—and in the end they part with mutual esteem and regret. If he be dissatisfied with his scrutiny, he retires within himself, and holds no more communion than is absolutely necessary with those around him. If he be both satisfied and emboldened, he probably takes a leading part in the several matters which transpire while the connexion between himself and his companion exists; he passes his opinion freely; criticises, laughs, jokes, and does a thousand other things, which at once show that he is pleased with himself, his position, and those about him. If he continue, as he entered, abashed, he probably remains unnoticed to the end, or so rarely offering a remark, and so modestly, that attention is excited when he does venture upon making one. Some, either abashed or uninterested in what is passing around, observe a continued taciturnity throughout, too intent upon their own affairs to take any concern respecting their neighbours', or too sluggish to be awakened by any circumstances into a state of activity. But there are others—master-spirits of their little age—who at once plunge in *medias res*, without any thought or care for those about them, and with every manifestation of sufficient confidence in their own powers of pleasing or of making their way. These parties, you observe, are at once at home from the moment they pop their noses into the bus, or rather into the little world. Right for the highest places they steer their course; and if they do tread on their neighbours' toes, convert their persons into stepping-stones or ladders, or elbow them a bit, a hurried apology mends the matter, and on they press, till their object be obtained. Such a one knows everything, and is ready to impart information upon every subject. He commands—'talks big'—is condescending—and sets all matters right or wrong, just as his humour pleases. He dearly loves a jest; and the quiet gentleman in the corner is not unfrequently the subject of a sly quiz. To children he is particularly kind; patting their heads, kissing their cheeks, and asking innumerable questions. He is also very gallant, and ladies are the objects of his especial regard. He jokes with them, laughs, talks nonsense, and assists them in and out. In fact, he is the spirit which directs for a short space the actions and the passions of this mimic world; and when he 'quits the stage,' society there is left with a blank indeed.

Other shades of character observable abroad are also to be met with within the narrow precincts of an omnibus. We have, for example, the obliging gentleman. He is anxious to ascertain where you are to be set down, that he might inform the conductor, or ready to accommodate some child under age with a seat on his knee. There is also always abundant room for another passenger in the omnibus, in the opinion of the obliging gentleman, although the 'thirteen' are already seated. The surly gentleman is of course the individual antipodes of this personage. In his estimation the vehicle is always too full; and though at the elbow of the conductor, he is above being the 'mouth-piece' of any one. The man who makes the most of his time is also frequently encountered. He is either reading a book, a letter, or writing some memorandum. The man that is always in haste is continually desirous of knowing if the next is his street. He has his sixpence between his fingers as soon as he adjusts himself in his seat. The fidgetty gentleman is each moment anxious to know why there are so many stoppages, applying to his watch incessantly to ascertain the time. He is ever calling to the conductor to 'go on.' The selfish gentleman is he who lets down the pane of glass at his neighbour's back, but keeps up that at his own. He is generally in search of the best seat in the omnibus, shifting his place as the opportunity offers. The consequential gentleman carries a fashionable cane, puts his feet on the opposite seat, no matter although nearly in a lady's lap, and talks in a loud and pompous manner. The omnibus is evidently too small for him. The fop is a variety of the same species, but is more tawdrily dressed, and seems to pay attention to none of his companions but those of the other sex who are pretty. On the side of that sex, we have occasionally the coquette; she enters freely into conversation with the gentlemen, and, when quitting, extends her hand to one at the door to assist her out: the spinster, avoiding every stray glance, and looking solemn if by chance encountering one. She becomes exceedingly uncomfortable if there be a young female relative at her side, and one of the varieties 'fop' in the vehicle. These are a few of the characters common alike to our little and our great world.

The general progress of events, too, are not dissimilar. Individuals appear and disappear, vacancies occur and are filled, in precisely the same manner in both. The destination of each is also different in the one, as is their destiny in the other. Some proceed one way, some another. Some likewise perform the allotted journey, others only a portion. Some, as it were, depart in the early period of their career, others at the latest stage. Some are regretted, some not; some favoured, some not. Frequent and unexpected recog-

nitions, and omissions to recognise, of course occur; and he who is in search of incidents will find no lack. The only point in which there appears to be any great dissimilarity in the comparison assumed is, that, in the case of the omnibus, we may at any time lawfully put an end to our career; in that of the world, we may do so at no time.

So much for matters of fact. Omnibuses also present a wide field of speculation for the imagination. There is no passenger we meet in one of them, for which that faculty is not prepared to present some history, apparently written on the countenances or bearing of the parties. That sleek and portly personage who has just ascended the steps, is evidently the compound of good nature and good living; he may probably have had his share of reverses, but fortune and temper have finally overcome them, and he now bids defiance to all ills but old age and the gout. That lean and haggard countenance bespeaks a mind ill at ease, and a condition of some discomfort; the owner is probably at this moment reflecting what next step he shall take to preserve himself from the numerous ills attending poverty. That smiling visage proclaims the possession of means of comfortable, if not independent subsistence, and that merry eye a spirit as yet unstained by care. But let us once give free scope to our imagination, and we know not where it will end. This practice is therefore not to be particularly recommended. The habit, however, of regarding the journey in an omnibus as but a counterpart of the journey through life, and the several personages one encounters as our fellow-passengers through a similar but a shorter period of existence, is not objectionable. It has in my case deprived travelling, by this mode of conveyance, of the tediousness and inconveniences which usually accompany it; and it may do so in others. I feel, therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to those who are desirous of producing the effect which has been produced in me.

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

ASCENT OF THE PUY DE DOME.

Our morning's excursion, as I mentioned, had brought us from Clermont to the base of the Puy de Dome, which we were now about to ascend, from the heathy and high-lying tract of land whence its gigantic head is upreared. The day, sunshiny and pleasantly warm in the early part of our journey, was now dull and cool; and, in the exposed situation we had attained, a wind was blowing, which added not a little to the difficulty of climbing the mountain steep. Fortunately, however, there was no mist; none of the puys had mounted their chapeaux; and therefore, in spite of the wind, the weather—everything considered—was declared unexceptionable.

The direction by which we had approached the Puy de Dome brought us to its northern base, whence it is most easily ascended, because on this side you have already attained a considerable altitude by easily sloping paths, before reaching its more abrupt part. Towards Clermont on the east, it presents a front of nearly two thousand feet in height, whereas from the shoulder of its parasitic appendage, the Petit Puy de Dome, it rises only from seven hundred to eight hundred feet. The ascent on the north is likewise aided by a gash, or ravine, reaching nearly to its summit, partly caused by the soft and friable nature of the soil, and partly by the scrambling of cattle going to and returning from the high pasturages of the mountain. By means of this broken and frequently perplexing tract, we were able to make our way up what may be called the neck of the hill; sometimes rounding the corner of a projecting rock, which left but slender footing; at others sitting down to rest on masses of turf, in the course of dislodgment by torrents; and occasionally standing to look about us and examine the material of which the mountain appears to be composed. The principal ingredient, as is well known to geologists, is the rock called *dasite*, a variety of trachyte, and which a person unlearned in these matters would be apt to describe as a friable sandstone, yellowish-white in colour. Where this rock is exposed by excoriations of the surface, the weather is observed to be crumbling portions into loose powder, which, washed down by successive torrents of rain, bring a contribution to the alluvium of the lower plains. The general inclination of the hill, as we ascertained by measurement, was 42 degrees—a steepness which, added to the broken nature of our path, made the pull to the summit less of a pleasure than we could have desired it to be.

The crowning point, however, was at length attained; the ascent of the zig-zag ravine bringing us to a broad landing-place, where a herd of cattle were browsing, whence, by climbing up the back of the protuberance forming the summit, we placed ourselves on the topmost height of the Puy de Dome. If the wind was high before, it was now violent; but this was not a thing to mind much. We had attained a point on the earth's surface which thousands of men of science have wished to reach, but which, like many other objects of solicitude, has been wished for in vain. We had now reached a height of 4842 feet above the level of the sea; and the interest of the situation was not diminished by the reflection that here, nearly two centuries ago, Pascal made the discovery that, by the simple apparatus of a little quicksilver in a tube, indicating the pressure of the atmosphere, the heights of mountains could be determined.

We were fortunate in finding the summit of the mountain free of the clouds which so frequently rest upon it, and distinguish it from others of the group. This tendency to put on and retain a fleecy cloud upon its top, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, has made it in some measure a weather-indicator to the good folk of the Limagne. 'The settlement of the cloud,' observes M. Le Cocq, a geologist of Auvergne, 'is a spectacle frequently presented to the inhabitants of Clermont; for it is seldom that twenty-four hours pass over without a mist gathering, more or less, on the top of the puy. At first, nothing more is observed than an extremely rarefied vapour, or light gas, which envelopes the upper part of the mountain, and which does not conceal the verdant clothing that covers it. This vapour shapes itself to the outlines of the hill, gradually augments in density, and finally forms itself into a convex cloud, which surrounds the summit. For this reason, it is commonly called the *Cap of the Puy de Dome*. The vapour appears most frequently during the fine evenings of spring, and may properly be called a "night-cap," for it remains on till the succeeding morning. Then its density is seen to diminish; it becomes translucent, presently transparent, and disappears as it had been formed. This cap, following so exactly the outlines of the peak, demonstrates the attraction exercised by the puy on this singular cloud, the thickness of which is everywhere the same. Sometimes two caps are observed, one over the other, but always preserving the form of the summit on which they rest. The feeble rays of the sun, as they disappear beyond the plains of the Creuse, often tinge this dome of vapour with a golden tint; presently a light gust of wind will spring up, and the whole will be distributed with inconceivable rapidity.

'Sometimes the Puy de Dome puts on its cap under an azure sky, when no other cloud is anywhere to be seen; at others it unites itself with a mass of ordinary clouds which only terminate at the horizon. This indicates bad weather for the next day, which, however, is generally confined to the hilly districts. In this case the puy does not doff its cap in the usual way. The mist gradually augments, occasionally so much as nearly to cover the mountain, of which it preserves the exact shape. In these circumstances, the vapours descend like waves towards the base of the hill; but they never reach it, being absorbed by the porous soil, and serving to aliment the vegetation, which would else receive but

little irrigation. The Puy de Dome, however, does not confine its condensing powers to the vapours which immediately surround it; it retains also clouds which are driven by the wind to its neighbourhood, forcing them to stop at its summit, and to contribute fresh material for its cap; till at length the mountainous district which overlooks Clermont disappears behind masses of clouds, that prevent spectators from distinguishing the earth from the sky.'

But we must turn to the more immediate object of our visit to this remarkable mountain. Our first consideration was to examine the spot around us. There was no crater. The summit of the conical knoll was a plateau of forty to fifty feet in diameter, somewhat broken or disturbed by art; for in early times it had been the site of a hermitage, long since destroyed, and scattered in fragments down the precipitous face of the mountain; and now, in the centre of the bare and broken surface, is erected a tall pole, serving probably as a landmark in trigonometrical surveys of the country. There being no remnant of crater on the top of the Puy de Dome, and its entire mass, as far as observable, being trachyte, a species of granular rock, different theories have been formed respecting its origin. I believe it is now pretty well understood that the mountains of this nature were formed by the upward propulsion of trachyte in a state of liquid lava; the liquid, however, not being so thin and fluent as the basaltic lavas, and therefore, instead of flowing in streams, it remained chiefly in heaped-up masses, ultimately shaped by the weather into rounded protuberances. The puys of domite or trachyte are much less numerous than those of scoriæ, there being only three small ones lying north of the Puy de Dome, and one rising at its south-western base, called the Puy de Gromanaux; but this exhibits the wreck of a crater formed by irruptions of scoriæ forcing their way through the already deposited cliffs of trachyte. Farther to the south, domitic puys do not occur nearer than Mont d'Or, which is of the same material as the Puy de Dome, and most likely of the same era.

I feel it to be much easier to arrange these perhaps somewhat dry particulars, than to picture upon the mind of the reader the magnificent panorama that greets the sight from the eminence which we had attained. We stood on a lofty point, apparently the centre of an amphitheatre, describing a circuit of probably two hundred miles. In the midst of this vast arena, the range of puys, whose culminating point we were upon, seemed to stretch from north to south over a space of eighteen, by a breadth of two miles. Yet there was no regularity in the line of heights. As many as seventy in number, they straggled in and out over a heathy upland, and varied alike in their size and altitude. Yet how uniform their shape! how remarkable their appearance! With a few exceptions, all were elegantly-formed cones, each with a less or more expressive crater on its summit; and as we were placed advantageously several hundreds of feet above them, we felt as if looking down upon a row of neatly-fashioned, though huge bowls, covered outside and in with herbage. In some were abrasions of surface, showing the reddish-coloured puzzolano beneath; and in some were the appearance of twin or compound craters.

The finest sight was unquestionably towards the north, for in that direction the cones were most numerous and thickly set. The Nid de la Poule, on a low shoulder of the Petit Puy, was at our feet. Further on was Pariou, standing well out of the heathy plateau. Between these two, but more to the left, were the Great and Little Suchet, and on a line with them to the north was the Puy de Come, the most bulky of all. I must stop a moment to describe the Come. It is a finely formed conical mount, rising to a height of nine hundred feet, and having on its summit two craters, a larger and smaller, close to each other. The depth of the largest is two hundred and fifty feet. The craters do not expose an even orifice, but rather yawn a little on one side, as if part of the rim were carried away. The hill stands so much west from the line of the Pariou, that it is over the ridge of the plateau, and the land, instead of inclining to the plain of the Limagne on the east, has an easy slope towards the valley of the Sioule on the west. In the latter direction, a stream of basaltic lava had burst from the side of the Puy de Come, and rushing over the granite rocks in its path, had flooded the lower region beyond, filling up the ancient bed of the Sioule, and otherwise effecting great alterations in the configuration of the country. The tracing of this stream of lava, now an irregular sheet of darkish-coloured rock, exposed in many places to the eye, forms one of the most interesting objects of inquiry to the geologist in Auvergne. To the general observer, the view of the country on the west, though extensive, embraces no distinct object of interest; and we are naturally attracted towards the south, in which direction we have a prospect of great grandeur. In the more immediate vicinity are a number of cones, of one or two craters, and one with three, disposed like the leaves of a trefoil. The name of this hill is the Puy de Monchié; and its largest crater, which lies nearest us, is three hundred and forty feet in depth. Further on, and more to the east, are several cones, one of which, the Puy Noir, has a vast crater of five hundred and ninety feet deep, but is broken down on its eastern side. Another cone near it, the Puy de la Vache, has likewise a crater broken away in the same direction. The destruction in both cases, as is supposed, was caused by the overflowing of the lava which rose in the crater, and broke down the weakest of its sides. From the vent so made, long continuous streams flowed into the lower grounds on the east, and in the present day they can be traced with perfect accuracy down the respective valleys of two brooks, tributaries of the Allier. That along the winding valley of Thiex extends a length of ten miles.

Our view, including these interesting cones, is arrested at the distance of seven or eight miles by Mont d'Or, a huge dark mountain, which, with its parasitic hills, like itself, of volcanic origin, closes the scene. Could we look in the far distance beyond, still should we see hill after hill, forming a wild mountain tract almost to the borders of the Mediterranean. Shut out in this direction, we turn our faces towards the south-east, in which we have the Gravienére, an imposing volcanic cone, composed principally of a blackish-coloured puzzolano, called by the natives 'gravier-noir;' and hence the name of the hill. Beyond the Gravienére are two hills not less interesting in their nature and history. One of these, a conical mount, is topped by the ruins of a feudal castle—Montrognon; and another immediately beyond it, of a shape altogether different, was the site of Gergovia, the most impregnable city in Gaul. It is needless, however, to speculate on these hills at present, for they afterwards became an object of special pilgrimage during our stay in Clermont; and we pass on to the next step in our panorama. We have now, in facing the east and north-east, the great plain of the Limagne, studded with gray old towns, rich in vegetation, and hemmed in by the belt of rugged hills which divide the vale of the Allier from the head waters of the Loire. Rising chiefly on the eastern side of the plain, there are likewise visible several conical mounts or puys; but they do not at present call for particular notice.

Having now taken a comprehensive view all round from our lofty station, we thought it time to descend, for we had a toilsome afternoon's walk yet before us. The descent, in a scrambling sort of way, was accordingly made, over the same broken path by which we had climbed upward; our motions of course somewhat accelerated by observing dinner spread temptingly on the heather in a sheltered nook of the Petit Puy de Dome. Seductive as is the occasion, I believe I must leave the history of our fête-champêtre unrecorded, and indulge only in the single remark, that Guillaume's pannier went home much lighter than it issued from Clermont, and that our party, wonderfully re-invigorated, made an

admirable descent towards the spot where the voiture had been long waiting for our appearance.

Much of the latter part of our way down the precipitous eastern face of the Puy de Dome was effected in the dry bed of a torrent, and our carriage, for a mile after we reached it, had to perform a most awkward journey over broken masses of puzzolano and gravier-noir. There was so little ease or safety in the vehicle, that we dismissed it, with directions to take us up at Royat, a small town at the foot of the Val de Fontanat, an exceedingly romantic valley which we purposed to perambulate on foot. Instead, therefore, of going straightway home to Clermont, we struck into a cross-road to the right, by an umbrageous green lane, which conducted us to a scene of surprising beauty to a draughtsman, and of the deepest interest to the geological inquirer.

The Val de Fontanat, which runs due east from near the base of the Puy de Dome, commences at its upper extremity with a natural curiosity. Emerging from a mazy and rude pathway, you are suddenly introduced to a cluster of cottages, with a mill picturesquely placed at the head of the glen. Approaching the brook, we find that beneath our feet, and all around, the water is gushing from beneath the rocks, and in such volume, that, within a space of a few yards, it possesses sufficient force to move the mill. The water, fresh and sparkling, is to all appearance a rivulet that has been submerged by a stream of lava from an adjacent volcano, but which, in the course of ages, has found its way into open day, forcing away the rocky materials that impeded its course. A natural excavation, sixty-five feet in depth, attests the force of the current, and the thickness of the basaltic lava which has poured into the valley.

The rivulet, augmenting at short intervals by new contributions from beneath the rocky banks of the glen, soon becomes a stream of considerable local consequence. As we descend along its left bank, the valley expands and deepens, reminding us of the romantic glen of the Esk at Roslin. There is a charm about the valley, however, which is wanting in our Scottish ravines. The sloping sides, disposed chiefly as orchards and meadows, are of the brightest green. An originally thin soil, through which here and there protrude crags of granite, has been rendered highly fertile by a process of artificial irrigation, of which I know no example among the hill-lands of our own country. Wherever a thread of water can be diverted from the descending channel it would naturally adopt, it is conducted along the winding braes, always inclining downwards, for the sake of fall, but zig-zagging, meeting with and separating from other threads, running this way and that way for miles, so that the whole vale, from the top to the bottom of its lofty banks, may be described as a great net-work of rivulets, producing the richest crops of brilliantly-green herbage. As running-water is charged with similar beneficial properties in all countries, there is no valid reason why the rivulets, which now dash almost uselessly down our mountain ravines, should not similarly be turned aside to irrigate and fertilise the sides of adjacent hills. Yet it is long ere a foreign custom, whatever be its excellence, meets with acceptance. More than half a century ago, Arthur Young recommended the irrigation of Auvergne to the notice of British agriculturists, without effect; and the present hint, coming from a much less weighty authority, has no chance of being more successful.

We pursued our way along a road the most picturesque, but also the vilest in creation. In some places the track was impassable from large boulders and ruts full of water; nevertheless, it is used by the cars of the mountaineers, and a few of these we met drawn by cows, in pairs, or what may be called four-in-hand, the wretched animals pulling the wheels over stones that threatened the jangling apparatus with destruction. In the course of the journey, the most fatiguing and perplexing which we had encountered, we peeped into a few of the cottages of the peasantry, or small proprietors; for I was told that most of them own the fields they till. But such dens of darkness, dirt, and poverty, I never before beheld, although I believe there are as bad in the remote parts of the British islands. Some of the huts appeared to be nurseries of infants. In one, with a floor no better than a stable, there were half-a-dozen cradles, each containing a sickly-looking baby. The ladies of our party, as may be supposed, were greatly affected by such an unlooked-for exhibition; and did not rest till they had ascertained that to these loathsome hamlets many children belonging to Clermont are sent to be nursed.

The sun was declining behind the mountains when we reached the town of Royat, near the outlet of the valley. Here we stopped a few minutes to examine a cluster of bath-houses erected over a thermal spring of great volume. The temperature of the water we ascertained to be 88 degrees Fahrenheit. A bathing establishment was erected here by the Romans, and at the time of our visit, part of the old walls was in the course of removal, to make way for improvements—a necessity, if it was one, which I could not but regret. To Royat forms a favourite half-hour's excursion, by cars, from Clermont. The small town, old and confined, is no way deserving of attention; but the situation is sequestered, and abounds in natural beauties. The road to Clermont is also pretty, being environed with handsome villas and luxuriant gardens. Driving along it in the carriage, which had waited for us at Royat, our fatigues were almost forgotten, and when set down in the Place de Jaude in Clermont, one and all acknowledged that the day had been one of the happiest of their existence.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN RUSSIA.

It is well known that there is no country in the world in which the government exercises the power of espionage to such an extent as in Russia. A recently published book* announces the fact in a more striking way than we had before seen it stated, and furnishes a great many anecdotes, which illustrate the effect which such a system of police-espionage is calculated to produce on the character of a nation. In Russia, and especially in St Petersburg, it would appear that every person is a spy upon every other person. At least the whole demeanour of people in society is as if this were the general belief. Nobody trusts another. Nobody can utter an opinion, even where he would think himself most safe, and be sure that it will not be repeated. If a Russian is going to say anything to you that is important, or that might be misrepresented if overheard, he looks cautiously round the room, and then whispers it in your ear. In a company of friends, a Russian does not feel himself safe enough to say what he thinks. A few young Russian officers were dining together. They were all very merry and sociable; insomuch that one of them recited a verse or two he had been making. There was nothing remarkable about the verses; the drift of them being a humorous wish that, since the ukases or decrees of the czar were so powerful that there was nothing they could not do, the czar would be so good as give him a ukas for a particular purpose of his own; no other, probably, than that of making his sweetheart marry him. But it was too bold to use the word *ukas* in humorous versification at all; and the young officer found it so. The very next morning after the party, he was sent for by Count Benkendorff, the prefect of police. 'So so, my young friend, I hear you have got a pretty talent for making verses. We must send you where you may cultivate it. Solitude is best for the muse. In your little song you spoke of the power of ukases, I believe. They could make people go on a journey, you said, willing or not. You must make a little journey yourself.' A post-wagon was waiting to convey the young man into exile.

Not only within the precincts of Russia is this spy system kept up, but every Russian who gets permission to travel is bound, it is said, if not formally, at least by the feeling that it is expected of him, to send home all kinds of information he can collect, whether about the proceedings of his brother Russians absent from their country like

* Revelations of Russia, by one who has seen and describes: 2 vols.

himself, and with whom he may come in contact in the course of his travels, or about what may be going on in the country he happens to be residing in. It is noted of the Russians when they travel, that all the constraint which they exhibit in their own country forsakes them, and they chat as volubly, and give utterance to their opinions as freely, as any of those they associate with. Nay, they generally conform with the tone of the society they are in, and chime in with the boldest and most extreme sentiments they hear expressed; sentiments which, if whispered in St Petersburg, would send them to Siberia. This may arise partly from the constitutional character of the Muscovite, which appears to be irrepressible and imitative, and partly, also, from policy, and a desire to gain all the information possible, it being well known that one is always more communicative when he finds his hearer acquiescing in what he says. At all events, the fact is stated to be so. But one awkward consequence of this is, that a Russian, when his leave of absence has expired, never returns home without being haunted by the recollection of all the daring and un-Russian things which he has been saying for the two or three years past, and which some kind friend may have forwarded by post to St Petersburg with the despatches of the embassy. Many of these he finds to be too bold, or too capable of misconstruction, to admit of being apologised for by saying that they were uttered in the czar's service, and as a means of acquiring information. Accordingly, he crosses the frontier and jogs on his weary journey to St Petersburg with a sinking heart, and a face heavy with the worst anticipations. Arrived at St Petersburg, no one ventures to welcome him, or to be seen with him, until he has presented himself at court, and had his reputation cleared by a favourable reception. After that his friends crowd round him, and he resumes his place in society, doffing his foreign habits of speech, and becoming a Russian once more in his opinions. The fear of a return to St Petersburg, after a year or two spent in travel, is said to be so great, that nothing but the penalty of the confiscation of one's property, attached to the crime of outstaying one's leave of absence, could induce some Russians to return at all. The Marquis de Custine tells a conversation he had with the landlord of his inn at Lubeck, previous to embarking for St Petersburg. The landlord was trying to persuade him not to go. 'You have been in Russia, then?' said the marquis. 'No, sir, but I know the Russians. Many pass through Lubeck, and I judge of their country by the physiognomy of its inhabitants.' 'What, then, do you find in their physiognomy that should prevent me from going to visit them?' 'Sir, they have two expressions of face. I don't speak of the servants, but the masters. When they disembark here to commence their travels in Europe, they appear gay, free, and contented, like horses let loose, like birds escaped from cages. On their return, the same people show long, melancholy, anxious faces, their mode of speaking has become short and snappish, and their brows are clouded with care. I don't like a country which there is so much joy in quitting, and so much regret in returning to.'

The great instruments in the Russian spy system are of course the police. To show the extent to which it is carried, and the value which the government places upon it, the author of 'Revelations of Russia' asserts, or seems to assert (for his language is not very distinct, and indeed on such a subject precision is impossible), that a great catalogue or roll-book is kept, in which the name of every individual Russian above the rank of peasant or serf is entered, with the date of his birth, and in which is jotted down opposite each name every bit of information respecting the owner of it which the police from time to time bring in. Thus there would exist in the government records a sort of skeleton-history of each individual Russian above the rank of a peasant, and by glancing over the roll-book, the public officer would see written down all the circumstances in any individual's life which could be considered characteristic; and according to the character a person bore in the roll-book, would be the government's mode of dealing with him. Possibly this may be an exaggeration; but that some such record is kept, is rendered extremely likely by the number of anecdotes there are of persons suddenly pounced upon by the Russian police for no apparent reason, and hurried away into exile or prison. When the messenger from the police-office comes to any one's door, he is admitted as a minister whose word is omnipotent; the person he is sent for goes away with him on the instant; his family and friends hardly venture to speak of his abduction, which at any rate is only known in the immediate neighbourhood; and if he should not cast up again for years, his absence, when he does return, is accounted for by saying that he has been in the country. A Russian lady was carried away in this manner to Siberia. She lived two years there in a kind of prison; during all which time her name was never mentioned, and she was known only by a number. At last she was released, and returned to St Petersburg; and when it was asked of one of her friends, by some indiscreet person, where she had been, the answer was, that 'Madame had long been buried among her estates.' The following is as striking a story as we remember ever to have heard; it is told in the book to which we have already alluded, and vouched for by the author as authentic. A person of some importance in St Petersburg, and some interest at court, had spoken his mind too freely in society on a forbidden subject. One morning an officer in the pale blue uniform of the Russian police presented himself at his door. The gentleman, who was in the midst of his family, went out. He did not come back that day, nor the next, nor the next. At last, one evening six months after, he returned; but how changed in appearance! His face was pale, haggard, and grief-worn; his eye vague and dreamy; and his whole body thin and emaciated. He gave his family the following account of what had happened. Conveyed from his own house to a prison, he remained there till evening. When it was dark, he was ironed and put into a kind of box in which prisoners are transported from place to place in the winter time, the box being placed on a sledge. The box had only a small grating at the top to let in light, so that he could discern none of the objects near. Being placed on a sledge, he was hurried along at horse-speed on what seemed a long journey. Before daylight they halted, and he was led blindfold into a cell almost perfectly dark. At nightfall they came again; again he entered the box; and again they drove along he knew not whither. Thus night after night, for weeks and months, he was hurried uninterruptedly along, till it appeared certain he was in Siberia, and all hope fled. During all the while he had no light, except the little that came through the grating in the top of his cage at nights. Every morning a dark dungeon received him. This forced blindness made his other senses preternaturally acute. As a sort of occupation, he used to feel round the four walls of his cage, till he had made acquaintance with every plank, every seam, every straw on the floor. In like manner he began to examine every day his new dungeon. On a sudden he was struck by the resemblance of one to that in which he had been last. Catching at a discovery, he placed a crust of bread in the corner of one as he was leaving it at night. When he was led blindfold into the next dungeon, lo, there was a crust of bread in the same corner! The same the next night. He knew it all now. For six months he had been galloping along in a make-believe pilgrimage to Siberia, while all the time he had not left the neighbourhood of St Petersburg. They had placed him in the same dungeon every night. When released, he was told to be on his guard, or the next visit of the police-officer might be less in the way of friendly admonition.

HERRING-FISHING IN THE MORAY FIRTH.

[The North British Review is a new quarterly critical journal, understood to be chiefly supported by writers belonging to the Free Church of Scotland. It seems to be, in point of ability, no unmeet associate for the similar organs of other great parties. In the second number is a graphic and most entertaining paper on our national fisheries, by Mr Hugh Miller, well known in the geological world for his contributions to the fossil history of the Old Red Sandstone, and whose Traditionary History of Cromarty attracted considerable attention a few years ago. Mr Miller, whom we have had the pleasure of ranking as a contributor to these pages, is a person of extraordinary natural powers for both literature and scientific research. His clear and forcible style of writing shines out remarkably in the following (authorised) extract from the paper in question:—]

THE peculiar demands of the herring-fishery, when the season has once fairly begun, draw largely on the fishermen's ingenuity. There are crews, the average of whose fishings, taken for a series of years, nearly double the average of others; and we know no other way of accounting for the fact, than that native shrewdness and superior knowledge, finding exercise in this branch of industry, assert their proper superiority. As the spawning season comes on, the herrings, scattered over a large extent of deep sea,

muster into bodies, which increase in size as they approach their breeding haunts in the neighbourhood of the shore. But they journey in no determinate track; the localities in which many hundred barrels are taken in the early part of one season, may be vainly tried for them in the ensuing one. Much, too, depends on the weather; if calms, or light winds from the shore prevail, the shoals continue to advance, and spawn, in some cases, scarce a quarter of a mile from the beach; but a severe storm from the sea breaks up their array, and sends them off in a single night to disemburden themselves in deep water. There are, however, certain spawning banks, of limited extent, and of intermediate distance from the coast—like the bank of Guilliam in the Moray Firth—which are oftener visited by the fish than either the deep sea or the littoral banks; and it is all-important to the fishermen to be intimately acquainted with these. On the bank of Guilliam, though not much more than a mile and a half in length by about half a mile in breadth, a thousand barrels of herrings have been caught in one day, and several thousand barrels in the course of a week; and yet so closely do the immense shoals squat upon the bank—a hard-bottomed ridge covered with sea-weed, and flanked on the one side by a depressed sandy plain, and on the other by a deep muddy hollow—that only a hundred yards beyond its outer edge not a single herring may be caught. Hence the great importance of being acquainted with the exact bearings of such banks, and of the various currents, as they change at all hours of the tide, that sweep over them. The skilful fisherman must be acquainted with the many external signs that indicate the place of the fish during the earlier part of the fishing season, while their track is yet indeterminate and capricious, and able at a later stage nicely to determine the true position of their more fixed haunts. A perfect knowledge of a large track of firth or open sea is required—its different soundings, currents, landmarks, varieties of bottom. He must have attained, too, an ability of calculation, independent of figures, for determining the exact point whence his boat will drift over a certain extent of bank at certain hours of the tide, whether neap or stream; above all, he must possess readiness of resource, and presence of mind. But the narrative of a single night's fishing on the bank of Guilliam may bring out with more force and distinctness the demands of the profession on the mind of the fisherman than any general detail.

The fishing was evidently drawing to its close, for the fish, though numerous as ever, were getting lank and spent, and the water on the fishing banks was darkened with spawn, when we set out one evening, many years ago, in a large herring-boat, from the northern side of the Moray Firth, to ply for herrings on the bank of Guilliam. A low breeze from the west scarcely ruffled the surface of the water, which, streaked and mottled in every direction by unequal strips and patches of a dead calmness, caught the light so variously, that it seemed an immense plain of irregular chequer-work. All along the northern shore, where the fishing villages lie thick, there were sails starting up and shooting out from under the shadow of the high precipitous land, into the deep red light which the sun, fast hastening to his setting, threw athwart the firth.

The tide, before we left the shore, had risen high on the beach, and was now beginning to recede; we could see it eddying down the firth around the oars with which we were assisting the half-filled sail; and so directing our course a full half mile to the south and west, whence the course of the current bade fair to drift us directly over the bank, we cleared the space be-aft the mainmast, and began to cast out our drift of nets, slowly propelling our boat meanwhile across the tide by the action of two oars. Our oldest and worst nets, as those farthest from the boat are always in most danger, were first cast out. Sinkers of stone were attached to the loops of the ground-baulk or hem; and as each net was tied fast to the net that preceded it, and thrown over, a buoy of inflated skin, fixed to a length of cord, was fastened at the joinings between them. The nets, kept in a vertical position by the line of corks above, and the line of stones below, sunk immediately as thrown over; but the buoys, from their length of attaching line, reached, and barely reached, the surface, thus serving with the corks to keep the drift erect. They soon stretched astern in a long irregular line of from six to eight hundred yards. The last net in the series we fastened to a small halser attached to the stem; and our boat swinging round by the bows, rode to the drift, as if at anchor. Boat after boat, as it reached the ground, struck sail, each one to the south and west of the boat previously arrived, and in accordance with the estimate formed by the crew from the soundings, or from the fast disappearing landmarks, of the exact position of the bank, here a few hundred yards astern, there a few hundred yards ahead. The fleet closed round us as we drifted on; the eddying and unequal currents rendered our long line of buoys more and more irregular—here sweeping it forward in sudden curves, there bending it backwards. As the buoys of the neighbouring boats took similar forms, in obedience to similar impulses, the fishermen were all anxiety, lest, as not unfrequently happens, the nets should become massed in one inextricable coil. But we escaped the danger: and our boat drifted slowly on, accompanied by her fellows.

The night gradually darkened, the sky assumed a dead and leaden hue, as if surcharged with vapour—a dull grey mist roughened the outline of the distant hills, or in wide and frequent gaps blotted them from the landscape. The sea, roughened by the rising breeze, reflected the deeper hues of the sky with an intensity approaching to black—it seemed a dark uneven pavement, that absorbed every ray of the remaining light. A calm silvery patch, some fifteen or twenty yards in extent, and that resembled, from the light it caught, a bright opening in a dark sky, came moving slowly through the black. It seemed merely a patch of water coated with oil; but, obedient to some other moving power than that of either the tide or the wind, it sailed aslant our line of buoys a stone-cast from our bows—lengthened itself along the line to thrice its former extent—paused as if for a moment—and then three of the buoys, after momentarily erecting themselves with a sudden jerk on their narrower base, slowly sank. 'One, two, three buoys,' exclaimed one of the fishermen, reckoning them as they disappeared; '*there* are ten barrels for us secure.' A few minutes were suffered to elapse, and then unfixing the halser from the stem, and bringing it aft to the stern, we commenced hauling. The nets approached the gunwale. The first three appeared, from the phosphoric light of the water, as if bursting into flames of a pale-green colour. Here and there a herring glittered bright in the meshes, or went darting away through the pitchy darkness, visible for a moment by its own light. The fourth net was brighter than any of the others, and glittered through the waves while it was yet several fathoms away; the pale-green seemed as if mingled with broken sheets of snow, that, flickering amid the mass of light, appeared, with every tug given by the fishermen, to shift, dissipate, and again form; and there streamed from it into the surrounding gloom myriads of green rays, an instant seen, and then lost—the retreating fish that had avoided the meshes, but had lingered, until disturbed, beside their entangled companions. It contained a considerable body of herrings. As we raised them over the gunwale they felt warm to the hand, for in the middle of a large shoal even the temperature of the water is raised—a fact well known to every herring-fisherman; and in shaking them out of the meshes, the ear became sensible of a shrill chirping sound like that of the mouse, but much fainter, a ceaseless cheep, cheep, cheep, occasioned apparently—for no true fish is furnished with organs of sound—by a sudden escape from the air-bladder. The shoal, a small one, had spread over only three of the nets—the three whose buoys had so suddenly disappeared; and most of the others had but their mere sprinkling of fish, some dozen or two in a net; but so thickly had they lain in the fortunate three, that the entire haul consisted of rather more than twelve barrels.

Creeping out laterally from amid the crowd of boats, we reached, after many windings, the edge of the bank, and rowing against the tide, arrived, as nearly as we could guess in the darkness, at the spot where we had at first flung out our nets. The various landmarks, and even the Guilliam fleet, were no longer visible, and so we had to grope out our position by taking the depth of the water. In the deep muddy ravine on one side the bank we would have found thirty fathoms, and over the depressed sandy plain on the other from twelve to fifteen; but on the bank itself the depth rarely exceeds ten. We sounded once and again, and pulling across the still ebbing tide, shot our nets as before. We then folded down the mainsail, which had been rolled up in clearing the space for shaking loose our herrings from the meshes, and ensconcing ourselves in its folds—for the sail forms the fisherman's hammock—composed ourselves to sleep. There was no appearance of fish, or no neighbouring boats to endanger our drift by shooting their nets athwart our line. But the sleep of the

herring-fisherman must much resemble that of the watch-dog. We started up about midnight, and saw an open sea as before; but the scene had considerably changed since we had lain down. The breeze had died into a calm; the heavens, no longer dark and gray, were glowing with stars, and the sea, from the smoothness of the surface, appeared a second sky, as bright and starry as the other; with this difference, however, that all its stars appeared comets: the slightly tremulous motion of the surface elongated the reflected images, and gave to each its tail. An incident of no unfrequent occurrence on the fishing banks convinced us, that though the sky of stars rose above, and the sky of comets spread below, we had not yet left the world. A crew of south-country fishermen had shot their nets in the darkness right across those of another boat, and in disentangling them, a quarrel ensued. The kind of clamour, so characteristic of a fisherman's squabble, rose high in the calm; a hundred tongues seemed busy at once; now one boat took up the controversy, now another; there were threats, loud or low in proportion to the distance, denunciations on all sides by the relatives of the aggrieved crew against the southland men, with now and then an intermingling shout from the strangers, half in defiance, half in triumph, as net after net swung free. At length the whole were disentangled, and the roar of altercation gradually sunk into a silence as dead as that which had preceded it.

We awoke about an hour before sunrise. A low bank of fog lay thick on the water, bounding the view on every side, while the central firmament remained clear and blue overhead. The nearer boats seemed through the mist huge misshapen galliots manned by giants. We again commenced hauling our nets, but the meshes were all brown and open as when we had cast them out; we raised to the surface vast numbers of that curious zoophyte, the sea-pen—our recent type of one of the most ancient of Scottish fossils, the graptolite—with several hundred dark-coloured slim star-fish, that in bending their thin brittle rays when brought out of the water, just as if they were trying to cast a knot upon them, snapped them across; but our entire draught of fish consisted of but a young rock-cod and a half-starved whiting. We had miscalculated, in the darkness, our proper place on the bank, and instead of sweeping over Guilliam, had swept over the muddy hollow beside it; and so not a single herring had we caught, though the herrings lay by millions scarce half a mile away. It was now an hour of flood; and the tides that had been so long bearing us down the firth had begun to well around our stern in minute eddies, and to float us up. It had become necessary, therefore, to take our place to the north and east of the fishing-bank, as we had previously done to the south and west of it. The fog hid the various landmarks as thoroughly as the darkness had hid them before; and we had again to determine our position from the depth of the water. The boats around us were busy in hauling their nets; and as each boat drew in its drift, the oars were manned and the sounding-lead plied, and she took up her place on what the crew deemed the north-eastern edge of the bank. But the various positions chosen as the right ones, showed us that the matter left much room for diversity of opinion—the fleet, dimly seen in the fog, were widely scattered. 'Yonder goes Aldie,' said our steersman, pointing to the boat of a veteran fisher of great skill, whose crew had been more successful in their fishings for a series of years than any other in their village; 'let us see where *he* shoots.' Aldie went leisurely sounding across the bank, and then returning half way on his course, began to cast out his drift. We took up our position a little beyond him in the line of the tide, and shot in the same parallel; and in a few minutes more a full score of boats were similarly employed beside us, all evidently taking mark by Aldie. As the sun rose the mist began to dissipate, and we caught a glimpse of the northern land, and of two of our best-known landmarks. A blue conical hillock in the interior, that seems projected on the southern side of the base of Benweavis, rose directly behind a conspicuous building that occupies a rising ground on the coast, and a three-topped eminence in Easter Ross seemed standing out of the centre of a narrow ravine that opens to the sea near the village of Shandwick. In taking old Aldie for our guide, we were drifting as exactly over the fishing-bank as if we had chosen our position, after consulting all the various landmarks through which its place is usually determined.

It was still a dead calm—calm to blackness; when in about an hour after sunrise, what seemed light fitful airs began to play on the surface, imparting to it, in irregular patches, a tint of gray. First one patch would form, then a second beside it, then a third, and then for miles around the surface, else so silvery, would seem frosted over with gray; the apparent breeze appeared as if propagating itself from one central point. In a few seconds after, all would be calm as at first, and then from some other centre the patches of gray would again form and widen till the whole firth seemed covered by them. A peculiar poppling noise, as if a thunder-shower was beating the surface with its multitudinous drops, rose around our boat; the water seemed sprinkled with an infinity of points of silver, that for an instant glittered to the sun, and then resigned their places to other quick glancing points, that in turn were succeeded by others. The herrings by millions and thousands of millions were at play around us—leaping a few inches into the air, and then falling and disappearing to rise and leap again. Shoal rose beyond shoal, till the whole bank of Guilliam seemed beaten into foam, and the low poppling sounds were multiplied into a roar, like that of the wind through some tall wood, that might be heard in the calm for miles. And again, the shoals extending around us seemed to cover for hundreds of square miles the vast Moray Firth. But though they played round our buoys by millions, not a herring swam so low as the upper baulk of our drift. One of the fishermen took up a stone, and flinging it right over our second buoy into the middle of the shoal, the fish disappeared from the surface for several fathoms around. 'Ah, there they go,' he exclaimed, 'if they go but low enough. Four years ago I startled thirty barrels of light fish into my drift just by throwing a stone among them.' We know not what effect the stone might have had on this occasion, but in hauling our nets for the third and last time, we found we had captured about eight barrels of fish; and then hoisting sail, for a light breeze from the east had sprung up, we made for the shore with a cargo of twenty barrels. The entire take of the fleet next evening did not amount to half that number—the singularly imposing scene of the morning had indicated too surely that the shoals had spawned; for the fish, when sick and weighty, never play on the surface; and before night, they had swam far down the firth on their return to their deep water haunts, leaving behind them but a few lean stragglers.

RELATIVE DECAY OF THE SEXES.

Decay in the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In the three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,006, while the deaths among females were only 499,058, giving an excess of male deaths in three years of 18,048. After this statement, it cannot appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. In the present time, in London, there are 996,000 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 119,000 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July 1839 and 30th June 1840, 5247 females, aged 85 and upwards; whereas of the same age, there died only 3954 gentlemen, leaving what is called in the city 'a balance' in favour of the old ladies of 1293. Among the females who died, 71 had passed the age of 100, but only 40 males. There are only three diseases common to the sexes which carry off more females than males: they are consumption, cancer, and dropsy. The deaths by childbirth form but a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The proportion is only 8 per 1000 of the total mortality; and as half a million of children are annually born in England and Wales, and scarcely 3000 deaths take place in childbirth, so there is only 1 death to 170 confinements. The researches of the registrar-general have brought to light some singular results with reference to the proportion in which acute diseases affect the two sexes. In the zymotic tribe the *uniformity* is quite extraordinary. Thus, out of 8194 persons dying of measles in 1840 throughout England and Wales, 4143 were males, and 4051 females—a difference of only 92. Again, out of 17,862 persons dying of scarlet fever in the same year, 8927 were males, 8935 were females—a difference of only 8. On the other hand, it appears that out of 14,606 dying of pneumonia, 8177 were males, and only 6629 females. Out of 22,787 dying of convulsion, 12,689 were males, and only 10,098 females. The superior value of

female life, which this and all statistical considerations tend to prove, and which our insurance-offices, by their variation of rates, acknowledge, is not attributable to any differences in the original construction of the body (for man is built of stronger materials than woman); but first, to the smaller demand made upon her vital power during the middle period of life; secondly, to the healthier condition and temperature of the female mind; and thirdly, to the lesser amount of toil and anxiety which, in a highly civilised country, falls to the share of woman.—*Dr G. Gregory.*

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF BLACK-LEAD.

Scientific journals mention the following discovery as explaining the origin and formation of plumbago, which is chemically a carburet of iron:—On demolishing the interior brickwork of the iron furnaces at Niderbronn (Lower Rhine), while the furnaces were still hot, a shower of sparks, or of charcoal dust, had sometimes been observed to escape from the crevices; on examining whence the sparks proceeded, they were found to come from deposits of carbon amongst the stones of the fabric. This carbon appears to have entered the finest fissures in a state of vapour, and to have been deposited either in amorphous fragments, or in balls, the centres of which were amorphous, while the outer parts were radiated, and the surface covered with stalagmitic tubercles. This matter has all the properties of plumbago; it burns completely away, leaving only a trace of oxide of iron. It must have arrived at its position in a gaseous state; and appears to explain the origin and formation of plumbago, which would hence appear to be nothing more than carbon and a little iron sublimed from deposits of anthracite by heat, arising from the proximity of igneous rocks. The discovery is one of uncommon interest, and would form one of the most important of modern times, could it be brought to bear upon the cheap artificial production of such a valuable and extensively-used substance as plumbago.

SALT IN ABYSSINIA.

Whilst speaking of this article of food, it may be as well to observe, that its use appears to have been dictated by the situation of the Abyssinians. As an easy illustration by analogy, it may be safely supposed that salt is a more indispensable necessary of life, and far more expensive in that country than the purest white sugar is in Europe. Children stand around the mother whilst engaged in any manner in which salt is employed, as in England little silent gazers are attracted around mamma when making sweetened dishes. Good housekeeping, with the Abyssinians, consists chiefly in the economical management of their stock of salt; and among other notable modes of making a little do duty for a considerable quantity, besides affording an additional stimulant to the palate, is the system of combining it with pepper. An old Dutch method of executing criminals was confining them solely to the use of bread in which no salt was contained, and which ultimately occasioned death by the worms that were thus allowed to generate in the intestines. Many children in England have I seen who have certainly fallen victims to the foolish fear that they would eat too much salt; and I believe that disposition to scrofula, the national disease, is chiefly owing to the vegetable diet of our children not being sufficiently attended to in the matter of this simple condiment. Be that as it may, the Abyssinians suffer considerably in their health from the difficulty of obtaining salt.—*Travels in Abyssinia, by Charles Johnston.*

DEPRESSION OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

A few years ago, it was generally believed that the waters of the Caspian were at least 300 *feet* below the level of those of the Black Sea and Mediterranean. This view was adopted in consequence of a series of barometrical observations; but it having been found that, from the great number of stations across the land separating the Caspian from the sea of Azov, small errors had become greatly magnified, a new survey was made by the directions of the Russian government. The able mathematicians, Messrs Fuss, Savitch, and Sabler, were therefore employed to make independent trigonometrical levellings; and their observations agreeing to within a foot or two, give for the mean result 83½ English feet as the depression—the possible error being limited to 1½ feet, which definitively settles this long-pending geographical question. By recent surveys, it has been also established that the waters of the Red Sea, in the Gulf of Suez, stand 32 feet above the level of those of the Mediterranean—a difference of level much greater, distance considered, than that which subsists between the Mediterranean and Caspian seas.

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters! oh then spare them—they are priceless for their age!
I love—oh how I love to see each yellow time-stained page!
They tell of joys that are no more, of hopes that long have fled;
Old letters! oh then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times, of happy times in years long, *long* gone by,
Of dear ones who have ceased to live but in the memory;
They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of yore.
Old letters! oh then spare them, for they *are* a priceless store!

Old am I too, and gray-haired now—deserted and alone,
And all of those I once could call my friends, alas! are gone;
Yet oft at midnight's stilly hour, in solitude's retreat,
With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face;
Ah! that was from a brother young in some far foreign place;
A sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave—
Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath the Atlantic wave.

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clasped by bloody hands,
Was found beneath a father's corse on dread Corunna's sands;
A stranger hand with kindly care conveyed the relic dear.
Old letters! ye are priceless! ye have cost a widow's tear!

Another—know I not that hand? Oh! she was bright and fair;
Too pure, too gentle, and too good, for angels long to spare
Her to this earth of grief and wo: well Death thou might'st be vain;
Thou hast not such another flower in all thy dark domain.

Oh! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past;
Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy for to last;
The tear-drop fills again the eye which tears had almost fled.
Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead!

N. H. M.

THE HYÆNA.

Ignatius Pallme, in his travels in Kordofan, vindicates the hyæna from the charge of ferocity and cruelty usually brought against it by writers on natural history—most of whom assert that the animal is untameable. He says—In the court of a house at Lobeid, I saw a hyæna running about quite domesticated. The children of the proprietor teased it, took the meat thrown to it for food out of its jaws, and put their hands even into its throat, without receiving the least injury. When we took our meals in the open air, to enjoy the breeze, as was our general custom during the hot season, this animal approached the table without fear, snapped up the pieces that were thrown to it like a dog, and did not evince the slightest symptom of timidity. A full-grown hyæna and her two cubs were, on another occasion, brought to me for sale; the latter were carried in arms, as you might carry a lamb, and were not even muzzled. The old one, it is true, had a rope round its snout, but it had been led a distance of twelve miles by a single man without having offered the slightest resistance. The Africans of this quarter do not even reckon the hyæna among the wild beasts of their country, for they are not afraid of it.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TARIFF.

The puzzling name 'tariff' is derived from the town of Tarifa, at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, and the most southern point in Europe, not even excepting Cape Matapan, at the foot of the Morea. Tarifa was the last stronghold which the Moors disputed with the Christians, and is still within three leagues of the empire of Morocco. When the Moors held possession of both the pillars of Hercules, it was here that they levied contributions for vessels entering the Mediterranean—whence the generic name.

*** Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and single numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents. A Stamped Edition issued for transmission, post free, price Twopence halfpenny.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 2, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of Christchurch, and in the city of London.—Saturday, November 16, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 47. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1844. Price 1½d.

THE SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT YORK.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science met this year at York during the week between the 26th September and 3d October, being its fourteenth assemblage, and its second visit to that ancient city, where it was originally planned and constituted. Favoured during the whole time with brilliant weather, gathering in one of the most beautiful of English seasons, and in the midst of scenes striking from their antique grace and magnificence, it was an extremely pleasant affair, to all at least who, like myself, went in the pure simplicity of a love of science and of science's cultivators, and with no trying or tasking part to sustain in the performances. Arriving the day before the meeting—a party of three—we lost no time in making our way to the place of reception in the Guildhall of the city, where we found the usual bureaux established for the transaction of business with the individual members, under an oaken roof which had probably seen the entertainments of the mayors of York to the Presidents of the North in the days of Elizabeth and James. There was the usual difficulty about lodgings, the poorest of all classes of gentlemen being, as in all other places where the association has met, objects of unbounded cupidity to those who had any room to spare; but we at length obtained centrally situated and comfortable quarters in an ancient mansion near the river, the vicarage, we were told, of the adjoining church. This matter being settled, we were at liberty to go about for the gratification of our curiosity; and first we proceeded to the meeting of the general committee in one of the council-rooms adjoining to the Guildhall. Here we found the principal members of the association already assembled, and in full deliberation on arrangements.

Around a long table occupying the centre of a Gothic room, lighted through stained glass, are ranged the venerable chiefs of the British philosophical world, while others sit on forms extending along the walls; about a hundred in all being present. There is a discussion on the claims of the rising science of ethnology, or investigation of the physical characters of nations, to be placed in a section by itself, instead of being grafted on the medical one, which has always been felt as a withered branch of the association. One or two cultivators of this science, from the side walls, make a spirited remonstrance against the Mezentian arrangement, and several of the great men at the head of the table endeavour by soft words to conciliate them. At length, some concessions being made, the ethnologists are satisfied and silenced. Meanwhile many others of the leading savans, taking little interest in these preliminaries, are whispering to each other, or scribbling letters for home. We may take this opportunity to ascertain —from an extensively knowing friend—the names of such of the principal figures as we were not previously acquainted with. And, first, who is that robust man in clerical dress, with a plain and homely, but intelligent face, not unlike what we conceive of Robert Burns?—it is the very reverend Dr Peacock, so long the pet mathematician of Cambridge, and now Dean of Ely; the president-elect, moreover, of the association for the present year. And who is the young Yorkshire-squire-like man, with the florid good-natured, yet most gentleman-like face, near the dean, and at the head of the table?—that is the Earl of Rosse, the president about to demit his authority, and who has of late years acquired such celebrity in consequence of his efforts to extend the powers of the telescope. Near him is an elderly, but hale and good-looking man in grayish hair, and a plain coloured dress—that is Colonel Sabine, so noted for a particular class of investigations in physics. Next to him, with locks still more silvered, and a pallid but reflective countenance, sits Sir David Brewster, now amongst our savans of oldest standing, and here particularly interesting as the acknowledged father of the British Association. A middle-aged, gentleman-like man, with a finely-carried head, and dark intellectual eyes, rises to speak on some point of arrangement—that is Mr Murchison, the eminent geologist, author of the great work on the Silurian System, and who employs his leisure and fortune unstintedly in prosecuting his favourite inquiries in other regions besides Britain. These are the principal members near the head of the table; but casting our eyes into the recesses of the room, we quickly discern others of not less note. At the lower end, for instance, sit two men who have just come in, the more robust of the pair—he with the rough florid face, gray eyes, and grizzled hair worn deep over his strongly perceptive forehead—is Dr Whewell, the author of the History of the Inductive Sciences; the other, pale and slender, with nervous activity speaking so powerfully through his face and frame, is Professor Forbes of Edinburgh, a man of varied acquirements, though most generally known for his recent investigations of the glaciers. The talk of the meeting is, that it is to be a 'good' one. There is, however, one blank which all deeply regret—namely, that occasioned by the absence of Dr Buckland, in consequence of sudden domestic calamity. Even in a section usually rich beyond the rest in attendance, it is impossible to help feeling this disappointment to be very great; and in an individual so popular, the cause of non-appearance is an additional subject of lament.

Afternoon service in that glorious old minster occupied the next hour most gratifyingly. Dinner then had its claims, and these were attended to. Dropping thereafter in a gossiping humour into the Guildhall, we found Professor Sedgwick (just arrived) endeavouring to establish his identity at the life-member bureau.

Pointing to the ticket which bore the places of meeting and names of presidents in radiating fashion, 'Why,' said he to my companion, 'I am one of the rays of the star [having been president at Cambridge], and yet they don't know me.' Very sure did we feel that the young man, seeing him now, could not fail to know him on any future occasion. Having seen the mirthful professor invested with the full privileges of the week, we proceeded to a conversazione in the house of Mr Philips, one of the few resident members whose fame is of wide extent. We found this gentleman occupying an antique house formerly connected with St Mary's Abbey, and conveniently situated near the museum and lecture-room of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. Here we were plunged into a dense mass of learned persons, filling two rooms even while they stood, and comprehending nearly all of any note who had as yet arrived in York. Having interchanged a few words with our entertainer, I was free to roam about the rooms in search of old acquaintances. Meeting with such persons, and hearing of all their doings since the former assemblage, is always felt as one of the most agreeable circumstances attending the weeks of the British Association. It was already known that there was to be an ample store of good papers at the sections, and that the *personnel* of the meeting was also to be brilliant. Pleasurable expectations, therefore, beamed through every countenance. It was delightful to observe and overhear the mutual greetings of many pairs and groups as they encountered here for the first time since perhaps the last meeting, or some one of earlier date. 'How are you, Dr ——? Glad to see you here. Hope you are to read a paper?' And so forth. Many were the aspects, styles of dress, and demeanour of these sons of divine philosophy—some very grave men, some very lively; some in ultra sober, some in gay and fashionable attire; some thin, sharp, and pale, as befits the lingerer by the midnight lamp; others florid, robust, and even burly, as if they were daily engaged in rude exercises. One feature was, however, nearly universal—a certain expansion of the head which habit teaches us to associate on all occasions with superior intellect. It was interesting for one who knew few of the company by name, to reflect that hardly one of the individuals who jostled him in these rooms but bore some high part in the field of letters or science, and would be missed and lamented amongst his countrymen if his light were to be removed from its place.

The association, as is well known, divides itself into seven sections, distinguished by letters of the alphabet, and each of which meets every day of the week from eleven to three o'clock in some conveniently-fitted hall or large room, under a distinct president and officers. This arrangement renders it of course impossible for the members to witness more than a fraction of the business; but, to make matters as easy as possible, programmes of the whole designed proceedings are published every morning, and from these one may select objects to which to give his attention, according as his taste or his sense of their various values may incline. The medical, statistical, and mechanical sections were on this occasion thinly attended; the chemical, zoological, and physical moderately; and the geological largely. The last, indeed, seems to be at all times the leading department of the association. The great writers in the science are always present; hence curiosity: then the comparative intelligibleness and popular interest of the subject is attractive. What is strange, there is generally almost as many ladies as gentlemen present. On this occasion, the geologists had for their place of meeting a large old fabric in the beautiful grounds connected with the ruins of St Mary's Abbey, the hospitium, namely, or house for the entertainment of strangers belonging to that ancient monastery. Formed of stone in semi-Gothic fashion below, it presents a superstructure composed of bricks in a frame of oaken beams, after the fashion followed so frequently in the old English halls; and in this upper room, surmounted by masses of timber which had sheltered Catholic pilgrims of yore, did the most sprightly of the modern sciences now find its chosen home. On a platform at the upper end, with a green cloth bench in front, sat the officers of the section, having generally large charts and figures suspended upon the wall behind them. In the centre sits the preses, Mr Warburton, M.P., president of the Geological Society, and a zealous hard-working inquirer into this science—a tall, middle-aged man, of well-developed head, and pleasant, though reflective countenance. By his side might generally be seen his friends De la Beche, Murchison, and Sedgwick; also, very frequently, the blithe-faced Marquis of Northampton, who throughout these meetings was continually getting up to say something cheerful, encouraging, and kind about men and things, and never seemed one moment out of humour. Here, too, sat very assiduously, in his capacity as secretary, the youthful Professor Ansted, of King's College, London, author of a comprehensive treatise on the science, descriptive and economic, and whose keen intelligent countenance lent character to the scene. Further to the extremity might perhaps be seen the venerable John Taylor, general secretary, or Mr Sopwith of Newcastle, so well known for his ingenious illustrations of the science by means of wooden models. Another figure frequently seen on the geological platform was one extremely noticeable on account of unusual tallness—the young Earl of Enniskillen. This nobleman belongs to a class whom we may hope to see extended in numbers ere many years elapse. In company with two other men of birth and fortune, he has for a long time given much attention to the study of fossils. Every summer, these personages may be met in Berlin, Vienna, and the other capitals of continental Europe, not, like their compatriots, bent on mere amusement, or at most the gratification of taste by the sight of objects of art, but studying the various collections of the organic remains of the ancient world, and accomplishing exchanges between superfluous specimens from their own collection, and equally superfluous but different samples from the museums under their inspection. Thus, while giving themselves a delightful occupation, they are employing their large leisure and means in the performance of a service in the cause of science, and one of no small importance.

A 'scene' which took place at the second day's meeting of this section may be briefly touched upon. The Dean of York, a gentleman in advanced age, had, it appeared, formed a wish to overthrow at one blow the whole structure of facts which the geologists have reared during the last forty years. The whimsicality of the attempt would have caused the section to reject such a paper from any man of inferior note; but the local importance of its author, and dread of being accused of fear to meet such an opponent, determined them to give it a hearing. When this was known on the morning of Friday, a vast multitude flocked to the section, and thus gave additional importance to what was at best a kind of indecent oddity in the course of the proceedings. In due time, the dean, a tall and venerable figure, with an air of imperturbable composure, walked through the crowd, and took his place by invitation beside the president on the platform. His paper, which he read with a firm voice, was briefly and elegantly expressed, but otherwise was a most extraordinary production. To the mind of the writer, the whole of those collections of facts and illustrations, which the geologists have made during forty years, seemed to have existed in vain. He first presented a set of objections against the view of the Earth's early history given by Dr Buckland in his Bridgewater Treatise, and then proceeded to develop a theory of his own, accounting for all the phenomena in a manner designed to reduce them within a very brief space of time. The theory was a wilder dream than any of Burnet's or Woodward's, and such as could not be listened to with gravity by any one acquainted with the science; yet, amidst the laughter which hailed it, the author went on with an unfaltering

manner to the end, when he quietly sat down beside Mr Warburton. By previous arrangement, the duty of replying to this attack—for such it was—had been confided to Professor Sedgwick, whose oratorical powers are acknowledged to be superior to those of any of his brethren. Up, therefore, he rose, and commenced a speech which enchained the audience for an hour and a half, alternately charming them with its vast learning, and throwing them off their gravity by the most amusing and grotesque illustrations. The geologists, it appears, in their private meetings, are accustomed to great latitude of discourse: they speak of such meetings as their 'geological fights.' It was not therefore surprising, for more reasons than one, that this speech contained several severe hits at the assailing party. It must at the same time be observed, that the speech was delicacy itself to what might have been expected to be called forth with reference to any man of inferior years, profession, or rank. And it was, after all, the lightning that loves to play, not wound; nor did the lively professor hesitate to make himself the subject of some little mirth —as where, having used the word below for above, and thus produced a titter, he said there was such a dance of atoms, such a *geological polka* going through his brain, that he hardly knew what words he was using; and on another occasion, when, having said that the one thing was as certainly identical with the other as that *that row of ladies* (pointing to the belles on the front form) were of the same species with himself, he paused at the smile which this contrast excited, and, laughingly reflecting on his own extraordinary countenance, said, 'Perhaps the ladies may not think it much of a compliment to be thought of the same species with me!' The whole scene was amusing in the extreme; but I think there can be no doubt that the interests of both parties would have been more regarded if no such 'fight' had taken place. As often happens, more attention was attracted to this unprofitable controversy than to any other subject which came before the association throughout the week.

The Zoological Section met in the lecture-room of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, in the midst of a series of chambers devoted chiefly to the preservation of objects of natural history. It was chiefly presided over by Dr Herbert, Dean of Manchester, an aged man of slight figure, known respectfully in the philosophical world for a laborious work in natural history. The appearances held forth by this section of late years have partaken of the great improvement which has taken place, during that time, in the spirit and pursuits of naturalists. From being chroniclers of dry facts, and enumerators of species, zoologists have within twenty years become philosophical inquirers. And from the early age of many of these men, it may fairly be hoped that we shall see this spirit wax in strength instead of going back. The chief naturalists present are young men. On a front form you may observe a perfect galaxy of them—Professor Balfour of Glasgow, Dr Carpenter, so well known by his works on Physiology, General and Human; Professor Edward Forbes of King's College, London, whose investigations of the distribution of marine animal life have of late attracted so much attention; Professor Owen, the first comparative physiologist of his day. Various are the aspects of these men—Owen, plain, with dark lustrous eyes; Forbes, a handsome, olive-complexioned youth, with long hair smoothed away to one side; Carpenter, pale, blue-eyed, hawk-nosed, keen, grave, reflective. The papers and remarks of these three men were of great value, and their services were also extended to the geological section. But who is that little intelligent-looking man in a faded naval uniform, who is so invariably seen in a particular central seat in this section? That, gentle reader, is perhaps one of the most interesting men who attend the association. He is only a private in the mounted guard (preventive service), at an obscure part of the Cornwall coast, with four shillings a-day, and a wife and nine children, most of whose education he has himself to conduct. He never tastes the luxuries which are so common in the middle ranks of life, and even amongst a large portion of the working-classes; he has to mend with his own hands every sort of thing that can wear or break in his house. Yet Charles Peach is a votary of natural history—not a student of the science in books, for he cannot afford books, but an investigator by sea and shore, a collector of zoophytes and echinodermata, strange creatures, many of which are as yet hardly known to man: these he collects, preserves, and describes; and every year does he come up to the British Association with a few novelties of this kind, accompanied by illustrative papers and drawings; thus, under circumstances the very opposite of those of such men as Lord Enniskillen, adding, in like manner, to the general stock of knowledge. On the present occasion he is unusually elated, for he has made the discovery of a holothuria with twenty tentacula, a species of the echinodermata, which Edward Forbes, in his book on star-fishes, had said was never yet observed in the British seas. It may be of small moment to you, who, mayhap, know nothing of holothurias, but it is a considerable thing to the fauna of Britain, and a vast matter to a poor private of the Cornwall mounted guard. And, accordingly, he will go home in a few days, full of the glory of his exhibition, and strung anew by the kind notice taken of him by the masters of the science, to similar inquiries, difficult as it may be to prosecute them under such a complication of duties, professional and domestic. But he has still another subject of congratulation; for Dr Carpenter has kindly given him a microscope wherewith to observe the structure of his favourite animals, an instrument for which he has sighed for many years in vain. Honest Peach, humble as is thy home, and simple thy bearing, thou art an honour even to this assemblage of nobles and doctors; nay, more, when I consider everything, thou art an honour to human nature itself; for where is the heroism like that of virtuous, intelligent, independent poverty? and such heroism is thine!

The Physical Section was for one morning popularly attractive, namely, when Lord Rosse described the difficulties he had encountered in the construction of his telescope. His lordship had a model prepared, by which to convey as sensible an idea as possible of the actual structure of this mighty tube, and the arrangements for its use; but the most interesting part of his exposition referred to the laborious processes for founding and polishing the speculum. Here, certainly, the forethought, care, and trouble called into employment, had been altogether extraordinary, and such as common minds could never have encountered: each object seemed only to have been attained after a vast amount of preparation and trial; and still, through the whole course of operations, the danger of sudden accident undoing all that had been done was continually imminent. His lordship's style of address was easy and graceful, and his language extremely simple and perspicuous. His great telescope was, it appeared, only newly finished, and had not yet been employed; but with another of only three feet diameter, he had already resolved distant patches of light in the heavens—the remotest of the class of objects called sidereal nebulæ—into distinct stars, showing that they were clusters of stars similar to that to which our sun belongs, and the remoter parts of which constitute our Milky Way. What new revelations of the more distant fields of the Creator's glory are to be elicited by the six-feet speculum, it will be for time to show.

The evening of Thursday was devoted to a general meeting in the Assembly Rooms, where the Earl of Rosse demitted, and the Dean of Ely assumed, the office of president, the latter delivering on the occasion a long address with reference to the objects of the association. This was rather a dull affair; but other evenings, spent in the same place, were more agreeable. One night was enlivened by a recital from Mr Lyell of the recent fossil discoveries in America. Another was rendered still more agreeable by an account of certain recent discoveries in India. The demonstrator on this

last occasion was Dr Falconer, a young medical man recently returned from India on leave. The members, on entering this evening, were surprised by the picture of a tortoise displayed on the green screen above the speaker's head, exhibiting an animal the same in form as ordinary land-tortoises, but about twelve feet long. Strange as it may seem, remains of this huge animal, to which the name of Collossochelys Atlas has been given, are found in the superficial gravel upon the Sivâlik hills; some of these were shown, particularly one of the leg bones, the similarity of which to the corresponding bone of the modern diminutive species was easily recognised. It appears that this and a vast number of other animals, elsewhere found in the tertiary strata, are, in that part of the world, discovered in the more recent gravels, showing that the tertiary species may have lived in certain districts down to a time nearer to our own era. And this idea Dr Falconer connected in a very interesting manner with mythic traditions of India, descriptive of enormous tortoises, one of which was fabled to support the elephant by which the world was supported. It seemed not unlikely that these legends referred to animals which had been living in the early ages of mankind, but which have for many centuries been extinct. The plain and perspicuous, yet arresting address of Dr Falconer, was universally allowed a high place among the scientific affairs of the week. He has made a most important contribution to geology, and the ample specimens which he has brought home enrich the museums to which they have been presented. His services are the more creditable to himself, that, placed in charge of the botanic garden upon the Sivâlik hills, he had little means of cultivating the science in any of the more ordinary methods. When a canal excavation near the garden exposed to him a rich treasury of fossil bones, he had no means of studying in order to ascertain what these were; but he took an original method—he went off to the woods and wilderness, and shot animals, from which he might study comparative anatomy; and by a reference to these, he was able to refer the fossils to their proper species. What a crowning to years of toil, thus to be able at length to come before one of the most intelligent audiences in Europe, and enchain them with descriptions of such novelties in human knowledge!

Another evening was devoted to a ball, which, however, could scarcely be distinguished from the ordinary soirées, the only peculiar features being a rather poor orchestra clanging from the end of the room, and two couples attempting to dance polkas in as many small openings of the crowd. Here precisely the same groups of philosophers might be seen lounging about as on other occasions. On Friday afternoon, Earl Fitzwilliam, as president of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, entertained about a hundred and fifty of the members at dinner in the most sumptuous style. His lordship's benevolent and amiable character was conspicuous on this occasion, and particularly in the manner in which he conducted the proceedings of the evening. It was most interesting to see him at the head of the range of tables, centring a long line of the highest intellectual men of his day—well-intending rank and wealth thus associating with natural distinction in a manner honourable to both. Wherever the eye was cast along the lines of guests, it beheld men of name; not, as often happens, gemming a waste of ordinary people, but thickly studded with scarcely any trace of such intervention. Right opposite to me was Justus Liebig, who has of late achieved so much British fame by his chemical researches and publications, a handsome dark-complexioned man about forty, with strong perceptive faculties (the reverse of the usual German brain), dark mild eyes, and an aquiline visage. Beside him was Professor Graham of London, flanked by a group of other eminent chemists. It may here be remarked, that Professor Liebig, M. Matteucci, and other foreigners who attended the meeting of the association, were lodged and entertained throughout the week at the expense of the local funds; a degree of hospitality for which they were quite unprepared, and which certainly casts honour on the city of York.

Whatever be the general opinion regarding the British Association, the week during which it sits is always felt by the members to be one of pleasant excitement. That it really does something direct and substantial for the advancement of science, its records testify; that many able and interesting matters are brought before larger audiences at its sectional meetings than could otherwise be obtained for them, is evident to all. But I believe the principal benefits produced by it to be of a less obvious kind. One of these is the stimulus which it gives to mind in the places which it visits. The timid local student, who almost sinks for want of encouragement amongst his, mayhap, commercial compeers, receives a strong impetus from the deference which he sees on these occasions paid to science and to the learned. Young and fresh minds, on the outlook for fields of exertion, are by these means drawn into the line of philosophical investigation. A gentleman of considerable standing in one of the sections, expressed to me his opinion that one half of the leading men now in the association are its own children, persons whom it has stimulated and nurtured into philosophic being. The association, it must also be remarked, has the useful merit of being of no exclusive spirit. Men of all kinds meet in it: no philosophical doctrines or views, which do not positively outrage decency, are here denied a hearing. The spirit of the institution is, I would say, essentially a liberal one, and the predominating feeling among the members is that of mutual kindliness and charity. The value of all this in a country where party-spirit reigns so widely, and produces such alienation, need not of course be insisted on.

THE LIBRARY OF TRAVEL.*

Travelling undoubtedly takes its place as one of the manias of the present day; and so abundantly are we furnished with books regarding every corner of the globe, that the great difficulty lies in making a proper selection from the multitude. Should any one, for instance, require information concerning the East, whole libraries of travel are at his disposal. He is bewildered by the vast amount of facts and observations arrayed before him; he knows not where to choose, or where to begin his researches, and if not of a very persevering temperament, he foregoes the desired information rather than be at the labour of selecting it. To relieve him from this difficulty, the editor of the Library of Foreign Travel has stepped in with his useful labours; the object of this work being to collect, from the writings of travellers from all nations, the interesting matter now dispersed through a wilderness of volumes, and to methodise this matter, and recast it into such a form as shall make it available for readers of limited means and leisure.

The promise thus put forth has been well performed in the first section of the work, which treats of 'Syria and the Holy Land.' Every particular concerning those countries which is interesting to be known is graphically and pleasingly conveyed. The stores from which the editor has drawn are not merely those usually at the command of English readers. The works of continental travellers, of which no translations have as yet appeared, have been consulted with discriminating industry, and extracts from them judiciously woven into the text. By this means the reader is able to perform an imaginary journey through one of the most inte-

* The Library of Travel; being a Popular Description of Foreign Countries. Edited by W. K. Kelly. Parts 1 to 3—Syria and the Holy Land. Chapman and Hall, London.

resting countries in the world, with the most entertaining and learned travellers of whom European literature can boast.

The reader is made to enter Syria by way of Beyroot, and is, after gleaning some interesting facts concerning that celebrated port, transported to Damascus. 'Damascus is a true Oriental city, and the least sophisticated of all the Muslim capitals. Here everything is eastern; there are no Frank quarters, no shabby beings wandering about in black hats and pea-green jackets, no fantastic aping of Frank customs and Frank follies by the command of an innovating sultan. The aspect of its streets certainly does not meet the expectation excited by its romantic appearance as viewed from a distance: they are narrow and irregular, and flanked with ugly dead walls; but broad streets are no luxury in a warm climate: and "here," says Dr Richardson, "I felt the full force of the remark of Tacitus, that Nero spoiled Rome by broad streets." Those of Damascus are seldom of a width more than sufficient to allow two laden camels to pass each other without crushing the pedestrians, and many are of much narrower dimensions. They are the most noiseless possible: there are no wheeled carriages rolling along them; and the occasional step of a Christian's ass, a camel, a mule, or, more rarely, of a horse, does not much disturb the mysterious stillness in which the city appears wrapped, until you approach the bazaars and other places of busy resort. The city contains a great many fine mosques; and, it is said, not less than five hundred private dwellings that might rank as palaces: but the interior magnificence of the houses adds nothing to the beauty of the streets, to which they present no more than dull mud walls, with one or two ill-made lattice windows at a considerable height. The houses are sometimes constructed on arches that hang across the streets, making it quite dark. Wooden rafters, too, when the arch has not been turned, are visible frequently from below, and render the way still more gloomy. All great eastern towns are difficult to thread, but few in so great a degree as Damascus, from the perplexing intricacy of the narrow streets, and of the many winding bazaars. Sometimes you are pinned up in a corner by a long string of camels, that fill the whole breadth of the way; and sometimes you are run down and covered with filth by a whole line of donkeys, that trot heedlessly on with noiseless tread over the sandy soil. However leisurely these animals may move, when the road is open and plain before them, they are all possessed with an insane propensity for rushing forwards whenever the passage is narrowed by any casual obstruction; and when there happens to be several of them together on these occasions, a race ensues, which ends, perhaps, in two or three of them becoming fast wedged together, and then their kicking and pushing only make the case more desperate. The streets have a large barrier at each end, which is always closed at sunset, or very soon after, as a protection against thieves, and, as some say, wives; but a very small bribe will open the barrier at any hour of the night, for there is always a gatekeeper at hand. It is not likely that these gates are of much use against solitary prowlers, for it would be an easy matter to run along the tops of the houses through any quarter of the city; and a man attacked in one house might not despair of making his escape by concealing himself in that of a distant inhabitant, without passing through the streets. Their chief use is to check sudden insurrectionary movements. The guardianship of these barriers is usually committed to ancient and quiet watchmen, who are by no means in a hurry to answer those who knock. When at last the porter makes his appearance, a parley takes place—"Kimtur o—who is that?" "Iba beled—a townsman." "Wah hid Allah—testify that there is one God." And thereupon the man on the wrong side of the door, whatever may be his impatience, must repeat the Muslim confession of faith; for it is argued, with touching simplicity, that no one who was abroad on a guilty errand would dare to utter the hallowed symbol. These impediments to free circulation through the streets by night are not felt as an inconvenience by the Orientals. The shops are all closed at the approach of dusk, and every true believer goes home to his own house, which he does not quit till the following morning. What should he do in the dirty streets? Behind the shabby walls that bound it, the Muslim has his own sufficient paradise, concealed from every prying eye.'

Of the professional story-tellers, who abound in the East, none are more famous than those of Damascus. A description of them, and the coffee-houses in which they exercise their calling, is thus given:—'Damascus is celebrated for the number and elegance of its coffee-houses; they are for the most part built in the kiosk fashion, of wood painted different colours, green and blue predominating, and open on the sides, except where partially closed with plants coiling up the slender columns that support the roof. The softened light that makes its way through the leafy walls forms a charming contrast with the intense glare of the sun glancing upon the waters, or reflected from the whitened walls of the houses of the town. Nor are they more remarkable for their picturesque appearance than for their happily-chosen position, being generally situated on the border of some running stream, the view opening out on a pretty cascade, with gardens and orchards lying on the opposite bank. At night, when the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted, and Turks of different ranks, in all the varieties of their rich costume, cover the platform, just above the surface of the river, on which and its foaming cataracts the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard, you fancy that if ever the enchantments of eastern romance are to be realised, it is here. The pleasures enjoyed in these places are usually of the silent kind; but sometimes they are enlivened by the performances of professional dancers, story-tellers, or singers. The recitation of eastern fables and tales partakes somewhat of the nature of a dramatic performance. It is not merely a simple narrative; the story is animated by the manner and action of the speaker. A variety of other story-books, besides the Arabian Nights, furnish materials for the story-teller, who, by combining the incidents of different tales, and varying the catastrophe of such as he has related before, gives them an air of novelty even to persons who at first imagine they are listening to tales with which they are acquainted. He recites, walking to and fro, in the middle of the coffee-room, stopping only now and then when the expression requires some emphatical attitude. He is commonly heard with great attention, and not unfrequently, in the midst of some interesting adventure, when the expectation of his audience is raised to the highest pitch, he breaks off abruptly, and makes his escape from the room, leaving both his heroine and his audience in the utmost embarrassment. Those who happen to be near the door endeavour to detain him, insisting on the story being finished before he departs; but he always makes his retreat good; and the auditors, suspending their curiosity, are induced to return at the same hour next day to hear the sequel. He no sooner has made his exit, than the company, in separate parties, fall to disputing about the characters of the drama or the event of the unfinished adventure. The controversy by degrees becomes serious, and opposite opinions are maintained with no less warmth than if the fate of the city depended on the decision.'

In the part of this compilation devoted to Palestine, we find a good account of the environs of Jerusalem,

translated from the German traveller Prokesch's Travels in the Holy Land.* 'Let us issue from St Stephen's gate, and pausing for a moment among the tombs in the Turkish burial-ground, cross the bridge over the Brook Kedron, and the mysterious Valley of Jehoshaphat, and ascend the Mount of Olives. At the foot of the hill we come to a small enclosure, supposed, with great probability, to be the Garden of Gethsemane. There can be no doubt that if it be not the garden, it must at least be very near its site. It is a level space, about fifty paces square, surrounded by a low wall of loose stones. It contains eight olive-trees whose age is incalculable, and which are fondly imagined to have been standing in the time of our Saviour. One of these, the largest, hacked and sacrificed by the knives of pilgrims, is reverenced as the identical tree under which Christ was betrayed; and its enormous roots growing high out of the earth, could induce a belief of almost any degree of antiquity. Mr Wilde, a scientific observer, thinks there is nothing unreasonable in imputing an existence of nineteen centuries to these trees; and it is nearly certain that they were in being at least eight hundred years ago; for they pay only eight *mids*, in accordance with the rate of duty imposed at the period when the Turks first conquered Jerusalem, whilst olive-trees of later growth pay half the crop. Above the garden is a paved alley about four feet broad, walled off from the other parts; for they say it is accursed by the footsteps of Judas Iscariot, and held in abhorrence by the followers of every creed. This Garden of Gethsemane occupies the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. It was very near one of the most thronged and busy parts of Jerusalem, and yet lay so low in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, that not a sound from the busy hum of life could have reached its profound depth. On the west, the city walls and the high battlements of the temple almost overhang the garden, while on the east the still loftier heights of Olivet cast their dark shade over the scene of the divine agony. Fitly had Judas chosen this gloomy scene for the perpetration of his black crime. The Mount of Olives consists of a range of four mountains, with summits of unequal altitudes. The highest rises from the Garden of Gethsemane, and is the one fixed on as the place of our Saviour's ascension. About half-way up is a ruined monastery, built, according to the monks, over the spot where Jesus sat down and wept over the city, and uttered that prediction which has since been so fearfully verified. The view from the summit embraces, perhaps, more interesting objects than any other in the world—the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the city of Jerusalem, the plains of Jericho, the valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. On the top of the mountain is a miserable Arab village, in the centre of which is a small mosque enclosing the stone which bears the foot-print shown as that of our Lord. From here the ascension took place. An Arab kept the key, and allowed us to enter. After the kissing and mumbling of paternosters had subsided, he opened a store of little square stones that are picked up about the hill, and rubbing them on the foot-print, gave us all one a-piece. The pilgrims receive them as invaluable testimonies of their pious journey.'

Of the Jewish necropolis, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, near Jerusalem, celebrated in every page of Oriental and Biblical history, the editor observes—'Independently of that natural love of country which exists among this people, two objects bring the Jew to Jerusalem—to study the Scriptures and the Talmud, and then to die, and have his bones laid with his forefathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, even as the bones of the patriarchs were carried up out of Egypt. No matter what the station or the rank—no matter what or how far distant the country in which the Jew resides—he still lives upon the hope that he will one day journey Zionward. No clime can change, no condition quench, that patriotic ardour with which the Jew beholds Jerusalem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day's journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts upon his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep and pray over the long-sought object of his pilgrimage; and with the dust sprinkled on his head, he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home, after long absence, with more yearnings of affection—no proud baron ever beheld his ancestral tower and lordly halls, when they had become another's, with greater sorrow than wrings the heart of the poor Jew when he first beholds Jerusalem.' A description of this interesting locality is derived from Schubert's Travels in the East: *—'Returning along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and passing along its eastern sides, we came to the great burying-ground of the Jews. It looks more like a paved court, and I walked over it without at first perceiving it. Among the monuments are four, unique in their appearance and construction, and known from time immemorial as the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St James, and the prophet Zachariah. All are cut out of the solid rock. The tomb of Absalom is a single stone as large as an ordinary two-storey house, and ornamented with twenty-four semi-columns of the Doric order, supporting a triangular pyramidal top. The top is battered and defaced, and no one, whether Muslim, Jew, or Christian, ever passes through the Valley of Jehoshaphat without casting a stone at the sepulchre of the rebellious son. No regular entrance to it has ever been discovered; and the only way of getting into the interior is by a hole broken for the purpose in one of the sides. Notwithstanding the specific names given to these tombs, it is altogether uncertain to what age they belong; and it is generally considered that the style of architecture precludes the supposition that they are the work of Jewish builders. As we passed along, we saw a young girl kissing the tomb of Zachariah, and weeping as if her heart would break. My servant asked her rather roughly what she was crying about; and the poor girl, looking at him for a moment, burst into a flood of tears, and told him that she was weeping over the tomb of the blessed prophet. Proceeding onwards through the valley, we found the whole face of the precipitous rock, upon its eastern side, excavated into one vast and almost continuous catacomb, consisting of chambers of various sizes. Some of them were simple square apartments, formed to contain a single corpse, and closed by a stone door fitted into a groove round the entrance, so accurate, that a seal might have been applied at the joining to secure the sepulchre; and the first of them that I visited at once explained to me the form of the tomb of the Arimathean nobleman. These sepulchral grots are continued all down the valley of Siloam, having galleries, stairs, and small terraces cut out of the rock, leading from one to the other. They are all now inhabited, and they, with some mud-built huts at the bottom of the valley, constitute the village of Siloam, which contains upwards of 1500 Arabs—a vicious, quarrelsome, and dishonest set of people, and noted for such propensities for centuries past. On my first visit to this place, happening to poke my head into one of the cryptæ, I was not a little startled by the wild unearthly scream of an old Arab crone who inhabited the interior. The noise she made became the signal for a general outcry; the dwellers in the different caves popped their heads out from their holes like so many beavers reconnoitring an enemy; the children ran shouting in all directions; curses fell fast and heavy on the Giaour and the Nazarene; and had I got into the harem of the pasha, the alarm could not have been greater than that which I excited among the whole Troglodyte population of this cemetery of the living. I made a hasty retreat amidst the general uproar; and took good care never to venture again so far upon a tomb-hunting expedition into Siloam.'

From these specimens of the execution of the novel

* Reise in das Heilige Land; 1829.

* Reise in das Morgenland.

plan upon which the Library of Travel is based, it will be perceived that it forms a valuable addition to the cheap and useful literature of the age. The work is embellished with neatly-engraved woodcuts, and is very well printed.

THE MILL AND THE MANOR.

PART I.

On a beautiful autumn evening, a branch coach from the Birmingham railway stopped at that most ancient inn known as the 'Tabard,' in the village of Crumbleton, not far from Warwickshire. This being an extremely unusual occurrence, the coach was soon surrounded by a crowd of children, who were joined by an accession of gossips as soon as they could hobble up. Perhaps the feeling of curiosity had never been so intensely excited since the opening of the Stratford station, and the first starting of the cross-road coach which was now in the act of 'dropping' the stranger in the village. The passenger was stared at without compunction, and each package of luggage minutely examined as it was handed from the roof of the vehicle to the inn doorstep, to find out who could possibly want to stop at Crumbleton; not above ten strangers having been seen in the place for as many months. The schoolmistress, however, happened to place herself on this very promiscuous committee of inquiry, and by dint of perseverance, and a little spelling, was able to read the inscription on one of the boxes, which ran thus:—'Charles Kennedy, Esquire, —th light infantry.' Having perused once more the direction, she pointed her spectacles full in the face of the traveller, and throwing up her hands, uttered a scream, at the same time articulating the information that it was 'Master Charles.' Though the juvenile part of the assembly did not know Mr Charles from Adam, yet they shouted out of sheer imitation. The innkeeper looked on in stoical indifference, for his attention was absorbed by certain slices of bacon which he industriously cut and ate from the top of a huge piece of bread. His wife, however, dropped a respectful curtsey, opened the hatch, and invited the stranger in.

'I would prefer walking up to the hall at once,' said the stranger, 'and will send one of the servants for my luggage.' With this, having greeted the old 'dame' with a kind but melancholy smile, he moved away. The schoolmistress once more elevated her hands, invoked a blessing on the young squire's heart, the children set up a loud 'hurrah!' and the innkeeper, laying down his clasp-knife and bacon, shouldered the trunks unbidden, and followed the hero of this extempore village ovation. 'That's right, neighbour,' exclaimed the old dame. 'Poor Master Charles wont find many servants to spare at the hall to do his bidding *now*. I suppose the ruin of the family has brought him home from foreign parts. Poor squire! poor Master Charles!' As the old schoolmistress hobbled back to her cottage, she was obliged to stop to wipe her spectacles—they were dimmed with tears.

'So trade is very bad in the village?' said Charles Kennedy, continuing a conversation he had begun with mine host of the Tabard.

'Terrible, sir—the workhouse will be full again when the harvest's done. What's to mend the times I don't know. The Bumpton people on tother side of the park are all alive. A new squire is building a big mill there, but none of the trade comes to us. There is some talk of the Hall being sold—that perhaps will help us.'

'Sold!' exclaimed the person addressed; 'are things so bad as that?' He walked rapidly on to conceal his agitation, but it was increased when he came in sight of the hall of his forefathers.

Crumble Hall was one of the most picturesque objects in or near the county of Warwick. Seated on an elevation in the midst of a well-wooded park, the old manor-house stood out in bold relief from the rest of the landscape. The irregular, almost grotesque outlines it exhibited, showed even from a distance that it was no modern building, and a nearer view confirmed the impression. Time had used the old building and domain very roughly since Charles Kennedy last quitted it. The greater portion of a decayed clock-tower had fallen down, and a stable had been unroofed. The lawn, which in his recollection was neatly kept, was now overrun with rank grass and wild flowers. The park fences were broken, and at the moment Charles entered the lawn, a couple of beasts were grazing close under the drawing-room window. The innkeeper deposited his burden at the door, and departed.

It was with great difficulty that Kennedy was able to master his agitation while standing in the entrance-hall of the decayed manor-house. No one was there to greet him: not a sound was to be heard—all was solitary, desolate. A bell, covered with dust, stood under a table, and it was not till he had rung it with some violence that any one appeared. After a time, however, footsteps approached; a door creaked on its hinges at the end of a corridor, and presently he who had once been the butler, but was now the general servant of Crumble Hall, stood before the visitor. At first they could not recognise each other. Kennedy, embrowned by an Eastern sun, wasted by the terrible Affghanistan campaign, was hardly like the same gay being who, several years before, left the hall as a newly commissioned ensign. The old servant too, from the comely, well-dressed butler, had dwindled down to a shrunken ill-clad serving-man. The greeting was, however, as cordial and as cheering as if prosperity, instead of adversity, reigned in the house. The servant was indeed a happily-constituted being, whose cheerfulness misfortune was no more able to shake, than it was his fidelity to his old and ruined master.

'So, Penthouse,' said Kennedy, as he threw himself into a crazy chair in a small parlour, 'things are quite as bad as I anticipated, I perceive. But my dear old uncle—how does he bear with all this terrible poverty?'

'Why, sir,' replied the old servitor, 'not quite so well as I do; but wonderfully; wonderfully, master Charles. The pride which led him to litigate our extinct peerage (Penthouse always spoke in the plural), supports him in the utter ruination which it has brought us to.'

'Fatal perseverance!'

'Fatal, indeed, sir, for he has not done with it yet. Though beaten out of the herald's office, and contemned by the committee of privileges, he fondly clings to the hope of one day obtaining the earldom of Crumbleton for himself and his heirs. He has completely secluded himself in the muniment room, reading and arranging the family records in search of fresh evidence, in order once more to bring his case before the House of Lords.'

'And has he taken no steps to retrieve his broken fortunes by more practicable means?'

'None, Mr Charles. The lawyers have nibbled away the estate bit by bit, till the park and lawn are all that is left; and as trees and deer pay no rent, I'll leave you to judge of the short commons which have sometimes to be endured under this once hospitable roof.'

'I suppose the old gentleman has become quite a wreck since the decision against his claim?'

'O no, sir; he is, to all appearance, as hearty as ever. His mind, constantly employed in the search after some mysterious old parchment, has not time to dwell upon his troubles. We lead an easy life now, sir, compared to the hurry, bustle, and excitement there was while the suit was going on. As for me, I have had little else to do than to amuse myself in the library.'

'In the library? Well, I thought I found a remarkable alteration in your mode of expressing yourself. I find you have not visited the library in vain.'

'Alas! sir,' rejoined the worn-down servant with a sigh, 'there is no plate to see after now; no cellar-book

to keep; "Othello's occupation's gone," as Shakspeare says; and so, sir, I have been obliged to go through a course of English literature for the want of anything better to do.'

'Do not regret that, Penthouse,' exclaimed the young visitor; 'better times are in store for us. In the first place, my uncle must be awakened out of his long dream, and that part of the estate which still remains to us must be cultivated, for which the small capital produced by the sale of my commission will suffice. It shall never be said that we fall without a struggle. No, no; the plate-chest shall be unlocked, and the cellars stored yet!'

'Bravo, Master Charles!' exclaimed Penthouse, starting up in a sort of ecstacy; 'you'll put new blood into us. I have not heard a hopeful, or—no offence to master—a really common-sense word since you left us. And now, then, let me prepare him for the news of your arrival. With this the old man tripped out of the room with the lightness and alacrity of youth.

Meantime Kennedy walked into a back-room to get a glimpse of a prospect over which he had rambled in childhood. There was a stream at the foot of the park, along the banks of which he had sported in younger and happier days. How often, while traversing the parched plains of the East, had memory pictured each shaded nook into which the little river forced itself! For miles its banks were as familiar to him as his alphabet; and it was naturally the first object he wished to seek out. On entering the room, which commanded a view of the stream, he found it dark; the window-shutters were closely barred. He unfastened them, looked out, and, instead of the romantic little brook he sought, he found a huge ugly dam, beside which there shot up to an immense height a chimney, which the bricklayers were at that moment crowning with the last row of bricks. A crowd of slaters covered the roofs of a vast series of buildings. The whole face of the exquisite landscape was altered and destroyed. Kennedy turned away with a momentary disgust. These objects told the tale of his uncle's ruin more forcibly than the choicest phrases of the newly-learned Penthouse. One of the finest portions of the Crumble estate had fallen into the hands of a new order of aristocracy—a cotton lord!

In the midst of these reflections Penthouse entered. He instantly shut the windows, and barred them as closely as if he dreaded a siege. Such were the squire's orders; for, from the day the foundations of the new buildings were laid, every window in the house which overlooked them was shut up. Mr Crumble wished to blot them out of his memory, in spite of the noise of the masons and the rushing of the waters. 'He heard the decision of the House of Lords against him,' continued Penthouse, 'without a sigh. When the lawyers came upon him with their folio volumes of bills of costs, he gave up his title-deeds without a groan; but when he heard about the cotton-mill, I thought my dear old master would have died. It was then I wrote the letter which has brought you home, sir.' This was said as they wended their devious way, through narrow passages and dark stairs, to the muniment room.

In that apartment sat the appellant to one of the most celebrated 'peerage cases' of the present century. He was surrounded on all sides by deeds, family registers, and county 'histories,' still intent on an object which had employed his energies and his means from the day he became of age to the present, despite the utter futility of his labours. Charles embraced his uncle with the warmth of true affection, and the old man received him with a degree of pride almost amounting to exultation. Kennedy was an orphan, the last existing representative of his ancient lineage, and the natural affection which the old man felt was increased a hundredfold on that account. Charles sat with his uncle till a late hour, recounting his Eastern adventures; but cautiously abstained from alluding at present to the decay of the estate, or to the terrible cotton-mill.

About a week after his arrival, Kennedy was strolling beside his favourite brook. He was deeply musing on a consultation with his uncle, from which he had just risen, and grieving at the firm hold family pride had taken in the old man's mind. He had seated himself on a bank which, being at some distance from the new factory, had remained undisturbed by plans of the engineer or the spade of the excavator. He was comparing the scene as it existed in his nonage with its altered, and, in his view, ruined appearance, when, amongst other objects quite novel to the scene, he espied between the trees a fluttering ribbon. On nearer examination, he perceived that this delicate pennon waved from a bonnet, which surmounted the half-concealed person of one of the loveliest young ladies he had ever beheld. She was seated on a camp-stool amidst a thick plantation of shrubs, sketching so busily, that she did not perceive she was being overlooked. Kennedy's nearer approach, however, undeceived her; she looked up, and without betraying the smallest alarm or embarrassment, asked him what o'clock it was? Charles answered, apologising in the same breath for having disturbed her. 'Nay,' replied the damsel, 'it is I who ought to ask pardon—I am trespassing.' Kennedy begged she would not deem herself an intruder; she was extremely welcome to the use of any part of Crumble Park. 'Really,' thought the young lady, resuming her drawing as she cast a furtive glance at the shooting-jacket Kennedy wore, 'this is one of the best-bred gamekeepers I ever met with. Have you much game in these preserves?' she inquired aloud, going on with her sketch quite unconcernedly.

'I have seen very little yet.'

'Perhaps you have not been long in this place?'

'Exactly a week.' A pause ensued; the young lady went on 'washing in' a bit of the waterfall made by the weir which she was copying, the young gentleman thinking all the time that she was, in spite of her great beauty, by no means the most retiring young lady he had ever met with. The pause continued to rather an unpleasant length, and Charles was on the point of soliciting a glance at the drawing, when the lovely artist looked up abruptly from her picture, and said with the utmost *naïveté*, 'I wish you would do me a favour. I find my sketch wants animation, and a gamekeeper in the foreground would improve it wonderfully; now, *would* you kindly stand just at that turn of the brook where the bulrushes are? for I always sketch from nature when possible. But you have not got your gun. Well, never mind; take my parasol!' Charles almost mechanically did as he was bid. 'Thank you,' exclaimed the young lady when he had got into position; 'that will do very well, if you will be good enough to lay the gun across your arm.' Charles obeyed her command as well as the parasol would allow, and stood for some minutes in the most picturesque attitude he could assume, wondering what was to come next.

Had he known what was really in store for him, he would not have remained so long where he was. Placed with his back to his new acquaintance, his eyes were turned towards the dam, which he had just time to perceive had not been very securely constructed. The thought had scarcely crossed him, ere a rushing noise warned him of an approaching danger. He had just time to step back and clasp the girl in his arms, when the dam gave way; and the waters with unresisted impulse burst over the very spot where he and his companion were standing! He seized with one arm the trunk of a tree, hoping to hold his fair charge in the other till the shock of the waters had passed. But the torrent was too powerful; it swept all before it. The tree to which he clung was uprooted, and the whole mass with its living freight floated rapidly down the stream. Kennedy, though separated from his lovely burden by the shock, called to her to keep fast hold of the tree. His warning was useless,

for when he was again able to look around, she had disappeared. By a strong effort he clutched, in passing, the bough of an overhanging tree, and thus stopped his own dangerous career. He strained his eyes in the hope of seeing his companion, and presently perceived her struggling to free herself from a quantity of floating foliage in which she was entangled. Kennedy dared not move to her rescue, lest the whole mass should disengage itself before he could reach the spot where it had stopped. It was lucky he did not, for in another instant it swam rapidly towards him. As it passed the tree to which Charles clung, he seized the dress of the girl, and by a violent effort succeeded in staying her further progress, and in keeping her head above water. Presently his cries for assistance brought several workmen from the mill, and the young lady and her preserver were dragged safely to land.

The female was to all appearance drowned. Her features were pale and calm as death; her pulsation was imperceptible; her arms were rigid. In this state she was hastily carried to Crumble Hall.

Charles rapidly preceded her, and, without regard to his own condition, gave such orders as enabled the old female domestic, who was Penthouse's only remaining fellow-servant, to get a room ready for the reception of the stranger. Luckily, the rumour of the accident brought the village doctor to the spot. Under his directions the sufferer was placed in bed, and every means were used to restore animation that skill and experience could suggest.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR WAKEFIELD.

About ten months ago the British public were surprised and grieved at the news of a dreadful massacre of English colonists at New Zealand, by the natives of that country. Amongst the victims was Captain Arthur Wakefield, emigration agent at the Nelson settlement, whose memoirs we are now enabled to lay before our readers from a private and authentic source.

Arthur Wakefield—the son of an opulent yeoman in Essex—was born in the year 1800, and at the age of ten was selected by the enterprising Captain Beaver, after his return from Africa,* as one of his probationary midshipmen (then technically called 'young gentlemen,' but now naval cadets) in the frigate Nisus. At the Cape of Good Hope, the young naval aspirant had the misfortune to lose his patron, who died in consequence of the injuries his constitution sustained on the western shores of Africa. The late Sir Charles Schomberg succeeded to the command, and brought the ship home. How young Arthur Wakefield acquitted himself on the voyage, may be judged of from the following anecdote:—On returning, his father solicited Captain Brenton (the friend and secretary of the Earl St Vincent) to appoint his son to the Spartan, which Brenton commanded; and, for the purpose of getting the appointment confirmed, all three travelled up to London. In the hall of the Admiralty stood Captain Schomberg. Mr Wakefield having detailed the arrangements which had been made, Schomberg turned round sharply to Brenton, and said, 'You shall not have him. As long as I have a pendant flying, Arthur shall be one of my midshipmen.' The consequence was, that he was retained on board the Nisus, under his old commander. Circumstances, however, afterwards obliged him to exchange into the Hebrus, in which vessel he served at the battle of Bladensberg with so much distinction, that he was approvingly named in the extraordinary gazette announcing the victory—it not being usual to mention officers in the grade of midshipmen at all, unless their conduct had been unusually praiseworthy. He was also present at the siege of Algiers, doing the responsible duty of midshipman of the signals.

After this event, there being a general peace, Mr Arthur Wakefield went to France to acquire the French language, and to pursue other studies; but he was speedily recalled by the distinguished appointment of flag-midshipman to Sir George Campbell, who had become port-admiral of Portsmouth. He next served under Sir Thomas Hardy as his aide-de-camp in the Spanish colonies of South America. When at Valparaiso, he was promoted, and returned home as third lieutenant of the Superb.

While on shore, he happened to attend a public dinner of the Merchant Seaman's Society, at which a minister of state spoke with undeserved praise of the build and efficiency of the mercantile navy. On returning, Wakefield told his father that 'he had never heard such nonsense in his life;' for the fiscal regulations by which the builders of trading vessels were tied down, rendered them, as a fleet, the worst craft in the world. His father recommended him to place his ideas on paper. Lieutenant Wakefield did as recommended, and the paper was read to the Earl St Vincent, at whose house —Rochets—he was a constant visitor. The old admiral was struck by the force of the facts and reasonings, and advised its publication. The advice was taken, and the lieutenant's ideas were put forth in a pamphlet, the appearance of which is said to have originated those alterations in the specified build of merchant ships which have since so materially improved them. This was in 1825, and soon after, young Wakefield was appointed to the Blazer, destined once more for Spanish America.

He had not long departed before his father happened to call on the Earl St Vincent. To his grief, he heard that his lordship was in all probability dying. Mr Wakefield was nevertheless announced to him, and his reply was singularly characteristic. The attendant was desired to advise the visitor to 'let his son keep at sea, and *live upon his pay!*'* These were amongst the last words which the aged veteran spoke. The Blazer returned to England, for the purpose of taking out those celebrated but unfortunate African travellers, Clapperton, Denham, and the son of Mungo Park, with their attendants, the brothers Lander. On arriving off the African coast, Lieutenant Wakefield left the Blazer to take the command of the Conflict sloop, in which he remained during five years, performing signal services in her, in the capture of slavers. The Conflict was paid off in February 1828. By this time, his father having retired from Sussex to reside in France, Arthur Wakefield joined him, inspecting the most celebrated dockyards belonging to the country; but he was not long away from the service he so ardently loved. At the close of the same year he joined the Rose as senior lieutenant, and a short time later, was promoted to the rank of captain. We must, however, pass over the rest of his naval adventures—as being interesting only to professional persons—that we may arrive at his last unfortunate venture, the end of which deprived him of life, and joined his name with one of the most painful catastrophes which the modern history of colonisation affords.

Some years ago Mr Edward Gibbon, brother to Captain, Wakefield, proposed a plan by which, with a judicious combination of land, capital, and labour, a colony might be established without any cost to the mother country. This plan was not only taken up by a company established for colonising New Zealand, but was patronised by the colonial department of the British government. Already two important settlements (Wellington and Port Nicholson) had been made in New Zealand, under the direction of a governor and a regular staff of officials, sent out upon the old plan of colonis-

* Captain Beaver was amongst the first who attempted to fix a colony on the western coast of Africa. He chose the island of Buluma, and went out, fully equipped, with every requisite and seventy colonists. All, however, except Beaver and another, fell victims to the pestiferous climate to which so many succeeding adventurers have been sacrificed.

* See the Life of the Earl St Vincent, No. 44, p. 284.

ing; but in the year 1841, arrangements were made by the New Zealand Company with the colonial office for an additional tract of land, on which was to be formed a third settlement, under the superintendence of Captain Arthur Wakefield. Accordingly, he sailed in the ship Whitby, with an efficient body of colonists, and arrived safely, in October, at the desired locality in New Zealand. Very formidable difficulties presented themselves the moment the party landed. A misunderstanding existed respecting the terms upon which the land had been granted, first, between the British government and the New Zealand Company; next, between the home authorities and the local government at Wellington; and thirdly, between the latter, the natives of the district, and the new comers! Amidst this complication of difficulties, however, Wakefield managed to establish the colony of Nelson, which, however, the local authorities refused to acknowledge otherwise than by sending a custom-house officer to collect taxes for its own support. Perseverance conquered; and although constantly involved in disputes with the natives, and squabbles with the British governor, Captain Wakefield, ably seconded by the settlers—who, one and all, admired and esteemed him—pursued the even tenor of his colonising way. When the little town had been formed with hastily-constructed and slender habitations, the editor of a colonial newspaper drew the following picture of his manners and exertions:—'At early morning, he chatted with natives who gathered round his door, the result being generally a gift of a blanket, or payment of a promised bag of flour or sugar, or some old vestment. In his daily progress from the port to the town, he stopped at every other step; listening patiently to all sorts of unreasonable complaints and unreasonable requests; digging his stick in the ground, or taking a pinch of snuff, the only symptoms of emotion shown: now making some little job of work for this man on his own account, or putting down another's name for the company's employ: here advising with a new comer as to the best employment of his capital; there anxious to learn from a country settler the state of his crops, and all the details of his progress: now disentangling with the newspaper editor some puzzling problem of colonisation, with its intricate, ever-varying, yet mutually dependent elements; then interesting himself in some old woman's fresh litter of pigs, or cabbage, the pride of her heart: discussing with this man the run of a new boat; with that the practicability of a plan for working the flax plant: assisting every rational enterprise, dispelling every faint-hearted misgiving with money, where possible—with countenance and kindness, where not; ever less anxious to lead than to suggest and assist: now at a public meeting speaking calmly, earnestly, rationally; now helping to organise a literary or agricultural society, or visiting or superintending a children's school: quietly superintending the gradual organisation of a new community, helping it forward when impeded, clearing the way for its self-development, rather than attempting to construct it on preconceived designs or systematised formulas: he was by nature cut out for the founder of a colony—for a leader of men.'

Captain Wakefield steadily pursued the line of conduct above-described, till the setting out of an unfortunate surveying expedition to Wairau, a district on a river of the same name, near Cloudy Bay, about seventy miles from Nelson. The operations of the surveyors were opposed by the natives, headed by their chief, Rauparaha, in consequence of the undefined nature of the negotiations which had been made concerning the purchase of land, to which Captain Wakefield's colonists laid claim on the one hand, whilst Rauparaha was unwilling to cede it on the other. The first hostility was shown by the natives burning one of the surveying huts. On hearing this, Captain Wakefield, several gentlemen belonging to Nelson, the crown prosecutor, an interpreter, four constables, and twenty-two men, proceeded to Wairau to take Rauparaha into custody for the offence he had committed. They landed on Friday the 16th June 1843, and went five miles up the river, either marching or in boats, the storekeeper having served out muskets, bayonets, pistols, swords, and cutlasses. At night they slept in a wood; and having gone four miles further up the river, on the 17th they found the natives, or 'Maories,' posted on its left bank, and on the right bank of a deep unfordable rivulet, thirty feet wide, which flowed into the Wairau. There were eighty or ninety native men, forty of whom were armed with muskets, besides women and children. They occupied about a quarter of an acre of cleared ground, with a dense thicket behind them. The British placed themselves on the right bank of the rivulet, and were formed into two separate bodies under Captain England and Mr Howard, the men being ordered not to interfere until directed. At the request of the magistrate, the natives placed a canoe across the rivulet to serve for a bridge, and some of the gentlemen, the interpreter, and the constables, crossed over, and entered into a parley. Captain Wakefield, and two of his companions, walked backwards and forwards for nearly half an hour with the natives, apparently in a friendly manner. Mr Thomson (the magistrate) then showed his warrant, directing the constable to execute it on Rauparaha, and instructing the interpreter to explain the meaning of it. Mr Thomson also stated that he was 'the queen's representative;' that that (pointing to the warrant) was the queen's book; that Rauparaha must go on board the brig with the constable; that it was for burning Mr Cotterell's house, and had nothing to do with the land question. Rauparaha told them to sit down and talk, and not make a fight. The warrant was presented to the chief two or three times, and on each occasion about sixteen natives, who had been sitting, sprung upon their feet, and leveled their muskets at the Europeans. Mr Thomson then inquired of Rauparaha whether he would come or not; to which he replied he would not. The magistrate then said if he would not go he would make him. Rauparaha still refusing, Mr Thomson, pointing to the Europeans, said, 'There is the armed force, and they shall fire upon you all if you won't go.' The discussion then became violent. Captain Wakefield placed a canoe across the stream for a bridge, and finding prompt measures necessary, gave the word, 'Englishmen, forward.' A few of them had entered the canoe when a shot was fired, whether by accident or design is not clear, neither is it certain on which side, but there is reason to think it was on the side of the Europeans. Upon this the firing immediately became general on both sides, and Captain Wakefield was obliged to order the British to retreat up the hill, and form on the brow. The greater number, however, did not halt at all, but fled round the hill, and escaped. At each step in the ascent Captain Wakefield attempted to rally the fugitives. But, although an irregular firing was kept up, the Europeans continued their retreat. Captain Wakefield, finding it impossible to rally the men, ordered those who remained to lay down their arms and surrender. A white handkerchief was held up, and the interpreter called to the Maories, 'Leave off; enough!' When signals of surrender had been made, one or two Maories also threw down their weapons, and advanced with their arms stretched out in token of reconciliation. The chief's son-in-law, who had just discovered that his wife had been shot by a chance ball, came up, crying, 'Rauparaha, remember your daughter.' Upon this Captain Wakefield and his companions, though they had peacefully surrendered, were set upon and inhumanly slaughtered.

When the news of this melancholy catastrophe reached the settlement, a party was sent back to inter the bodies. To them the chief behaved peacefully, and declared 'that they (the natives) had no intention to fight: that it was the wrath of the Europeans that made them fight; that the Europeans had fired upon them, and one or two of their number had fallen before they began to fight; and that it was not until the woman was shot that "they

began to seek for payment" (revenge).' The rites of sepulture were performed, with the full concurrence of the natives, on the spot where the captain and his friends had fallen.

Thus perished a brave officer and most persevering colonist at the comparatively early age of forty-three. His death must be attributed solely to the want of a common understanding between the local government and the parties whose agent he was. To permit a body of colonists to go to the antipodes, under the supposition that the tenure of land they are about to occupy has been effectually secured, when such is not the case, is—from whatever cause it may arise—reprehensible in the highest degree. To such a loose and improper system many private fortunes, and at least one valuable life, have already been sacrificed, while the principle of colonisation has been seriously damaged. In this, as in other branches of colonial affairs, the public and the government seem to be at issue, every wish on the part of proposing emigrants to settle on the crown lands of the colonies being, to all appearance, unwarrantably thwarted by a power which looks with jealousy on such a movement, and which impedes, more than it facilitates, the relief of the labour market by emigration. The lamentable massacre of Captain Wakefield and his companions is unquestionably traceable to this cause, and ought to teach—if anything can—that the time for a thorough revisal of the colonial emigration system has arrived.

BIRD-ARCHITECTURE.

The architecture of nests is one of the most curious features in the history of the lower animals. Mammalia which bring forth their young in a perfect state, as the horse, ox, sheep, &c. prepare no shelter for them; but many mammalia do; and the nests of the rabbit, hedgehog, and field-mouse, are even more perfectly constructed than those of many birds. The majority of fishes simply drop their spawn, and with this ceases their parental relation; but others, like the salmon, carefully scoop out a nest in some sheltered channel, deposit their roe, cover it, and linger about the locality with a seemingly parental anxiety. Many insects drop their eggs in particular places, but know or care no further for their young as they pass through their various metamorphoses; but others construct warm and sheltered nests; and some, like the ant and bee, watch and defend their larvæ with unparalleled care. Birds, however, are the nest architects *par excellence:* all of them construct nursing places more or less perfect—a condition inevitably imposed upon them by their mode of generation. But just as in the other animals we find only some constructing shelters for their young, so among birds we find this operation more or less perfectly performed. The Insessorial or perching birds may be considered as the typical nest-builders; and from them downwards, the faculty seems to diminish, till we find, among some of the Rasores, a mere hollow scratched in the bare ground, without the aid of any foreign material, without any regard even to form. There is scarcely a wider difference between the nest of the field-mouse and the simple lair of the wild-deer, than there is between the nest of the tom-tit and the rude hollow of the partridge, or the still ruder one of the African ostrich. The cow makes no artificial shelter for her calf, neither does the ostrich for her brood: most nests are intended not only for incubation, but for shelter to the young; while many, as that of the partridge, serves merely for incubation—the pullets running about as soon as they leave the shell, and obtaining their subsequent shelter under the wing of the parent. There can thus be traced in the architecture of the lower animals gradations in each class, and a beautiful affiliation between all of them, similar to that which naturalists have traced in their bodily structure and modes of life.

Among highly civilised races of men, habitations are reared with a regard to permanency; among barbarian and roaming tribes the object is temporary, and the erection intended to exist so long as the means of subsistence are found in the neighbourhood. Among the lower animals a similar feature seems to manifest itself. The ant, rabbit, prairie-dog, and beaver, inhabit structures at all seasons, and generally cling to their hills, burrows, and dams, as long as they can find food at a convenient distance. With most animals, however, the objects of architecture are temporary, generally limited to the period of reproduction. This is peculiarly the case with birds; and though the eagle may use the same eyry for generations, and the rook seek the same woods periodically for centuries, yet with most of the feathered tribes the nest is only used for incubation and nursing. The little songster, that will spend weeks in the construction of a warm and delicate abode for its future young, seeks no other shelter for itself throughout the rest of the year than what the boughs, and rocks, and crevices may afford. So soon, however, as the season returns, it betakes itself to the woods and solitudes, rears its tiny structure, brings forth and nurses its young—and all this under the operation of a law as undeviating as gravitation, but of which we only know by its effects. The widowed male and unwedded female go through the same operation—the former building his nest because he cannot resist the impulses of his organisation, and the latter building, and laying, and sitting upon her eggs, through the same influence. Again, various families build various sorts of nests—some ingenious and compact, others rude and ill-assorted; but generally following the law, that where the structure is to be used for incubation and nursing, it is durable and compact, where only for incubation, it is of the simplest structure. Further, birds of the same species or genus build nests having a great family resemblance, and scarcely to be mistaken; though there may exist individual differences, according to situation and the nature of the building materials at hand. This faculty of nest-building in birds has been called *instinct; reason*, however, would be a more appropriate term; for there is as decided a display of reasoning powers in the choice of a concealed retreat, in the selection of building materials that will resemble the colour of the locality, in the omission of certain parts where they are not needed, or in the adoption of others where they are required, as there is reason in the savage placing his hut under the shelter of a rock, turning its front to the sun, or narrowing its aperture to render the inside warm, and make it less pervious to the attacks of wild beasts. If birds make no progress in architecture from age to age, it is that they soon arrive at the maximum development of their mental powers, and that they have not the faculty of recording their experience. These powers, however, are the result of organisation, and the use and application of them constitutes reason in its kind.

Upon whatever powers the faculty of nest-building may depend, the results produced afford wide scope for observation and pleasant reflection. There is scarcely a more attractive subject within the range of natural history; and we are gratified to perceive Mr Knight devoting one of his weekly volumes to a reprint of Mr Rennie's entertaining little work on the subject.* Mr Rennie's compilation—for it is more a collection of the observations of others than an original inquiry—is quite such a work as is calculated to find favour with young and miscellaneous readers. It is light, diffuse, and gossiping; aiming at accuracy, yet never forbidding by any dry or stern abstractions. The arrangement of the subject is very obvious, and one that must be intelligible to every reader, however ignorant he may be of the science of ornithology. The form and structure of the nest constitute the basis of classification, and that without any reference to the natural order or family of the builder. Thus we have 'mining-birds,' or such as dig

* Bird-Architecture. By James Rennie, A.M. London: Charles Knight: 1844.

burrows for the nestling of their young; 'ground-builders,' which merely scrape a hollow in the exposed surface; 'mason-birds,' that build nests of clay and mud; 'carpenter-birds,' that hew out chambers in decayed trees; 'basket-makers,' that construct cradles of twigs and branches; 'weavers,' that weave a compact fabric of moss and wool; 'tailor-birds,' that actually sew leaves together with the artistical skill of a Stultz; and many others, all constructing fabrics the most perfectly adapted for the object intended. Mr Rennie gives several examples under each head, notices the deviations which situation and climate occasionally give rise to, and generally mentions some anecdote calculated to win the attention, and thereby to fix the facts on the memory of his readers. We shall glean a few examples from his pages, illustrative of the arrangement above alluded to:—

Among *mining-birds*, the bank swallow is perhaps the best known to ordinary readers; but we select the puffin, a diving-bird, remarkable for the singular form of its bill, which resembles two very short blades of a knife applied one against the other by the edge, so as to form a sort of triangle, but longer than it is broad, and channeled transversely with three or four little furrows near the point. 'In the breeding season, numerous troops of them visit several places on our coasts, particularly the small island of Priestholm, near Anglesey, which might well be called puffin-land, as the whole surface appears literally covered with them. Soon after their arrival in May, they prepare for breeding, and it is said the male, contrary to the usual economy of birds, undertakes the hardest part of the labour. He begins by scraping up a hole in the sand not far from the shore; and after having got to some depth, he throws himself on his back, and with his powerful bill as a digger, and his broad feet to remove the rubbish, he excavates a burrow, with several windings and turnings, from eight to ten feet deep. He prefers, where he can find a stone, to dig under it, in order that his retreat may be more securely fortified. Whilst thus employed, the birds are so intent upon their work, that they are easily caught by the hand.

'This bird, like others which burrow in similar localities, is accused of dispossessing the rabbits, the legitimate proprietors of the soil, and even of killing and devouring their young. But it would require more authentic testimony than we have yet met with to convince us of this alleged robbery; the only apparent evidence being, that they are found burrowing *along with* rabbits in similar holes. If the puffin, however, is really a robber of rabbit-burrows, it is too formidably armed to allow of retaliation with impunity, and few birds or beasts venture to attack it in its retreat. Sometimes, however, as Jacobson tells us, the raven makes bold to offer battle; but as soon as he approaches, the puffin catches him under the throat with her beak, and sticks her claws into his breast, till he screams out with pain, and tries to get away; but the puffin keeps fast hold of him, and tumbles him about, till both frequently fall into the sea, where the raven is drowned, and the puffin returns in triumph to her nest. But should the raven at the first onset get hold of the puffin's neck, he generally comes off victorious, kills the mother, and feasts on her eggs or her young.'

Ground-builders, so well illustrated by the partridge, are rife around us; but perhaps none of them possess the same interest as the eider-duck, which yields the valuable down of commerce. 'It is not generally known, we believe, that any other bird thus robs herself of her own covering from maternal affection, besides the eider-duck, whose celebrity requires us to bestow upon it particular attention. For size, it approaches nearer to the goose than the duck, being above two feet long, and weighing about seven pounds. Its native country extends from about 45 degrees north to the highest arctic latitudes hitherto explored, both in Europe and America—the Farn Isles, off the coast of Northumberland, and the rocky islets beyond Portland, in the district of Maine, being the southern boundary of their breeding places; but they are only very plentiful in Behring's Straits, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, and other arctic regions. Selby, however, thinks that they might be greatly increased in the Farn Islands by proper attention.

'According to M. T. Brunnich, who wrote an express treatise on the natural history of the eider-duck, their first object, after pairing, is to procure a suitable place for their nest, preferring the shelter of a juniper-bush where it can be had, and where there is no juniper, contenting themselves with tufts of sea-grass, bundles of sea-weed cast up by the tide, the crevices of rocks, or any hollow place which they can find. Some of the Icelandic proprietors of breeding-grounds, in order to accommodate them, cut out holes in rows on the smooth sloping banks, where they would not otherwise build, but of which they gladly take possession when thus scooped out. It is not a little remarkable that, like several other sea-birds, they almost always select small islands, their nests being seldom if ever found on the shores of the mainland, or even of a large island. The Icelanders are so well aware of this, that they have expended a great deal of labour in actually forming islands, by separating from the main island certain promontories joined to it by narrow isthmuses.

'Both the male and the female eider-ducks work in concert in building their nest, laying a rather coarse foundation of drift grass, dry tangle, and sea-weed, which is collected in some quantity. Upon this rough mattress the female eider spreads a bed of the finest down plucked from her own breast, and by no means sparingly, but, as Brunnich informs us, heaping it up, so as to form a thick puffed roll quite round the nest. When she is compelled to go in quest of food, after beginning to sit, she carefully turns this marginal roll of down over the eggs, to keep them warm till her return. Martens says she mixes the down with moss; but as this is not recorded by any other observer, we think it is not a little doubtful, particularly as, in the places chosen for nestling, she would find it no easy matter to procure moss. It is worthy of remark, that though the eider-duck lays only five or six eggs, "it is not uncommon to find more than even ten and upwards in the same nest, occupied by two females, which live together in perfect concord."

'The quantity of down in each nest is said by Van Troil to be about half a pound, which, by cleaning, is reduced one half. By Pennant, who examined the eider's nests in the Farn Islands, off Northumberland, it is only estimated, when cleaned, at three-quarters of an ounce, and this was so elastic, as to fill the crown of the largest hat. The difference of quantity in these two accounts, theoretically ascribed by the translators of Buffon to difference of climate, may have arisen from the one being the first, and the other the second or third nest of the mother duck; for if the first nest be plundered of its down, though she immediately builds a second, she cannot furnish it with the same quantity as before; and if forced to build a third time, having then stripped her breast of all she could spare, the male is said to furnish what is wanting, which is recognised as being considerably whiter than the female's. When the nest is not robbed, it is said that he furnishes none.

'The down taken from the nests becomes a valuable article of commerce, being sold, when cleaned, for three rix-dollars (twelve shillings) a pound. In 1750, the Icelandic company sold down amounting in value to about L.850, besides what was sent directly to Gluckstadt. Little or none of it is used in the country where it is found. In that rough climate, as Buffon remarks, the hardy hunter, clothed in a bear-skin cloak, enjoys in his solitary hut a peaceful, perhaps a profound sleep, while, in polished nations, the man of ambition, stretched upon a bed of eider-down, and under a gilded roof, seeks in vain to procure the sweets of repose.'

Of *mason-birds*, the common window-swallow is one of the best, as it is one of the most familiar examples; and

yet much ignorance prevails regarding its mode of procedure. 'According to the theory,' says Mr Rennie, 'that men acquired their first notions of architecture from birds, we are told that Doxius, the inventor of clay houses, took the hint from swallows; and Aristotle thinks there is more ingenuity displayed in the construction of these nests than in some of the greater efforts of human intelligence. We cannot, however, give the swallows the credit of one feat of contrivance which we find echoed from one author to another, from Pliny, Plutarch, and St Basil, down to the Abbé de la Pluche and Mrs Charlotte Smith. "It is curious," says the latter, as if from personal remark, "to observe them dipping their breasts swiftly into pools, and then immediately resorting to their nests to temper the mortar with the moisture." "I have frequently seen from my window," says the Abbé, "the swallow either beginning or repairing her nest, which is a structure entirely different from all others. She wants neither wood, nor hay, nor bands, but knows how to make a kind of plaster, or rather cement, with which she erects a dwelling equally secure and convenient for herself and all her family. She has no vessels to receive the water she uses, nor a barrow to convey her sand, nor a shovel to mix her mortar; but I have seen her pass and repass over the basin in the parterre: she raises her wings, and wets her breast on the surface of the water, after which she sheds the dew over the dust, and then tempers and works it up with her bill." Goldsmith also says, "The nest is built with mud from some neighbouring brook, well-tempered with the bill moistened with water, for the better adhesion." The ancient account of the swallow's nest, given by Pliny, runs thus: "Surely in no one thing is the wit of silly birds more admirable. The swallows frame their nests of clay and earth, but they strengthen and make them fast with straw. In case at any time they cannot meet with soft and tough clay, for want thereof they drench and wet their feathers with good store of water, and then bestrew them over with dust."

'However plausible these several modes of making building-mortar may appear, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be altogether fabulous. Swallows, we admit, may be frequently seen both drinking and washing on the wing, and also collecting mud from cart-ruts and other places. But they never carry water in their bills or on their feathers. They are incapable of performing either operation, for they want the necessary muscles to carry water in their mouths, as we can do, and whatever water might adhere to their feathers, would be instantly shaken off in flying; for, according to our observations, it runs off from them as it does from the feathers of ducks and other waterfowl. Besides, their inability to find materials sufficiently moist, is a supposition altogether improbable, with respect to a bird of such powerful wing, whose flight is so excursive, and usually in the vicinity of water.

'That some liquid is requisite, however, to make their mortar more adhesive, will be evident to any person who will take the trouble of picking up a little mud from the same place where the swallows collect it, and endeavour to make it adhere to a wall as they do their nests. We have more than once tried such an experiment without success. We have further ascertained, by examining nests during the process of building, that the portion of clay just added is considerably more moist than that of the ruts from which it has been taken. The natural conclusion is, that the swallows employ some salivary fluid besides the water which may be in the mud. That this is the fact, and not a fancy, we shall find numerous occasions to prove as we proceed. That the bird moistens the clay with saliva, is confirmed by anatomical examination, the presence of large salivary glands being shown upon dissection.'

Come we next to *carpenters;* and of these Wilson's account of the golden-winged woodpecker is equally graphic and illustrative:—'About the middle of May,' says he, 'the male and female look out for a suitable place for the reception of their eggs and young. An apple, pear, or cherry-tree, often in the near neighbourhood of the farm-house, is generally pitched upon for this purpose. The tree is minutely reconnoitred for several days previous to the operation, and the work is first begun by the male, who cuts out a hole in the solid wood, as circular as if described with a pair of compasses. He is occasionally relieved by the female, both parties working with the most indefatigable diligence. The direction of the whole, if made in the body of the tree, is generally downwards, by an angle of thirty or forty degrees, for the distance of six or eight inches, and then straight down for ten or twelve more; within, roomy, capacious, and as smooth as if polished by the cabinetmaker; but the entrance is judiciously left just so large as to admit the body of the owner. During this labour they regularly carry out the chips, often strewing them at a distance to prevent suspicion. This operation sometimes occupies the chief part of a week. The female, before she begins to lay, often visits the place, passes out and in, examines every part, both of the exterior and interior, with great attention, as every prudent tenant of a new house ought to do, and at length takes complete possession. The eggs are generally six, pure white, and laid on the smooth bottom of the cavity.'

The *platform-builders* are well represented by the common ring-dove and wood-pigeon, the eagle, osprey, stork, heron, and the like; the *basket-makers* by the jay, rook, and grosbeaks, the latter of which form their nests in a very ingenious manner. They are formed by long grass woven together in the shape of a bottle, and suspended, neck downwards, from the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, squirrels, and birds of prey. These nests contain several apartments appropriated to different purposes; in one the hen performs the office of incubation; another, consisting of a little thatched roof, and covering a perch, without a bottom, is occupied by the male, who, with his chirping note, cheers the female during her maternal duties. Some of the grosbeaks even live in communities, erecting by their joint labours an enormous canopy among the boughs of some large tree, and building under this shelter their respective apartments! The *weavers* are numerous, and represented by those which weave their nests of moss, wool, and the like; the *felt-makers*, such as proceed a step further, like the common chaffinch, and form a felting of hair, &c. to line their structures; while the *tailors* outstrip even these in ingenuity, and absolutely sew and knit leaves and fibres together in such a manner, that one is almost tempted to join the American lady who once asked Wilson, half in jest and half in earnest, 'if it were not possible to learn these birds to darn stockings.' Many of these 'tailors' sew the leaves together merely for the purpose of concealing their nests, others suspend their knitted fabrics from twigs; but the tailor-bird of the East, says Darwin, 'will not trust its nest to the extremity of a tender twig, but makes one more advance to safety by fixing it to the leaf itself. It *picks up a dead leaf, and sews it to the side of a living one*, its slender bill being its needle, and its thread some fine fibres; the lining consists of feathers, gossamer, and down; its eggs are white; the colour of the bird light yellow; its length three inches; its weight three-sixteenths of an ounce; so that the materials of the nest and the weight of the bird are not likely to draw down a habitation so slightly suspended. A nest of this bird is preserved in the British Museum.'

After the tailors we have the *cementers* and *dome-builders*—the latter of which, as the wren, tom-tit, &c. carry the science (if we may so speak) of nest-building to perfection. In the nests of these we find not only concealment and stability, but a warmth and comfort unequalled—the whole structure resembling a hollow globe, to which admittance is gained by the narrowest possible entrance. Ingenious as all these builders, carpenters, weavers, and tailors are, there is a race still unnoticed,

which far excels them in subtilty and acumen, as they —like some among a higher class of bipeds—live gentlemen and ladies at large, making others do the drudgery of the nursery for them. These are *parasite birds*, represented by the cuckoo and cow-bunting, who, having studied the principle of *cui bono* with more policy than honesty, think others very well off if they have the honour of nursing their also about-to-be gentlemanly progeny.

But it is not only with the mere description of structures that Mr Rennie occupies his pages; there is much sound observation and pleasing anecdote relative to the habits and manners of the feathered races. To these, however, our space will not permit us to advert; but we can assure those who have a leisure hour to spend, and especially the young, that they will find in this little volume a perfect treasure of entertaining and instructive reading.

EFFECT OF CHEAP FARES.

A CORRESPONDENT of a daily newspaper furnishes some interesting information respecting the pleasure-trips between London and Gravesend, the cheapness of which brings them within the means of the industrious classes, who most need occasional relaxation and fresh air. To those unacquainted with that district of England, it may be necessary to state that Gravesend is a town situated about twenty-eight miles east from London, on the southern bank of the river Thames, near to its mouth. Its position is salubrious, and it boasts of an eminence which already rivals the celebrity of the far-famed Primrose-hill, to which the denizens of the metropolis were wont to repair before the mighty power of steam was employed to convey them to the more distant regions of Gravesend and 'Windmill-hill.' The little town is also provided with every requisite accommodation for temporary refreshment; one of the most extensive bathing-houses in England, and numerous machines for those who prefer a dip in the running stream, which is here slightly salted by its near neighbourhood to the sea. In short, no locality could possibly present a greater number of advantages to persons who, in search of change of scene and air, are obliged to crowd the largest share of enjoyment into the shortest space of time.

To show how eagerly the humbler classes seize opportunities of healthful enjoyment when they are offered, we need only state the following facts. It appears that for the last ten years the steamboats which have plied between London Bridge and Gravesend—belonging, as they do, to rival proprietary companies—have, from a spirit of competition, been gradually reducing their fares, till these have reached the minimum rates of 6d. for each passenger in the fore, and 9d. in the after-cabin, averaging about a farthing per mile. We learn that, during the four months between the 1st of June and the 30th of September 1844, no fewer than 1,546,923 passengers have been conveyed between the two places; a number exceeding three-fourths of the entire population of the great metropolis!* These facts also show the great utility of moderate competition and low fares, not only to the public, but to those who are generally supposed to suffer from them. It is understood that when the fares were treble and quadruple what they are at present, the affairs of the two great competing companies (known as the 'Star' and the 'Diamond') were in by no means a flourishing condition. But as rivalry gradually diminished the charges, so in an increased ratio was the passenger-traffic augmented; and so, of course, did the pecuniary concerns of each company flourish, till, finding themselves, as well as the public, gainers, they came to an amicable understanding, and so judiciously united their interests, as to enable them to fix permanently the fares at the minimum rate. New companies in the meantime started, who are now of course obliged to run their boats for the same fares. The money received, through the adoption of these low rates, by all the London and Gravesend steam-packets was, during the four months, L.49,952, 14s. 5d. By far the greater portion of this sum was received from decidedly the poorer classes of society; and to their credit be it stated, that—despite the occasional over-crowding of the vessels—the most prejudiced acknowledge that, considering the 'seas of heads' wandering about in so small a place at the same time, it was not possible for them to conduct themselves with greater regularity and decorum. It must, however, be evident that a limit ought to be placed by law to the number of passengers in each of these not very roomy boats; for sometimes 1200, and even 1500 persons, are known to have been carried at one trip. The great object to be attained is fresh air, and a large proportion of the congregated passengers are obliged to be stewed up in close cabins. Yet it appears that discomfort is the chief objection; for, strange as it may appear, accidents are rare; the whole million and a half of passengers were conveyed 'without one single accident occurring to human life. I think,' adds our authority, 'the public have cause for congratulation; and to the different companies the greatest credit is due for the care taken, and the extreme skilfulness displayed, in the management of their boats.'

We feel great pleasure in recording these facts, chiefly because they show to the steamboat, railroad, and other great conveyance companies, that low fares, while the means of indulging the hard-working classes with health and recreation, are, commercially speaking, decidedly profitable. The history of the well-managed Gravesend companies proves the fact. If that, however, should not be sufficiently convincing, a glance at the recent proceedings of the Brighton railway proprietary will substantiate it beyond question. Recently, the managers of that hitherto not very successful speculation have adopted the cheap excursion system, and with such success, that their affairs have improved to a degree which has proved highly satisfactory to the shareholders.

We may, in conclusion, state generally our opinion, that the great locomotive companies of this country have, up to the present time, acted too exclusively on the principle of making all their arrangements with the object of gaining the patronage of the few rich, instead of that of the many poor. They are, however, now beginning to learn that thirty shillings, paid out of thirty different leather pouches, are more valuable than a pound paid out of one silk purse.

* Which is not quite two millions. The number of passengers to Gravesend is easily ascertained from the circumstance of there being two piers at that place, for the use of which the steamboat proprietors pay a trifling poll-tax on each voyager.

RAG FAIR.

WE translate the following account of a curious corner of East London from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, adding such information of our own as may be necessary. The passage occurs in one of a series of articles by M. Léon Faucher, entitled Studies of England (*Etudes sur l'Angleterre*).

'At Whitechapel [near to which Rag Fair is situated], were it not for the incessant fog of the climate, one might fancy one's self in a southern city. The countenances met with have nothing English in them; the prevailing habits are those of Toledo Street, Naples, of the suburb of St John at Marseilles, or of the *Rue Mouffetaud* in Paris.' [This is accounted for by the number of foreigners and their descendants who reside in this quarter of London. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685, some thousands of Frenchmen settled in Spitalfields, which is close to Whitechapel, and commenced the silk manufactory, for which that parish is famous. Hosts of Italian and other foreign emigrants also crowd together in this quarter; which, being near the docks, is daily paraded by sailors from every port in

the world.] 'Most of the English live shut up in their houses, which are the castles of private life; but all the vagabond population of Whitechapel live in the streets. Merry-looking women are seated on the steps of the doors, or sew at the open windows, the better to see the passing crowd. Dealers in dressed food cook in the open air, so that the stench of vegetables and fish arising from their frying-pans fill the crossways. Fruit-sellers and old clothesmen solicit the passengers to buy their wares. The cries of hawkers, the sounds of conversation either carried on upon the pavement, or from window to window, the squalling of children, the songs bawled from the interior of public-houses—all forming a scene the southern gaiety of which bewilders the spectator, and almost makes him doubt that he is but a short distance from the Tower of London, and from the boundaries of the city.

'To form a perfect judgment of this population, it is necessary to visit the rag market, or, more properly, "Rag Fair." The place is still, and has been used as a rag market for more than a hundred and fifty years; for Daniel Defoe makes it the scene of the arrest of Colonel Jack, one of his heroes. In point of fact, the scenes which take place even now appear to belong to a time far remote from modern civilisation. The market is held in an open space between heaps of rubbish.' [Formerly, Rag Fair was nothing more than a street with houses on each side. A few years since, they were pulled down, and have not been rebuilt.] 'This open space is accessible through two narrow lanes. A covered shed occupies the middle; but the crowd of buyers and sellers which besieges it is so large, that most of the transactions are carried on outside. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon Rag Fair begins to get animated. Two or three thousand Jews spread themselves over the place, by turns buyers and sellers of the same articles.' [The visitor to any part of London will have remarked the constant cry of 'Clo! clo! clo!' (clothes), which assails his ears from early morning till mid-day. This proceeds entirely from the Jews who perambulate the town for the purpose of buying old clothes, rags, or anything for which they can find a market. Besides these, a vast number not only of Jews, but Jewesses, hawk about china, glass, &c. which they barter against cast-off garments. In the afternoon they all meet in Rag Fair, and make such purchases of or exchanges with their brethren as may be eventually profitable; for the Jew, besides seeking for old clothes, is constantly on the keen watch for new markets. If he find out, for instance, that an individual wants a particular article, he will get it for him, be it what it may. He goes to Rag Fair, first finds out who has got the merchandise he requires, and then learns the kind of things the holder of what he covets may happen to stand in need of. He then sets in motion an elaborate process of barter. Beginning with old clothes, he chops and changes one thing for another till he gets what he wants. Thus M. Faucher is right in saying that the Jews are in turn buyers and sellers of the same articles. But every transaction begins with old clothes, which may be said to be the currency of Rag Fair.]

'It is amusing to hear with what an earnest air, and in what pompous terms, they will vaunt the excellence of their miserable merchandise. "First-rate coat! superfine cloth!" cries one while holding up a great-coat worn threadbare at the seams, and which has passed from master to servant before falling into the Jew's bag. "Splendid hat!" bawls a second; "beautiful gown!" cries a third, displaying a faded silk dress which has served for three generations. All of these rags, however, have their price, and everything finds a purchaser. This sort of merchandise is piled up in cellars in the neighbourhood, thus transformed into rag warehouses.' [A vast quantity of tattered apparel is shipped for Ireland, the colonies, and other places. When the threads of the cloth can no longer be kept together, it is bought by the manufacturers of coarse papers.]

'The market price of rags has its rises and falls as well as that of corn or public securities. Like the former, the price depends on the abundance or rarity of the supply, and the merchants arriving every minute, bending under the weight of their enormous bags, vary the price of the *stock* at each instant. Though instances of dishonesty may be expected in such an assembly, yet they are extremely rare. Jews will not cheat one another.'

READING ALOUD IN WORKSHOPS.

THE following sensible and useful letter, from a working man in Dundee, is printed word for word as we received it:—

GENTLEMEN—Reading a few well-timed remarks in your Journal of yesterday (October 19) relative to the too much neglected, but necessary practice of reading aloud, has induced me to send you the following brief account of the system at present practised by the hacklers of Dundee (and the same may be said of the whole flax-dressing body throughout Scotland):—

Every large mill has one, two, three or more hackling-shops attached. Each shop, however limited the number of workmen employed, gets one local newspaper, and one Edinburgh, Glasgow, or London newspaper, the workmen appointing a man for collecting the subscriptions, and looking after the regularly receiving the papers. A little squabbling at times takes place about the propriety of ordering certain papers, the continuing or discontinuing them; but this is quickly settled by the *president** taking up the number of votes for each paper, the minority of course giving in to the majority; but in cases where the voting is nearly equal, the paper of each party is subscribed for alternately; and very often, when there are two-thirds of the workmen of any shop for one paper, and one-third for another, then one paper comes two weeks successively, and the paper of the other party comes once in three weeks. One shop also gives another shop papers in exchange; by this means it is no uncommon thing for a shop to have one paper for each day in the week, apart from cheap periodicals.

Each man is expected to read an equal share of any paper, whether he is pleased with it or not, so that the majority think it should be read; however, there is no compelling any one to read, and it is a very rare occurrence for any one to refuse. Should the shop be too large for some individuals being able to make themselves heard, then they must find some one else to read for them, which is easily done by working for the reader till he has read his column or share. After everything of any importance has been read, each workman generally gives his opinion upon this or that speech, town-council proceedings, &c. &c. I have often wished some of our worthy M.P.'s could just have heard a few of the unsophisticated remarks made upon some of their *rapturously-received* speeches; for in hackling-shops it is the *matter* of a speech that is looked to, not the language—the utility of a debate, not the length nor the cleverness displayed. By this means the flax-dressers, as a body, have become better informed than any other class of working-men, and, as a natural consequence, become more intelligent. Many who have learned the flax-dressing business, and could neither read nor write when they commenced, have, by means of reading aloud—that is, in hearing others read—have actually been forced through shame to learn what they might in all probability have remained ignorant of; and I have heard many a good reader boast that a few years ago he 'couldna' tell a B by a bull's foot!' It may be said by some that it would be a means of causing men to neglect their work, should reading in shops become general; but it is a remarkable fact, that in those hackling-shops where most papers or books are read, most work is done. The cost of the papers is a mere trifle, for each paper sells for at least two-thirds of its value; some of the workmen buying, reads for the evening, for the benefit of their families; and the paper altogether, when a few days old, to send to some distant friend; some papers sell for their full value. Your Journal in general brings from three-halfpence to twopence each week, so that a farthing or halfpenny is generally over, to help to make up the deficiency of something else. Were our wages a little better (and our masters tell us they could afford to

* Each hackling-shop has a president.

give more, but that they will only give us it if some one else does; none will make a beginning; we are against strikes, and our masters only laugh at us), and our workshops a little healthier*—our homes a little larger, and better furnished—I feel confident flax-dressers would be surpassed by no body of working men whatever for intelligence, information, cleanliness, and exemplary conduct. You can make what use of this you please. I am, gentlemen, your very obedient servant, WILLIAM HAY.

ORANGE GROVES OF ST MICHAEL.

The orange plantations or quintas of St Michael are of large extent, always encircled by a wall from fifteen to twenty feet high, and within a thick plantation-belt of the faya, cedar-tree, fern, birch, &c. to protect the orange-trees from the sea-breezes. The trees are propagated from shoots or layers, which are bent at the lower end into the ground, and covered with soil until roots begin to strike, when they are separated from the parent stem, and transplanted into a small excavated well about three feet deep (lined with pieces of lava, and surrounded at the top by plantations of laurel, young faya, and broom), until the tender orange-plants are sufficiently strong, at which period the plantations immediately round them are removed, and each plant begins to shoot up and flourish, after which no farther care is taken of it, beyond tarring occasionally the stem, to prevent injury by insects; and it in time spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut-tree. In this country it only requires seven years to bring an orange plantation to good bearing; and each tree, on arriving at full growth a few years after, will then annually, upon an average, produce from 12,000 to 16,000 oranges: a gentleman told me he had once gathered 26,000. The crops are purchased, previous to their arriving at a state of maturity, by the merchants, who ascertain the value of the year's probable produce through the medium of experienced men, and then make their offer accordingly. The men thus employed to value orange crops gain a livelihood thereby; and such is the skill whereto they attain, that by walking once through a plantation, and giving a general glance at the trees, they are enabled to state, with the most astonishing accuracy, on what number of boxes the merchant may calculate. It becomes, however, quite a matter of speculation to the purchaser, as orange crops are a very uncertain property, and subject to various casualties between the time they are thus valued and the gathering. For instance, a continuance of cold north or north-easterly wind will cut them off: a violent storm will sometimes lay the whole crop on the ground in a night; or it may be entirely destroyed by insects. Nothing can exceed the rich luxuriant appearance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months—namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees; and when the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood which is quite delicious.—*Boid's Western Islands.*

COMMON USE OF METALS.

If a convincing and familiar proof of the extensive application of the metals to the common purposes of life were required, we need only refer to the case of many a common cottager, who could not carry on his daily concerns and occupations without the assistance of several of these substances. He could not, for instance, make his larger purchases, nor pay his rent, without silver, gold, and copper. Without iron, he could neither dig, nor plough, nor reap; and, with respect to his habitation, there is scarcely a part of the structure itself, or of the furniture contained in it, which is not held together, to a greater or less extent, by means of the same metal; and many articles are either entirely of iron, or of iron partially and superficially coated with tin. Zinc, and copper, and antimony, and lead, and tin, are component parts of his pewter and brazen utensils. Quicksilver is a main ingredient in the metallic coating of his humble mirror: cobalt and platina, and metals perhaps more rare and costly than these, as chrome, are employed in the glazing of his drinking-cups and jugs. And, if he be the possessor of a fowling-piece, arsenic must be added to the foregoing list, as an ingredien in the shot with which he charges it; for it is arseni which enables the shot, during the process of its granula tion, to acquire that delicately spherical form by which i is characterised. So that of the whole number of metal made use of by society at large for common purpose amounting to no less than twenty, more than half of the are either directly used by the peasant, or enter into th composition of the furniture and implements employed b him.—*Kidd.*

* Hackling-shops are the most wretched-looking places you can have any idea of. There are a few exceptions.

I'LL LOVE NO MORE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

I'll love no more, said I, in sullen mood;
The world is wholly selfish, false, and vain;
The generous heart but courts ingratitude,
And friendship woos but insult and disdain:
Far from a cold and worthless world I'll haste,
Why should my best affections unrequited waste?

I fled the busy throng, and turned my feet
Where towering trees in sunny dells rejoice,
But all things seemed, amid my lone retreat,
To mourn my stern resolve, and chide my choice;
All urged me, so methought, to turn again,
And with a hopeful trust to love my fellow-men.

Above my head the branches fondly wreathed,
The social birds flew joyous to and fro,
The flowrets in each other's bosom breathed—
Nothing was lonely in its joy or wo;
Loving and loved, unvexed by wrath and strife,
Each felt, or seemed to feel, that love alone is life.

Even with the meanest and most hurtful things,
The sweetest flowers would fondly intertwine;
Around the thistle see the woodbine clings,
And 'neath the nightshade blooms the eglantine:
None was too worthless to be loved, and none
Too proud or falsely pure his brother to disown.

Shame on thee, sour mistrusting heart, I cried;
Back to thy fellows and to faith again;
In truth and love unwearicdly confide,
And let thy charity thy strength sustain:
Wouldst thou with foul distrust defile hope's spring,
Amid a loving world the sole unloving thing?

WASTE OF TIME.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors hav informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small ex penses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to con sider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall use less to the ground. An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—*Johnson.*

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

It is a great misfortune that people so commonly amuse themselves with idle and imaginary schemes, how they would behave, and what they would do, were they in such or such a situation. They would be very good and very exemplary were they very great, very learned, very wealthy, very retired, very old, and the like. But they neglect the gift which is in them, and the work which is appointed for them, while they are thinking of that which is not. Alas! that men's thoughts should be so taken up with dreams and reveries, how they would manage were they in another station, while the chief wisdom of life consists in the assiduous discharge of those duties which belong to their own proper calling.—*Tucker.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE ORR, Publisher, of 3, Amen Corner, at No. 2, AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of St Sepulchre, and in the city of London.—Saturday, November 23, 1844.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 48. New Series. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1844. Price 1½d.

NATIONAL REPROACHES ABOUT UNFORTUNATE MEN OF GENIUS.

It seems to be considered quite right and proper that the premature death of a man of poetical genius under the pressure of misfortune, should be laid to the charge of his country, as if the nation had been under a recognised moral obligation to nourish and support him. Thus Scotland is blamed for the fate of Burns; and thus England may in like manner be reproached for the tragic history of her Otway and her Chatterton, or for the more recent neglect experienced by Robert Bloomfield. We have long been convinced that there is some fallacy lurking here, and our opinion is confirmed by certain circumstances of comparatively recent occurrence.

It is certainly very striking that, in the cases of fortunate authors, the public at large is never seen to have been the source of the good fortune. Several poets, as Pope, Scott, Byron, have indeed realised considerable sums by the sale of their poems; but there an equivalent was given in the books. In some other instances, poets have had places and pensions; but there it was political interest which operated, and the fortunate son of the Muses was in no way distinguished from the herd of common men who live upon the public money with or without equivalents of service. What we mean is, that there is no case of the public coming forward and saying, 'You are a man of genius—we think you ought to be supported, and here is a living for you, that you may sing in ease and tranquillity.' In short, if literary men have ever enjoyed a subsistence equal to other men, it has not been from anything like a direct extension to them of public beneficence. The public, *as* a public, never makes the least interference in their behalf.

But, it will be said, 'The public does not need to interfere in the case of a man who enjoys a good living otherwise. It is only where there is a want, that it is called upon to come forward with its purse. And how often has it made subscriptions to succour both men of genius and their children, and other connexions?' Here, we say on the contrary, the public, as a public, does nothing. In all such cases, the beneficence comes from a limited number of individuals, whom it were almost as absurd to call the public, as it was to give the name of the People of England to the three tailors of Tooley Street. It is said, for instance, the public has placed the sister of Burns in comfort. But the rigid fact is, that this was done by about two hundred persons, being about the *one hundred and thirty-thousandth part* of the whole public—and these, as we happen to know well, were not in general the persons who might have been expected to contribute to such a fund: of the whole literary class in Edinburgh, for example, not one gave a shilling, or even answered the letters addressed to them on the subject. So also 'the public' has subscribed two thousand pounds to relieve the family of Mr Loudon from debt; the actual subscribers being probably not more in number than in the preceding instance.* John Clare, the most brilliant genius produced amongst the English peasantry, is supported by 'the public' in a lunatic asylum: for 'public' read 'two or three persons.' The English, as a public, have been utterly neglectful of this extraordinary man. Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, were all of them unendowed men of genius living in our own age, and what did the public do for them? It allowed the first to live in sole dependence upon a private gentleman, the second to drudge at a desk till he became entitled to a small pension from his employers, and the third to write the daily sheet for the daily subsistence, till he sunk into a premature grave. And when something *is* done for men of genius or their connexions, it is equally found that the merit of calling for, collecting, and bestowing it, is due to one or two individuals. The public allows the most piteous cases to pass unnoticed for years, although pretty fully apprised of them; and it is only when some single person of the requisite energy gives himself strenuously to the work, that the end is accomplished.

Now, if communities are in no case the benefactors of those authors who are fortunate, and never do anything whatever for necessitous literary men, or those connected with them, but leave all such good deeds to be done by a few individuals when they are to be done at all, there must be a fallacy in the outcry so invariably made when a particular case of poetical misery and death occurs. Why this outcry, when we ourselves are patiently seeing the system kept up by which such occurrences are inevitable? Why one nation taunt another, when it has made no provision to prevent the same occurrence falling in its own hands to-morrow? Why condemn a past age for the neglect of genius, when every day we are equally neglecting it? If in any one country under the sun there were public regulations insuring that men of genius should be well treated, then there might be some justice in twitting other countries with the want of such regulations. But while the whole matter is everywhere left, as it is, to mere chance, and the benevolent impulses of a very few persons, there can evidently be no rationality in such censure.

Granting that this point is established, it may be inquired how far it is *desirable*, and how far *possible*, to form systematic plans for a national succour and support to men of literary genius. It must at once occur

* And, after all, L.1600 of this incumbrance remains, weighing down the spirits and energies of an amiable woman, whose life has for years been devoted without the least intermission to task-work undertaken for the discharge of this debt.

that there would be great difficulty in making any just arrangement of the kind, seeing that it must after all be confided to men whose judgment would be liable to bias, and who might therefore misdirect the funds. It must equally be obvious that there is great danger in endowing men for a special exertion of their intellects, since they are by that very endowment deprived of all but a very abstract kind of motive for exertion. A poet who had been sufficiently tuneful in poverty, might become mute under the influence of a comfortable pension. It is, no doubt, hard to come to this conclusion, for we often see nothing apparently wanting but an independent aliment to enable highly gifted minds to apply to tasks of great public usefulness; yet there are so many instances of indolence being induced by such regular supplies, that there can be no doubt whatever of the natural tendency of such causes to produce such effects. There is, therefore, a general disinclination to hear of provision being made by the public for literary men; and we can have no room to expect that such an arrangement will ever become part of the policy of any state, however civilised.

What hope, then, is left for the sons of genius? Only that, we fear, which is left to all fortuneless men—to work out a subsistence for themselves by their own exertions. This they may do either by ordinary professions, or by the supply of that literature which will yield immediate profit, leaving the higher achievements of the intellect to moments of leisure. Talents suited for a high walk may thus be expended on a humble one; great works may be forbidden; and thus the public, as well as the man of genius, may suffer. But, on the other hand, it may be expected that a very forcible and true genius will be stimulated by the very difficulties in its path, and work a way through them. Powers of self-helpfulness will be evoked; the spirit of independence, being nourished, will give additional value and character to the productions of the intellect; and thus the public and the author himself, instead of losers, may be gainers. The relief of unfortunate men of genius, how is this to be effected? Let it be left, as heretofore, to the kindly impulses that are ever found in the breasts of some of those who become the immediate witnesses of distress. A case of neglect may now and then, from peculiar circumstances, occur; but some such exceptions of evil are to be looked for in all human affairs. We would expect, however, to see men of literary abilities hereafter much less needful of external aid of any kind than they have been in past ages. Their productions are amongst the necessaries of life in modern times, and their trade should therefore, in fair circumstances, be a good one. As their abilities, moreover, are superior to those of their fellow-creatures, so should they be more, instead of less, able to secure the means of keeping off want. It has ever been a prevailing sin of the literary class, fostered by the very cant which we aim at uprooting, to look to others for aid, to expect 'something to be done for them;' thus losing the benefit of their own inherent energies, and degrading that genius which it should be their aim to keep pure and unspotted from the world. Again, there is a too common inclination amongst men of genius, either to a culpable negligence with regard to their affairs, or an extravagance equally ruinous, as if they were somehow to be independent of all the ordinary rules of prudence. It would be well for them to reflect that the greatest of their whole set—William Shakspeare—was careful of his means, and realised a competency, without, for anything we can see, incurring the odium of his fellows, and that Burns, with seventy pounds a-year, kept free of debt. Talk of the incompatibility of attention to the affairs of common life with the high conceptions of the inventive mind, when Scott could perform every duty of a man of the world, at the same time that he produced his marvellous fictions! Let literary men, we say, undertake the care of their own interests in a manly and rational spirit, and give a reasonable degree of attention to the days that are to come, and their fortunes must be equal to those of any other class of men in the same degree useful to the community.

THE MILL AND THE MANOR.

PART II.

On the day following the accident which we have recorded, the whole state of affairs at Crumble Hall was changed. Instead of wearing the appearance of a neglected tenantless mansion, as it had done for years past, it was now a scene of as much bustle and excitement as a fashionable country residence during the shooting season. Elegant carriages, belonging to the neighbouring gentry, were continually driving up to the dilapidated lodge, with inquiries regarding the young lady who was its accidental tenant. Express, borne by footmen and grooms, came and went between the house and the park-gate; for horses could not be driven up to Crumble Hall, on account of the 'drive' being tangled with weeds. Servants in elegant livery lounged about the entry of the mansion: the gossips and idlers of the village, attracted by the extraordinary change in the aspect of Crumble Hall, discussed the accident and its consequences in various parts of the domain. Even the few deer that were left scampered hither and thither over the park as if frightened out of their wits. In short, one day had effected a complete revolution in the aspect of the old manor-house itself, and of all around it.

The squire shrouded himself closer than ever in his favourite muniment room, but could observe from the window all that was going on. He stared in bewilderment and wonder at the extraordinary occurrences that were passing before his eyes. He could not comprehend how the accidental relief of a damsel, whom misfortune had overtaken, could possibly produce so extraordinary a commotion in his secluded establishment. In the midst of his reflections Charles Kennedy burst into the room in a state of great exultation. 'The crisis is past!' he exclaimed. 'She is out of danger. After a night of the most intense anxiety to us all, consciousness has returned, without any of those ill effects which were anticipated.'

The old gentleman sat in his high-back chair, and answered with as much dignity and calmness as the agreeable news—acting upon a really good heart—enabled him to assume, 'That he felt glad to hear the young woman was better.'

'And now, my dear uncle,' said Kennedy, 'let me intreat you not to be so rude to her parents, who still remain below, as not to see them. I am again the bearer of a message from them expressive of a wish to tender personally their thanks for your hospitality to their daughter. But you seem pale, agitated, my dear uncle,' continued Kennedy, perceiving the effect which unwonted excitement had wrought upon the recluse. The old gentleman passed his hand over his brow, and complained that he felt as if he were in a dream. The noise of the comers and goers distracted his ideas from the one subject they had been unremittingly fixed on for years. As to receiving company, that was quite out of the question. Was it not enough that they had invaded his house, and turned the public of Crumbledom loose into his park? 'And, sir,' added Mr Crumble, gradually recovering animation, 'I should be glad to know who these people *are*, that first place my house in a state of siege, and then would invade the sanctuary of my private leisure, by forcing their acquaintance upon me?'

'The gentleman is proprietor of the next estate!'

'What!' said Mr Crumble, 'the cotton-spinner who disfigured the prospect by a mass of unsightly building?'

At this moment Penthouse made his appearance with a message from the persons spoken of—Sir James and

Lady Spindler—even more urgent than that brought by Kennedy. 'I cannot see,' said the latter, 'how you can any longer resist these people's civilities.'

'Civilities!' returned the squire in an unusually vehement tone. 'Has not the man raised a huge brick abomination at the very foot of my park? Has he not changed the bed of the stream, which flowed in its wonted course since the days of Sir Hildebrand Crumble, who caused it to fill a fosse when our house was fortified in the times of "the Roses?" Did not the accident which has brought all this turmoil upon us lay half my domain under water? Has he not turned my house into a resort open to all comers, and my park into a bear-garden? Besides, is not the man a trader, a weaver, a purse-proud citizen, who will, peradventure, vauntingly jingle his purse in our ears? Has he not come perhaps to spy out the nakedness of the land? No, nephew, I am not for such men's civilities. A spinner of cotton is no company for a Crumble; indeed, I may be permitted to add, for an *Earl* of Crumbleton,' and he paused ere he added, '*de jure*.'

Kennedy found it in vain to attempt answering these objections, and returned from the library to make the best excuses he could for his uncle's refusal to see the guests. Sir James was alone in a room, whose torn drapery, worm-eaten furniture, and dusty condition, showed that he was the first visitor who had been received in it for many years. The tact of Penthouse had managed to put the best face on affairs. He turned the comeliest sides of the chairs outwards, and covered the table with a county map to conceal the cracks and flaws. Kennedy, on returning to his guest, rested his apology on his uncle's secluded habits, and consequent aversion to new faces. Sir James Spindler replied in the most frank and cordial terms, that though he regretted losing this opportunity of making the acquaintance of so near a neighbour, he would not on any account attempt to give him pain by an unnecessary intrusion. 'I fear, however,' continued the worthy knight, 'that other, besides general causes, exist for Mr Crumble's hesitation to see me. Our proceedings on the Bumpton estate are, I have reason to believe, displeasing to him?'

Kennedy candidly owned that they were. 'The near neighbourhood of a cotton-mill is not desirable anywhere.' 'That is very true; but I bought the estate for the purpose of building a factory, and with the express understanding that I *should* do so. I trust, however, in time to make converts both of yourself and your uncle to a faith in the utility and revivifying powers of my cotton-mill upon this decaying neighbourhood.'

'You will not have me to convert, Sir James,' said Charles; 'I am perfectly alive to the share which the wonderfully rapid growth of manufactures in this country has had in bringing her to the pitch of wealth and power which she has attained. I will own frankly, that when I first beheld the damage your buildings had done to a prospect I loved in my youth, I was much excited against the projector. Further reflection has, however, convinced me of the folly of my regrets. Nay, I will go so far as to add, that if my good but mistaken uncle, instead of draining his estates and exhausting his means to follow up his claim to a useless peerage, had employed his fortune in some manufacturing speculation, the present melancholy condition in which—it is too notorious for concealment—our property has sunk, would certainly have been averted.'

Sir James appeared surprised to hear such sentiments from the lips of the heir-apparent to the Crumbleton manor. He shook him cordially by the hand, and congratulated himself in having only one instead of two converts to make. At this moment Lady Spindler entered from the room in which her daughter lay. Sir James presented Kennedy to her, and she was profuse in her thanks for the hospitable kindness shown to her daughter. 'She is now well enough to be removed,' added the lady, 'and we shall relieve you of our intrusions immediately.'

'Before we go, it will be highly necessary,' said Sir James, 'that Mr Kennedy afford us an opportunity of thanking Mina's preserver.'

'True,' interrupted her ladyship, 'the gamekeeper—Noble fellow! we can never reward him sufficiently. My daughter has just narrated to me the whole of the circumstances, and some adequate reward must be planned for his acceptance.'

Charles blushed, and was for some time unable to answer. At length, though seriously embarrassed, he explained the mistake, and owned that the good fortune of having rescued the young lady was his. The parents overwhelmed him with gratitude, and at that moment one of those sincere friendships was begun between Sir James Spindler and young Kennedy which are not soon or easily ended. It was now announced that Miss Spindler was ready to be removed into the carriage, which had been driven up to the house; thanks to the knowing foresight of Penthouse, who had set all the village idlers at work to clear the drive. A short time after the invalid was on her way to her own home, all appearance of bustle and excitement subsided at Crumble Hall, both within and without; the drawing-room windows were closed, and the recluse returned to his favourite studies. Penthouse lounged as many hours a-day as heretofore in the library, poring over 'The British Classics,' because he had nothing better to do; and Kennedy was left to pass the time as best he might, in planning schemes to avert the slow but certain ruin that was creeping over the family, and to cement, by frequent visits, the friendship he had formed with the Spindlers, whose dwelling was but a short distance from Crumbleton.

After a time, he discovered that this intimacy was extremely distasteful to his uncle. In conversations which he had held on this subject, Charles always endeavoured to divert Mr Crumble from the mistake in which he had so long persevered. He showed that the same energy, applied to some feasible plan for bettering their condition, would be far more beneficial. The old squire heard these sentiments more in sorrow than in anger. He complained that the new acquaintance was filling his nephew's mind with sentiments quite unworthy of the last of the Crumbles, whose ancestors had abstained from every profession save arms, up to the period of their earliest records. With a view to give these sentiments a deeper meaning, he would take his nephew to the picture-gallery, and endeavour to awaken aristocratic sentiments by showing him the portraits of his ancestors. Some of these quaint and ancient effigies were knights clad in armour, and seated on horseback on very uncomfortable saddles; others, clothed in blue uniform, with tremendous epaulettes and very long queues, were the naval heroes of the family. Concerning each of these ancestors Mr Crumble would indulge his nephew with some wonderful anecdote, calculated, he thought, to raise the young man's respect for noble blood and family honours. At length Charles gave up all hopes of either convincing his uncle of his mistake, or of bringing him and his new friends, the Spindlers, upon visiting terms.

Months passed away; and while new difficulties surrounded the inmates of the manor, prosperity favoured the mill. The buildings once finished, operations were begun; machinery was set up, and the village of Bumpton soon filled with workpeople. Even the trade of Crumbleton revived. The old schoolmistress nearly doubled her number of pupils; the landlord of the Tabard obtained better employment than lounging about his door; and an unexpected stranger was no longer surrounded by a crowd; for his appearance ceased to be a rarity. Meanwhile dark clouds lowered over the house of Crumble. The whole of the costs in the appeal for the peerage had not been paid, and threats were becoming daily more urgent of 'attaching' the unsuccessful appellant, which meant putting him into prison until the debt was discharged. Kennedy had already sacrificed the produce of his commission to pay

the most urgent of these claims; but one still remained, for which he saw no better escape than the sale of the family possessions.

It was deep winter. The snow lay thickly on the ground. The little river ceased to flow over the securely constructed dam which had been substituted since the accident. The ice lay so thickly upon the water, that at intervals during the day the factory boys and girls were sliding and skating, and making the air ring with their joyous exclamations. Carts and wagons came and went along roads. The sound of machinery seldom ceased within the factory during the day. Life, in its greatest activity, reigned in the neighbourhood of the mill. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Kennedy, long used to the bustle of a camp, should often escape from the desolate solitude of Crumble Hall, and spend some of his time in examining the various processes of the manufacture of cotton. An attraction, however, existed in the dwelling-house of the wealthy manufacturer which took him *there* much oftener. On the morning to which we allude, he was returned from his daily visit to Mrs and *Miss* Spindler, when, to his surprise, he saw Sir James's carriage roll away from the door of Crumble Hall. On entering, he was met by Penthouse, who, with the most perplexed countenance, announced that Sir James had been there, had insisted on seeing the squire; that they had met, and that the interview, so far as he could learn, was rather stormy. Charles hastened to his uncle, and found him unusually agitated. On seeing his nephew, he made a violent effort to check his feelings, whatever they were, and to assume that collectedness which was, he thought, becoming in the head of the house of Crumble. In a tone of severity, he inquired of his nephew when he had last seen Miss Spindler?

Kennedy instantly blushed up to the eyes. He tried to answer, but stammered so much, that what he said was inaudible. 'Despite,' said the old squire, 'my aversion to company in general, and to these people in particular, yet the father of that young woman forced himself into my library this morning, and whether agreeable or not to me, insisted on an interview. The subject of it, sir, you can easily divine.' Charles, who had recovered himself, partly declared he had not the remotest idea.

'Would you believe it, sir?' said the haughty squire, 'your new friend, the spinner of cotton, the employer of those noisy urchins who daily disturb my meditations by their vulgar acclamations, has had the presumption to hint at the probability of an alliance between our families.'

'Of what nature?' inquired the nephew with an imitation of innocence really wonderful, considering the emotions of dread and hope which were contending for mastery within him.

'Would you trifle with me, sir?' inquired the uncle in a tone of severity.

'I do assure you,' was the reply, 'that I have not the smallest notion of what kind of alliance Sir James proposed.'

'Then you have *not* sought the hand of his daughter?' This was a home question; but after a little consideration the young man answered frankly, boldly: 'No, uncle; I can say with a clear conscience that I have not sought Miss Spindler in matrimony; no allusion to any such project has ever entered into our conversation during the many delightful hours I have spent in her and her family's society.' Mr Crumble brightened up at this. There was, he thought, some sense of family dignity still left in his nephew, despite his frequent visits to the mill-owner and his growing love for the mechanical arts. Hoping to have such an anticipation confirmed, he made further inquiries into the nature of the intimacy which existed between him and their neighbours. After a little consideration, Charles replied in these terms, 'My dear uncle, it would be improper in me to deny that the feelings with which I regard Miss Spindler are the strongest it is possible for man to experience; but I have always looked upon their realisation as hopeless. In the first place, the circumstances under which we first became acquainted give me, in the eyes of the world, a strong claim to her regard. Now, I am very unwilling to press that as a claim which, under other circumstances, would have been a voluntary solicitation. I am said to have saved her life, and upon that ground it is doubtful whether too high a sense of gratitude would not make her refusal of me the cause, to her, of greater pain than I have a right to inflict. For of course, whatever her feelings may be, her friends would not be justified in consenting to her union with a penniless man, the scion of a broken family.' This speech being by no means accordant with his views, was very disappointing to the squire of Crumbleton. 'What!' he asked, 'do you expend all these delicate scruples upon a weaver's daughter?—a woman whom an alliance with us would elevate? who would have the honour of being the first of her class to be introduced into the Crumble family, which has remained untainted with plebeian blood since the Conquest? who would blot our escutcheon with quarterings of——' and here the old gentleman paused, to consider whether it would not be undignified to give way to a bit of playful extravagance—'who would, peradventure, as I was about to observe, quarter on our shield a spinning-jenny with shuttles *volant*, engrailed.' Charles, taking advantage of this little specimen of Herald's college humour, ventured to contradict his uncle—an experiment which, on such a subject, he knew to be highly dangerous. 'There is no danger of such a misfortune, I assure you. The fact is, Sir James Spindler's family is as old as ours!' As if stung by some bitter retort, the squire eagerly seized the baronetage to confound his nephew from its pages.

'They are,' continued the latter, 'the Spindlers of Sussex.'

This simple piece of information perplexed rather than pleased the old gentleman. Incredulous, but anxious to satisfy his doubts, he forthwith left the room, desiring his nephew to follow him to the library. Mr Crumble went straight to a large folio, and opening it with the utmost eagerness, became so deeply immersed in the genealogy of the Spindlers, that all Charles's information concerning the young lady and her father the cotton-spinner went for nought. Volume after volume was consulted and replaced. At length the old gentleman, uttering an exclamation of wonder, ejaculated, 'Ennobled in the thirteenth century, quartered with royalty in the fourteenth, and in the peerage down to the Revolution! A man with this splendid lineage turned weaver! Alas, alas, what *are* we coming to!'

Poor Kennedy was dying of impatience to hear what had passed, in the interview between Sir James and his uncle, concerning the subject next his heart, but the old gentleman was so overcome with wonderment at the fact of the owner of a better pedigree than his own taking to trade, that he could give no satisfactory answer to the query. Hence Kennedy still remained in suspense—a state in which he must be for the present left, for it is now our business to follow Sir James Spindler, as he drove down the avenue to the Crumbleton village, after the unsatisfactory interview with the squire. He had previously arranged to meet his agent at the Tabard on some matter connected with Kennedy and his uncle. The peculiar notions and pride of the squire had, however, disarranged these plans.

On reaching the rustic porch of the inn he beheld Mr Brevor, his agent, in close conversation with two strangers; their business seemed urgent, and they appeared annoyed at being recognised by Sir James's attorney. Immediately the carriage came in sight, they made off towards Crumble Hall. 'You need not take out the draught of the deed I desired you to make; it will be useless now,' said Sir James as he entered the best room of the little inn, followed by his man of business. 'The peculiar notions of the eccentric old lord of the manor will not allow me to carry out my project—at all events

not for the present. By the way, who were those two men you were talking to?'

'Mr Tap, the Chancery tipstaff, and an assistant. The poor old squire! he will have his pride lowered now; for to-night he will sleep in the Fleet prison.'

Sir James was much shocked at this news, and made further inquiries. 'It is rather odd,' began his informant, 'that I should meet Tap here, for I was concerned for the respondent in the Crumbleton peerage case, and know all the particulars. The truth is, the tipstaff is the bearer of an attachment for costs, and must, as in duty bound, convey the appellant to close quarters, and keep him there until the costs are paid.'

'Be kind enough to follow me into the carriage,' said Sir James, hastily entering it himself. He ordered the coachman to drive back to Crumble Hall as quickly as possible. On reaching the old manor-house, he lost not a moment, but proceeded to the library. Here a scene presented itself which would have appalled the stoutest heart. The Chancery officer had already executed his commission; the immediate effect of which was to render Mr Crumble senseless; in which state he lay in a chair. Penthouse, the old faithful servant, was weeping like a child, and Kennedy was struggling with the most violent grief while trying to revive his uncle. Spindler, when the first emotions produced by this melancholy scene were mastered, quietly induced the tipstaff and his companion to accompany him to the drawing-room, where Brevor was waiting. The after-proceedings of the worthy knight were few, but decisive. He desired Brevor to examine Mr Tap's papers, with a view to ascertain correctly the amount of the demand. This done, he arranged at once with the officer for its discharge by cheque, and a guarantee for its due payment by the London bankers from Brevor, which was perfectly satisfactory from so well-known and eminent a lawyer. Mr Tap, glad to escape from a scene which he owned shook even *his* nerves, took his departure, and the master of Crumbleton was free.

This information was cautiously conveyed through Kennedy; but still the recluse was for the rest of that day unable to comprehend the nature of the events which had passed. His reason seemed clouded, and he was left to enjoy that quiet which was so congenial to his habits. When Kennedy returned to his true friend, he felt oppressed with a weight of obligation that seemed for him difficult to bear, and impossible to remove. But Sir James knew how to make it sit easily. 'Things have come to a crisis with a vengeance!' he exclaimed, as he returned Charles's warm grasp of the hand; 'and there is no more necessity for that caution which both myself and Lady Spindler have been obliged to use in reference to a subject which has caused us much uneasiness. Motives of honour, which cannot be too highly appreciated, have, it is evident, prevented you from divulging certain feelings towards a certain young lady which, it has been long manifest to us, exist. Those feelings, we have also ascertained, are mutual. Your honourable reserve was, we found, making the young lady miserable, destroying her spirits, and undermining her health. I therefore took the bold step of consulting your uncle on the matter. He would not, however, even hear me. My next application may, however, be more successful. Indeed, there is another affair I wish to consult you both about; but I will not open it now, for I see you are agitated.' Charles, who trembled from head to foot with the most acute emotions, begged Sir James to go on; for though filled with happiness, he was, he said, too old a soldier to feel *much* agitated.

'Well, then, I have simply to ask whether you would like to become a cotton-spinner?'

How Charles answered this question, was shown by what took place at Bumpton and Crumble Hall during the month following this interview. The neighbourhood felt the effects of his reply for miles round, and Crumbleton had no longer occasion to envy the prosperity of Bumpton.

Crumble Hall was invaded by workmen: gardeners and foresters were spread over the lawn and park; carpenters and smiths were dotted about the enclosures; and the sound of the hammer was heard where nothing had been previously audible but the cawing of rooks. All these people were superintended by Penthouse, who gave them lectures on the belles lettres; and having been idle himself for so many years, wondered how they could get through the quantity of work they performed.

By slow and cautious degrees, Kennedy had managed to get his uncle's consent to give to a Spindler a new branch of the family tree. The squire of Crumbleton had pored over the respective pedigrees for more than a week, and it was only when he discovered that Sir James was the first man of his family who had done anything useful, or dabbled in trade, that he gave his consent. He, however, stipulated that the male heir *in futuro* should, on attaining his majority, obtain letters patent to change his name to Crumble, that the much-cherished name should not be lost to posterity. And he insisted that the marriage ceremony should be performed by a right reverend bishop, who was his fifth or sixth cousin, reserving to himself the right of giving away the bride.

All this was done exactly to his mind. The Bumpton cotton factory was managed entirely by Kennedy, whom Sir James—retiring from active business—took into partnership. Devoting an energetic and well-formed mind to the undertaking, it flourished; and Crumble Hall gradually regained the stately affluence it had formerly enjoyed. The old squire lived to see this consummation, to dandle on his knee a future applicant for the royal letters patent, and to be cured of his dislike to the Mill for the sake of the wonders it had worked on the prosperity of the Manor.

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

VISIT TO GERGOVIA.

Sitting at the open windows of his hotel at the north side of the Place de Jaude, in Clermont, the traveller will probably be interested in observing, clear over the tops of the houses on the south, and at the distance of four to five miles, a hill singular in its shape and appearance. All the other hills in this part of Auvergne are less or more conical, but this one resembles a huge table, its rugged sloping sides appearing to terminate in a plain, level with the rounded tops of the neighbouring mountains. Thousands of travellers doubtless bestow only a momentary attention on this strangely-shaped mass, and there an end of the matter; but others, inquiring its name, perhaps learn that few mountains in France have obtained such celebrity, and accordingly spend a day's excursion upon it before leaving the country. I wish to say a few words respecting this hill.

Anciently, Gaul—modern France—was inhabited by a number of independent tribes, each in itself a little nation; a few of these nations only uniting on occasions of common and extreme danger. Taking advantage of this weakness of organisation, the Roman republic despatched Julius Cæsar with an army to effect the conquest of the country. Successful everywhere he went, this sagacious general was baffled by the heroism of the Averni, the tribe who inhabited what we now term the Auvergne mountains: with them his motto was anything but—*veni, vidi, vici*. Although a rude and uncultivated people, these mountaineers displayed considerable ingenuity in defending themselves. They fortified their towns with massive beams of wood, fixed in the ground, and crossed in opposite directions, with layers of earth and stones in the intervals. Walls of this kind were as much as forty feet in thickness, and of as great a height, the exterior base being protected with large stones, and sometimes on the top there were towers composed of wood and skins, impervious to attack. Gunpowder being unknown in those times, the Romans could only bring their battering-rams to bear on such places; and if the

fortification was on a hill, these engines were generally useless. When Cæsar, at the head of six legions, entered the territories of the Averni, he was brought to a pause before Gergovia, a city strongly fortified in the manner we have described, on the flat top of the hill which we behold from our windows in Clermont. A more inconvenient situation for a city could not possibly be selected, for it is approachable on any side only by long and steep ascents; but convenience in these ages of barbarism was not thought of, provided life and property were secure.

According to Cæsar's own account of his attack on Gergovia,* he found it one of the toughest jobs he had ever been engaged upon. The gallant Averni, headed by Vercingetorix, and assisted by detachments from other Gaulish tribes, had a complete command of the hill; and with enormous stones, darts, and arrows, they destroyed the besiegers when they attempted to approach. The Roman general secured a favourable position, as he tells us, on a neighbouring height, and by various stratagems tried to circumvent the Averni. As a last resource, he led on an attack by the back part of the hill where the ascent is less abrupt, and was able to attain a footing within an outwork of stones; but he found it necessary to retreat from this dangerous position. The Gauls, inspired by the cries of their women, who appeared with dishevelled hair on the ramparts, drove the most impetuous of the legions back with great slaughter. Seven hundred Romans fell in the engagement. After spending several days fruitlessly in manœuvring on the plain, with a view to seduce the Gauls from their vantage ground, Cæsar—the conqueror of the world—was forced to abandon the siege. The reason which he assigns for his retreat—'that he had done enough to confirm the courage of his men, and abate the pride of the Gauls'—is amusingly disingenuous; an excuse, at least, which would have scarcely passed muster at the Horse Guards. He was, in point of fact, beat by the Gergovians.

Interesting from the figure which Gergovia thus makes in ancient history, as well as from its geological character, my friend and I resolved on making it the object of a day's pilgrimage. We accordingly hired a car for the purpose; and one morning pretty early, along with Guillaume as guide, sallied out on the proposed journey. Our way lay almost due south from Clermont, and conducted us along a series of miserable narrow roads, ascending between the rude walls which bound the small vineyards and fields on the lower slopes. Ere we reached the limits to which the car could advance, the day became intensely hot. Gad-flies flew about us in swarms, and lighting on the poor hack which dragged our vehicle, drew blood at a thousand points. Near the village of Ceyrat we abandoned the car, and took to clambering the ugly broken path, which was not particularly easy; for, while one hand was engaged in holding an umbrella overhead to intercept the rays of the sun, the other was busy keeping the flies at a proper distance.

Our first object was to ascend Montrognon, whose western flank we had already gained. This is a hill remarkable among many remarkable hills. It is a tolerably regular cone, broad at the base, and terminating in a small plateau, on which stands the tall and picturesque ruin of a castle. Unlike the puys we had formerly visited, it is a mass of columnar basalt resting on calcareous matter, the basalt to all appearance being the relic of a stream of lava which had flowed over the fresh-water limestone of the plain, and been subsequently raised to its present position. Having scrambled across the uppermost vineyards, we reached a steep slope, an entire tract of loose basaltic stones, and on this we climbed to the top of the eminence. Although considerably lower than the range of puys at a distance of a few miles in the north-west, the view from the apex was charming, for it immediately overlooked on all sides fertile rural scenes. The ruin, so conspicuous for many miles across the Limagne, occupied the whole plateau, and must at one time have been a massive keep, with outworks—the stronghold of one of those Auvergnat barons whose oppressions led to their extirpation in the reign of Louis XIII. The walls remaining, built of the blue basalt of the hill, measured eight feet in thickness, and may yet endure the returning blasts of a hundred winters.

To get to Gergovia, it was necessary to descend the hill on its south side, and from the valley below climb another eminence towards the east. Two hours were consumed in this intermediate journey—heat awful, and the shade of every walnut and cherry-tree thankfully accepted. Guillaume's flask of *vin-ordinaire* and water, cooled at a fountain by the way, was in frequent requisition. The road conducted us by what must be called the back of Mount Gergovia—supposing the side next Clermont to be its face—and most likely by the direction in which Cæsar made his attack. Shaped, as I said, like a table, its upper edge for a space of forty to fifty feet is a crag, bristling with rocks and splinters; and when one struggles his way over these barriers, he finds himself on a plain covered with about as many stones as blades of grass—an arid stony waste—which, however, at the time of our visit, afforded a scanty pasture to a flock of sheep.

And here stood the city of Gergovia. We walked about to discover if possibly any remnant were visible; but not a remnant, nor the faintest outline of a remnant, can be discovered. The plain seemed to be from two to three miles in length from east to west, by from a quarter to an eighth of a mile across. The ground having been ransacked by antiquaries, has yielded up a number of Gaulish medals, weapons, utensils, and other objects. The remains of a cavern has also been discovered. The exterior defences having been constructed chiefly of timber, time has long since swept them from existence; and the same agency has destroyed the interior buildings, which in all likelihood were of the same rude and simple materials. Along the verge of the plateau, the heaps of stones are more than usually numerous; and these may have been concerned in giving strength to the walls, from which the Gergovians committed such havock on their enemies.

Satisfied with an inspection of the plateau, we proceeded down the steep fronting Clermont, with the view not only of returning homeward, but of examining the geological structure of the mountain. The north side, which we descended, is peculiarly favourable for this kind of scrutiny. The torrents of winter have hewed a ravine of considerable depth, from the higher to the lower grounds, and in which the various strata, one above another, are exposed to the prying curiosity of the tourist. From an observation of the ravine, as well as of the upper part of the hill, it appears that the whole protuberance is an alternation of currents of basaltic lava with the calcareous strata of the fresh-water formation. First, on a level with the plain, we have a bed of yellowish-white limestone, full of the organic remains which distinguish the general substance of the Limagne. Then comes a thick covering of lava, which had flowed from a neighbouring volcano, and inserted itself into all the irregularities of the soil over which it poured. Above this hard rock comes calcareous or fresh-water strata again, here and there blended with another stream of basaltic lava which had flowed over all, and formed what may be called a top-dressing to the heap. What countless ages must have elapsed before this curious alternation of sedimentary and volcanic matter could have been effected—ages to which the historical period—Cæsar's visit, for example, nineteen hundred years ago—is but a day!

Gergovia is not singular in its constitution. A number of other hills in its vicinity exhibit similar appearances. The probability is, that the whole originally formed one mass. By the washing away of the softer intermediate parts, an ancient plateau has been divided

* Wars in Gaul, book vii.

into separate hills. Alternate upheaving and depression by subsequent subterranean agency have, in all likelihood, helped to complete the phenomenon. That everything has been very much as it is—cold, hard, and fixed—here and in other parts of Auvergne for two thousand years, is beyond a doubt. Cæsar saw the country as it now appears to the tourist; nor does it seem that he was at all aware that the mountains over which he led his legions had once smoked and raged like Vesuvius.

Latterly, the ravine on the face of Gergovia has been rapidly enlarging towards the valley beneath; masses of the calcareous strata have been undermined by the torrents, bringing down with them the superincumbent matter and portions of the vineyards which decorate the lower flanks of the mountain. From this and other quarters, great quantities of rubbish are annually floated into the Allier, and thence into the Loire, filling their beds, and rendering them almost useless to navigation. Fragments of basaltic rock from Gergovia and its kindred mountains are daily rolling on their way down the beds of these rivers, forming, by their mutual abrasion, the gravel and boulders which in summer appear in long dry reaches on their banks. And thus, in process of ages, are massive mountains of lava frittered down to the pebbles beneath our feet. Is anything insignificant?

It would be reasonable for an inquiring mind to ask, if there be no expiring manifestations of the heat which once found vent in the volcanoes of Auvergne. The only existing symptom of this ancient combustion is found in the hot springs of Vichy, Royat, and Mont d'Or. The high temperature of these waters is, with probability, traced to the same agency which in former times produced the puys we had been visiting.

These hot mineral waters, however, are less singular than another kind of springs not uncommon in Auvergne, two of which, and by far the most remarkable, rise within the outskirts of Clermont. The day after our return from our mountain excursion found our party threading its way into the suburb of St Alyre, in quest of its famed springs; which we at length alighted upon within a private garden. These waters, which gush in considerable volume from the ground, are called Fontaines Petrifiante; but this is scarcely correct. Calcareous in their nature, they only cover with a yellowish fawn-coloured crust any object with which they are long in contact. Being conducted by artificial channels from their source, the water drops from them, and forms vast stalactitic aggregations of limestone. One of the masses, in progress of increase at the rate of two or three inches per annum, forms a substantial bridge across a rivulet. The formation of travertine is so ordinary a phenomenon, that it is no wonder, and I should not think of expatiating on the subject, unless for the purpose of showing my countrymen what may be done by ingenuity to make a spring of this nature useful in the arts, or, to speak in a language perhaps better understood, useful in turning the penny.

Led by a damsel, the naiad of the fountain, we are conducted through the garden to an erection of boards, a rude hut, into the roof of which we observe the water precipitated from its conduit. Opening the door, we perceive a house full of spray. The water, diverted into sub-rills, is dashed and splashed about on the floor, and on tiers of shelves, in a very odd sort of way, being permitted, after performing this service, to escape by a channel beneath. Looking through the spray from the multitude of cataracts, we perceive that, scattered all over the place, on the floor and on the shelves, there lie moulds of medals, and other objects, all in the process of receiving an incrustation. The spray falling in showers, deposits minute particles of the substance held in solution in the water, and which are so fine, that the water appears clear to the eye. In about three months a mould, an eighth of an inch deep, is filled with the deposit, and yields a cast as exact and beautiful as if cut from a piece of polished stone. The casts are of two varieties. Those produced by the spring to which we were first conducted are of a yellow tinge, and as uniform in the grain as a piece of hone. The other spring, which dashes into a different receptacle, yields casts containing crystalline particles, and have a glittering mixed appearance; they are also less fine in their outlines.

After satisfying our curiosity with the operative part of the establishment, we entered by invitation the salle de commerce—a store for the sale of products of the springs. In this collection there was much trash, in the form of incrusted eggs, fruits, nests of birds, and various small animals; but there was likewise much to please a visitor of taste. The medals of classic figures, and heads of distinguished men, were particularly attractive. We bought a few of these elegant objects as trophies of French art. Vast quantities are disposed of in Vichy and the other watering-places of Auvergne; and, I believe, there is also a depôt for them in Paris. The greater number are mounted by their purchasers as ladies' brooches. At the prices charged, from two to three francs each, it may be said that the sale of these curiosities, which cost the proprietor of the springs almost nothing, must be no unprofitable trade.

'THE GIFT.'

THE GIFT is an American annual of great typographical elegance, and embellished with many beautiful engravings. It contains an article, which, for several reasons, appears to us so remarkable, that we leave aside several effusions of our ordinary contributors in order to make room for an abridgment of it. The writer, Mr Edgar A. Poe, is evidently an acute observer of mental phenomena; and we have to thank him for one of the aptest illustrations which could well be conceived, of that curious play of two minds, in which one person, let us call him A., guesses what another, B, will do, judging that B will adopt a particular line of policy to circumvent A.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

At Paris, just after dark, one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, au troisième, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St Germain. For an hour, at least, we had maintained a profound silence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open, and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome. The prefect sat down, and shortly disclosed a most perplexing case, in which his professional services had been in requisition. His story was this. 'I have received information that a certain document, of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this is beyond a doubt, for he was seen to take it. It is known also that it remains in his possession. The person on whom the theft was committed is a certain royal personage, a female, over whom the holder of the document has gained by this means a dangerous ascendancy—her honour and peace are jeopardised.'

'But this ascendancy,' I interposed, 'would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare——'

'The thief,' said G——, 'is the minister D——, who dares all things—those unbecoming, as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question, a letter, had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal, she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of another exalted individual, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon the table. The address, however, was uppermost; and the contents thus unexposed, the letter

escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the person addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third person, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter, one of no importance, on the table. The power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded for political purposes to a very dangerous extent. The person robbed is now thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming the letter. But this of course cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.'

'It is clear,' said I, 'as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment, the power departs.'

'True,' said G——: 'and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design.'

'But,' said I, 'you are quite *au fait* at these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before.'

'O yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartments, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months, a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed. Yet, neither is the letter on the person of the minister. He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person has been rigorously searched under my own inspection.'

'Suppose you detail,' said I, 'the particulars of your search of the premises.'

'Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly-trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a "secret" drawer to escape him in a search of this kind; the thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets, we took the chairs; the cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops.' 'Why so?'

'Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way.'

'But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?' I asked.

'By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise.'

'But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?'

'Certainly not; but we did better. We examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it *instanter*. A single grain of gimlet-dust, or sawdust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection.'

'Of course you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates; and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?'

'That of course; and when we had surveyed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope as before.'

'The two houses adjoining!' I exclaimed; 'you must have had a great deal of trouble?'

'We had; but the reward offered is prodigious.'

'You explored the floors beneath the carpets?'

'Beyond doubt; we removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope.'

'And the paper on the walls?' 'Yes.'

'You looked into the cellars?'

'We did; and as time and labour were of no importance, we dug up every one of them to the depth of four feet.'

'Then,' I said, 'you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose.'

'I fear you are right there,' said the prefect. 'And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?'

'To make a thorough re-search of the premises.'

'That is absolutely needless,' replied G——. 'I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the hotel.'

'I have no better advice to give you,' said Dupin. 'You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?'

'Oh yes!' And here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said—

'Well, but, G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?'

'Too true; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be.'

'How much was the reward offered, did you say?' asked Dupin.

'Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. I would really give fifty thousand francs, every centieme of it, to any one who would aid me in the matter.'

'In that case,' replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, 'you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter.'

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully, and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

'The Parisian police,' he said, 'are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labours extended.'

'So far as his labours extended?' said I.

'Yes,' said Dupin. 'The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would beyond a question have found it.'

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

'The measures, then,' he continued, 'were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of "even and odd" attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand, asks, "are they even or odd?" Our schoolboy replies "odd," and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, "the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;" he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus: "This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally, he will decide upon putting it even as before; I will therefore guess even;" he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed "lucky," what, in its last analysis, is it?'

'It is merely,' I said, 'an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent.'

'It is,' said Dupin; 'and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows:—"When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked, is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression." This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella.'

'And the identification,' I said, 'of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured?'

'For its practical value it depends upon this,' replied Dupin; 'and the prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for any thing hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass;* but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations: at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinising with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches; what is it all but an exaggeration *of the application* of the one principle, or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but at least in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumed and presumable; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance, or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude, the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mistified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in

the supposition that the minister would do what he would have done himself—taken vast care to conceal the letter on account of its being so very precious. I went to work differently. My measures were adapted to the minister's capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier too, and as a bold *intriguant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. This conjecture was above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable or possible that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

'But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

'Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

'To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

'I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

'At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

'No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

'I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell at length upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinising the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reverse direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

'The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile*, which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

'The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.'

'But what purpose had you,' I asked, 'in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?'

'D——,' replied Dupin, 'is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I should never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris would have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months, the minister has had

her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it were. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the prefect terms "a certain personage," he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.'

'How? did you put anything particular in it?'

'Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. To be sure, D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humouredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my manuscript, and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

"——Un dessein si funeste,
S'il n'est digne d'Atrée, est digne de Thyeste."

They are to be found in Crébillon's "Atrée."'

LIEBIG'S FAMILIAR LETTERS ON CHEMISTRY.

The English public has again been favoured with a series of Familiar Letters on Chemistry by Dr Justus Liebig—at present by far the most popular cultivator of the science in Europe. His former series* was written for the especial purpose of exciting the attention of governments and an enlightened public to the necessity of establishing schools of chemistry, and of promoting by every means the study of a science so intimately connected with the arts, pursuits, and social wellbeing of modern civilised nations: the present publication† presents a general view of the study, its objects, extent, and applications, in order that the well-informed man, whether chemist or not, may know something of the means and methods by which we have obtained those acquisitions in the sciences, and those abundant resources in the arts, which enable us to supply the necessities of our social existence. And herein consists the chief value of these Letters. They contain nothing that may not be found in the ordinary elementary treatises; they teach no principles which could not be even more explicitly laid down in a student's text-book; but then they are the familiar condescensions of a great mind, which make an impression all the deeper, and excite a reverence all the more exalted, because we feel the greatness of the source whence they proceed. We are placed, as it were, in conversation with the author, catch the spirit of his intention, and respect the simplest facts propounded, which, if coming from a less exalted source, would be apt to be overlooked or disregarded.

The plan of the Letters is as simple and intelligible as their style. The author sets out with a general consideration of chemistry, and of the rank to which it is entitled among the other sciences; treats shortly of chemical affinity and chemical equivalents, illustrating the symbols and formulæ by which these affinities are expressed; explains the atomic theory; considers the relation of heat, light, electricity, and gravity to chemical force, and shows wherein these forces differ from what has been called the vital principle; and, lastly, discusses the transformations—fermentation, putrefaction, and decay—which take place in organic bodies when removed from the influence of vitality. We propose to glean from these subjects—otherwise unsuited to the pages of a miscellaneous journal—some of the more interesting facts and discoveries, which, while they serve to establish the almost universal power of chemistry, may awaken in the mind of the casual reader a desire to know something of its details and modes of procedure.

At present, by far the most popular department of the science is organic chemistry—the investigation of those laws by which the living organism can fabricate new compounds from simple inorganic elements. We say *elements*, for no single element is capable of serving for the nutrition and development of any part of an animal or vegetable organism. All those substances which take part in the processes of life are inferior groups of simple atoms, which, under the vital principle, combine into atoms of a higher order. A plant cannot resolve carbonic acid into other elements than carbon and oxygen: it may use the carbon as a component of its fibre, its resin, or its starch, but it cannot transform carbon into one or other of these, any more than can be done by the chemist. It must have the proper number of elements to operate upon, before it can arrive at perfection. Thus, the seed of a plant externally acted upon by heat, moisture, &c. begins to germinate; it strikes its roots into the ground, and expands its leaves in the atmosphere—these organs absorbing from the soil and air certain inorganic elements, which are transformed by the living organism into vegetable tissues, gums, resins, oils, &c. substances possessed of properties totally different from the original elements on which the plant fed. So, likewise, with animals; the food upon which they subsist is transformed by the vital principle into new and more complex compounds—as fibrin, blood, bile, fat, and the like. All these substances are peculiarly under the power of the chemist; he can resolve them into their primitive elements, transform and transpose them in a thousand ways; determine whence they were derived, and predict the state to which they shall return. The chemist, however, cannot construct vegetable or animal compounds from the simple elements: this requires the aid of a higher chemistry—the chemistry of life, whose mode of action he may unfold, but never successfully imitate. And even if it were that he could form blood, and bile, and fat—nay, that he could fashion a leaf, an eye, or an ear—yet he could never make that leaf develop itself and give birth to others, that eye to see, or that ear to hear. A clear comprehension of the metamorphoses which aliments undergo in the living organism, and of the action of remedies upon that organism, is all that the organic chemist aims at; and an immense step will be gained when he has reached the knowledge of these transformations, and of the causes by which they are produced.

After the extinction of the vital principle, all organic compounds begin to change their forms—in other words, to ferment, putrefy, and decay. The vital principle is a force which, so long as it exists, holds them together; and even when this is extinct, unless acted upon by external forces, these bodies would remain in the same state as at that instant when vitality was arrested. If we can prevent them from being acted upon externally, they may be preserved indefinitely—if not, decay proceeds; and it is from a thorough knowledge of the laws regulating the processes of fermentation and decay, that so much practical benefit has accrued to baking, brewing, wine-making, bleaching, meat-preserving, and other economical processes. The ultimate results of fermentation and decay are to reconvert the elements of organic bodies into that state in which they exist before they participate in the processes of life. Complex organic atoms of the highest order are, by fermentation, putrefaction, and decay, reduced into combinations of a lower

* Noticed in Numbers 620 and 621 of our former series.

† Familiar Letters on Chemistry. Second Series. By Dr Justus Liebig, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. London: Taylor and Walton. 1844.

order, into that state of combination of elements from which they originally sprang. 'It is only recently,' says Professor Liebig, 'that we have arrived at a satisfactory insight into these processes, and at a minute knowledge of the causes producing and sustaining these peculiar processes of decomposition, differing, as they do, both in their forms and manifestations, from ordinary chemical decomposition. It has been decidedly proved that no vegetable or animal substance passes by itself into a state of fermentation or putrefaction, but that, under all circumstances, heat, and a chemical action arising from the presence and contact of hydrogen or oxygen, is essential to the origin of these processes.

'The juice of the grape, while it is protected by the external skin from contact with atmospheric air, scarcely undergoes any perceptible alteration. A grape, by gradual exsiccation, becomes converted into a raisin. The slightest perforation through its external covering, as with the point of a needle, for instance, is sufficient to alter all the properties of the juice. Protected from the access of the air, withdrawn from the influence of the atmospheric oxygen, and the effect this exerts upon one of its constituents, the juice (termed *must*) may be preserved for an indefinite period: easily transmutable as its constituents are, no alteration takes place, because no disturbing cause can reach them. But when exposed to the air at a suitable temperature, the grape-juice becomes agitated, a lively evolution of gas takes place, all the sugar it contained disappears, and, when the fermentation is complete, a clear fluid is produced, which has deposited a yellowish mud-like substance as a sediment; this is yeast. The liquid now contains a certain amount of alcohol, which, together with the carbonic acid expelled as gas, corresponds exactly to the amount of sugar it originally contained. The sediment or yeast separated from the clear fluid, and added to an aqueous solution of pure sugar, induces the same phenomena, terminating ultimately in the total disappearance of the sugar, its decomposition and resolution into alcohol and carbonic acid. The yeast which has caused the decomposition of the sugar disappears with it: whilst decomposing the sugar, it undergoes itself decomposition, although more slowly; and it thus by degrees loses completely the power of causing fermentation in another solution of sugar.

'Animal fluids comport themselves in a precisely similar manner. Milk, whilst in the udder of the cow, urine whilst in the bladder, undergo, in a healthy state, no alteration of their properties. But, in contact with air, milk coagulates without any evolution of gas; cheese separates in the form of a curdy mass, the fluid part becomes acid, and the sugar of milk contained in it disappears with the increasing acidification.

'The fermentation of vegetable juices, and the acidification and coagulation of milk, both belong to one and the same class of phenomena; the only difference between them consists in the form or state of the new products into which the constituents of the fluids arrange themselves. One of the new combinations produced in the grape-juice by fermentation is gaseous—namely, carbonic acid (hence the effervescing and frothing of the fluid); whilst, on the other hand, the products of the changes undergone by milk remain in solution in the fluid. The form and nature of the substances which are the result of fermentation being only accidental, we designate by the same term all processes of decomposition occurring in a similar manner, as in the juice of the grape, or in milk, no matter whether evolution of gas accompanies them or not.

'In popular language, processes of putrefaction are distinguished from processes of fermentation; but the distinction does not admit of being scientifically established, since the difference between the two processes consists only in the different manner in which they affect our sense of smell. Putrefaction, according to this distinction, is the process of fermentation in organic substances containing nitrogen and sulphur, which give rise to the formation of products of a disagreeable odour.'

Decomposition, once excited, continues to proceed, even though the original exciting cause be removed. 'If fermentation,' continues Liebig, 'has once been induced in a vegetable juice, in milk, in urine, in flesh, &c. the oxygen which formed the immediate cause of the phenomena of this process of decomposition may be altogether excluded, and yet the process will not be arrested. Fermentation, once begun, proceeds incessantly and irresistibly without the further co-operation of the atmospheric oxygen. The first particle, the atoms of which the chemical action of the oxygen set in motion, being in contact with other particles similar to it in composition, the motion imparted to its atoms acts as an impulse upon the atoms of the contiguous particle, and it now depends upon the amount of attractive force, acting between the atoms of the particles at rest, whether the motion imparted to those of the first particle will be propagated or not. If the motion is more powerful than the resistance, it will be communicated to a second particle, the atoms of this second particle will be set in motion, and this in the same manner and in the same direction as in the first particle: the motion or transposition of the second particle is communicated to a third, fourth, and, in short, to all the compound atoms in the fluid; and, therefore, the same products are formed as a natural consequence of the same manner of arrangement.

'If the resistance or force which maintains the elements of the other compound atoms in connexion is more powerful than the cause tending to produce an alteration in their position, or their order of arrangement—that is, a division into new products—the action imparted to the first particle must gradually cease.'

It must be obvious, from what is here stated, that *fermentation is a process necessarily dependent upon time*, that it cannot accomplish its results in an immeasurably short period, like other chemical processes, and this precisely because the decompositions it effects are brought about by the gradual and successive transmission of an action from particle to particle throughout a mass. Yeast, however, and other matters capable of exciting fermentation—they themselves being only substances in a state of ferment—accomplish the result more certainly and satisfactorily the fresher they are; and this because every day they are kept, so much of the motive force of their atoms is expended. Although fermentation be thus a matter of time, *heat, nevertheless, exercises a decided influence on the process*. For example, whilst milk at common temperature yields lactic acid as the principal product of the decomposition of its sugar, at a high temperature we obtain as the product an alcoholic fluid, which, upon distillation, furnishes a true brandy! 'Thus, alterations in the nature of the products of fermentation ensue with every variation in the process induced by changes of temperature, or the presence of matters accidentally drawn in to participate in the transformations. The same grape-juice, when fermented at various temperatures, yields wine of dissimilar qualities and nature, depending upon the circumstance of the temperature of the air being higher or lower during autumn, according to the depth of the cellar in which the fermentation is conducted, which varies the quality, the odour, and the flavour of the wine. A uniform temperature of the place where the fermentation is conducted, insuring its slow and gradual progress, is the principal condition depending upon our own control for the production of the best kinds of wine. The growers of wine will soon universally give the preference to deep rock cellars or vaults for conducting the process of fermentation: such vaults have been found particularly appropriate for the fabrication of the superior varieties of beer; and the advantages of these vaults mainly depend upon their constantly equal temperature.'

But enough of Fermentation, which represents the first stage, after the vital principle is extinct, of the resolution of complex organic atoms into more simple combinations. The process of Decay completes the circulation of the elements, by transposing the products of fermentation and putrefaction into gaseous com-

pounds. The process of decay has been termed by Liebig '*a process of combustion taking place at the common temperature*,' in which the products of the fermentation and putrefaction of plants and animal bodies combine gradually with the oxygen of the atmosphere. 'No organised substance, no part of any plant or animal, after the extinction of the vital principle, is capable of resisting the chemical action of air and moisture; for all that power of resistance which they temporarily possessed as the bearers of life, the media of the vital manifestations, completely ceases with the death of the organism; their elements fall again under the unlimited dominion of the chemical forces.

'*The presence of water and a suitable temperature are indispensable conditions of the oxidising process of decay*, just as they are necessary to putrefaction and fermentation. Perfect dryness, or a temperature below the freezing point, suspends all processes of decay and fermentation. The transmission of decomposition from one particle to another presupposes a change of place; it requires that the particles should possess mobility, or the power of free motion, and this is imparted to them by the presence of water. In decay, it is more especially a certain elevated temperature which increases the aptitude of the elements of organic substances to combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

'In the process of bleaching in the open air, or, as it is called, grass-bleaching, we have the process of decay applied to an important purpose in the arts upon a large scale. Linen or cotton textures consist of ordinary woody fibre, more or less coloured by extraneous organic substances, which were either contained in the plant whence the fibre has been derived, or have become mixed with it during the processes of preparation.

'When linen or cotton fabrics are moistened with water, and exposed to the light of the sun, a slow process of combustion or decay immediately begins upon the whole surface; the oxygen of the atmosphere in immediate contact with the linen or cotton is incessantly converted into carbonic acid. The weight of the fabric diminishes every second, precisely because it is in a state of combustion; all the colouring matters gradually disappear, and with them a considerable amount of woody fibre, their elements being converted into oxygen compounds. If this action of air and light upon the linen or cotton continues for a considerable time, these substances lose their cohesion, and become converted into a matter similar to that used in the manufacture of paper; and this matter still continues to decay as long as the essential condition of this change—that is, the absorption of oxygen—proceeds.'

Substances undergoing decay increase the attraction of all other organic substances in contact with them for oxygen. It is upon this power, and especially upon the affinity of alcohol for oxygen, that a speedy process for acidifying alcohol is based, which is termed the '*quick vinegar process*.' 'The transformation of fermented liquors into vinegar formerly required weeks, and even months, to accomplish, in consequence of the imperfect access of the air: we can now convert alcohol into vinegar in less than twenty-four hours; and this is effected mainly by making brandy diluted with water, or any other weak spirituous liquor, trickle slowly through casks filled with wood-shavings, and at the same time causing a slight stream of air to circulate through these shavings. This method exposes to the air a surface of alcohol capable of absorbing oxygen by many thousand times more extensive than the old method; and consequently the time which alcohol, under ordinary circumstances, requires for its acidification, is abridged in the same proportion. At the commencement of this process, it is usual to add to the dilute spirit a small quantity of some substance containing matter capable of undergoing the process of decay, such as beer-wort, honey, vinegar, &c.; but after the lapse of a very short time, the surface of the wood-shavings passes into a state of oxidation, and from that moment effects the transformation of the spirit into vinegar, without the further co-operation of extraneous decaying matter.'

Omnipotent as is this principle of decay, it is still in the power of man to arrest it; and this he does from a knowledge of the fact, that the property of organic substances, to pass into a state of fermentation and decay, by coming in contact with the atmosphere, *is annihilated in all cases, without exception, by heating to the boiling point*. 'Fresh animal milk, as is well known, coagulates, after being kept for two or three days, into a gelatinous mass. If fresh milk be heated daily to the boiling point, it may be preserved for an indefinite period. The state of decomposition into which the dissolved caseine passes in contact with air, becomes perfectly arrested; and it requires a more protracted action of the atmosphere to excite it again. Grape-juice, so readily mutable, and every fluid susceptible of fermentation, is affected in the same manner: when heated to the boiling point, all fermentation in them ceases. Beer-wort, after boiling, requires the addition of yeast—that is, an extraneous substance already itself in a state of decomposition—in order to ferment in the shortest possible time. It is obvious that if that particular state into which an organic substance is brought by contact with the atmosphere—although this contact may have been but for an instant—be destroyed by a high temperature, and oxygen (the only cause of its reappearance), from the time of its boiling, be excluded, these substances must, for an unlimited period, retain all the properties they possessed at the moment of boiling. Matter *per se* has no inherent power of mobility; without the influence of some external force upon the atoms, none of them change their place, none alter their properties.

'If a flask be filled with grape-juice, and made air-tight, and then kept for a few hours in boiling water, or until the contained grape-juice has become throughout heated to the boiling point, the minute amount of oxygen contained in the air, which entered the flask with the grape-juice, becomes absorbed during the operation by the constituents of the juice, and thus the cause of further perturbation is removed. The wine does not now ferment, but remains perfectly sweet until the flask is again opened, and its contents brought into contact with the air. From this moment the same alteration begins to manifest itself which fresh juice undergoes: after the lapse of a few hours, the contents of the flask are in full fermentation; and this state may be again interrupted and suspended, as at first, by repeating the boiling.

'The knowledge of these properties, which are equally possessed by all other organic substances without exception, has given rise to the most beautiful practical applications of them. Whilst in former times, during long voyages, mariners were confined to salt and smoked meats, which in the long-run always proved injurious to health, and thousands of human beings lost their lives for the want of fresh aliments, which were even more essential in sickness, these dangers and discomforts become more and more rare at the present day. This is certainly one of the most important contributions to the practical benefit of mankind ever made by science, and for this we are indebted to Gay-Lussac.

'At Leith, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, at Aberdeen, at Bourdeaux, Marseilles, and in many parts of Germany, establishments of enormous magnitude exist, in which soup, vegetables, animal substances, and viands of every description, are prepared and sent to the greatest distances. The prepared aliments are enclosed in canisters of tinned iron plate, the covers are soldered air-tight, and the canisters exposed to the temperature of boiling water. When this degree of heat has penetrated to the centre of the contents, which it requires about three or four hours to accomplish, the aliments have acquired a stability which, one may almost say, is eternal. When the canister is opened after the lapse of several years, the contents appear just as if they were only recently enclosed. The colour, taste, and smell of the meat are completely unaltered. This valuable method

of preparing food has been adopted by many persons in my neighbourhood and other parts of Germany, and has enabled our housewives to adorn their tables with green vegetables in the midst of winter, and with dishes at all times which otherwise could be obtained only at particular seasons. This method of preserving food will become of the greatest importance in provisioning fortresses, since the loss incurred in selling off old stores, and replacing them by new, especially with respect to meat, ham, &c. is far more considerable than the value of the tin canisters, which, moreover, may be repeatedly employed after being carefully cleansed.'

Such are a few gleanings from the most important subject touched upon by Professor Liebig in his second series of Familiar Letters. Mere extracts as they are, they may be sufficient to excite the interest and emulation even of ordinary readers. Every reader, it is true, cannot expect to become a Dalton, a Berzelius, or a Liebig; but there is a certain amount of knowledge which he may obtain, profitably and pleasantly. In the concluding words of our author—'There is *want* only where no firm *will* exists—where no adequate efforts are exerted; the necessary means and instruments exist abundantly everywhere.'

TEMPERANCE PAPERS.

The temperance movement, like all other movements, has its press, having already established at least half a dozen periodicals, besides numerous separate publications in behalf of the cause. London, Bristol, Ipswich, Glasgow, appear to be the principal seats of publication on the mainland of Britain, but from none of these towns is there such a mass of temperance literature issued periodically as from the Isle of Man. How this island, which has a reputation for anything but literature, should have become the seat of publication of this, as well as other prints—one just commenced, 'The Odd Fellows' Journal'—may appear somewhat strange: we believe, however, that the privilege which the Manx possess of sending all their papers unstamped through the British posts, is the true cause of the phenomenon. Be this as it may, the 'National Temperance Advocate,' issued from the Douglas press, seems a well managed affair, and, according to its own account, has a circulation of 10,300. Its price, sent by post, is no more than three-halfpence, and this is generally the price of other prints of the same character.

Reports of societies, letters from missionaries employed in the cause, opinions of medical men as to the physiological effects of intoxication, advices to drunkards, and so on, are the staple material of these papers; also a vast number of hits are here and there dealt to the keepers of beer-shops and public-houses, jocosely styled 'drunkeries.' Among the advertisements on the outer pages, we observe that a number refer to temperance coffee-houses and hotels, and temperance provident institutions, which would indicate a wide ramification of the principle. In one of the papers is an earnest appeal in favour of Father Mathew, who has been compelled to declare the necessities of his condition. The fact is told to the world, that this intrepid man has ruined himself in a pecuniary sense by his expenditure in the temperance cause. While everybody was applauding his active apostleship, and complimenting him on what he had done for Ireland, nobody seems to have thought how hard it was for a comparatively poor ecclesiastic to carry on such a remarkable struggle at his own cost.

'Meetings had to be held, names to be registered, bills to be posted, papers and pamphlets to be circulated. It was necessary to furnish cards and medals to the members of the society. Of the latter, some were sold; but thousands, many of them silver, had to be given away. The poor could not buy them—the rich would not. Children, emigrants, and others, were always supplied gratis. But the expenses connected with the administration of the pledges formed but a small part of the whole cost. It was necessary to take measures for giving stability and permanence to the change which had been effected. For this purpose reading-rooms were established in connexion with the various societies, and temperance publications and newspapers distributed amongst them. So long as he possessed any resources, Mr Mathew was always a principal contributor towards the formation of these institutions. On founding a new society, he commonly presented a sum of money to be employed for such purposes. A love of music sprang up amongst the reformed people of Ireland, which was wisely fostered by the friends of the temperance movement. Bands were formed in connexion with many of the societies; and here again, from a conviction of the importance of such aids to the cause, Mr Mathew was a liberal donor. Travelling expenses, too, notwithstanding the liberality of coach-proprietors, were formidable. Then there were constantly societies in debt and difficulty to be assisted. Mr Mathew would never consent to the abandonment of a reading-room, or the breaking up of a band, through want of means, so long as he was able to prevent it. Lastly, sufferers by the reform were generously relieved. The widow, the orphan, and the aged, whose means of subsistence had been interfered with, were never refused assistance. In this way, by such noble deeds of mercy, Mr Mathew's resources have been exhausted. He is now destitute of means; considerable debts press heavily upon him. He is daily harassed by demands for money, with which he is totally unable to comply. And, above all, he is prevented from labouring freely and with vigour for the cause which is so dear to him, and which so much requires his assistance. We feel that it is quite needless to add much to the foregoing facts. They will touch all hearts. This great and good man has devoted his life and powers to a noble work—he has sacrificed his own property and that of his family for its sake.' We trust this appeal will not be in vain.

Glasgow is mentioned as having lately become the focus of agitation in the temperance cause, and our authority states that a society in that city receives nearly 100 new adherents weekly. We are glad to hear this, for Glasgow is one of the most intemperate towns in the United Kingdom. The scenes of intoxication on Saturday evenings are among the most distressing which occur in human society.

Temperance societies are stated to be now established in from forty to fifty towns in Holland, with the approval of government. In Rotterdam, it is said, there are five hundred adherents of total abstinence. The merit of such self-denial is augmented by the consideration, that throughout Holland the best gin and brandy are to be had at eighteenpence a bottle.

Luxurious habits, late rising, and tobacco-smoking, come in for a good share of abuse and jocularity in these unpromising pages.

> 'What silly old men our fathers were!
> What stupid lives they led!
> They rose with the sun, they dined at noon,
> And at nine they went to bed.
> Their day began by break of morn,
> But ours begins at dark;
> And they never, in carriages *closed*, rode out,
> To take the air in the Park.'

The Temperance Chronicle, in noticing a work—'Advice to Smokers,' which, of course, nobody will take—gives an extract on the pipe-in-mouth form of indulgence. A gentleman takes a lodging in the house of a working-man, and, somewhat surprised with the neat appearance of things, asks 'how they managed to be so respectable in these depressing times. The man answered, "I have no more wages than my neighbours—the wages are very low, for I am a stocking-maker; but I am industrious. I waste no time—I keep no *saint* Monday—*I do not saunter about the lanes, or stand at my door with a pipe in my mouth*—I talk no politics—I mind my own business, and in my leisure hours work in my little garden, grow my own potatoes, and keep a pig or two. We are as comfortable as a working-family need to be, even in these hard times." One part of this relation particularly arrested my attention—"*I do not saunter about the lanes, or stand at my door with a pipe in my mouth.*" I could not help contrasting this working-man's house with many I have visited, where the inhabitant makes use of that *pauper-making* weed—tobacco. Whenever I enter a house more filthy, wretched, and miserable than another, I have for years invariably looked about for that emblem of poverty—a tobacco-pipe; and I do not know that I ever failed seeing one in some corner or other.'

With these few scraps, we, for the present, bid good-by to the temperance press. Ready to give advice to others, it may receive from us an advice in return. We should like to see the temperance papers, without abating a jot in principle, somewhat less fierce and dogmatic, more

courteous and kindly in tone; and while, generally speaking, they improve their paper and typography, they should endeavour to attain a considerably higher literary qualification.

MUSCOVITE HONESTY.

'No inhabitant of old western Europe,' says the author of a book recently published, under the title of 'Revelations of Russia,' 'can form an idea of the extent of the universal corruption of the Russian employés. It is true he cannot cross the portals of that empire without having repeated and annoying proofs of the disgusting venality and rapacity of the inferior class of officials with whom he comes in contact. But it is still impossible for him to conceive, until he sees, the same spirit pervading all those whose exalted station in every other country places them above suspicion.' According to this author, peculation is universal among the Russian officials, from the street watchman to the highest officer in the state. No official can be got to do his duty unless you bribe him. Money is also extorted by the functionaries of the law by very plain threats, that if it is not given, the individual will be put to trouble and annoyance. Justice itself is sold; and the profession of lawyer or pleader is quite at a discount; for the most efficient advocate is a bank-note given to the judge. In the army and navy it is the same. All pilfer. Nay, it is a recognised fact, that nine-tenths of the income of every man engaged in any public employment, of every officer in the army or the navy, consist, and must consist, of pilferings. The officer intrusted with the charge of providing the necessaries for a regiment, makes a handsome profit for himself out of his bargains; the officers commanding a distant expedition grow rich by starving the men; and the captain of a Russian man-of-war will sell the very cordage of his vessel when he is at a foreign port, and pocket the proceeds. The clerks in public offices are constantly appropriating small sums; or, if the nature of their duty admits of it, as in the case of the passport office, they extort bribes. The merchant of course is pre-eminently a cheat. The Muscovite shopman, of whom you are purchasing goods at double their proper cost, swears by his patron saint that he is selling the articles at a loss, inwardly promising the saint at the same time a per centage of the proceeds in oil and ornaments for his shrine if he helps him to defraud you. Dishonesty, according to this author, is ingrained into the very constitution of a Muscovite. It has been cynically asserted of the human race in general, that 'every man has his price,' meaning, that there is no human being who might not be tempted to do what was wrong, if only the person tempting him knew what motives acted upon him most powerfully; but in Russia, according to this author, 'every man has his price *in money*.' An assertion so sweeping about a whole people, one has great difficulty in receiving: and, accordingly, the author of the book before us fortifies his accusation by a number of anecdotes, which have every appearance of being authentic, and also by assigning reasons of a speculative kind which make the assertion probable. And, first, to give a few of the author's anecdotes scattered up and down through the book.

'The Emperor Nicholas,' says he, 'having been made acquainted, whilst grand-duke, with the glaring malversations which took place in the naval arsenals of Cronstadt, some time after his accession, suddenly sent down a commission, who placed the imperial seal upon everything, and prepared to commence on the following day the labour of inquiry. That night the arsenals were destroyed by fire. But even the consuming element could not destroy the long-accumulated evidence of fraud. On clearing the ruins, a number of cannon were discovered, which, on reading the inscription on them, were found to belong to a man-of-war which had been lost a short time before in the Gulf of Finland, and, as it had been reported, with all her guns and stores on board. It was therefore evident that her own officers had taken her out to sea for the purpose of sinking her, having previously left all the valuable part of her armament and provisioning on shore for sale.'

Again, a foreign merchant of immense fortune was summoned, for some trifling affair, to the office of Count Benkendorff, the prefect of police. 'On repairing thither, he was kept standing for six hours, and then dismissed. The next day he was again ordered to attend: the penalty of disregarding such a summons was too dangerous to incur; he again danced attendance in vain; and thus week after week he was annoyed and taken from his most important business, the time of his most serious engagements being, as it appeared, wilfully and maliciously selected. At last it was hinted to him that if he would leave a very considerable sum (upwards of L.3000) at the office as a pledge of his appearance whenever it should be required, he would meet with no farther annoyance. He thought it wisest to comply, and from that moment was never asked for.'

The next anecdote is somewhat different, but still it is illustrative of national dishonesty. 'During the administration of the late police master, a personage of considerable importance discovered, on stepping into his sledge, that he had either lost his pocket-book, containing two thousand roubles, or been robbed of it. He applied to one of the police-officers. The police-major asked for a description of it, and the numbers of the notes. The owner had no recollection of the pocket-book further than that it was a red one, and contained the sum mentioned. An hour after, the police-major returned triumphantly; he had placed the thief in custody, and he restored the pocket-book, with its contents untouched, to the illustrious owner, who was of course all thanks and gratitude. The next day, however, his highness felt something hard in the lining of his fur pelisse, which, on examination, proved to be the original pocket-book, with its notes, which had slipped through a rent in the pocket, and which the policeman had pretended to restore to him; the hopes of his patronage, or the fear of his displeasure, having been considered worth a sacrifice of two thousand roubles.' Whether the person falsely accused of the theft was let off or no, was never known; probably not, says the author.

As an instance of peculation on the small scale, the author relates the following:—A pile of copper had been coined into ten-kopeck pieces. The pieces were locked into a strong room, where they lay on the floor. When the room was visited, it was found that the mountain of ten-kopeck pieces had sunk down in the middle, like the crater of a volcano. The clerks underneath had bored a hole in the flooring, and pulled down the pieces by means of a pole and a wire fixed to it.

It may be asked, are no complaints made, and does not the law wage war with this scandalous and universal corruption? The late Emperor Alexander found himself quite unable to do anything effective towards the suppression of such malpractices. He used to say of his Muscovite subjects, in his easy good-humoured way, 'If they only knew where to warehouse them, they would purloin my line-of-battle ships; and if they could do it without waking me, they would steal my teeth while I slept.' The present emperor, Nicholas, on the other hand, is a decided foe to all these established methods of criminality; and whenever a case of fraud or peculation is represented to him, he punishes it severely. But that even under such an emperor as Nicholas, it is thought necessary occasionally to wink at flagrant instances of malversation, rather than raise that popular clamour which in Russia, more than in any other country, is obnoxious to the government, would appear to be proved by the following strange story, which we also find in the book before us. A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years. He received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (L.450) to the president, the case would be decided against him. Not having the money, he took the bold step of informing Count Benkendorff, the chief of the police, of the iniquitous offer made to him. In order to make the proof clear, he asked the count to give him the requisite amount of notes, marked so that they might be known again. He undertook that these notes should be found on the person of the president of the court. He got the notes and went away. As is usual in Russia, he invited the president-judge to dine with him. A police-officer was secreted in an adjoining room, who was to come out on a given signal and search the judge. On sitting down to dinner, the notes were given to the judge, who, counting them over, tossed them into his hat. This hardly amounting to proof enough, the host did not give the signal, waiting till the hat should be put on. During dinner some one knocked. It was the judge's nephew come with a message. After delivering it to the judge, he went away. When dinner was over, the judge rose to go, and put on his hat. The host gave the signal, out rushed the police-officer. The judge's hat was taken off, when lo! the notes were not in it. His nephew had taken away the right hat, and left the wrong one. The bribery could not be proved. Our author

thinks that the explanation of the affair is, that the judge received a private hint from Count Benkendorff's office.

How is this universal corruption and venality of the Muscovites to be accounted for? Our author assigns probable reasons for it. One of these is, that there has been nothing in the history of the Muscovite nation to implant in the national character that chivalrous feeling of honour of which most other nations have more or less. But a much more plain and matter-of-fact reason is, that the salaries of all Russian officials are so small, that no official could live without peculating. The salaries have not been changed for more than a century, although all that time the value of money has been changing. Thus, the pay of a general admiral in the Russian navy is only L.540 a-year; of an admiral, only L.225; of a first-class captain, only L.80 or L.100; and of a midshipman, only L.33. An English blacksmith, employed at the Russian iron-works at Colpenas, receives a larger salary than an admiral; and a gentleman's valet in St Petersburg has a better income than a lieutenant in the navy. To make up for this, however, all the Russian government officials are accounted noblemen; they belong to one or other of the fourteen grades of Russian nobility; and if the English blacksmith at Colpenas would exchange his L.300 a-year for L.30, with the perquisite of indefinite peculation, he might rank as a Russian nobleman too.

FINE FOR BURYING IN LINEN.

The following paper is a curious memorial of the absurd plans tried in former times for the encouragement of particular manufactures. It relates to an act which was designed to promote the use of woollen in arraying the dead. It is handed to us by a descendant of the parties who paid the fine:—

Discharge be procurator-fiscall. To David Keltie and Agnes Paton, 1710.

I, Robert Duncan, procurator-fiscall of the shirreff-court of Kinross, grants me to have received full satisfaction of the soume of ane hundred pounds Scottis money from David Keltie of Newbigging, in Tullyboil paroch, and Agnes Paton there, his mother, of the soume of ane hundred pound Scottis money, dew to me as discoverer for their cryme in buiring the deceast John Keltie of Newbigging in linning, contrair to the late act of parliament, wherein they were fyned and amerciate upon the twentieth day of Apprill last by past, and hereby exoners and simplicitor discharges the said David Keltie, and the said Agnes Paton, and all concerned, of the foresaid soume, and sentence pronounced thereupon in my favours as discoverer of the said cryme, with all that has followed, or may follow therupon, relative to the forsaid sentence. In witnes wherof, I have subscrybed thir presents with my hand, att Kinross, the nynth day of May, seventeen hundred and ten years, before thir witnesses, John Watsone, officer in Kinross, and John Blackwood, officer there, and the said Robert Mories, wreatter heirof. (Signed) ROBERT DUNCAN.

John Watson, witnes.
John Blackwood, witnes.
Robert Mories, witnes.

PROGRESS OF ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

Farmers are finding out that it is necessary for them, with a view to their own interests, to take a very different course from that which was followed by their grandfathers and great-grandfathers. In these days, no man is allowed to stand still. Improvement must go on. And I see throughout the country, in every part of it, gratifying proofs that improvement is going on, as actively in the agricultural as in the manufacturing districts and operations of the country. Even within the last four or five years, I see strides which, small as they may be compared with what might be done, are gigantic when compared with what was done before. I think it is not more than four or five years ago that, at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, I first noticed, as a novelty of a singular character, a new manure, known as guano, and recommended to the agriculturists of England. If I am not misinformed, from the port of Liverpool alone there have gone out, within this single year, no less than 150 vessels, chartered expressly for the purpose of importing this then unknown manure for the improvement of the agriculture of the country. Everywhere I see old and useless fences disappearing, fields enlarging, improved modes of cultivation adopted; and I see going on with immense rapidity that which, I must again and again impress upon you who are connected with the land, is the basis of all improvement—deep and thorough drainage of the land; and not here alone, but throughout all England, I see most remarkably, as indeed any one may do, even though whirled through the country at the railway speed with which we are now carried, what an extent of improvement has been effected in this respect. Every one is struck with the appearance of preparation for future exertions, which are, at the same time, the token of well-deserved success.—*Lord Stanley at the Liverpool Agricultural Association.*

SORROW AND SONG.

[From 'Poems by James Hedderwick' (Andrew Rutherglen, Glasgow). Mr Hedderwick's poetry evinces a lively fancy, and is marked by great delicacy of feeling. His volume contains several reprints of verses which we had formerly seen in periodical works, and which have become favourites with us. We are glad to see them again in their present beautiful and more permanent form.]

WEEP not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances—
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Rills o'er rocky beds are borne,
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn,
Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shivered rock
Limpid water breaketh;
'Tis but when the chords are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers by heedless footstep prest,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test,
Ere it show its splendour.

When the twilight cold and damp
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glow-worm lights its lamp,
And the bulbul singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances—
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

THE LAST OF THE PURKISES.

It is recorded in the History of England, that the body of King William Rufus, after that monarch had met his death by an arrow discharged from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel, whilst engaged in hunting in the New Forest, was picked up by a man named Purkis, who placed the corpse of the king in a cart, and conveyed it to Winchester. It is a remarkable circumstance connected with the Purkises, that for upwards of 750 years they have continued to enjoy uninterrupted possession of the same identical spot, which amounts to about two acres of ground, situated near the village of Minstead, in the New Forest, contiguous to which the king was killed. From the earliest period of their history, it is found that the Purkises were by trade or calling charcoal-burners, which same business they have continued to carry on from father to son up to the present time, and which mode of employment has fortunately afforded them the means of preserving their patrimony entire through a long course of generations. William Purkis, the present possessor of the above humble estate, is now in his eighty-seventh year, and having outlived all his relations, is now the last of the Purkises.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, and Frederick Mansel Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, both of Stoke Newington, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and R. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM ORR, 339 AMEN CORNER, Publisher, of S. Anne Court, of No. 2 AMEN CORNER, both in the parish of St Gregory-by-St Paul's, and in the city of London.—Saturday, November 30, 1844.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 49. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1844. Price 1½d.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

England, which boasts of being the land of greatness, liberty, and wealth—the cradle of intellect, and the foster-mother of genius—is also the land of petty grievances and small complaints. The English have often been designated a nation of grumblers, for it seems to be one of our chief delights to be constantly on the watch for something which annoys us, only that we may have the pleasure of finding fault with it. The gusto with which we set to work to pick very large faults out of very small things is so general, that it deservedly ranks amongst our national pastimes and privileges.

Every foreigner who reads the English journals invariably coincides with these views. He is struck with the extraordinary importance which our countrymen attach to the merest trifles, especially to such as interfere with their personal comfort or convenience. Scarcely a newspaper is published, metropolitan or provincial, that does not contain a complaint from some correspondent concerning a matter which—in countries possessing fewer social advantages than our own—would be passed over in uncomplaining silence. We recently counted in a single number of the most powerful organ of public opinion in Europe no fewer than twenty-two epistles; some of them from men whose grievances would cost the most commonplace practical philosopher scarcely an instant's consideration. A specimen or two will prove diverting.

One individual—to whose lucubration the editor awards the dignity of large type—is extremely put out on the subject of stamp-receipts. He does not object to the threepenny and sixpenny stamp system upon principle. On the contrary, he no doubt would shudder to propose any such sweeping innovation as the doing away with a tax on receiving money, which, being in most instances an extremely agreeable operation, and decidedly a luxury, ought to be taxed. For all he knows, stamped receipts may form part of the Palladium of British liberty, and to abolish them might, by remote possibility, materially damage that subject of 'envy and admiration to surrounding nations'—the British constitution. No; his only complaint is, that the stamp-receipt system is not sufficiently appreciated by the public: his lamentations are awakened by a fear that the revenue of the country is sometimes made to suffer from stingy receivers grudging their threepences. To remedy this terrible evil, he recommends a stamp-tax on bills of parcels—a very good suggestion no doubt; and as the chancellor of the exchequer has of course plenty of time on his hands, he will perhaps take into consideration the very important hint of this gentleman, who takes unto himself the title of a 'practical man.'

We cannot, however, dismiss our practical man without acknowledging that, slender as is the base of evil upon which he builds his structure of complaint, other correspondents occasionally outdo him. A battery of paper-artillery has recently been fired off by an army of 'Viators,' 'Pedestrians,' 'Scrutators,' against what must appear to ordinary minds a harmless and healthy pastime of the juvenile community. Day after day the subtleties of argument, the flowers of rhetoric, and the bitter invectives of satire, have been launched against what the newspaper editors love to hold up to infamy in conspicuous capitals as 'THE HOOP NUISANCE.' From this elaborate correspondence we learn that the practice of trundling hoops in public thoroughfares—which for centuries has been indulged in by children without any apparent inconvenience to the public at large—threatens, at the present writing, the lives and limbs of her majesty's subjects with the most disastrous consequences. In one of these communications the legislature of the country is called upon to act with rigour and promptitude: nothing will satisfy this correspondent short of an act of parliament, specially directed against naughty little boys who run the chance of bowling dirty little hoops against dowagers' silk dresses and elderly gentlemen's calves.

Other 'nuisances' excite the ire of an equally voluminous class of correspondents. A very precise old gentleman trips on the pavement, by stepping on something slippery; he stoops, examines it, and, hastening to his office in the city, pens an epistolary tirade against the 'ORANGE-PEEL NUISANCE.' An early riser has dust thrown into his eyes by an active housemaid, and cannot digest his breakfast till he has fired off a shot at 'THE DOOR-MAT NUISANCE.' He takes a walk in the evening, gets a few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into his face, and does not sleep till he has vented his indignation in a letter to his favourite paper on the 'CIGAR NUISANCE.' Other trifling evils are made known by persons who, though they generally sign themselves 'constant readers,' have a much more obvious title to the name of 'constant writers.' Let a traveller be charged sixpence too much for a sandwich, and he denounces the 'imposition' and the hotel-keeper in the newspapers. If he be detained a little over the proper time in a steamboat, or on a railway, he takes the same sort of revenge. A few weeks since, a letter appeared in one of the public journals, couched in a strain of the highest indignation, because the writer was detained on a railway seventy miles in length, exactly seventeen minutes longer than was marked in the time-bill. Upon this fertile theme he expatiates in a style which combines a high order of eloquence with an energetic style of satire. He appeals to the feelings very powerfully, by drawing a graphic picture of a father waiting at the terminus for an expected child. He describes the agonies the parent may be supposed to endure, and shows how such a bosom might be lacerated by all the tortures of apprehension and suspense for seventeen whole minutes. He pathetically inquires of the chairman, vice-chairman, directors, trustees, and secretary, whether *they* have feelings? whether they are

fathers? If they have hearts and children, let them ask one another how *they* would like to endure seventeen minutes' agony in the waiting-room of their own terminus? It therefore behooves them to scold their engineer, to lecture their stokers, and to threaten their drivers with dismissal, unless they learn punctuality. Having, he flatters himself, brought tears into the eyes of the entire company—shareholders included—he thinks them in a proper frame of mind to be scolded, and proceeds in a strain only to be compared to the addresses of a judge to a criminal; though his strictures are continued on considerations of a less elevated character, for he puts the case in a commercial point of view. He shadows forth a prophecy, which takes a dismal view of the consequences to the nation at large should the awful system of being seventeen minutes behind time be persevered in. He shows how it is just possible that the ruin of individuals, nay, a serious injury to the whole commercial world, might be effected by this throwing away of seventeen valuable minutes. An anecdote is powerfully worked up of a bank stopping payment through mails or messengers delaying remittances—not seventeen—but seven minutes beyond the proper and appointed instant of delivery. In short, a foreigner devouring these overwrought details might be led to suppose that the peace of families, the stability of banking interests, and the gigantic operations of trade, depend entirely on the stokers, engine-drivers, and ticket-collectors of the railways!

Let us turn for a moment from the London to the provincial press; for it must not be supposed that the incessant propensity to grumble is confined to the limits of the bills of mortality. Every local journal opens its columns to frivolous complaints, and there are plenty of censors to fill them. You can scarcely take up a country newspaper without finding a certain amount of epistolary disgust and indignation expended on some trifling inconvenience. We could point out a dozen originals to such a letter as the following:—

'Sir,—Allow me to direct public attention, through the medium of your powerful and independent journal, to the dangerous condition of the carriage-way in High Street. There are at least a dozen ruts, and one of the holes is certainly more than an inch deep—at all events large enough to contain water when it rains. What is the paving board about? Surely, after the recent addition of three-halfpence in the pound to the rates, they ought to be more on the alert. I am, Sir, A Ratepayer.

P. S. I may also direct the attention of the parish authorities to the state of the pump opposite the Sessions house. No attempt has been made to supply the knob which was knocked off the handle by some of the young country gentlemen while returning from Lord Crack's last election dinner.'

In contemplating the round of complaints which incessantly circulate in the English newspapers, it is natural to ask what good do they do? The answer is, that, if carrying their point be doing good, these 'pickers up of unconsidered trifles' are seldom baffled. The Ratepayers, Censors, Vindexes, Juniuses, and Scrutinators, metropolitan and provincial, form a pressure from without which there is no resisting. It is they who have roused the collective wisdom of the country to abolish dog-carts, and to silence dustmen's bells. About a dozen years ago, several patriotic individuals discovered that the various street-cries and noises uttered by itinerant hawkers were intolerable, and utterly unworthy of a free country. Letter after letter appeared in the newspapers, declaiming violently against costermongers, fishwives, old clothesmen, and chimney-sweeps. Muffin-sellers' and dustmen's bells were denounced in language as strong as that fulminated from the Vatican against heresy. Medical practitioners complained that their nervous cases were constantly retarded from convalescence by the horrible noises which issued from the streets. Authors, living in unquiet thoroughfares, declared that their thoughts were ever and anon scattered, and their ideas ruined, by brazen-tongued appeals for public patronage from dealers in brooms, mackerel, potatoes, and other household wares. By dint of repeated expostulations, threats, and warnings, public opinion was effectually roused. The 'street-cry' question came into the ascendant; and had there been an election at the time, a candidate for a metropolitan borough would have stood but little chance, unless he explicitly stated from the hustings his detestation of this annoyance. At length the anti-street-cry party prevailed, and the legislature was obliged to interfere; but, as is usual, in a very cautious and partial manner. To have abolished street-cries altogether would have been too sweeping a measure: vested interests were at stake, and they could not be interfered with in this justice-loving country. The peripatetic green-grocer, for example—having invested his capital in a donkey and cart, upon the implied and customary understanding that he should, like his forefathers, announce the commodities it contained in as public a manner as his vocal powers would allow—must not have his property in the aforesaid donkey-cart deteriorated by a deprivation of that privilege. No; some more offensive noises must be selected for abolition—some 'calling' which had fewer vested rights. Committees were appointed, witnesses were examined, and the result was, that the victims selected to be sacrificed to the clamour of the public were chimney-sweepers and collectors of household dust. A bill was drawn up, which, after a great deal of debate, and some party opposition, passed both houses, and received the sign-manual. This act silenced dustmen's bells, and forbade the sooty fraternity to call out—as was their wont from time immemorial—'Sweep, O—Sweep!'*

Alluding to this act of parliament reminds us that there are others which make many of the newspaper outcries quite superfluous. If the denouncers of the door-mat nuisance would refer to clause 47 of the 2d and 3d Victoria, cap. 4, they would learn how to obtain a more summary remedy than letter-writing. The 'hoop-nuisance' complainants would find, by referring to the 54th section of the same act, that the thunderbolts of the law, in the form of constables' staves, impend—like Damocles's sword—over the heads of little boys who 'unlawfully, and against the statute in that case made and provided,' are found by the police bowling hoops in public thoroughfares. Such are amongst the legislative fruits of past small-grievance censorship. It is obviously absurd, when such acts exist, to continue addressing the newspapers. Our critics of petty annoyances are not aware of the powers of a much more compelling kind which they possess.

After all, is not this techiness about trifles a good feature of our country? Does it not evidence that determination to put up with nothing wrong that is capable of being made right, which has brought our country somewhat a-head of most others of Europe in respect of social institutions? And is not the indifference of continental people about such matters exactly of a piece with their comparatively great tranquillity under sterner evils? And

* Vide 5th and 6th of William IV., cap. 76. The bill for abolishing climbing-boys, which was afterwards passed, was really an important act of humanity.

may we not also argue, since so much attention is paid to trifles out of joint, that all the great screws of the social machine are, maugre occasional appearances of a contrary kind, in their right place?

VISIT TO THE MONKWEARMOUTH PIT.

When at Newcastle in the beginning of October, a wish beset me to descend the celebrated pit at Monkwearmouth, chiefly that I might personally be sensible of the increase of heat which takes place at such depths in the crust of the earth. Providing myself, therefore, with a recommendation to one of the viewers of the mine, I set out for Monkwearmouth at an early hour, and, by aid of the railway, reached the spot in a very brief space of time. I quickly found the person I was in quest of, and by him was soon transferred to the care of a foreman, who was allowed to become my guide and protector in the enterprise before me.

The towering buildings, clanking machinery, and coarse and unseemly objects assembled round the mouth of the pit, were not by any means calculated to invite me on to this adventure; neither was it a favourable consideration that, only eight days before, ninety-five persons had lost their lives by an explosion of fire-damp in a neighbouring mine. I am, however, superior to unreasonable fears, and, knowing that danger scarcely existed, I approached and went through the whole affair, all strange and utterly new as it was to me, without the slightest sense of trepidation. Being conducted to the house of my guide, I was there supplied with a suit of his pit clothes, for which I gave up the whole of my own, excepting only my boots; and being then furnished with a walking-stick, I was declared to be in proper trim for the descent. Then, conducted to the gallery over the mouth of the pit, I had to wait a few minutes, till a huge deep iron tub, containing about two tons of coal, was raised up to the open air and discharged of its load; this, I was told, was the only means ever employed in taking down either strangers or workmen. An iron ladder being placed in the interior of the tub, I descended to the side of my companion, and we were then swung off and let down the dark profound, sinking the eighteen hundred feet in what seemed to me little more than two minutes. The only circumstance I had occasion to remark in the descent, was a pretty copious dripping of water from the sides of the pit, by which I was of course sprinkled, but not to an inconvenient extent. This water, it seems, issues from the strata of the magnesian limestone, which are penetrated in this district in order to reach the coal-measures. At the termination of our descent, the tub was brought to a level with a kind of gallery, along which was a tramway for wagons, and on which stood a group of dusky and hideous-looking figures, the purpose of this gallery and of these men being to fill the tub for its upward journeys by emptying into it the wains in which the coal is brought from the recesses of the mine. A few candles and lamps gave light to the scene, which was as dismal as could well be conceived; nor was it rendered more agreeable when I was called to observe that the shaft sunk a good way down from the edge of the gallery, in order that the tub might be enabled to come below the mouth of a spout-like channel, down which the coal was poured into it. One false step on either side might here have placed me in considerable danger. Quickly, however, I was led away from the vicinage of the shaft, and, being furnished with a candle in a primitive kind of wooden lantern, while my companion provided himself in like manner, was fairly launched upon my subterranean researches.

The coal-seam here worked being fully six feet in thickness, and very slightly inclined, the passages of the mine are generally of ample height, so that it is not in ordinary circumstances difficult to walk along them. They are, however, not of great width; they are occupied by a champy wagon-way; and every hundred yards or so the stranger hears a heavy train coming along, to escape which he must shrink up at the side of the passage, otherwise he must be thrown down and pounded to dust. It was at first no pleasant thing to stand thus aside and see a horse and series of laden wains go tearing and clanking past one's very breast; yet such is the force of habit, I came, before the conclusion of my visit, to treat this peril with indifference. Each of these trains, I may observe, is conducted merely by a boy, who sits at his ease on the wagon nearest the horse; and one feels it strange at first to see boys in such a situation. A little reflection, however, enables one to conceive how the same potent influence which I have alluded to will speedily reconcile them to all its apparent dangers. At intervals of no great space along the passage, I found it closed up with coarse wooden doors, each attended by a boy, who opened it for the passing wagons, and then shut it again. These form a part of the arrangements for ventilating the mine, a line of draught being thus formed in connexion with a furnace which is kept in continual operation, with a vent or shaft for itself. This leads me to say, that as yet I had been sensible of no unusual heat; there was rather a coolness in the passage at most parts. But this coolness was entirely the effect of the air-current, and is experienced only where that is in powerful operation.

For nearly half an hour I followed my dusky leader, with hardly a pause, except to make way for passing trains, or remark the arrangements for ventilation. The passage continued without any material change of feature, every two yards of it presenting a wooden beam, supported by two lateral uprights, to prevent falls of the sandstone ceiling. At one place my guide turned about and remarked, 'Here, sir, we are under the river Wear.' Before descending I had seen the Wear—a navigable river some fifty or sixty yards in breadth. It was curious to think of its flowing over one's head. Yet what is such a piece of surface water to those who tunnel below it at such a mighty distance? The space from Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey was between me and it in solid stone. On we still went, and by and by the heat became very great, insomuch that perspiration poured down from my face in an almost continuous stream. Still I felt an exhilaration of spirit which defied all such inconveniences, as well as fatigue, so that I repeatedly declined the offer of my guide to allow a brief rest. At length we came to a district where workings were in progress.

The plan usually followed in excavating coal is first to make such a passage as that described, then to diverge from it in similar lateral lines, leaving about an equal space between each two unworked, for the sake of support, and finally to cut out these spaces also, thus leaving the mine to its fate, regardless whether the upper strata sink or remain firm. I was now led into several of these side passages, which I found generally less lofty in the ceiling than the main drift (as it is called), so that it was more troublesome to traverse them. Sometimes I was obliged to bend nearly double, and after all, did not escape a few knockings of the head, though none of any severity. As yet, we had met few of the pitmen; but now I was taken into a passage, the termination of which was in the course of being worked, and there accordingly found a couple of men engaged in what appeared to me one of the strangest kinds of labour imaginable. Picture two human figures of stalwart proportions, naked all except the smallest possible kilt and a pair of galligaskins, and black as culm could make them, engaged, the one in wielding a mattock against the solid wall of coal, the other in shovelling up the resulting loose materials into a wagon; the temperature being meanwhile at about eighty Fahrenheit, so that even the idle onlooker melted as under the hottest of July's suns. It was, verily, a strange scene, and one attended with by no means common sensations. What made it the more striking was the dim and imperfect light; not that this was shed through Davy's life-protecting gauze, for no such thing was here used, but that a couple of small candles had to illuminate a pretty large space, where all was of the gloomiest. On

inquiry, I found that, owing to the excellent ventilation of this mine, Davy's lamps are scarcely ever employed in it; and I was called on to observe how little of a blue spectrum, the indication of the presence of hydrogen, appeared round the flame of our candles. The men, I may remark, seemed to work heartily and merrily, though it was evidently a severe labour; and it was surprising to observe how rapidly the mass of coal crumbled under the powerfully applied blows of the mattock. It seemed to me that, with my whole strength, and it is not below average, I could not have brought down half the quantity of coal in the time. And I was right. There is, I was told, a sleight of art in the business of the pitman, by which he comes in time to get through his work much more rapidly than any labourer could do not possessed of this peculiar skill. And in the possession of this art there are many degrees even amongst the men themselves, the rule of variety of gifts thus holding good below, as well as upon the surface of the earth, in humble, as well as in high employment. The labours of the pitmen, if severe while they last, are less protracted than those of many of the common children of toil. They work between seven and eight hours a-day, and can thus realise (in general) not much less than twenty shillings a-week, when their free houses and other perquisites are considered. This is, after all, better than being a farm-labourer in the Carse of Gowrie, where work is often begun at four in the morning, and carried on, with short intervals, till seven at night, for a remuneration not exceeding ten shillings a-week. One circumstance interfering with the comfort of the pitmen may be considered as a natural misfortune. It often happens that in seams of coal there is a pervading layer of a hard and incombustible composition, commonly called clunch; and this they are not only required to dig for nothing, but they are fined for any portion of it which they allow to come to the pit-mouth amongst other coal. My guide pointed out the foul band to me on this occasion, and I remarked the greater trouble which it cost in excavation. It was surely a strange thing, he said, that clunch should be found at one level throughout the whole seam. 'By no means,' said I, 'if you consider how the whole seam was formed.' 'But how was that?' 'Oho,' said I, 'you have not happened to learn how coal was made. Well, nothing can be more simple than to tell you.' When I explained how it was composed of vegetable matter collected and sunk in seas, and afterwards subjected to pressure, by which the character of the matter was changed (bituminised), and showed that even a single seam contained several such layers, formed one after another, and sometimes in different circumstances, he was prepared to understand, and this he did very aptly, how an infusion of mud into the sea at the time of the placing of one of these layers might deteriorate it for ultimate combustion as coal—in short, produce clunch. Here was another oddity in my present situation—lecturing on the formation of coal in the midst of a goodly seam of the article itself, and amidst the simple unlettered men who spend their lives in working it.

As we returned towards the regions of lower temperature, my companion counseled my pausing for a while to cool, lest I might catch cold; and I accordingly sat down very contentedly upon a bundle of straw for half an hour. During this time several groups of pitmen going to their work in the remoter drifts paused beside us, and entered into a friendly chat. I was anxious to converse with these men, having heard of their remarkable and peculiar character; but their uncouth language, marked, it seemed to me, by an absence of all firm articulation, proved fatal to my wishes. I was only sensible that they met good humour with good humour, and seemed to be much more cheerful and hearty than could have been expected of men newly reduced by stark suffering from one of the most determined strikes on record. I was glad to learn from my guide that a system of promotion exists in collieries, according to the qualifications of the individuals. The men who behave well, and display superior intelligence, are advanced to be foremen and even viewers, the latter being a comparatively gentlemanly function. Of course the great mass will never practically benefit by this system; but it must be useful, nevertheless, in as far as it cannot fail to be a stimulus to all the more active and better endowed natures which arise in the collier population.

In the way back, I was taken aside into the place where the horses are kept. It is a long grotto-like recess, lofty in the roof, and furnished in all respects as stables usually are. None of the inmates being present, the ventilating process was not here in operation, and I therefore experienced in this place the full amount of the mine temperature, as resulting directly from the causes which produce it. The heat was excessive. I was told that this was the condition of the whole pit at the commencement, ere the ventilating process had been fully established, and the consequences were very severe upon the health of both men and horses, but particularly the latter. At that time the men suffered great annoyance from flies, and a large species was observed which no one had ever seen anywhere before. But when the temperature was at length reduced to a moderate amount, this plague ceased, and the stranger fly disappeared. In general, the fauna of the mines is limited. There are a few insects, with rats and mice. The horses seem to suffer nothing from their subterranean confinement; but when any one is taken up to the surface on account of illness, or from any other cause, he is found at first quite blind amidst the sunlight, nor does he recover his ordinary powers of vision for some days.

Having taken a hasty peep of the vast furnace used for the ventilation of the pit, I stepped once more into the metal tub, and was quickly hoisted to the upper world. The chief sensation on coming out upon the upper gallery was that of intense cold; for, after the atmosphere of the interior, the slight frost existing upon the surface was felt very severely. On returning to my guide's chamber to resume my dress, the reflection of my figure in a mirror proved not the least entertaining part of the adventure. A hearty laugh at one's self is perhaps amongst the pleasantest things in life, and I here enjoyed it in full measure.

The Monkwearmouth pit is allowed to be the deepest mine in England. Its unusual profundity is owing to the necessity there is of passing through the superior formation (magnesian limestone) in order to reach the coal. There is thus a scientific interest connected with this pit; for nowhere else in Britain can we experience so sensibly, or to such an extent, that increase of heat which is found as we descend into the interior of the earth, an increase supposed to average about a degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every eighty feet descended, and which would apparently lead to a state of absolute incandescence if we could dig deep enough. The supposable connexion between this state of the interior, and the hypothesis of Herschel as to the formation of this and other globes, gives the temperature of mines considerable importance in the philosophical world, and it is of course interesting to become a personal witness of the fact. I may here advert, in conclusion, to the cause of the digging of such deep mines in the great northern coal-field. It is owing—there can be no doubt of it—to the approximating exhaustion of the beds nearer the surface in the same district. The Newcastle coal-field proper—meaning by this the economically accessible beds near that city—is now nearly at an end. Driven thence by the impossibility of winning coal profitably, men have been compelled to seek for coal in the places near by, where it is covered deeply over with the magnesian limestone. Here it cannot be worked so economically as it was in the old field, for the pits have to be sunk to an immense depth, and the cost of clearing away water is very great. But while it can be worked with a prospect of profit, it will

of course be worked nevertheless; and such is exactly the present juncture of affairs. The resorting to beds under the limestone is comparatively of recent date. Till twenty years ago, there was a received maxim amongst coal owners, that the coal was so bad as not to be worth working where it was so covered; a dogma perfectly groundless; yet it was difficult for intelligent geologists to convince these men of its unsoundness, as the following anecdote will show:—A gentleman who, besides large possessions elsewhere, had a small estate a little way to the east of Durham, wished to sell it, to save himself the trouble of its management, when William Smith, the founder of our system of stratification, met him by chance in a bookseller's shop, and warned him against doing so. The gentleman was incredulous as to there being any valuable coal there; and it was with some difficulty that he was induced to allow Mr Smith twenty pounds to enable him to make a survey and draw up a report, the whole value of the estate being then not more than perhaps fifteen hundred. Smith reported strongly in favour of mining beneath the limestone. Attention was thus attracted to the subject, and works were set agoing, and found successful. To give an idea of what a change has come over the character of that district, one fact may suffice—namely, that a short while ago nearly two hundred thousand pounds were spent upon one work. But even with the discovery of this great fallacy, the prospects of the northern coal-field are not by any means bright; and it is alleged by some that the years of its profitable working are much nearer a conclusion than is generally supposed. Some geologists have assigned to British coal a duration of from two to three thousand years; some six hundred; and the subject is therefore one on which the public feel no uneasiness. But these calculations are of no value whatever in the eyes of an unprejudiced inquirer, inasmuch as there is no system of registration, or other means, by which the statistics of the subject can be arrived at; and in point of fact all the views as yet advanced with respect to the duration of British coal are founded on data of the loosest kind. It may be found, ere many years go about, that the narrowest of the estimates is considerably above mark.

MATCH-MAKING—A TALE.

Early in a beautiful morning in the lovely month of June, the pretty little village of Alderfield was all astir, two or three gigs and other vehicles were already drawn from their respective depositories, and preparing for service, and now and then a fair face peeped from an upper window, and was almost instantly withdrawn, irradiated with a smile of pleasure at the favourable appearance of the weather. Well might peaceful little Alderfield be awake and alive, for this was the appointed day for Mrs Weatherhill's pic-nic party, which had formed the theme of village gossip and conjecture for the last ten days at least. To be sure only a select few of the villagers were invited, but those who were *out* were naturally anxious to know who were *in*, and those who were not going, had risen thus laudably early to watch the movements of those who were.

Mrs Weatherhill, the promoter of the present festivity, was generally considered by herself and others as the principal personage in Alderfield, inasmuch as she possessed an independent property, and decidedly took the lead in society on all occasions. Her house was the largest, her dress the most fashionable, and her barouche the *only* one in the village. She had no children, and was not in the least impeded in the exercise of her will by a little fat gouty husband, who seldom spoke at all, and when he attempted to do so, was talked down at once by his lady. His own fortune was small; she had inherited a large one at an early age; and why she had married Mr Weatherhill, nobody could surmise, unless that it were to show her entire independence of opinion, and her perfect freedom of will.

She was a stout but very comely dame of forty-five or thereabouts, with a pleasant voice and smile, a merry laugh, and a manner peculiarly attractive from its warmth and heartiness. She was a great patroness of 'young people,' especially young ladies, fond of 'having them with her,' and devising pleasures for them sometimes not over-judicious in their character. 'What did girls go from home for but to enjoy themselves?' she would often remark, as if home were a place destitute of enjoyments, instead of forming the centre of the very best and purest pleasures. So, when she had young friends staying with her, which was very frequently the case, she took good care that they should never 'lose a day;' for she would have considered twenty-four hours' respite from the pursuit of pleasure as so much lost time. What with parties at home and abroad, by land and by water, drives to the county town, and visits to every exhibition that might happen to be stationed there, she contrived to keep her guests in a very undesirable state of excitement from their arrival to their departure. At the time my story begins, she had two very pretty girls for her inmates, and it was principally on their account that she had planned a party to Ilston Abbey, a fine old ruin some seven or eight miles from Alderfield. A very wet season had marred several previous projects of the kind, therefore Mrs Weatherhill and her invited guests looked forward with no little anxiety to the day, and watched the barometer with intense interest. Great was the joy of all concerned when a cloudless morning gave promise of some hours of equally cloudless enjoyment, and all prepared with alacrity to set forth. Mrs Weatherhill had private reasons also for wishing her plan to prosper. She considered this party of much greater importance than as a mere meeting for amusement, and had anxieties and hopes on the subject as yet only known to herself. She unfortunately delighted in that mischievous and unwarrantable interference in the affairs of others called match-making, and she hoped on this occasion to lay the foundations of two marriages at least. Two gentlemen, whom she asked to join her party, seemed to her precisely suited to her two young guests, who were neither of them, as far as she knew, pre-engaged; and so far from suspecting that there was anything improper in her designs, she gave herself great credit for planning two such eligible unions. She was sure Arthur Bonnington *must* want a wife. He must be dreadfully lonely in his rumbling old house, with nothing but his books to amuse him; and, with his large fortune, it was a burning shame that he did not marry. Could any woman be found more sure to suit him than Lucy Austin, who was as quiet, and almost as fond of books as himself; very pretty, well-born and bred; and supposing she had no fortune, what could *that* signify to a man so wealthy as Mr Bonnington? Mary Granby, her other protegée, was a very different girl from Lucy; but she would therefore be the more likely to please the fancy of young Scarborough, the surgeon newly settled in Y—— (the county town), who, as Mrs Weatherhill said to herself, must marry somebody at any rate, if he meant to get into respectable practice. Mary was a handsome, shrewd, showy girl, active and cheerful, and well able to take a prominent place in society—no small merit in the wife of a medical man aiming at popularity. Moreover, she had, or rather *was* to have, a thousand pounds, the legacy of her godmother, but at present in her father's hands; he having been executor to the old lady in question. Mrs Weatherhill, who, no one knew how, had a very intimate knowledge of the private affairs of all her acquaintance, was aware that Mr Scarborough had also some pro-

perty independent of his profession; and the match seemed in every way so equal, that she thought it would be an actual sin not to try to bring it about. Anxiously, therefore, did the 'foundress of the feast' anticipate her pic-nic to Ilston.

Nine o'clock, the appointed hour of assembling, had arrived, and Mrs Weatherhill's barouche was at the door, and Mr Weatherhill safely bestowed in one corner of it. Then the young ladies took their places, and Mrs Weatherhill followed, having first seen divers well-stocked baskets and hampers, and sundry cloaks and umbrellas, packed into a light cart, which was to attend them to the abbey. Then came a family jaunting-car, with its family load—father, mother, and three or four grown and growing-up sons and daughters; then Dr Derwent's gig, bearing the worthy rector and his lady; and lastly, Mr Sanderson, the attorney's vehicle, occupied by its owner, a sturdy old bachelor, accompanied by his maiden sister. Thus the procession moved off, but did not by any means include the whole party; for many were to join it on the road, and several stragglers from remote quarters were to meet the main body at the abbey.

Certainly Mary Granby looked very stylish in the smart silk pelisse and gay hat which Mrs Weatherhill had recommended her to wear on the occasion; and Lucy Austin never was prettier than in the simple white dress and straw bonnet, which her own perception of the fitness of things had taught her to adopt. And Mrs Weatherhill thought, as she looked on them, that never were two damsels more captivating, or more sure of conquest; the only fear that shadowed her pleasure being, lest by any dire mischance either of the beaux should fail to keep his appointment; lest Arthur Bonnington should have been seized with a fit of shyness or low spirits—no uncommon occurrence; or young Scarborough called away to attend to some broken limb, or case of sudden illness. But her apprehensions proved groundless; for when the party from Alderfield arrived at Ilston, the two young men were already there; and it seemed a good omen to Mrs Weatherhill that they had been punctual to their appointment.

Mrs Weatherhill was now in her glory. Before the loiterers of the company arrived, she had managed to establish Arthur Bonnington as the temporary guardian of Lucy Austin, and to fasten Mary Granby on young Scarborough's arm; and the group had soon dispersed among the ruins, or were tracing the little winding paths of the neighbouring woods, with that quickly-increasing friendliness which grows nowhere so rapidly as on a rural excursion, such as this whereof I write.

It would take up too much space to detail all that was said or done on that momentous day. Suffice it, that it was unmarked by serious accident or unfavourable change of the weather, which circumstances will occasionally mar the delights of a party of pleasure; that Mrs Weatherhill's schemes seemed to thrive beyond her utmost hopes; and that, before bidding them good night, she had engaged both Arthur Bonnington and young Scarborough to dine at her house early in the following week. The readiness with which her invitation was accepted, she took as an excellent omen of the impression already made on the minds of the gentlemen in question by the charms of her fair visitants.

From that evening to the day of her dinner-party, Mrs Weatherhill, when alone with Lucy and Mary, talked of little except the two young men who, she maintained, had paid them such marked attention; and whilst Lucy, with native delicacy, shrunk from her rallying on the subject of Arthur Bonnington, Mary, whilst deprecating far more loudly the jest respecting Mr Scarborough and herself, evidently enjoyed it. She laughed and listened, and she did not listen heedlessly. She was by no means so much attached to a country home—in whose neighbourhood eligible bachelors were anything but plentiful, where she was under the guidance of rather homely parents, and expected to take an active part in the management of six younger brothers and sisters—as to object to leave it, if a tolerably good opportunity for doing so offered. Besides, having arrived at the age usually called that of discretion, she was exceedingly anxious to get possession of her 'own thousand pounds,' which, as we have said, was at present in her father's hands. Her marriage would be an event, she thought, after which he could have no possible pretext for retaining it; and incited by these considerations, and Mrs Weatherhill's representations of the advantages of the match, she boldly resolved that, if Henry Scarborough did propose for her, she would accept him. If he did not, she was not yet desperately in love with him, and there was no harm done. Full of these thoughts, she dressed herself in the most becoming style she could devise, resolved that Mr Scarborough should not find her less charming in a drawing-room than in the ruins of Ilston Abbey; and so effectually did she carry out her intentions on the occasion of their second meeting, that Scarborough, during his long solitary ride from Alderfield to Y——, owned to himself that she had impressed him as no woman had ever done before. He had been for some time thinking of looking out for a wife; and hearing from Mrs Weatherhill an account of the 'high respectability' of Miss Granby's connexions, accompanied by a judicious hint of her forthcoming thousand pounds, a few more visits to the enchantress decided his course. He proposed, and was duly accepted; and Mrs Weatherhill thanked heaven, while she applauded her own foresight, for the favourable termination of one of her plans.

That her other project respecting Arthur Bonnington and Lucy Austin was likely to end as much to her mind, she was still doubtful; for though there were many symptoms which she deemed auspicious, there was little appearance of progress in the affair. To any close observer, indeed, it would have been evident that Lucy was anything but slightly interested in this event. Her heart, with its pure young untried affections, was already the prize—alas! the unsolicited prize—of the quiet and somewhat melancholy student. He evidently preferred her society to that of any other member of Mrs Weatherhill's circle, and listened to her music, and pointed out the beauties of his favourite authors, and talked to her by the hour together in a low earnest voice, as he did to none beside. But it was not of love—not of marriage. He was pleased to find one so gentle and intellectual, who would listen unwearyingly to the revealings of his romantic imaginations and somewhat morbid sensibilities; and this, which in fact was but refined egotism, poor Lucy received with love and gratitude, as proofs of his affectionate confidence. It might have been so—she might soon have grown necessary to his happiness in this very character of patient and sympathising *confidante*—and with her unselfish and devoted nature, they might have been married and happy. But Mrs Weatherhill unfortunately took it into her head that she could expedite matters by enlightening Mr Bonnington's mind as to her own view of the case. She was convinced his modest diffidence alone stood in his way; at any rate, it was her duty not to permit Miss Austin's affections to be trifled with. Accordingly, having contrived a *tête-à-tête* with the tardy lover, she introduced the subject by naming the approaching marriage of Miss Granby to Mr Scarborough. From that it was easy to allude to the party to Ilston, and thence to glide to the topic of his own supposed attachment to Lucy. Mr Bonnington heard her, first with surprise, then with evident vexation.

'You really distress me, Mrs Weatherhill; you are labouring under some strange delusion. I consider Miss Lucy Austin as a most excellent and estimable young lady, but I have never for a moment thought of her in the light you allude to.' 'Then why, in the name of wonder, Mr Bonnington, have you acted in such a manner towards her? why have you paid her such marked attention ever since your first introduction to her? I am sure Henry Scarborough has scarcely

showed a greater preference for Mary than you for Miss Austin; and now you tell me that it all meant nothing.'

'I told you no such thing, Mrs Weatherhill. I said, and I still say, that I respect and esteem Miss Austin; I consider her in the light of one of my most valued friends; but I have never given her cause to suppose that I wished to engage her regard in any more serious character. You forget, also, that a great portion of what you call attentions I could not avoid paying to the lady, dictated as they were by yourself.' 'By me, Mr Bonnington?' 'Certainly. Did we walk, you bade me escort her; did we dance, you solicited me as her partner; and so on through all our intercourse. I will not say that I did not prefer these arrangements, but prudence would probably have made me less exclusive in them but for your own directions.' 'Then my poor Lucy is to be deceived and deserted!' exclaimed Mrs Weatherhill; 'that gentlest, most affectionate creature, to be wounded so deeply and fatally. Oh, Mr Bonnington! you have deceived us all!' 'You use strong language, madam. I cannot accuse myself of having ever wilfully deceived any one, and there can be no desertion in a case like the present. In one point, I both hope and believe you are mistaken. I am sure Miss Austin has too much good sense to bestow her affections unsought; least of all where there could be so little inducement to do so. I am sorry, very sorry, this misunderstanding has occurred, as it must, for some time at least, deprive me of the pleasure of Miss Austin's society.' So saying, he arose, and bidding Mrs Weatherhill good morning, abruptly quitted the house.

Yet, as he rode back to his lonely mansion, Arthur Bonnington, in recalling the events of the last few weeks, felt less at ease in his mind than he had anticipated. Now that his attentions to Lucy Austin had been remarked upon by a third party, they struck his own conscience in a way they had never done before, and he felt he was not wholly free from blame, should she have misinterpreted them. Yet Mrs Weatherhill's conduct had been most preposterous. Had that lady had the discretion to remain quiet, had she not prematurely spoken to him on the subject of Lucy Austin, it is not unlikely that the gentle charms of the fair girl might have wakened in a heart that deemed itself for ever blighted a purer passion than it had yet known. But Mrs Weatherhill could not be passive; even when things looked most favourably, she must interfere; and her eagerness in this instance had defeated its own purpose. Arthur Bonnington, as he rode home that day, came to a conviction that he had narrowly escaped the machinations of an inveterate match-maker, whose designs it was an absolute duty to circumvent.

Meanwhile, how fared it with Lucy? She knew not, till some angry expressions from Mrs Weatherhill indicated the fact, that some violent and unsatisfactory explanation had occurred between that lady and Arthur Bonnington; and, alas! with that knowledge came the bitter feeling that she had been compromised and degraded in his opinion by the imprudent conduct of one who ought to have shielded her delicacy with the care of a mother. She said nothing; but her varying colour and trembling limbs told a tale of mental suffering most intelligible to good Miss Sanderson, who happened to be present when the disclosure took place. With that tact which is an inestimable quality when united to kindness of heart, she found a speedy pretext for withdrawing Lucy from the room, and conducting her to the quiet precincts of her own chamber. There a flood of tears relieved the poor girl, and told more eloquently than words the wound that her womanly feelings had received.

Alas! it was too true that Lucy had ventured to love, before her affections had been explicitly sought by him to whom she had yielded them. She loved, too, with a depth and tenderness which Mrs Weatherhill was quite unable to appreciate. All *her* regret consisted in the failure of her project for a 'good match;' and she would have expected Lucy to be consoled at once, could another as apparently suitable have been found. To say that the station and wealth of Mr Bonnington had not contributed to increase the brightness of the visions that had floated through Lucy's mind, would be saying too much; but still she was as far from being a mere speculating husband-seeker as any one could possibly be. But she had a kind and generous nature, whose impulses her contracted means had never yet permitted her to gratify. Her father was an officer and a gentleman, but beyond his half-pay, he had very little of this world's wealth, and Lucy had certainly admitted the idea of his happiness in *her* prosperity. Still, independent of all these considerations, she had loved dearly and truly, and now her vision—her bright and happy vision—was dashed to pieces in a moment. There was nothing to hope, except that Arthur Bonnington would utterly forget her, since, as her awakened fears suggested, he could only remember her with contempt and disgust. Could she have followed her own inclinations, she would at once have returned home: but Mrs Weatherhill opposed her doing so on two grounds; first, that it would seem as if she were leaving abruptly on Arthur Bonnington's account; and, secondly, that Mary Granby, who was to be married next month, could by no means dispense with her services as bride's-maid. Mrs Weatherhill had insisted that Miss Granby's nuptials should be solemnised at Alderfield; and the family of the bride, feeling all the convenience of the arrangement, had not offered any very vehement opposition to it.

Lucy was spared the pain of seeing Mr Bonnington again during her stay, by his hasty departure for the continent; and could she have found consolation in the propagation of an untruth, she might have received it from the general report of the neighbourhood, that he had left the country in consequence of her refusal of him. A few days after his interview with Mrs Weatherhill, he set out for London, and from thence proceeded to explore the beauties and romantic features of the woods and mountains of Germany, a country he had often expressed a desire to visit. Amidst new scenes and people, it was natural that the events of the past should rapidly become less prominent in his mind; but still there were times when the idea would intrude, that if Lucy Austin were not a designing actor in Mrs Weatherhill's schemes, she had not been quite fairly treated; and remembrances of her mild blue eyes, her varying cheek, and gentle voice, intruded amidst his day-dreams more frequently than was quite consistent with his peace. Meantime Lucy, under Mrs Weatherhill's auspices, was dragged from scene to scene of gaiety, in which her sick heart could take no part, and was at once longing for and dreading her return to her humble home. The bitter idea that she had been lowered in the estimation of him whose regard she valued above that of every other person, was a sting in Lucy's bosom for whose poison there seemed to be no cure. The time arrived for the marriage of Mary Granby and Mr Scarborough, and Mrs Weatherhill's exultation knew no bounds. Here was a match that would in all probability have never taken place, but for *her* management; and so said the bride's father, as he privately thanked her for the interest she had taken in his 'dear girl's' welfare.

Lucy Austin did not fall a victim to brain-fever, or perish within a few months by the more insidious inroads of consumption; but if a broken or a blighted heart be one in which hope and happy love are crushed for ever, and whose capacity for the keen enjoyment of life, which youth should experience, is irretrievably lost, such was hers from the time of her unfortunate visit to Alderfield. Her constitution was never robust, and now, without being subject to any specific disorder, she gradually fell into delicate health, and in a year or two was considered amongst her friends as a confirmed invalid. Her father died; and as the slender provision he had been able to make for her was insufficient to support her in the house they had hitherto occupied, she disposed of her furniture, and went to board with a widowed

female relative who resided at a small watering-place on the east coast of England. She never revisited Alderfield, and her intercourse with that neighbourhood consisted almost entirely in an occasional correspondence with an old acquaintance, Miss Sanderson, for whom she retained the most affectionate regard.

Five or six years had now gone by, and how had Mrs Weatherhill's match-making prospered with Mr and Mrs Scarborough? Even worse than poor Lucy's wooing; for it was a mere union of apparent suitabilities, without any genuine foundation for mutual happiness. Mrs Weatherhill had represented Mary Granby to her betrothed as a perfect treasure of ingenuity and industry; and certainly in her father's house, compelled by circumstances, she had displayed something of these qualities. But now, as a wife, she thought she had a right to be exempt from what she termed 'mere drudgery,' and having an overweening love of display, a considerable stock of pride, and a fondness for amusement, she was disposed to exercise her activity more in spending money than in saving it. She discovered, also, within a very short time after her marriage, that Scarborough possessed a most violent temper, and to avoid its explosions, and at the same time to obtain what she wished to have, she descended to many mean and despicable subterfuges, which, when detected, were sure to draw down upon her a double portion of her husband's wrath. Besides, she had a constant source of complaint in the non-payment of the thousand pounds which her father still retained, and which no application could draw from him; and this subject was one which Scarborough never failed to mention when he had any dispute with his wife. In short, constant bickerings soon made their home a wretched one, and the husband gladly left it to seek society and amusement elsewhere. Mary, meanwhile, was not sorry for his frequent absence, as she thereby was enabled to pursue her own course of extravagance and folly with more freedom; and the end of all this may be easily conceived. Scarborough got into difficulties, lost his business, fell into intemperate habits, and at the end of eight years after the gay bridal fête at Alderfield, Mary found herself a widow, with two helpless children, dependent on the bounty of her husband's relatives, whereby alone she was kept from utter destitution.

Arthur Bonnington's sojourn on the continent was protracted from month to month, till it had even extended to years, and when he did at last return to his solitary mansion, his visits to Mrs Weatherhill were few, and the name of Lucy Austin never passed his lips. But it happened one day that business led him to call on Mr Sanderson the attorney, and as that gentleman was from home, his client requested to see Miss Sanderson, as he wished to leave a message with her. He found the old lady sitting in her little parlour, and as he was announced, she laid down her spectacles and an open letter she had been perusing, and rose to receive him. But in vain she begged him to be seated; he heard as though he heard not, and stood for some moments with his eyes rivetted on the letter, which seemed to absorb all his attention; for though it was years since he had seen it, he recognised the graceful though somewhat peculiar hand in which Lucy Austin, years ago, had transcribed for him some pieces of poetry. Great was Miss Sanderson's surprise when, with flushed cheek and trembling voice, her visitor stammered out the question, 'If that were not the hand-writing of Miss Lucy Austin?' 'It is,' was the reply; 'it is a letter which I received from her this morning.' Bonnington immediately inquired her present residence, adding to his question a hope that she was well. 'She is living at L——,' was the answer. 'I am sorry to say her health is very indifferent. She has been delicate ever since she was at Alderfield, some years ago; and latterly, I fear, her illness is assuming a more alarming character.' 'Miss Sanderson,' said Bonnington, after an embarrassed pause, 'you are a friend of Lucy—you have ever been so; for I well remember the respect and regard with which she used to speak of you, even in the early days of your acquaintance. I am anxious to ask you one strange question, and, believe me, I do so with a true and single purpose—not from curiosity, or for any other trifling reason. Do you think that Lucy Austin had ever any regard—in one word, do you think she ever *loved* me?' 'You do, indeed, ask a strange question, Mr Bonnington,' said Miss Sanderson, 'and I scarcely feel justified in replying to it; but, trusting to your honour to keep my communication sacred, I will venture to tell you that, most unfortunately for herself, Lucy Austin did love you—I could find in my heart to say, far better than you deserved.' 'Better, indeed,' said Bonnington sadly; 'I must have seemed false and heartless in her eyes, and in yours also; but, believe me, if I did trifle with her happiness, I did so most unwittingly. My heart had scarcely recovered the wounds inflicted by another's faithlessness, and knew not that her gentle influence, sweet and soothing though I felt it to be, could ever awaken a new affection within me. But now I know that this might have been, and that a purer and happier love than I had known before might have arisen for me, had not Mrs Weatherhill's premature interference startled me from my dream. By her coarse intermeddling she aroused the suspicion that I was merely looked upon as a "good speculation," and the idea that Lucy knew and acquiesced in her design was most repulsive to my feelings. I determined to break through the net at once; I left England in the first heat of my annoyance; but I have never since met man or woman whose affection could be to me what I now know Lucy Austin's might have been!'

Before Arthur Bonnington left Miss Sanderson, he had determined to visit L—— without delay, and if he found Lucy's sentiments respecting himself still unchanged, to offer her the only compensation he could for the years of suffering she had undergone, by proposing to make her his wife. In a few days his journey was accomplished, and he stood before the door of the humble dwelling that Lucy inhabited, striving to still the beatings of his heart before he ventured to raise the knocker. The door was at length opened, and he was shown into an apartment, evidently prepared with some care for the reception of an invalid; *whom*, his fears too plainly told him. The little old-fashioned sofa was placed near the fire, and piled with pillows; a small table was drawn up beside it, and on this was laid an open bible, a plate with a few grapes, and a small vase of flowers. In a few seconds the door opened, and the mistress of the house entered. She was a pale, thin, lady-like personage; and though evidently embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, received Arthur with the greatest politeness. When informed that he was an old friend of Miss Austin, she shook her head, and said she feared Lucy was too weak to see any one whose presence might agitate her; but she also offered, if the gentleman would leave his name, to do her best to prepare her cousin to see him on the following day.

And on the morrow they met; he but little changed in outward appearance since their first interview amidst the woods and ruins of Ilston, she so wan, so wasted, so utterly altered, that, but for her voice, and the expression of her blue soft eye, he would scarcely have recognised her. It was a solemn meeting; but Lucy was calm, for she knew that her destiny was fixed, and she dreaded not to speak of the past, which could exercise no further influence on the future. It was in vain that Arthur talked of hope, of renewed health, of years of love and happiness that they yet might pass together. She knew it could never be; yet she allowed him to call in further medical advice, and to remove her to a more genial climate, feeling that, by her compliance, she secured to him the after satisfaction of knowing that all had been done for her which could be done. But she told him these cares came too late; and she told him the truth. Six weeks after his visit to L——, Arthur Bonnington saw the earth laid over her who, but for the officious meddling of a *match-maker*, might have

been living his happy and honoured wife, blest herself, and diffusing blessings around her.

Mrs Weatherhill wept bitterly when Bonnington detailed to her the circumstances of Lucy's death, and she had no defence to offer when her own indirect share in the catastrophe was referred to, except that she had 'acted for the best.' But Bonnington's upbraidings were not without a salutary effect. From that time forward Mrs Weatherhill, as much from terror of public opinion as remorse, avoided interfering in any way with the marrying or giving in marriage of her numerous friends and acquaintance.

A LIBRARY—OLD BOOKS.

WHAT an interesting place is a library; how suggestive of lofty, noble, and solemn thoughts! The well-laden shelves bear the intellectual labours of centuries. Here the past and the present commingle peacefully; here the fiercest and most uncompromising opponents find, side by side, a quiet resting-place—no noisy contention is heard—no vainglorious assertions assail the ear—no angry disputation or bitter recrimination disturbs us: a seductive repose invites to contemplation and patient research.

A feeling somewhat akin to the mournful arises with the thought, that the busy and devoted authors of the multitudinous works around us have passed away for ever; the brains that conceived, and the hands that obeyed, have alike returned to their original dust. This feeling is, however, relieved by the consciousness that the mind still exists in the printed page; that in all these volumes, worm-eaten and time-stained though they be, we yet find the reflex of the soul of the writer. How they speak of the industry of the dead! Here are massive tomes with their thousand pages, before which a modern would shrink in dismay. If, externally, they be so imposing, what shall we say when we open and peruse them? There, amid much that is dark and valueless, we find yet more convincing proofs of this indefatigability, the most minute detail in description, with the most extensive elaboration of argument; and though we may lament that so much industry was often employed to very little purpose, yet we cannot but be impressed by the example, and respect the memory, of these intellectual architects of other days. Some of them caught glimpses of the glories to come: their hearts were in their works: a volume was often the labour of a life; and, therefore, shall their existence end only with time?

Here we may see and trace the history of man's experience. Here is that which gives him his present proud pre-eminence. Annihilate the literature of the world, and, although myriads of busy heads and hands would soon be employed in the work of resuscitation, what a fearful check would be given to the progress of civilisation! Does not our experience consist in knowing how to avoid error? Shall we, then, blame those whose writings, like watch-towers and beacons, warn us from shoals and quicksands? They laboured not in vain, if we can steer our course the straighter; and better is it to 'speak honest error, than to suppress conscious truth.'

Here ambition may come and read a humbling lesson; here pride discover its own bitter recoil; here the sophist may learn truth, and the dogmatist benevolence; here the sceptic may resolve his doubts, and the intolerant forget his persecutions; and, on the other hand, the good, the truly great, the aspiring, the humble, the persevering, may come, and all find their stimulus and their reward. Here is the history of disappointed hope and despairing exertion; here may we read how unwearied toil went unrewarded; how men were so devoted to their studies, that they forgot family and friends, and the bright sunshine, and the glad face of nature, and all that makes life joyous, to shut themselves up in dark and dusty rooms, pouring out their whole souls upon the page, ceasing only to write when their hearts stood still—digging their grave while building their monument.

Here, again, may we read of success, of reward, and well-earned honours; of national plaudits, and sculptured effigies; of the height of human fame: yet are the known and the unknown not unequal at the close; the one dies where he has risen—he is there, no higher; the other passes away, knowing that his reward will come, that his memory will live for ages, and grow brighter, as men think on the patient faith which did its work in obscurity. Here is that which shall outlast the hardest marble; here is the true *monumentum;* here is that which directs, threatens, cautions, and convinces. We are constrained to respect what we should otherwise consider as useless, when we reflect that in all this there was at least intellectual culture. Steps were taken in the right direction, thought was exercised and elevated, and through good and evil the world was instructed. Many steps were inevitably taken in the path of error; but among these men found the true basis, adding thought to thought, inquiry to inquiry; until at last has arisen that glorious intellectual superstructure which now surrounds us, in which the dreams of the past have become realities for the present and future.

How interesting to be shut up alone with books! *Alone* with books? Is not here the true society? Of a certainty no voice is heard, and all the eloquence is mute: but who will faint or grow weary? What pleasure in exploring shelf after shelf, musing over dusty volumes, with their voluminous titles and quaint phraseology! The pleasure, not less than the occupation, is exhaustless. Here is a venerable folio which the worms have not respected, as innumerable holes, pierced through the heart of the mighty volume from cover to cover, abundantly testify. How would the good old author grieve could he witness the vermicular havoc made among his precious arguments and impregnable positions! Regretfully we turn the leaves, and closing the book, restore it to its place on the shelf, hoping that in a new edition the spirit of the writer may be preserved from impending destruction. Now we come to a rare relic—a folio printed on vellum, by the fathers of the art, Johannes Fust and Petrus Schoeffer, in the year M.CCCC.LXV., as appears by the *colophon* appended to the concluding columns, and which gives the information as to the date and place of publication, now always found on the title-page. What beauty and skill are visible in the mechanical portion of the work; how straight and accurately adjusted are the columns; how very black is the ink; and how bright and vivid the colours of the illuminations! Verily, men were giants in those days; for thus, in the infancy, nay, the very babyhood of the art, did they create a work which may honourably compete with the productions of modern skill.

What have we next? a title-page whose border shows all the emblems of mortality. At the top is a death's head standing on the cross bones, crowned by an hour-glass; on each side are skeletons, pick-axes, and shovels; and underneath a mortcloth, or some other symbol of mourning; within is printed, 'London's Dreadful Visitation, or a Collection of All the Bills of Mortality for this present year, beginning the 27th of December 1664, and ending the 19th of December following: as also the general or whole year's bill, according to the Report made to the King's most Excellent Majesty. By the Company of Parish Clerks of London. 1665.' This is indeed a fearful volume, containing as it does the awful details of sweeping mortality. The first table is for the week ending Dec. 27th, 1664, during which one death only of plague is recorded; from this to the 14th February following, no death from this disease again occurs, when one more is registered, and again but one until the 9th May, when the number of deaths is 9, and the register states, 'parishes clear of the plague, 126; parishes infected, 4.' On the 16th May the deaths are 3, and 'parishes infected, 2.' The week following the

deaths are 17, and 'parishes infected, 5.' From this time the mortality increases with the increasing heat of the weather; for on the 20th June the deaths are 168; July 4th, 470; 18th, 1089; August 1st, 2010; 15th, 3880; 29th, 6102; September 5th, 6988; 19th, 7165; at which date the mortality reaches its maximum, and the 'parishes clear of the plague are 4; parishes infected, 126.' On the 3d October the deaths have diminished to 4929; 17th, 2665; 31st, 1031. 'Parishes infected, 97.' The succeeding week shows an increase, the deaths being 1414. 'Parishes infected, 110.' On the 21st November the deaths are 652; December 5, 210; and on the 19th, at which date the book ends, 281. 'Parishes clear of the plague, 62; parishes infected, 68.' From the general bill for the whole year, we find that the

Total of all the christenings was -	9,967
Total of all the burials this year,* -	97,306
Whereof, of the plague, - - -	68,596

There are some curious entries in the list of diseases and causes of death: for instance—'Chrisomes and infants for the year, 1258; meagrom and headach, 12; rising of the lights, 397; stopping of the stomach, 332; collick and winde, 134; frighted, 23; griping in the guts, 1288; starved at the White Lyon prison, at St George, in Southwark, 1; starved at nurse (at St Maudlin, in Old Fish Street), 1; kild, 3—one at St Mary, Newington, one with a cart at St Giles-in-the-Fields, and one with wrastling at St Margaret's, Westminster; hanged herself at St Maudlin, Milk Street, being distracted, 1.' At the foot of each of the weekly tables the price of bread is thus stated—'*The Assize of Bread set forth by order of the Lord Maior and Court of Aldermen.* A penny wheaten loaf to contain eleven ounces, and three halfpenny white loaves the like weight:' this in December: but in March following the weight has fallen to 'nine ounces and a half,' which next rises to 'ten ounces;' falls again to 'nine ounces and a half;' and at the termination of the year is 'ten ounces and a half.' What is meant by 'white loaves,' in distinction from 'wheaten loaves?' Were the former identical with what are known at the present day as 'seconds?'

Here is another book, on the first leaf of which is a warrant bearing the seal of the Commonwealth, securing the copyright of the work by the declaration—'Thursday *the* 8th of February 1654. *At the Council at Whitehall.* Ordered by his highness *the Lord Protector*, with the advice of his council, that no person or persons do, on any pretence whatsoever, print, or reprint a book intituled,' &c. The work itself is on the 'Sizes and Lengths of Rigging for Ships,' and is dedicated in the following terms:—'To his Highness, OLIVER, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the dominions thereunto belonging. *May it please your highness*, the subject of this book being an extraction of that nature as was never formerly extant in the navy: * * I could do no less in duty than offer my pains and naval observations unto your highness in the first place. It was once far above my thoughts (I must confess) to tender this work (because mean) to so eminent a personage, till I considered it was yours *de jure*.

I remain,' &c.

In the index we meet with names of vessels illustrative of the age in which they were built. There is a pinnace, the 'Nichodemus;' and frigates, the 'Speaker, Fairfax, Newberry, Marstonmoor, Worcester, and Foresight:' the Nichodemus, we are told, was built in 1636, but that 'the rest of ships and frigates were built so lately, that there needs no record.'

Apropos of the Commonwealth, the next volume professes to be by its title, the 'RUMP: or an exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs relating to the LATE TIMES. By the most Eminent Wits, from anno 1639 to anno 1661.' The frontispiece is highly characteristic of the state of feeling at that day: a tall gibbet is seen, from which a rump of beef, showing a few inches of the tail, hangs suspended by a chain over a blazing fire; around stand several individuals bearing fagots, and stirring the fire with long forks, the word Rump issuing from the mouth of each one; on the next page, right and left, are the figures of a Puritan and a Covenanter, habited in most exaggerated garments, holding a written paper in their hands, and each standing on a pedestal; between them is a preacher in a tub, holding forth to a congregation disposed in various attitudes around him; one of them holds a banner on which are drawn six rats rampant; at the foot is a vignette, where an equestrian cavalier appears with his drawn sword, and, supported by an angel, is driving several naked beings into a smoking abyss; the utmost terror and consternation are depicted on their countenances; the foremost of the party is only visible, from his legs appearing above the surface of the gulf into which he is falling headlong, while the last of the group is decorated with a tail, which, in spite of his rapid flight, retains a most remarkable curl at its extremity. Turning to the preface, we find the collection likened to a 'bundle of rodds; not like those of the Roman consulls, for these are the signs of a no-government;' then comes a sweeping condemnation of the Rump, concluded by the hope that strife will cease, and all 'show duty to so excellent a king.' A few extracts from the volume will show that our ancestors were as well skilled in calling names, and in making the white appear black, as their posterity:—

'Come, then, my brethren, and be glad,
And ele rejoyce with me,
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey then up go we.

We'll exercise within the grove,
And teach beneath a tree,
We'll make a *pulpit* of a *cask*,
And hey then up go we.'

'Old OLIVER's gone to the dogs:
Oh no, I do mistake;
Hee's gone in a wherry,
Over the ferry
Is called the Stygian lake.

But *Cerberus*, that great porter,
Did read him such a lecture,
That made him to roar,
When he came a-shoar,
For being the *Lord-Protector*.'

The next is from a piece entitled the 'Character of a Roundhead:'—

'What's he that doth high treason say
As often as his yea and nay,
And wish the king confounded,
And dare maintain that Master I'ym
Is fitter for the crown than him?
Oh, such a rogue's a Roundhead.'

The language of many of the songs, as applied to the Rump, is coarse and disgusting in the extreme, and well portrays the bitter feelings with which it was regarded by the cavaliers, and all those inimical to the cause whose progress raised Cromwell to the Protectorate.

Passing on, we come to well-printed copies of Domesday Book, that monument of the care and industry with which our Norman invaders valued and divided their newly-conquered possessions. Ancient rolls, charters, household books, and statutes of the realm, are found in the same division. Among them we see a book of antiquated appearance, and taking it up, discover it to be the work of the father of English poetry, by the father of English printing; it is glorious old Caxton's edition of Chaucer, printed by him in Westminster Abbey: rude are the cuts, and coarse the paper, but the ink is bright and black, and completely eclipses the reparations made with the pen in later times: grateful pastime

* In the report of the registrar general for 1842, we learn that the mortality in the metropolis, with a population of 1,875,493, was 45,272.

is it to turn over the leaves, and think upon the intellectual and mechanical labours which called them into existence. How the mind travels back to the days when our joyous old bard wrote his 'remenaunte of the pylgremage,' sitting under the shady trees of rural Donnington, and made us acquainted with his 'doctour in physik,' who 'knewe the cause of every maladye,' and his 'good man of religyon,' whose character and virtues have only been equalled by the pastor of Goldsmith's Deserted Village: then the bright sun shone upon a land rich in natural beauties, when forests were plenty and factories few; when the merry morrice-dancers wended their way over hill and dale, carrying mirth and frolic into every corner of the land, their light heels and lighter hearts securing them ever a welcome; when tall Maypoles were decked with garlands to hail the coming of the blithest month of spring, and maidens, shy, yet not unwilling, smiling and gay as the wild flower-wreaths woven in their hair, were led by happy swains to the nimble dance; then rose the revelry of mirth, and loud and far the joyous song resounded—

'Summer is ycomen in,
Loud singeth cuckow.'

But we are digressing—not in the green woods are we, but still in the library, not the less willing to resume our search for its treasures, for all our random flight to days of olden time. This is an old book on astronomy, by Sacrobosco, which, if the imprint mislead us not, was printed at Paris in 1538 by *Simoneus Colinæus*: the title-page shows us at one glance the solar system as then understood. The printer seems to have been properly impressed with the importance of his subject, for the subordinate portions are all in keeping: on a scroll at the top are the words TYPOS VNIVERSI ORBIS, and at the bottom, on a similar scroll, ALTIOR INCOBIT ANIM' SVB IMAGINE MVNDI. A man in a flowing dress, reclining on the ground, with his head resting on his right hand, is represented as contemplating the spheres above him, and an attendant is standing at his feet with a flat cap on his head, the *caduceus* of Mercury in his hand, and a short sword at his side; he is pointing to the words on the lower scroll. The earth is here shown as the centre of the system, and is of prodigious size when compared with the sun and other planets. It is not merely represented by a circle, but is mapped out, its respective portions being indicated by the words TERRA, AQVA; resting on the outer edge of this is a cloudy circle of still greater diameter, on which appears the word AER; outside of this is another circle, consisting of fire and forked flames, pointed out by the word IGNIS. Immediately beyond this circle of fire is the orbit of the moon; she is indicated by the word LUNA, and is drawn with only a small portion of her surface illuminated. The next in order is *Mercuri*', then *Venus*, then *Sol*, which is of an irregular oval shape, larger than the planets, with rays diverging from it in every direction: beyond the sun is *Mars*, then *Jupiter*, and last, *Saturnus*, outside of whose orbit is a circle studded with stars of different degrees of magnitude, and called the *Firmamentum*. A horizontal line stretches across the whole, and is specified as the *Orizon Rectus*, having at its extremities the Arctic and Antarctic circles; the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn are drawn at right angles with this line; and midway between them is a similar line, called the *Aequinoctialis*; this, where it bisects the *Orizon Rectus*, is in turn divided by the *Zodiacus*, which is seen stretching from one tropic to the other.

The work itself contains various plates, representing old instruments, and the method of using them. As in many other works on the same subject, the geometrical problems are all drawn in the margin: this bears evident marks of service, being thickly interspersed with marginal manuscript notes, in a very small and neat hand. What interest this volume possesses, when we compare its fanciful theories and abstruse demonstrations with the practical achievements of astronomical science in our own times, and of which still greater things are promised, the field being limitless and illimitable!

Here is another: a collection of the oldest known astronomical tables, which date from the tenth century, and were first collected and printed at Venice in 1492, by the authority of Alphonso X., king of Castile. While we appreciate the skill shown by many of these old writers, we are often surprised or afflicted at the superstition and stupid wonder apparent in many of their treatises. This fact will be best illustrated by the quotation of a few of the titles:—'POOR ROBIN'S opinion of the present blazing star appearing in the north-east part of the heavens this present year, 1677, which is far more remarkable than any before of that nature.' 'Wonderful stars and blazing comets.' 'Comets the messengers of divine vengeance.' Still, from all this mixture of truth and error much good, as before observed, has arisen; the publication of error has enabled us to avoid similar mistakes, and so far has added to our experience.

We have looked so long, that our eye and brain are almost weary of reading title after title; we will therefore take a hasty glance over the various divisions, rather to see what yet remains in store for us, than to describe. First, there is a splendid collection of anatomical works, from the darkness of old theories and uncertain principles, to the light of modern truth and experience. Mathematics come next; and verily their name is Legion, for they are many. Here are voyages and travels, from those of Ibn Batuta, Vespucius, Columbus, Marco Polo, and others, down to the great national expeditions of recent days; here are scientific works in every department, and in every language of Europe; here are pleasure and pride for the philosopher and the student—the mere lover of literature may reap a harvest. Is it not cheering to find that in science all nationality is forgotten, scientific men look on each other as brothers, and send their books, as precious things dedicated to the mistress they serve, from one to the other over the whole of the civilised globe? If such be the fruits of scientific research, what may we not hope for the cause of morality and religion, whose claims are more vital and higher—whose results sublime and imperishable.

We have not yet done: said we not well the subject is exhaustless! Our 'library is dukedom large enough;' but for the present we refrain, hoping to resume our gossip about old books before we are much older.

ADULTERATED MILK.

THE inhabitants of large cities are constantly complaining, and with very good reason, that the article sold to them under the name of milk is systematically adulterated. The udder of the cow supplies merely the basis of the compound; water, and certain foreign substances to give it the requisite whiteness, forming the other ingredients. The colouring matter is made from things of which the public at large have very little notion. The prevailing belief regarding the London milk manufacturers is, that chalk is their favourite pigment. Their brethren of Paris, however, employ a more extensive range of adulterating substances—such as flour, plaster of Paris, calves' lights, and a still more extraordinary animal substance, namely, dogs' brains.

This system of adulteration is the more abominable, when we consider that, of all species of food proper for the support of human life, milk is the most useful. It is unlike any other aliment in this respect—that it has the power of sustaining life without the assistance of any other sort of sustenance. Though man cannot live by bread alone, yet nature can be fully sustained by milk, were he reduced to have nothing else to sustain him. Its consumption, therefore, is very great in

every part of the world except in China, where it is never used as a beverage. It has been computed that the average consumption of milk in Paris, during the year 1837, was about 15,000 gallons per day. What the daily consumption of London may be, is not to be ascertained. If we reckon it in proportion to the population of the two cities, about 30,000 gallons of milk may be consumed every day in the great metropolis.

In Paris, everything is done, from the highest function of government to the pettiest public convenience, by an 'administration.' Hence the purveyance of milk to the Parisians is effected by an '*administration*,' which was formed by, and remains under the surveillance of, Monsieur the prefect of police. The whole country around the capital is laid under contribution to supply it with milk, some of which comes from a distance of fifty miles. The details of this important *administration* are as follows:—In certain villages near to Paris are situated large establishments, which serve as depôts for the reception and distribution of milk. Of the largest, one belongs to M. Delanos at Cormeille-en-Vixen, on the road to Dieppe, and another to M. Delacour at Envery. From each of these central establishments (*laiteries centrales*) a number of light carts are despatched twice a-day, to collect the milk from the different farmers, each having a round or district of its own. These vehicles start and arrive with the punctuality of a clock, so that, if the country people are not ready with their quota of milk at the minute the collector calls, they lose the sale of it. These collections are so managed, that each charioteer arrives at the central depôt with his milky freight exactly at the same hour. A certain portion of it is retained in the house to be converted into cream, butter, and cheese, and the rest is sent on direct to Paris. MM. Delacour and Delanos have distributed throughout the capital a vast number of little milk shops, which their friend the prefect of police has placed in such parts of the town as will prevent rivalry between them; so that each of these great milkmen has a separate territory, over which—in the matter of milk—he despotically presides. From these local depôts (*laiteries*) the public obtain their milk with a punctuality quite equal to that with which they receive letters through the post. M. Delacour rents above seventy of these small shops; but the older established, M. Delanos, boasts of nearly double that number. There are, besides, smaller proprietors in direct correspondence (by railroad and other public conveyances) with cowfeeders and farmers in the neighbourhood of Paris. M. Lenoir, an eminent statist, computes that, in 1837, about 8,760,000 francs (above L.350,400) were spent for milk in Paris.

The milk-trade of London has, like that of Paris, its great proprietors. Of cow-keepers, the representatives of the late Mr Rhodes of the Hampstead Road, and of Mr Laycock of Islington, must be considered as the aristocracy. There was a tradition respecting the former gentleman's establishment which may serve to show its magnitude; namely, that so many as a thousand cows could never be maintained upon it; for so sure as the thousandth was added to the stock, one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine died, so as to leave that exact number alive, and no more. The herd of the Islington proprietor is, we have been told, equally large. There are, besides, lesser cowfeeders, whose stock varies from twenty to a hundred head.

To the establishments of the larger suburban proprietors milk-retailers repair twice a-day, purchase the article at the wholesale price, take it to their own homes, where—unless the craft be much libelled—the quantity is much increased at the expense of the quality before delivered to the public. The London milk-trade, then, is divided into two great branches, consisting of those who keep cows, and those who merely sell milk. Sometimes, however, these two departments are united, and the same individual retails the produce of his own stock, which, in an overcrowded city like London, is almost universally stall-fed. The denizen of the provinces, while threading his way through a dense, close, and pestiferous neighbourhood, may be occasionally startled, while peeping into a cellar, or what was once a parlour, to behold a cow or two tied up to a sort of manger, there in all probability to be imprisoned during the term of their natural lives, never having enjoyed the sight of a green field since the days of their calfhood. The milk yielded by these unlucky animals must be of a very inferior description; yet even that is adulterated. According to the occupation abstract of the census of 1841, the number of persons employed in feeding cows and selling milk was 2764.

It is perhaps wrong to stigmatise the whole of these individuals as deteriorating the article they deal in; for, doubtless, a great many are honest traders, and do not sophisticate their milk. One thing is certain, that some in this line of business, lest they should be suspected of the practice, drive their cows about the streets, and guarantee the genuineness of the commodity by milking the poor beast before the customers' eyes. Yet adulteration must be very generally carried on, else 'the chalk and water of London' could never have so firmly established itself as a proverb as it has done. It is said of a celebrated comedian, that when he first came to London from the rural districts, he imagined that real milk was unattainable; and finding the chalk and water supplied to him as such very badly mixed, he one morning, in the simplicity of his heart, presented two vessels to the milk-seller, saying, 'he would, if convenient, take the ingredients separate, for he preferred mixing them himself.' As a fresh proof of the difficulty of obtaining good milk in London, we may instance the fact, that in noblemen's families, where the consumption is great, the supply is drawn directly from farms in the vicinity of the metropolis. The great tavern and hotel keepers have taken dairy farms on their own account, in despair of obtaining genuine articles by other means.

It must not, however, be inferred that London is the only place where milk is adulterated. With all the centralising regulations of the Paris police, the article is very largely vitiated in that city, and, we are led to believe, in every other place where the demand for the nutritious aliment is great. Many have been the efforts to suppress this fraudulent manufacture; but hitherto they have proved abortive. Lately, however, science has aided in the detection, and a certain Dr Donné has invented two instruments, by one of which the proportion of water added to any quantity of milk can be readily found out, while the other enables us to ascertain the relative richness of cream. The first will prove of essential value not only to the London public, but to the inhabitants of all large cities. It is called a lactometer, and consists of upright tubes of glass placed one within the other. The suspected milk, poured into this simple machine, very soon separates itself from the adulterating water, the proportion of which to the rest of the liquid shows itself by means of a scale of degrees marked on the outside of the tube. We have not yet heard whether the hawk-eyed police of Paris have adopted the invention as a detective power, but a paragraph from a Belgian journal assures us that the Brussels officials have. On the 27th of last June, a body of police, armed with lactometers, posted themselves at the gates of the city, and condemned and seized no fewer than eighty large cans of milk. The consequence has been, that the denizens of Brussels have subsequently had no cause to complain of being supplied with bad milk. Thanks to Dr Donné, his lactometer, and the municipal police, they get the full benefit of some of the finest milch cows in the world, which feed upon the unequalled pastures of the Belgian meadowland.

The lactometer would be a useful instrument in the hands of the London public. By it they would at least be able to ascertain how much water they are made to drink in their milk, and thus, by discovering the ex-

tent of the adulteration, gradually remedy it. We have not seen either of the learned Donné's machines, and are indebted for a description and figures of them to the 86th number of *L'Illustration Journal Universel.*

THE POOR IN SCOTLAND.

'TAKE nothing from the rich, and give *that* to the poor;' such was the *precis* which a wit gave us a few years ago of the sentiments of an eminent Scottish clerical orator with regard to the management and support of the destitute; and, satirical as it sounds, it is, nevertheless, in a great measure the maxim acted upon in our country in that great branch of social polity. The benevolent in England are continually crying out against the poor-law of 1834 as stingy and unfeeling. Would that they would turn a little of their spare philanthropy to the north of the Tweed, and endeavour to shame the wealthier classes of Scotland out of the ten-times more merciless system which prevails there. A measure one-half so bountiful as the English law would be felt by the Scottish poor as an unheard-of blessing. Let the kind-hearted Englishman but consider for a moment the condition of a destitute old woman, with a parish allowance varying from 1s. 3d. down to 5d. a-week; a widow with seven young children expected to live on 3s. 6d. a-week, or one with five helpless orphans offered (Stobo, Peebles-shire) 10s. per quarter. This as a specimen of the country parishes in the Lowlands. Let him further consider, as an example of a city parish, the managers of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, giving widows with large families 4s. and 5s. a-month. An old woman, known to the present writer—one who has seen better days, and is now scarcely able even for so light a work as sewing—this poor woman, burdened with a grown-up fatuous daughter, can only get from the managers of that charity 4s. a-month.* The Canongate parish tries to get rid of its paupers with 6d. a-week, and 1s. and 1s. 6d. to persons with large families; or offers to take them into the workhouse, expecting they will refuse, and knowing that there is not accommodation for them. And these beneficences are given to only *a few out of the mass of the destitute.* The great majority in large towns find it impossible to get any public relief. In the Highlands, their case is even worse; for there, a regular aliment to any number of paupers hardly exists. Where anything is given, it only marks the illiberality of the system: for instance, an old woman will, in some parishes, have an allowance of 5s. or even 3s. a-year! Pauper lunatics are there taken care of by their friends, with parochial assistance (Shaldag, Ross-shire) never reaching 10s. per annum! After knowing these things, can any philanthropic Englishman say another word about the rigours of the English poor-law, till he has taken some pains to see a remedy applied to the infinitely more clamant miseries endured by his brethren and fellow-subjects in the northern portion of the island?

How is it that such things exist in a moral country like Scotland? Simply because it is almost a universal belief in Scotland, that regular and adequate provision for the poor causes the humbler classes to depend upon and claim that provision, instead of pursuing a course of self-helpfulness. There is, therefore, everywhere a great objection to assessment. Lately, the newspapers gave an account of a public meeting in Thurso, to consider if they should introduce such a system; and it was impossible to read without a smile the sentiments expressed on that subject, as if a great moral blight were impending: it was stated that, if the claim of *one particular pauper*, a widower with a charge of children, should be found irresistible, then they must submit to this awful evil; there was no help for it. It has since been imposed, the widower having decided the case! What makes this the more striking is, that one of the greatest deplorers of the coming assessment was a landed gentleman whom, from other evidence, we find to be a main support of the parish poor by his private charity; showing that false doctrine, not selfishness, chiefly operates. And yet, in the unassessed parishes, excepting in the Highlands, a certain (it may be inadequate) sum is as regularly raised for the poor as if there were an assessment. Only, it comes exclusively from the benevolent, while the stingy escape. For example, a miser in a town known to us has forty thousand pounds: he never gives a penny towards the voluntarily-raised funds for the poor. The proprietor of one of the western islands, consisting of several parishes, and yielding a rental of L.16,000, never sends anything to the poor of those parishes. This protection of the stingy rich the Scotch hold to as a point of great importance. Raise money at kirk doors, by ladies' sales, by voluntary subscription—thus burdening the kind-hearted only — anything rather than the equitable mode of assessment. Another great maxim in Scotland is, stave off the poor as long as possible. Let the effecting of a lodgment on the roll be as difficult as boarding an enemy's cutter. For this end, all expedients are held fair. Bandy the poor man from Dan to Beersheba, weary him out, let him find neighbours only a shade better off than himself to give him food; trust he may die in the meantime —for, once let him 'upon the roll,' and he will be as durable as an annuitant. It may well excite surprise in other quarters, that a clergyman or other manager of the poor in Scotland will often give out of his own pocket, to put off a clamorous applicant for the honours of the roll; thus suffering a kind of pecuniary martyrdom for the sake of his principle. One regular pretext against admission to 'the roll' in Scotland is bad character. 'The worthless poor should be kept at bay,' says a great Scottish authority on this subject, with a naïveté which will be admired in England. Belonging to a dissenting body is said to be often held a disqualification. In fact, the generality of the Scottish people have not as yet the slightest notion of a provision for the poor being an object in which the community as well as the poor is interested. They see not how misery begets misery, and how the wretchedness of the lowly becomes the destruction of the comfort, and even in many instances the lives, of the affluent. They therefore blindly seek only to minimise pauper allowances, and think every object is gained when they can induce a human being to sink into a beggar or a criminal, instead of becoming an immediate burden upon the regulated bounty of the more fortunate.

All these points we find admirably illustrated in a recent pamphlet by Dr Alison of Edinburgh, bearing reference to the late report of certain commissioners who were appointed to inquire into the condition of the poor in Scotland.* These commissioners amassed an immense quantity of evidence, calculated to show to any candid mind the imperfect system of relief for the poor in the northern kingdom. But they were, with one exception, Scotch gentlemen and clergymen, the very classes whose prejudices on this subject are most notorious, and they accordingly reported in a very unsatisfactory style. It is to remedy their failure, and present a just report from the evidence, that Dr Alison has once more taken up the pen; and we have no hesitation in saying that, by doing so, he has performed a service as worthy as it is laborious. He has thoroughly exposed the fallacies so generally entertained on the subject, and shown that the present penurious system only sends the poor abroad upon society as mendicants, and generates that frightful mass of destitution which now afflicts our large towns, and is the *part cause*, at least, of the

* This woman is sister to the flaxen-haired 'Chloris' whom Burns celebrates in no fewer than nine songs. The associations of such a picture of luxurious beauty preserved in immortal verse, with the emaciation and misery which come under our attention in this case, is, we need not say, extremely affecting.

* Remarks on the Report of her Majesty's Commissioners on the Poor Laws of Scotland, presented to Parliament in 1844, and on the Dissent of Mr Twisseleton from that Report. By W. P. Alison, M.D. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1844.

desolating pestilences with which we are periodically visited. It is made clear, from his pamphlet, that a more generous system must be adopted, if we would perform the part of good men towards our suffering fellow-creatures.

The destitute poor form altogether a problem perhaps little understood in any quarter. There is a great inclination to believe the existence of this class to be something that might be expected not to be, something in despite of natural propriety. Now, both nature and our social arrangements say, there must be poor. A considerable number of persons are sent into the world with weakly bodies and minds, many besides those notoriously feeble, and these always tend to a state of dependence. See how this operates in ordinary life. Every master is familiar with bad workmen, and never scruples to pay them off. These men sink down through a succession of employments, for all of which they are found inferiorly qualified. They inevitably form a residuum at the bottom of society at last, and, being unemployed, are necessarily a burden on the community. Let it then be clearly understood, that the right which masters assume of discharging inferior workmen, ought, in Christian duty, to be associated with an obligation to take share in the support of these weaker brethren when they are left unemployed—always their final fate. The foibles and vices of men—peculiarities inherent in our natural, or springing up in our social condition, and which the utmost power of improved moral institutions can only be expected to diminish, not extirpate—form other causes of dependent indigence. Diseases, calamities, and other evils arising in the course of providence, likewise give occasion to a considerable amount of pauperism. The poor, therefore, we undoubtedly shall have with us always, and their support is what the able and virtuous must lay their account with, if they would escape worse evils.

A FARM CULTIVATED BY THE INSANE.

In our former notices of the systems employed in France for the amelioration and cure of insanity, we pointed out that the occupation of the patients in various useful employments was amongst the most successful modes of treatment. When the increase of patients in the two asylums, the Bicêtre and the Salpetriére at Paris, demanded further accommodation, the unfortunate inmates were employed to assist in the new buildings; and with results extremely favourable to themselves. When these works were finished, the medical directors of the hospital dreaded the effects of a relapse into inactivity on their patients, and employed them in the fields and grounds adjoining the two edifices. So active were the labourers, and so delighted with their work, that they did everything which could be done in a very short time, and want of work was again threatened. To avert it altogether, M. Ferrus, one of the physicians of the Bicêtre, conceived the idea of obtaining a farm for the permanent employment of his willing labourers. With this view he applied to the government; but as there were no funds at the disposal of the ministry which could be applied to the commencement of such an undertaking, and as every acre of cultivated ground near Paris was of course occupied, his scheme seemed at first hopeless. Still the benevolent projector was not to be daunted, and as he could not find a cultivated spot of ground fit for his purpose, he looked out for a barren one.

After many inquiries and surveys, M. Ferrus fixed upon an estate situated about two miles from the Bicêtre, near the *barrière de la Santé*. It was the most wretched piece of ground imaginable. So entirely was it covered with stones, that there was not an acre in the whole tract which seemed capable of being successfully cultivated; and though formerly occupied by enterprising farmers, it had long been abandoned. A homestead which they had built was in ruins, and the barns and sheds in the last stage of decay. Upon this unpromising farm M. Ferrus fixed, and by the end of 1832, several of the Bicêtre patients were set to work to enclose about ten acres of the least barren portion. This enclosure was cleared and levelled with such success, that its first year's produce was sold for about L.57, nearly ten pounds more than the annual rent of the entire farm. Encouraged by this result, M. Ferrus applied to the *administration des hospitaux* to have the patients transferred from the Bicêtre altogether, that they might live entirely on the farm. The ruined house, and the want of funds at head-quarters applicable to its repair, seemed at first powerful objections to this measure; but M. Ferrus, having good workmen at his command, overcame them. He got the government to supply tools—as it had previously done for the farming operations—the homestead was soon put into a habitable state by those for whose occupation it was designed, and in 1835 was tenanted by a number of the insane. The farm was now regularly organised; an experienced agriculturist, M. Béguin, was engaged to direct and superintend the operations of the labourers; the whole of the land belonging to the estate was taken into the original enclosure, and each succeeding year has been crowned with not only an increase of agricultural produce, but with an increase in the list of cures amongst the patients. The only inconvenience the managers of the farm have to contend with, arises from any accidental want of employment which may happen. So anxious are the majority of the unfortunates for work, that they become troublesome when they do not obtain it. This was most felt in winter, when farming operations are for a time suspended; but to fill up this blank space, the farmers at St Anne are annually set to bleach the whole of the linen used in the two hospitals; a task which they perform cheerfully and well, saving to those establishments upwards of four hundred pounds per annum.

Besides the excellent effects which have been produced on those patients employed and residing on the St Anne farm, it has been found of the utmost benefit to less convalescent inmates of the insane hospitals. By allowing them at first to see the others at work, they soon get a desire to join in it, which, when the medical officers deem them well enough, they are allowed to do. In short, the effects of such healthful employment as that necessary to the culture of land, has been found of the utmost benefit to all classes of insane patients. The success of the French farm will, we trust, encourage the directors of our native lunatic asylums to adopt similar methods of cure; which, properly managed, appear to be as profitable as they are efficacious.

A STORY OF THE CORCOVADO.

[From Hood's Magazine for November.]

When I first came out to Brazil, I got a situation as clerk in the counting-house of Diaz, Brown, and Company, the extensive merchants at Rio Janeiro. The only other white clerk in their place of business was one Lopez do Pereira, a Portuguese by descent and birth, but educated in England. Of course we became companions; and although he was eccentric to absurdity, I found him a very agreeable fellow on the whole; his whims being often irresistibly ridiculous, while he was not at all annoyed at any laughter, but would laugh himself with his whole heart, while he still persisted in the proceedings that caused it. These were often, while very odd, both hurtful to himself and painful to his friends.

One day, when we had been about a year together, the day being a holiday, we resolved upon an expedition to the top of the Corcovado. Accordingly, hiring horses, we rode up till horses could go no further. As we rode, I began to laugh and question him with regard to his singular weakness. My thoughts were directed to this subject by seeing him turn round on the horse's back, and ride with his face to the tail; and this though the animal was very spirited, and the path was so narrow that one horse only had room to go upon it, with the stone wall of the aqueduct on one side, and a succession of wooded precipices on the other. On my inquiring the cause of this remarkable manœuvre,

he replied, laughing loudly himself, that he thought it was a good idea, as he could talk to me better face to face; for I was riding in the rear. But I remarked that we could converse quite well without seeing each other, and reminded him of the misers, who talked in the dark to save candles. Upon this he stated that, as all the view lay behind us, and nothing in front but woods, this was the most rational way of riding for an admirer of the picturesque. I bantered him out of this argument also, when he plainly confessed that he rode in that way from an internal impulse, no more to be resisted or controlled by him than the decrees of fate; that there was a devil within him who prompted him to make himself ridiculous, and that he could no more gainsay this mastering spirit than fly in the air. For the rest of the ride he continued to practise this uncavalier-like style of horsemanship, to the vast entertainment of sundry blackies we encountered working at small repairs on the aqueduct, or bringing down loads of sticks from the woods.

At length we arrived at the last collection of houses on the ascent, and here we left our horses, mounting the last steeps on foot.

As soon as we stood upon the rocky ball, and looked around us, overwhelmed by the grandeur and danger of the scene, I was full of exclamations. From the brim of the rock we stood on, the sight leaped down direct to fields and lagoons two or three thousand feet beneath us; and the precipices, from what I could see of them, made my blood cold. The vastness of the horizon, with the distance and diversity of the parts filling it up—the silence, the solitude, the apparently eternal nature of the mighty rocks—even of the forests—all these ideas, combined with the precarious nature of our position on this airy and often cloud-covered pinnacle, and the certain dreadful fate that awaited one who should topple from such a stupendous height (for on three sides were precipices of from one to two thousand feet), raised my mind to a very high state of excitement. But when I looked at Pereira, expecting to see in him an equal enjoyment, I observed his dark Portuguese features pale with that tawny colour which constitutes the pallor of southern Europeans; his bloodless lips quivered, and there was a sort of convulsive starting of different muscles of his body.

'What,' said I, 'you surely are not afraid of falling? Come near to the centre, and your head will not swim so much.'

'Afraid!' he replied vaguely and incoherently. 'No!—yes—afraid—for you; save yourself, D——! for God's sake, save yourself!'

'Why, man, there is no fear. Get you down first; you are nearest the path.'

'No! we shall never go down that path—*the demon, D——, the demon in my heart prompts me to throw you from this pinnacle sheer to destruction*, and he will not but be obeyed! O Mother of Deity! Queen of Heaven! look on me in mercy!'

As he spoke, my heart smote my side violently, and I felt for a moment sick to death; for the recollection of his character and strange eccentricities arose before my mind.

'Gracious Heaven!' said I, 'you cannot mean what you say?' As I stood horror-stricken, he clasped his hands, and wringing them slowly, but with his whole strength, raised them above his head, looking upward at the same time with eyes sparkling from unnatural fire, and grinding his teeth, as if with anguish, a moment, and with a wild howl of despair that rung like the cry of a vulture, he sprang upon me!

A mercy it was that he gave me that warning! I was prepared so far, that his onset drove me back but one step; another step would have been death to me! He grasped me with his whole strength, and with the convulsive gripe of mortal fear I closed upon him; and thus, in dread embrace, we stood straining with the whole power of every sinew. It could not be called struggling; it was the slow and steady application of every force and every art of two athletic young men striving, the one in the frenzy of madness, the other in the dread of immediate dissolution. Now he would bend me a little, now I him! Oh what an agony that minute was to me!

At length, in about two minutes, I knew that his strength was giving way; we were equally matched in strength; but I had the full chest and long wind, produced by hard exercise through all my youth in a far northern climate; he was narrow-chested, and soon began to pant. Perceiving this, I compressed his ribs with my whole strength, and, bending in his back, gradually brought him down on the rock. But the moment he was down he commenced struggling violently, and rolled us both over toward the awful brink. I thought I was gone, and clutched the rough rock with my fingers till the nails were torn from them. Providentially my hand came against one of the rusted iron supports that had of old upheld the chain, and I grasped it with that clutch commonly called the death-gripe. Holding on by this, and getting my legs about it so as to have a good purchase, while he still struggled ceaselessly with hand and teeth to dislodge me, I caught hold of the hair of his temples, and dashed his head violently against the rock. The blow affected his brain: the eyes, which had just been glaring upon me in maniacal fury, now rolled obliquely in their sockets, and his motions were no longer directed against me. With both hands I repeated the blow, and he remained motionless; still I was not sure of him, for I had read and heard that the insane are very cunning, and adopt many schemes to accomplish their ends; so, putting one hand to his heart, and being able to perceive only a very faint and scarcely discernible beating, I got up and drew him to the middle of the rock. Then resting for a moment to breathe, and to thank Heaven that I had been saved alive from this fearful encounter, I began to descend the rock, dragging him after me till I got on a secure path, when I shouldered him, and carried him to where we had left our horses. Here I got some blacks to carry him down to the city of Rio Janeiro, and conveyed him to the house of our mutual employer, Mr Brown.

As we were quite by ourselves, I might have accounted for his injuries by a supposed fall among the rocks, but I preferred telling the truth as it is written here. An inquiry was made according to the law of Brazil, and I was declared free of all blame; whilst Pereira, who was then recovering his bodily health, was condemned to restraint in a mad-house for life.

I never afterwards could look up to the pinnacles of Corcovado without feelings of horror being called up in my mind; and so painful was this to me, that I was ultimately led to transport myself and my fortunes to Monte Video.

BOY-TRADERS IN MOSCOW.

We have often remarked that the talent for trafficking lies deep in the Russian blood. The merest children show an address and dexterity in commercial dealings such as are displayed only by long-practised traders with us. The German understanding ripens slowly, but then it arrives at a high state of maturity; the Russian (mercantile) understanding does not seem to want ripening; it is born ripe and ready, but does not in the end go so far as the beginning promised. With some very able, there are also in Germany some astoundingly stupid traders. This does not seem to be the case in Russia; there, every one seems born with a like portion of wit. In Moscow, I found this opinion many times confirmed. I went one day into a wax-chandler's shop on the invitation of a mannikin of seven years old. With us at such an age children are helpless, timid, child-like, and childish; in Russia, they are adroit, cunning, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant intreated me to enter his shop, bowing in the same obsequious fashion as his elders; and when I told him that I was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered as complaisantly as his papa could have done—'Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please.' He showed me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness which I could not but admire; knew not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock; the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.: in a word, he had in every respect the demeanour of an experienced trader. Just such children as these are often found at the money-broker's table; and at an age when with us they would hardly be trusted with a few pence, a considerable capital will be committed to their care. Many similar millionaires in embryo are running about the streets with fruit, honey-cakes, kwas, and so forth; who jingle their money, and handle their reckoning-boards with so much address, that it is easy to comprehend how so many opulent individuals issue from their ranks. In Russia, the greater number of wealthy merchants must look back to the streets and pedlar's booth for their youthful reminiscences, when all their merchandise consisted of picture-books, kwas, or wax-tapers.—*Kohl's Russia.*

A STUPENDOUS CAVE.

We copy the following from the Adelaide (South Australia) Observer:—A discovery has recently been made on the Burrangilong creek, a tributary of the river Abercrombie, in New South Wales, of a stupendous cave, or rather a natural tunnel, whose dimensions, scenery, petrifactions, and stalactites, render it an object of great attraction. It surpasses in size, as well as extraordinary structure, Fingal's celebrated cave at Staffa, or the most famous of the natural caverns or grottos of England. The approach to the caverns of Burrangilong, though abounding in sequestered and wild and romantic scenery, indicates nothing of the stern grandeur and sublimity of the subsequent spectacle. Crossing the mountain, the eye embraces one of the most comprehensive views in nature; thence descending a precipitous glen, one finds one's self almost in another world, still and gloomy and profound; shut up and imprisoned by surrounding precipices. The creek receiving the waters from the numberless neighbouring mountains, and these waters accumulating in the glen, and there 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' have worn or burst an outlet through the rock, and thus created one of the largest tunnels in the world. Entering at the north, the first sublime object to rivet the gaze is the magnificent span of the grand entrance arch, with the lofty roof receding into the dim distance, scooped into ten thousand cells, and fretted and festooned with stalactites of every species and form—the hard white, and the white shattery stalactites, and the yellow, the pale pink, and the green crystalline stalactites, some oblong and conical, some round and irregular, twisted and turned into all imaginable fantastic diversities, griffins, and rampant lions, dead sheep, trussed fowls, somewhat green and yellow (perhaps from hanging too long), and sceptres, and swords, and switches. Various pilgrimages have been made to this subterraneous recess by those who possess curiosity, taste, and leisure; and their various parts, or rather apartments, have already acquired distinguishing appellations. The kitchen is described as admirably suited to its newly destined uses. Of the refectory, it is said (truly enough) that no hotel in the world can furnish such an apartment; and the dormitory is a 'succession of cloistered chambers.' The eye of delicative fancy has discovered galleries of antique statues and of tombs, a stupendous sarcophagus, an acherontic pool; as well as ecclesiastical forms, organs, thrones, and pulpits, with innumerable mitres and croziers. The dimensions of the tunnel are as follows:—From the northern arch or entrance, to the southern arch or exit, 720 feet; while the breadth of the northern arch or entrance is 130 feet. The extreme height at the centre of the tunnel is 100 feet. It thus appears that the extent and height are beyond comparison greater than anything which previous description has rendered familiar either in the British islands or on this great insular continent.

PEDANTRY.

Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuited to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be in the schools as pedantic, though it would not be reprobated by that name, as the language of the schools in the market. The man of the world, who insists that no other terms but such as occur in common conversation should be employed in a scientific disquisition, and with no greater precision, is as truly a pedant as the man of letters who, either overrating the acquirements of his auditors, or misled by his own familiarity with technical and scholastic terms, converses at the wine-table with his mind fixed on the museum or the laboratory.—*Coleridge.*

PROGRESS OF GOOD.

We perceive, amid all the admixture of evil, and all the disorder of conflicting agencies, a general tendency, nevertheless, towards the accomplishment of wise and beneficent designs. As, in contemplating an ebbing tide, we are sometimes in doubt, on a short inspection, whether the sea is really receding, because from time to time a wave will dash farther up the shore than that which had preceded it; but if we continue our observation long enough, we plainly see that the boundary of the land is, on the whole, advancing; so here, by extending our view over many centuries, and through several ages, we may distinctly perceive the tendencies which would have escaped our more confined research.—*Archbishop Whately.*

A LOVE-LETTER TO MY WIFE.

BY S. C. HALL, ESQ.

[From a privately printed volume.]

DEAR heart! all happy thoughts I bring
To thee, upon this morn of spring;
When laughing health is in the gale,
And sweet birds sing on every tree,
While Nature, upon hill and dale,
Prepares a welcome for the bee.

Now earth rejoices, glad and gay,
O'er wearied winter, passed away;
And hope is like yon cloudless sky,
To which nor shade nor shower belong:
I sigh—but not with grief I sigh—
As thoughts of thee breathe forth in song.

If I would learn the poet's skill,
To make my words obey my will,
What theme should, next to Nature, warm?
I think not long that theme to find—
The beauty of thy face and form—
The beauty of thy heart and mind?

Yes, beauty! though it may not be,
Like this young morning, fresh and free;
But, rather, like the rising day—
The day that rises while I write—
Too early to suggest decay,
Too warm to bid me think of night.

Yes, beauty in that happy face
The husband-lover still can trace;
Goodness, and gentleness, and truth,
May live to mock at change and time;
They *were* the graces of thy youth—
They *are* the graces of thy prime!

We've toiled together, side by side,
Proud—yet it was no selfish pride—
That toil brought honour, if no wealth;
Our hearts have gathered little rust;
But ours are peace, and hope, and health,
And mutual love, and mutual trust!

Companion, counsel, friend, and wife,
Through twenty years of wedded life!
Dear love, sweet heart—why not address
Warm words to thee—my hope and pride?
I have not lived to love thee less
Than when I hailed a fair young bride.

Ah! let me think how deep a debt,
Sweet friend, dear wife, I owe thee yet;
In toil, in trouble, weak and ill,
Thy zealous care, thy active thought,
Thy SPIRIT—meekly trusting still—
Calmed the hot pulse and brain o'erwrought.

I gave to thee a humble name,
Which thou, dear wife, hast given to fame;
And surely 'tis no idle boast
That many laud and flatter thee;
But when the world hath praised thee most,
Thy woman's heart was most with me!

Years of success have taught thee this,
Dear wife—that duty leads to bliss;
'Tis thine to show to those who toil,
That love can make all labour light;
That fame and favour may not spoil
The mind that thinks and acts aright!

'Tis thine to prove that strength of mind
May work, with woman's grace combined;
To show how Nature's debts are paid
In studies small that sweeten life;
And how the loftiest thoughts may aid
The duties of a loving wife.

Ah! more than twenty years ago,
I HOPED, where now I feel and know!
Older thou art—yet I can see
No change impair thy cheek and brow,
No early beauty fade from thee;
And am I less A LOVER now?

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 98 Miller Street, Glasgow); and, with their permission, by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.—A stamped edition of the Journal is now issued, price 2½d., to go free by post.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 50. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1844. Price 1½d.

FACTS AND TRADITIONS CONCERNING SHAKSPEARE.

The stream of commentary on Shakspeare, his life, writings, and the early drama, continues to flow on, and probably will for ever flow. To wait till it is exhausted, would be as idle and hopeless a task as that of the clown in Horace, who sat by the river expecting it to run dry. We may occasionally, however, see the current take a different direction; and at present its tendency is more towards biography than criticism. The early Shakspearian commentators were all bent on elucidating the text, restoring it to its original purity, as they imagined, and unfolding its nice shades of meaning; and in such a task there was abundance of scope for their ingenuity, as well as their pedantry. In the mighty fabric of Shakspeare's poetry, there are many mansions, and some of them, like the old Elizabethan halls and galleries, are curiously intricate and perplexed. His glorious collection of pictures and portraits, and the bead-roll of his golden maxims and counsels, required no editorial sunshine. Words and phrases only, a mixed metaphor or local allusion, historical references, and the construction of the verse, were supposed to be susceptible of illustration and amendment. In these obscure recesses the commentators wandered many years; now letting in a little light, or deciphering part of the old tracery, and now only bewildering themselves and their readers. Rowe, Pope, Warburton, Johnson, Hurd, &c.—all more or less great in literature—really did little for Shakspeare. Theobald, though the original hero of Pope's Dunciad, and a most unimaginative plodder, was the best and most successful of the emendators, solely by the exercise of plain sense and unconquerable industry. Steevens, with all his conceit and total want of principle, was also useful; and Pope bestowed a few touches worthy of his taste and fancy. The exquisite opening lines of the Twelfth Night were indebted to his delicate perception of the correct and beautiful—

> 'That strain again; it had a dying fall.
> O! it came o'er me like the sweet *sound*
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour.'

Pope presumed an error of the pen or the press in the word we have marked in italics, and substituted *south* for 'sound;' and so it will ever remain. Another emendation in Macbeth is equally felicitous. The passage is that grand and terrific night-scene—

> 'Now o'er the one half world
> Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
> The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
> Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
> Alarmed by his centinel the wolf,
> Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
> With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*, towards his design
> Moves like a ghost.'

For 'sides,' Pope substituted *strides*, and gave at once clearness and picturesqueness to the expression. In these touches we see the man of genius; but Pope was indolent and arbitrary as an editor, and wanted the necessary acquaintance with black-letter and curious literature. Malone was the first who searched diligently for facts and dates; and in many respects he was a useful and valuable pioneer. His researches among registers, wills, court-rolls, and contemporary writings and documents of all kinds, were incessant, and often successful. The same path has been well pursued in our own day. Mr Collier possesses all the industry of Malone, with greater accuracy and taste; Mr Charles Knight has been no inglorious labourer in the same field, though a most capricious and discursive biographer; Mr Halliwell and the Rev. J. Hunter are valuable commentators and antiquarian collectors; and Mr Wheler of Stratford has done good service by exploring every available source of local knowledge. Ceaseless labour has been spent to bring, if possible, the *man* William Shakspeare before us in his social and domestic relations. We know more of him externally than we do of Spenser, of Beaumont and Fletcher, or of Ben Jonson. The worldly circumstances and position of his parents and family are also better known. Yet the whole respecting Shakspeare forms but a faint outline! His correspondence, his conversation, his familiar character, and habits, are lost or unknown. The 'inner man' we know only through the medium of his works. He is a blank in the midst of his myriad of creations—his individuality lost in 'the element in which he worked'—and it is vain now, we fear, to look for minute or satisfactory information as to his personal qualities, tastes, or opinions. He lived in an age when there was little literary curiosity; he was a member of an unpopular, or at least unrespected, profession; and he seems to have been content to move in quiet through the ordinary scenes of existence. We must be satisfied to know generally that he, who is the object of a nation's idolatry, was ever distinguished as the *gentle* Shakspeare—as one 'indeed honest, and of an open and free nature'—and that, after success, not unworthy of his genius, he withdrew from the glare of city-life, and the pursuit of worldly distinction, to spend his latter days amidst his own and his father's friends in the retirement of his native vale. It is an interesting fact, that Hamnet Sadler, a citizen of Stratford, who was godfather to Shakspeare's only son, in the poet's youth and obscurity, was, thirty-one years afterwards, when that youth had become illustrious for his genius, and the greatest man in his native town, selected as a witness to his will, and affectionately remembered by the bequest of a ring.

We propose glancing at the information which has recently been collected concerning our great poet, and

touching on a few of the disputed points. The details are scattered over several volumes, and may be unknown to many of our readers. The task is also an agreeable and seductive one; for who would not wish to dwell, however remotely, within the shadow of that great mind which has hallowed for us so much of earth and earthly existence?

Every person knows the tradition that Shakspeare was born on St George's day, the 23d of April, in the year 1564; and that his birthplace was that small tenement in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, the walls of which are covered with the names of pilgrims from all climes and countries. The town was then little better than a village, stript of the pomp and importance which attached to it before the Reformation, yet retaining its beautiful cathedral-looking church and grammar-school, and possessing a lay corporation of bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses. The population was about fourteen hundred. The country in the neighbourhood is fertile and well-wooded, and the Avon winds through rich meadows, skirted with willow-trees, and sometimes gliding under high banks. With the towns of Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry, each within a few miles, and numerous old-fashioned villages and squires' mansions in every direction, Stratford has many attractions, rural, antique, and interesting, that must have charmed the youthful Shakspeare. The parish-register records the baptism of the poet on the 26th of April; a lovely season, particularly in the time of the old calendar, which would bring it into our month of May, with its fresh green verdure, flowers, and hawthorn in full blow. Few of the old registers mention the day of birth, but early baptism was then the general practice. We find that Oliver Cromwell was christened four days after his birth; the Earl of Clarendon the same; but eleven days intervened between the birth and baptism of Milton. The Shakspeare tradition as to St George's day is likely to be correct, because it is accordant with the general rule, and because the second part of the story, as to the place of birth, has lately received some confirmation. Mr Hunter has printed part of a court-roll, dated 1552, in which John Shakspeare, the poet's father, is mentioned in connexion with Henley Street four or five years before his marriage. This is the best support ever given to the tradition.* John Shakspeare retained the property throughout his life; he purchased it in 1574; and it descended to his heir-at-law, the poet; who bequeathed it, with his other property, to his eldest daughter, Mrs Hall. The tenement was then a good garden-house, but one half was afterwards appropriated as an inn. Considering how few of our poets' houses, of any antiquity, now remain (those of Spenser, Milton, and the elder dramatists, being undistinguishable, or swept away), and also that Stratford was frequently visited with destructive fires, we cannot but regard the tenement in Henley Street as one of the most interesting in the kingdom. It seems the undoubted birthplace of our greatest poet; it must be full three centuries old; and its oaken beams and floors, and its humble front of timber and plaster, are still sound and firm. According to the precise and garrulous little lady who shows the premises, the poet was born in the best up-stairs room; and if asked her reason for the statement, she has her answer ready—'It is the only room, excepting the kitchen, which has a fireplace, and on such an occasion a fire would be necessary in the month of April.' There is no disputing with a lady on so delicate a subject, and the reason is besides a good one.

We have lately had a controversy as to the proper orthography of the poet's name—a point little thought of in his own day. There are about twenty variations of that of Shakspeare! Five undoubted signatures are in existence—three adhibited to his will, and two to legal documents. In all of them, the surname is curiously written, and apparently contracted. They are a perfect puzzle; though the probability is, that the poet generally wrote the name short, *Shakspere*. Whatever was the correct orthography, it appears that neither of the poet's parents could sign the name. This is proved by documents which have lately come into the possession of the Shakspeare Society, in which the bailiff of Stratford signs with a rude letter 'A' for his mark, and his wife uses an imitation of the letter 'M.' The art of writing was then a rare accomplishment, especially with ladies. Their round of household duties and pious cares was not considered to include the exercise of the pen. Even men in authority were indifferent to writing, and relied upon the town or county clerk. Most of the aldermen of Stratford were, like John Shakspeare, *markmen*.

The name of Shakspeare had long flourished in Warwickshire, but the poet's immediate ancestor was apparently the first that settled in the town of Stratford. Mr Collier has discovered that there was living some time previous a Richard Shakspeare, who was a tenant of the Arden family on a small property of theirs at Snitterfield, near Stratford. This was in all probability the father of John; and the latter, we find afterwards, formed an alliance with the Ardens, an ancient and once powerful family, whom he must have known from his youth. Fair Mary Arden (the name at least is poetical) inherited, under her father's will, a small estate called Asbies, consisting of about sixty acres of arable and pasture land, with the crop upon the ground, a house, and six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence of money. She seems also to have had some property at Snitterfield; for Mr Collier has discovered that John Shakspeare disposed of his wife's interest in two tenements there for four pounds. The year previous, he had mortgaged Asbies for forty pounds, but he had four years before given forty pounds for the houses in Henley Street. The occupations, pecuniary engagements, and circumstances generally of the poet's father, have occasioned much trouble and speculation to the antiquaries. He has been variously described as a 'dealer in wool' (Rowe's Life), a 'butcher' (by Aubrey), and a 'glover.' The latter occurs in the register of the bailiff's court, in a process brought for recovery of debt in 1555. This was before his marriage; but having wedded an heiress, John Shakspeare became a man of 'mark and likelihood' in the little town of Stratford. He passed through the various gradations of municipal trust and honour, to the dignity of high bailiff or mayor. He seems afterwards to have got into difficulties, but without losing the distinction usually conferred upon him in the borough register, of having 'Mr' prefixed to his name. In his days of power and prosperity, he appears to have patronised various companies of players who visited the town. The bailiff and corporation gave the use of their Guild Hall, and contributions of money, to the performers; and at this time undoubtedly were sown the seeds of that love of the drama which was afterwards developed in his illustrious son. The bailiff's family, we may be sure, were among the auditors in the theatre. Rude as were the performances—without moveable scenery (not known till nearly a century afterwards), without suitable decorations, or female actors—they were not destitute of histrionic talent (then a profitable occupation); and to the young poet they would all appear vivid and bright as the 'golden exhalations of the dawn.' There are years in which we learn nothing of Shakspeare. His education at the grammar-school seems undoubted, and there he obtained what Ben Jonson has called his 'small Latin, and less Greek.' We have no doubt it was a fair share of classical learning. The education was free to burgesses' sons; and Shakspeare must have continued some years at school. He was often, we suspect, in the country—assuredly a spectator of the grand pageant at Kenilworth in the summer of 1575, when Dudley entertained

* See the First Part of New Illustrations of the Life, &c. of Shakspeare. By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London: Nichols and Son. This is a very valuable tract.

his royal mistress with such unprecedented splendour. His studies lay much in the fine valley of the Avon: and among the sylvan shades, fields, old orchards, villages, and commons of that pleasant district, he picked up knowledge, and received impressions, invaluable to the poet. With his relations the Ardens, and with most of the old country families of middling rank, he would be a welcome guest. His mirthful and joyous temperament would 'make a sunshine in the shady place.' At all the rural holidays and festivals, the wakes, fairs, games, hawking, fowling, and hunting, young Shakspeare would be well known. He possessed another recommendation, as we learn from Aubrey the chronicler, and, as may be conjectured, from the Stratford bust, he was a 'handsome, well-shaped man;' and this handsome person, joined to his companionable qualities, and to the ardour of youthful passion and genius, led to his early marriage.

About a mile from Stratford is the little hamlet of Shottery. We walk to it through lanes and fields intersected by footpaths and stiles, and occasionally shaded by elm-trees, so common over all Warwickshire. Some of these were once Shakspeare's fields, attached to his property of New Place. In the village there lived for centuries a family named Hathaway. Their cottage still stands, the door opening with a wooden latch of the most primitive construction, and inside is a rude oaken seat or bench, that carries the imagination back to the days of Shakspeare. A little garden, orchard, and pasture-ground, are connected with the house; roses are trained up the half-timber walls; and the spot is altogether a picture of antique rural beauty and seclusion. It was known from tradition, partly corroborated by existing documents, that Shakspeare had, when a youth, married Ann Hathaway, the daughter of a 'substantial yeoman' at Shottery, and the inscription over her grave showed that the lady was about eight years older than her husband. It was not, however, till the year 1833 that we had any positive evidence as to the fact of the poet's marriage with an Ann Hathaway, or of the time when it took place. Malone had inspected the records of the diocese of Worcester (in which Stratford is included), but he overlooked what was discovered by Sir Thomas Phillipps, a bond given for the security of the bishop of Worcester, if he granted license for the marriage of the poet, *the banns being only once proclaimed.* The bond is dated November 28, the 25th of Elizabeth, or 1582. The securities are Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, both of Stratford, husbandmen; and they bind themselves in a sum of forty pounds to 'defend and save harmless' the Lord Bishop, for licensing 'Willm. Shagspere and Ann Hathwey' to be married together with once asking of the banns.

'The mind dwells with delight,' says Mr Hunter, 'on the idea of a poet's first-love, the fondness of his attachment, the ingenuity with which he prosecutes his suit, the difficulties he may have had to encounter, his triumph over them, and the happy consummation of his marriage; and doubtless the fields between Stratford and Shottery may have been traversed by many a votary, with his mind full of imaginations concerning the poet and his love. The minute researches of the antiquary may sometimes bring to light facts which are concurrent with such pleasant imaginings, and may even give occasion to them, by removing the veil which rested on interesting truths. Sometimes, however, the effect is different, and the severities of truth jostle with those pleasant imaginings; and so it may be feared it is in the present case. Two more unseemly persons to attend at a poet's bridal can hardly be conceived than Sandells and Richardson, two husbandmen who were unable to write their names, and whose marks are so singularly rude, that they betray a more than common degree of rusticity. There is no romance, no poetry in this. Where were the Sadlers, the Quineys, the Reynoldses, the friends at that time of the family, that the young heir of at least one honourable family is delivered up, or has delivered himself up, into hands such as these?—a youth, too, who on that day was but eighteen years seven months and five days old, and with him goes to the altar one who was then in her twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh year, and who, sometime before the 26th of May following, presented him with a daughter. It seems but too evident that this was a marriage of evil auspices, and it may have been one principal cause of that unsettled state of mind in which the poet left Stratford about four years afterwards.'

This is something like antiquated scandal, yet it appears well founded. Possibly, in some moods of mind, the poet afterwards felt what he makes one of his characters so exquisitely express—

> 'As the most forward bud
> Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
> Even so by love the young and tender wit
> Is turned to folly—blasting in the bud,
> Losing his verdure even in the prime,
> *And all the fair effects of future hopes.*'

John Shakspeare and Mary Arden, we have little doubt, thought in this manner. If we believe the sonnets to be autobiographical, Shakspeare's affections wandered from Ann Hathaway; but anything like permanent estrangement cannot be assumed from the imperfect information we possess. She was the wife of his ordinary work-day world—the mother of his children; and 'if there is no proof that his wife ever returned with him to London,' as Mr Collier states it, 'or resided with him during any of his lengthened sojourns in the metropolis,' there is an equal want of proof on the other side. If he left her behind in Stratford, it was, in all probability, from motives of prudence: first, that he might not entangle her in the cares and uncertainties of his early career; and subsequently, that she might remain to watch over the establishment which he soon began to form in his native place, preparatory to his final retirement. His connexion with Stratford seems never to have been severed. He visited it once a-year, according to the tradition picked up by Betterton the actor, and also mentioned by Aubrey. In 1596 or 1597 he purchased New Place, the best house in Stratford; and in the latter year he is returned (at a time of scarcity) as possessing ten quarters of corn in Chapel Street Ward, in which New Place was situated. In 1602 he gave L.320 for 107 acres of land, which he attached to this property; in 1603 he purchased a house, with barn, granary, &c. at Stratford for L.60; in 1604 he is found prosecuting a person for L.1, 15s. *for corn sold to him;* in 1605 he purchased for L.440 the lease of a moiety of the tithes at Stratford. Here we have a large and flourishing establishment. With the aid of his wife, his parents, and possibly of one or more of his brothers, he cultivated his land and sold his corn—his family inhabiting New Place, and the poet visiting them yearly; perhaps residing no small portion of every year, when the theatres were shut, on his property. The attainment of a comfortable and easy competency seems to have been the object of his ambition, and he might consider the residence of his wife at Stratford indispensable to his plans. If there was not the romance of love, there was worldly wisdom and energy of character in such an arrangement. In 1598 Mr Abraham Sturley, one of the aldermen of Stratford, writes to his brother-in-law in London—'Mr Shakspeare is willing to disburse some money upon some odd yard-land or other *at Shottery,* or near about us.' Surely we may presume that no settled discord or unkindness mingled with the poet's recollections of Shottery—the sweet retired hamlet, where he had wooed and won his Ann Hathaway! May we not rather conjecture (even in spite of some appearances or surmises to the contrary) that he wished to make her mistress of the fields and orchards they had traversed in their young days of passion, and where he hoped they would spend together the decline of life in honour and tranquillity?*

* Mr Knight has the merit of discovering that Shakspeare had no occasion to provide for his wife in his will. As his widow, she was

In 1586 John Shakspeare was superseded in his office of alderman in Stratford, in consequence of his not attending the meetings of the corporation, when warned like the others, and not having been present for a long time. His name does not occur in the books for some years previous, and he was probably living in the country. On the same occasion, John Wheler, another alderman of the town, was struck off from the corporation *by his own desire*. Both of these cases seem to us to be connected with another cause, which opens up an interesting field of conjecture and inquiry as respects the poet. Mr Collier has published a document showing that John Shakspeare and Wheler were, six years afterwards, with seven others, returned as *recusants*, who neglected attendance on the Established Protestant Church, and thus became liable to a penalty of L.20 per month. Amongst the seven others, it is curious to remark the names of William *Fluellen* and George *Bardolph*. It is said at the end of the document that they were understood to absent themselves from church 'for feare of processe of debte'—an excuse inadmissible in the case of John Shakspeare, considering how the affairs of his son then stood. In short, there seems reason to conclude that the poet's father had reverted to the ancient faith. The circumstance is only of importance in its reflex light, as affecting the education and opinions of his son. 'Did Catholicism give us Shakspeare?' as Mr Carlyle, long before Mr Collier had discovered his curious document, assumed to be a fact established by his works. The question is one worthy of investigation. We cannot believe that a Roman Catholic would have written some of the scenes in King John, or Cranmer's prophecy ('God shall be truly known,' &c.) in Henry VIII., or even that noble truth, so far in advance of the age of Elizabeth,

> 'It is the heretic that makes the fire,
> Not he that burns in it.'

The ethereal spirit of Shakspeare could not have submitted to the bonds of any sect or party. He saw good in everything, and looked beyond the strife and agitation of contending churchmen. Still, if Catholicism was the creed of his father, he may have had a leaning towards that faith. His imagination could hardly fail to be touched by its splendid and imposing ritual, its various orders of priesthood, and the vast fabric of its departed power and greatness. He must have known many of its secret and proscribed worshippers—old families with whom lingered strong sympathies and romantic associations. In his dramas, he nowhere ridicules the priests or professors of Catholicism, though he did not spare the austere and sanctimonious Puritans. His monks are active and benevolent agents, employed in errands of peace and mercy. He has no peculiar dogmas, no 'bigot's rage, or sectary's whim,' and perhaps his very silence on the questions then so fiercely contested, joined to his ridicule of the excesses of Puritanism, may have had the effect, with narrow and prejudiced minds, or persons envying his success, of fixing upon him the name of Papist.* We cannot allow that any one party can claim the poet of the world. 'He is of no age,' said Coleridge, 'nor of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind; his observation and his reading, which was considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures.'

The same year that John Shakspeare was superseded in the magistracy, his son is supposed, on good grounds, to have quitted Stratford for London. There may have been some connexion between them, in trade or business, which was broken up at this crisis in the elder Shakspeare's affairs. The poet had a wife and three children—the wild romance of youth was over, though he was yet barely twenty-two—and Stratford offered but a poor field for the enterprise of one who must have been conscious that he possessed energies and genius far beyond his fellows. The drama, also, which dazzled his young eyes, may have tempted his more matured ambition. His talents must ere this have manifested themselves in that direction in which they were destined ultimately to earn such imperishable celebrity.

Another cause has been assigned for Shakspeare's removal to London—the famous deer-stealing incident, in relation to the poet and Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. This story was first published by Rowe, in his life of Shakspeare, the materials for which were chiefly collected by Betterton the actor. It is also mentioned by the Rev. Richard Davies, already alluded to, who wrote at an earlier period than the date of Rowe's memoir. According to this strong current of tradition, the poet fell into bad company, and joined in the common practice of deer-stealing. Having robbed a park belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, he was prosecuted with severity, in revenge for which he composed a bitter ballad on Sir Thomas, which he affixed to the park-gate. The prosecution was *redoubled*, and Shakspeare was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, and settle himself in London. Rowe says this 'first essay of his poetry' (a gratuitous and improbable assumption) was lost; but Oldys and Capell, two well-known antiquaries, recovered the opening stanza of the satire from the recitation of a nonagenarian in Worcestershire. This doggerel verse (printed in all the memoirs) begins as follows:—

> 'A parliament member, a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass.'

More importance is to be attached to the evidence afforded by the opening scene of the Merry Wives of Windsor, where Justice Shallow complains of Falstaff for beating his men, killing his deer, and breaking open his lodge. That outbreak of humour seems undoubtedly to apply to the Lucy family:—

'*Shallow.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *rotalorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white luces do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.'

The arms of the Lucys were *three luces*, or pike-fish, 'hariant, argent.' The satire is undoubted; but the cause of its application is only matter of conjecture. We do not see that the tradition should be rejected. The offence was exactly such a frolic as the youthful Shakspeare was likely to have committed; and if his prosecutor was apparently too severe, the youth would probably retaliate with some ready satire. Sir Thomas Lucy, it is proved, had no park at Charlecote, but he

---

entitled by law to her dower—a third of his freehold estates. One could have wished, however, that he had mentioned her in his will by something more than an interlineation with a bequest of the second-best bed! It is probable that the poet's widow had a life-interest in his plays, the first edition of his works not being published till after her death in 1623—seven years after the poet's decease. It was then considered against the interest of the theatres to publish popular acting plays. Another supposition may be formed: Shakspeare's widow and daughters were remarkable for their piety; and Stratford was a stronghold of Puritanism. Hence, probably, the delay in publishing the poet's works till after the death of his widow, and the disappearance of any manuscripts he may have left.

* The Rev. Richard Davies, rector of Saperton, in Gloucestershire, in his manuscript additions to Fulman's Collections for the Lives of the Poets [made about the year 1690], says Shakspeare 'died a Papist.' He may, in his last moments, have acted or felt like Pope. 'When Mr Hooke asked Pope whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should not send for a priest, he said, "I do not suppose that is essential; but it will look right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."'—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

would likely have deer, as his successors have at the present day, browsing in the green hollows, and under the noble elms around the mansion. It is more remarkable that Shakspeare should have remembered the event in the full tide of his theatrical success, when he wrote the Merry Wives of Windsor, and retained the passage after the death of Sir Thomas Lucy. So long-breathed a resentment appears inconsistent with our notions of his frank and generous character. We suspect the first sketch of the play was an early production. Mr Halliwell (a competent authority) joins with Mr Knight in assigning it to the year 1592—only six or seven years after the alleged occurrence at Charlecote; and when the poet corrected and enlarged his play, he might, without a tincture of malice, retain what must have proved so highly diverting on the stage. Sir Thomas could not have read the memorable scene: he died in 1600, and the first edition of the play is dated 1602. So severe and stately a Puritan, instructed in his youth by Fox the martyrologist (who lived for some years in the family at Charlecote), would hardly have deigned to frequent a theatre. Mr Hunter thinks that the whole scene might have been written for the sake of introducing one expression meant to be understood as a kind of apology for himself—

'*Shallow.* He hath wronged me, Master Page.
Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.'

The confession, however, preceded as it is by the witty recital of the offence, and the unrivalled caricature of the angry and pompous knight, with his armorial bearings, was only an aggravation of the original wrong. It seems more reasonable to conclude that the knight of Charlecote had been unjustifiably severe in his prosecution of the young deer-stealer, or that some subsequent representative of the family had given fresh provocation to Shakspeare. Perhaps, in later years, the head of this ancient house looked down with aristocratic hauteur or contempt on his neighbour, the rich player, and genius vindicated its supremacy by a witty and sportive revenge. The episode of the Lucys, however, is the only drop of gall we can discern in the sweetness of the poet's temper, as seen in his intercourse with his contemporaries. It is worthy of remark, that, with Shakspeare's recollection of the Lucys when he wrote Henry V., came back also his recollection of the Stratford *recusants*, Fluellen and Bardolph, their names being adopted in the same play. Little did they dream of such an immortality!*

To a kindred feeling we may perhaps ascribe the second application made by John Shakspeare in 1596 for the grant of a coat of arms. The poet himself would have been rejected by the College of Heralds, on account of his profession of a player; but his father had been 'her majesty's officer and bailiff of the town of Stratford,' and was allied by marriage to the Ardens of Wellingcote. He also claimed to be descended from ancestors who, for their faithful and valiant services, were advanced and rewarded with lands in the county of Warwick by King Henry VII., and whose descendants had continued in good reputation in the same part of the country. The rolls of the reign of Henry VII. have been carefully searched, but do not contain the name of Shakspeare. Hence the allusion is supposed to apply to the Ardens. After some difficulty (for the affair was three years in progress), the patent was procured, and the poet (who had then purchased New Place) was able to flash in the eyes of the Lucys, and all other rustic patricians, his shield and coat of arms—the golden spear, with a silver head on a bend sable, and, for a crest, the towering falcon, with outspread wings, supporting a spear. The motto, *Non sanz droict* (not without right), was itself a note of defiance to all who should impugn the heraldic rights and honours of the Shakspeares. The family appears to have been ambitious of the distinction of hereditary gentility. John Shakspeare first applied for a coat of arms in 1569, when he was bailiff of Stratford. He exhibited a pattern of the crest; but the patent does not seem to have been formally granted. His subsequent pecuniary troubles would render him indifferent to such an honour—at least the application was not renewed till twenty-five years afterwards, when it was doubtless suggested and carried through at the instance of the poet, his son. The terms of Shakspeare's will show that he was desirous of founding a family that might continue his estate unbroken and entire. He had, indeed, no son to inherit his name (his only boy, Hamnet, having died at Stratford at the age of eleven), but the great bulk of his property was bequeathed, under strict entail, to his daughter, Mrs Hall, and her heirs male; failing whom, it went to his second daughter, Judith, who received but a scanty provision by the will. The poet's design was, alas! signally frustrated. In fifty-four years after his decease, the progeny of Shakspeare was extinct, the estate was scattered, and New Place, in less than a century more, was barbarously levelled to the ground. 'It is rather a striking fact in the history of the human race,' remarks Mr Hunter, 'that when there are men pre-eminently great, the issue, if any, generally becomes soon extinct: Chaucer, Sidney, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Bacon, Locke, Newton, in fact nearly all the great *inventors*, have no one left to claim them as ancestors.'—(*To be continued.*)

* Mr Knight, in his 'William Shakespero, a Biography,' endeavours to discredit the deer-stealing story. We think, on the contrary, that, seeing it was corroborated by a nonagenarian whose life actually went back to Shakspeare's own time, it is one of the most probable of all the traditions respecting the great poet. The value of Mr Knight's book is, in our opinion, much lessened by an anxiety to discredit everything which can be presumed, on any moral code, to be unfavourable to Shakspeare's character—a foible the more glaring amidst so many efforts to make out honourable facts from little better than conjecture.—*Ed.*

COLONEL YANEZ.

A MEXICAN STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY.*

Mexico is, at the present day, the only country infested with organised banditti. Those events which, a few years since, gave so unenviable a renown to the gorges of the Sierra Morena, the passes of the Apennines, and the wilds of Sicily and Calabria, are now transferred to the outskirts of the great city of Mexico, and the forests which approach the confines of Vera Cruz. Here robbery and even assassination are largely practised, while no part of the country is free from the evil. Bandits have been invested by poets and romancers with a picturesque character, and have even upon occasion become on paper most heroic personages; in reality, however, nothing can be conceived more revolting and hideous than the men who carry on this dangerous traffic. If it be reflected that the idle and dissolute, the needy spendthrift, the ruined gambler, and the disappointed speculator, are those who swell the ranks of this powerful class in Mexico, it will readily be seen how little romance, and how much naked deformity, really exist in this state of things. One point, however, gives a wild and terrible interest to the bandits of Mexico, while a minor circumstance preserves some little outward appearance of romance. The Mexican *ladrone*, with his vast *sombrero*, his floating *serape*, and *machete* or knife, with other appurtenances, is certainly a very picturesque personage as far as costume is concerned; but the prodigious and extensive military organisation of the bands carries us back to the days of Robin Hood and Cartouche. No rank is sufficiently elevated, no public functionary sufficiently interested in the sanctity of the law, to prevent his connexion with the associated bands, which extend their ramifications into every class of society. In this manner important information is collected; and those who are worth being robbed, are always known to the brigands; while many a penniless and acreless general, or other government officer, is thus enabled to carry his head

* The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, a French daily paper, devoted to a record of the proceedings of courts of law, gives some account of this true story; erroneous, however, in many of its details.

high, and to risk heavy sums nightly at the gambling-tables, which tend so much to degrade Mexican character, and retard the progress of civilisation.

In the month of April 1838, M. Leroux, a rich French merchant, settled in Mexico, was about to visit Europe, with his wife and two children, on business of importance; and, previous to his departure, he paid a visit to General Santa Anna, president of the republic. On applying at the palace, he was, as all foreigners are, instantly admitted to the presence of this bold soldier of fortune, who—dressed in the full uniform of the chief of the army, blue and red, richly embroidered with gold, and with his wooden leg resting on a stool—was listening to a despatch which was being read to him by one of his aides-de-camp, Colonel Yanez. M. Leroux, who had never before seen Santa Anna, gazed upon him with no little curiosity. The general is six feet high, well-made, graceful, with an old common wooden leg, serving as a substitute for that lost when fighting the French at Vera Cruz; his narrow and smooth brow is shaded with black hair, sprinkled with gray; his nose is straight, and well-shaped; his brows knit over close and brilliant eyes; his complexion dark and sallow; his mouth ever showing a restless and anxious expression. Colonel Yanez, who ceased reading, and busied himself in his despatches on the entrance of M. Leroux, was only remarkable from the fact of his extreme personal beauty.

The French merchant, after the usual Mexican compliments and ceremonious expressions, informed Santa Anna that he was about to leave the country, and, as his property in gold and diamonds was considerable, he begged that the president would, considering the extreme danger of the journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz, grant him the protection of a military escort. The president replied with one of those sweet smiles which form one of his set imitations of Napoleon, that nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to comply with the request of M. Leroux; 'but,' said he, 'you must be well aware that, once out of my jurisdiction, the dragoons, knowing the fact of your possessing valuable property, will be sure to turn upon you, and themselves become the robbers; moreover, an escort will prove your being anxious for protection, and put the banditti on the scent. Take my advice, M. Leroux, and have false bottoms made to your trunks; in these conceal all that is valuable, and when the *ladrones* seize upon you, give up your keys immediately, let them search your baggage, when they will only find what you think proper to let them see.'

Santa Anna was right; he could not answer for his soldiers; and M. Leroux, satisfied that, however doubtful and dangerous the experiment, it was still better than trusting to the military, bowed his thanks to the president, saluted the handsome and silent Colonel Yanez, and made his way at once to the street *de Las Cadenas*, and there ordered one large portmanteau to be made, with false bottom and cover: in this, when completed, M. Leroux concealed his specie and jewellery, and left Mexico city in the night, his wife and children in a litter, himself on horseback, and several *arrieros* leading the baggage-mules. No journey submits to the eye more gorgeous and magnificent scenery than that between Mexico and Vera Cruz; but M. Leroux had no taste for the picturesque: when in sight of the great peak of Orizaba, the traveller's principal anxiety was relative to a ravine near the plain of Acajete, in which were scattered numerous little wooden crosses in commemoration of sinister and bloody deeds.

It was night when the little caravan entered the gorge, and the arrieros, half asleep on their mules, were chanting the monotonous *Caballo*, beginning—

'Mi muger é mi caballo,
Se murieron en un tempo'—*

when, much to their surprise, several sonorous voices from the sides of the ravine joined in—

'Que muger y que demonio,
El cabello es lo que siento.'†

* My wife and my horse both died about the same time.
† It is not the woman, but the horse that I regret.

The party had no leisure to speculate upon the extraordinary nature of this surprise, before they were surrounded by about twenty robbers, who appeared suddenly from the numerous paths of the ravine. Despite the alarm manifested by his wife, M. Leroux was in no way disconcerted, and saw the robbers upset all his baggage, and obtain possession even of the important portmanteau, with indifference; he even handed his keys to the robbers; but these were rejected with a significant smile, and one of the banditti, drawing forth his long navaja, ripped open the leather, and exposed the false bottom of the trunk. M. Leroux, enraged, drew his pistols from the holsters; but a moment's reflection satisfying him of the inutility of resistance, he allowed the Mexicans to take possession of his diamonds, specie, and valuable Californian pearls.

Hastily returning to Mexico, M. Leroux laid his complaint before the proper authorities. The trunk-maker and Santa Anna were alone in the secret, which must have been by some means communicated to the robbers. The trunk-maker was arrested as an accomplice of the banditti; but easily proving his innocence, the French merchant was compelled to put up with his loss, as the true robbers were by no means to be found.

Another event of a terrible and tragic nature soon gave a clue which ultimately led to a discovery of the mystery. In the suburb of St Cosme, in which many of the pleasantest residences in Mexico are situated, surrounded by tasteful gardens, and fountains supplied by the adjacent aqueduct, which ends on the Alameda, resided M. Mairet, the Swiss consul, a gentleman of fortune, occupying a little tasteful bachelor establishment. There being no banks in Mexico, M. Mairet usually kept his money in his house. Between twelve and one o'clock, a few days after the robbery of Leroux, a *matinée dansante* was given in a mansion exactly opposite, at which were present our minister, Mr Pakenham, Baron Deffandis, the envoy of France, and the élite of the fashionable world, who several times noticed the strength of the consul's mansion, protected by heavy iron bars at all the windows, and guarded by two large and fierce dogs.

Ten minutes exactly before one o'clock, a coach drove to the front gate, and a man dressed in the habit of a priest, with broad shovel-hat, descended from it, accompanied by two others, and stated to the servant who admitted them that they were anxious to procure from M. Mairet a skin of parchment. As the Indian girl, his only servant, turned to convey this message to her master, she was seized behind, gagged, and made fast to a pillar. Thus much only is known positively. In about a quarter of an hour the coach again took its departure. The Indian girl, imperfectly gagged, now began to shriek, and attracting attention, a rush was made to the house, where M. Mairet was found dead, and his cash-box empty. A desperate struggle had taken place between him and his murderers, his body being covered with wounds, and in his clenched right hand was a metal button, to which hung a morsel of blue cloth.

The diplomatic corps, insisting that energy should be thrown into the search instituted for the guilty parties, suspicion fell upon a dragoon of the fourth regiment, who, from a common soldier living on his pay, suddenly became flush of money, dissipated, and riotous, without being able to explain the source of his wealth. The police visited his residence without warning, and there found a civilian's coat, of blue cloth, with one button wanting. This button was the one found in the victim's hand. According to the fatality which almost always waits upon the guilty, the murderer had failed to destroy the only evidence of his guilt. Having been tried and sentenced without delay, the dragoon, Antonio, was forced to perform a journey on foot to the murdered man's door, and was then led to the scaffold, there to die by the *garotte*, a death somewhat similar to that inflicted by the guillotine. Antonio, who had till now refused to give up his accomplices, and whose conversation showed that he expected some high influence to be exerted in his favour even at the last moment, scrutinised the crowd which surrounded him, on his way to suffer death, with an anxious

air; but having ascended the very scaffold without a sign from among the mass, the murderer turned fiercely to the alguazil, and said, 'I denounce as my captain, and the head of the banditti to whom I belong, Colonel Yanez, aide-de-camp of General Santa Anna.'

This startling announcement was not believed. Colonel Yanez—one of the most promising officers in Mexico, so gentlemanly a gambler, losing with so good a grace, and winning double without a sign of emotion; the intimate friend of Santa Anna, and the accepted lover of Dona Dolores—a highway robber and an assassin, was beyond belief. The execution was, however, stayed, and General Count Don Josè de la Cortina, colonel and governor of the city of Mexico, instantly despatched Captain Olozaga, the military fiscal, to the private residence of Yanez: here were found the jewels, pearls, and money of Leroux, with a mysterious correspondence, implicating himself and many others, especially customs officers of Vera Cruz. Colonel Yanez was immediately arrested, and thrown into the common prison.

That night a lady, closely veiled, but richly dressed in a black silk mantilla, and thick *rebozo*, waited on Olozaga, and used every argument which a woman can use to interest the judge in the fate of the colonel. Tears, threats, coaxing, being of no avail, the mysterious lady offered 30,000 piastres for the liberty of Yanez; equally in vain; the beauty and love of Senora Dona Dolores alone preventing the fiscal from denouncing her offer, so great was his indignation. That day week the fiscal died of poison.

The next effort was made with the clerk of the unfortunate fiscal, who, seduced by a gift from an unknown personage of five hundred ounces of gold, abstracted the papers which compromised Yanez from the place of security in which they had been deposited pending the trial. No sooner, however, had he committed this act, than, his conscience pricking him, he confessed all to a priest, who refused him absolution, and even threatened eternal damnation, if he did not restore the documents to their place. This he did; but was not able to give back the eight thousand piastres, as the donors were strangers to him.

Meanwhile a second judge or fiscal had been appointed, to whom the affair of Yanez was handed over. Colonel Don Josè Calvo was a brave and honest Spaniard, who, born at Havanna, had fought with gallantry in the wars of the Peninsula. Being taken a prisoner by the French, and being well treated by that nation during his captivity, he had preserved a very grateful recollection of France. He was therefore anxious, by pursuing this matter with energy, to prove to the diplomatic corps, and, in particular, the Baron Deffaudis, who was also charged with the protection of Swiss subjects, that justice and equity was to be found in Mexico. At the same time he was not blind to the dangers he was encountering. Though Santa Anna, with his habitual policy, expressed no opinion on the subject, the colonel was not ignorant that Yanez had been his aide-de-camp and his friend. He remembered also that General Valencia, commander of the department, informed, a few minutes after the assassination, that two of the presumed murderers had taken refuge in a cabaret of the faubourgs, had exclaimed, *Que los dejen, los pobrecitos*. Moreover, the mysterious fate of his predecessor was sufficient reason for holding back; and yet he bravely persevered.

As for Yanez, his previous good fortune followed him to prison, where he received numerous signs of the interest which was taken in him. On the day following his arrest, a jailer had handed him a little billet, on which, in a female hand-writing, were inscribed these words, 'Courage, love, hope.' He moreover learned from the same source that the documents which established his guilt had been destroyed. Satisfied that the evidence of Antonio would not suffice alone to convict him, he appeared before his judges, and treated both them and the witnesses with the utmost insolence, until, to his horror and that of Dona Dolores, who was in court, the papers were produced. Colonel Yanez and seven accomplices were immediately sentenced to death.

That night Colonel Yanez and Dona Dolores had an interview, the result of which apparently was, that a bottle of Xeres wine was left behind to cheer the prisoner. Next day the culprit was found dead, poisoned, it is not difficult to see by what means. The wretched woman who had saved him thus from the hands of the executioner, by means of a rich donation, obtained permission from the archbishop to bury the body of her lover in the garden of the monastery of San Fernando.

[It will occur to minds familiar with popular literature, that this series of incidents—particularly the conclusion of the story—is of a character strongly akin to that of our old ballads. Mexico is at present in the stage of semi-barbarous incident which our country was in at the time when our ballads were composed. And seeing such transactions realised in our time, in a distant country, impresses in a forcible manner how much better it is to have our romance only as a subject for literary fiction, than passing in action before our eyes.—Ed.]

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

CLERMONT TO LYONS.

Having visited mountain tops and puys to our heart's content, seen some of the most interesting parts of Auvergne, and filled our heads with as many recollections as they could well hold, we turned our backs on Clermont, and set out for fresh scenes and amusement. It was early morn, and the mists were rising from the fields, as the small diligence in which we were packed pursued its easterly course across the Limagne, making for a gap in the hilly range which hems in the plain in this direction. Crossing the Allier by a stone-bridge of recent erection, we reached Thiers at eight o'clock, to breakfast, having performed fifteen miles in five hours, a rate of speed which promised a pleasant exercise of patience during the remainder of our journey.

Thiers lies in a gorge of the hills, and, with houses perched on craggy steeps, or nestling in the bottom of a dell through which winds the small river Darole, it is one of the most picturesque towns in France. It is also a busy seat of cutlery manufacture: the knives and other articles, however, which are produced here, are of the usually bad French make, and are centuries behind what issues from the factories of Sheffield, besides being greatly more expensive. For six or eight miles after quitting Thiers, the road is literally cut along the face of a winding precipice, overhanging the Darole, and discloses at various points most romantic and beautiful views of both sides of the vale. Overcoming, by this piece of engineering, one difficult and rugged barrier, the diligence for several hours was dragged up one hill and down another, as if it would never be out of this world of mountains; and it was not till the afternoon that, on surmounting the last of these acclivities, we had the joyful sight of the Loire, wending its way through a flat and rich vale, in the midst of which was our long-looked-for destination, Roanne.

On the second day following, we proceeded from this neat but uninteresting town to St Etienne, by means of a railway employed chiefly for coal, the carriages on which are drawn by horses. This was a tolerably pleasant ride through a series of vales, connected by cuttings and tunnels; but it was tedious, and not to be commended to those to whom time is of importance.

At St Etienne, a well-built modern town, dingy with clouds of smoke, we were within the threshold of the central manufacturing district of France. The articles produced in St Etienne are firearms and ribbons, the latter, alone, I believe, employing forty thousand workmen. Wherever one turns his eyes, he observes on the fronts of the tall houses the signboards of 'Fabricants de

Rubans;' while many of the shop-windows are as gay as a parterre of flowers with specimens of this interesting branch of industry. At a bold venture, we asked one of the fabricants to show us his atelier or workshop, and were politely conducted by him to a suburb on a hill adjoining the town, composed of rows of houses used as dwellings and workplaces by the weavers. The atelier consisted of a front apartment, in which was a female winding silk thread on small reels, and a room behind, lofty in the roof, in which were two ribbon-weavers at work on their respective looms. In each loom there were twenty ribbons in process of weaving, of the most beautiful designs and colours; and the ladies of the party declared they had never seen anything so elegant. The men spoke cheerfully of their labour, and the woman, who had abandoned her reeling at our entry, hung about us, and seemed gratified to answer any questions concerning the mode of life among the ribbon-weaving population. She said that, with industry and economy, they had nothing to complain of; an acknowledgment which, I believe, could be made with propriety by the bulk of the manual labourers of every country.

After spending a day in this sort of loitering observation, we proceeded by a railway, provided with locomotives, but execrably managed, to Lyons.

The first glimpse of the Rhone, which we had on emerging from a vale down which the line of railroad descends on its way to Lyons, was interesting, but failed in the magnitude which we had anticipated. The scene, however, improved as we approached Lyons and crossed by a newly formed viaduct the river Saone, where it unites its waters with the Rhone. We were now landed on that flat triangular peninsula on which Lyons has been built, everything about us betokening that we had arrived in a busy and opulent city. With the Saone flowing past it on the south, and the Rhone on the north, both uniting at a point on the east, it may be said to possess a peculiarly favourable situation for commerce. Nor is it unsuitable as a place of agreeable residence. On the opposite bank of the Saone rises a long hill dotted over with mansions, which command a lovely prospect of the town and rivers; across the western part of the peninsula there is a similar hill, also covered with masses of building; while, on the further bank of the Rhone, long lines of new buildings, forming an elegant suburb, are starting into existence. The old town, consisting of a dense Parisian-looking cluster of streets, alleys, and places, is the great theatre of business, and the whole being faced with fine broad quays, suitable for barges and steam-vessels, Lyons may be said generally to exhibit a fair picture of a large and prosperous provincial town.

Lyons, as everybody is aware, is the centre of the silk manufacture in France, and in the occupation of weaving and otherwise preparing, as well as selling this article, a great number of persons are employed. Ten years ago, as is also generally known, the weavers of Lyons struck for an advance of wages, mastered the municipality, and for two days had possession of the town. Much blood was shed, and no little damage done, before the revolt was quelled. I took care to ask the result of this infatuated outbreak, and was informed that it had led to the town being overawed by fortifications, whose cannon are seen bristling on the different heights, and that the city contained at the time of my visit twelve thousand soldiers. Thus subdued, the operative silk-weavers have confessed the utter hopelessness of bettering themselves by violence. Not that they are contented; far from it; but they look for an improvement in circumstances to other means than the exercise of force upon their employers. And at what an expense to the country has this humiliating confession been extorted? Besides the outlay of from one to two millions of pounds sterling on the building of forts and barracks, and the constant drain of money to support the troops which occupy them, here are twelve thousand able-bodied men withdrawn from active labour in order to keep watch over the proceedings of those who, if they knew their own interests, and the interests of their country, should require no kind of supervision. A consideration of such folly almost breaks the heart of the man who is inclined to look hopefully for social meliorations.

The pleasure we had experienced in our visit to the atelier of the ribbon-weaver at St Etienne, made us anxious to see silk-weaving in this its chosen seat. Having an introduction to one of the leading master manufacturers, this was not difficult. By this gentleman we were despatched, under the charge of a clerk, a young Englishman learning the profession, to an atelier in which some of the finest fabrics are produced. Before describing what here came under our notice, I may say a few words respecting the method of manufacturing in Lyons. The manufacturer, who is the capitalist and employer, keeps no factory of his own. He gives out the silk to be dyed to one class of men, and to be woven by another. The individual, however, with whom he deals is not the actual weaver. He is a person who, by his skill and industry, has attained a position half-way between a workman and master; he owns two or three looms, which stand in an apartment connected with his dwelling, and he takes in work to be executed, partly by himself, and partly by men whom he employs. His chief duty, a most onerous one, demanding great patience and ingenuity, consists in putting the web into the loom, and arranging all the Jacquard and other apparatus necessary for producing the required pattern; after which he superintends the operations of the weaver, who is a workman of inferior standing and capacity, and consequently receives inferior wages for his labour. The title universally given to the agent who undertakes work on this principle is that of chef d'atelier—chief of the workshop, or foreman.

It was the establishment of one of these manufacturing agents or chefs that I was taken to see. Having been led to a narrow street behind the Place Bellecour, I was conducted to the fourth storey of a large building by a stair, precisely resembling one of those common stairs in Edinburgh which give admission to the different floors of tall edifices. The atelier we were to visit occupied part of a floor, the looms working at a height of about sixty feet from the ground, over the heads of several strata of families, and under two or three strata still higher up the building. The scene was curious. We had never seen any mechanism half so intricate, and apparently unintelligible. The process was by Jacquard cards, but the patterns to be wrought embraced such variety of detail, that the apparatus was an inextricable maze of bobbins, strings, and other parts incomprehensible to a stranger. The chef, doffing his cap, received us with great politeness, and took pains to explain — vain thought — the mecanique of the looms under his charge, three in number. Lifting up a piece of paper carefully pinned over the parts woven of the fabrics in hand, he showed the beauty of their designs. One of the pieces was magnificent. It was a gorgeous assemblage of colours finely harmonised in tone, with gold and silver thread in different combinations, and was intended, he said, for church banners. Another piece, the ground-work of which was white satin, interwoven also with gold and silver, was designed for priests' vestments in the church service. The chef mentioned, that such was the complexity of one of these pieces, that he was occupied three months in arranging it in the loom, and that the workman employed upon it could not weave more than a yard in the week. The price which it would cost the manufacturer was to be a hundred francs per yard. The operatives engaged in weaving such articles realise from twelve to fifteen francs for their weekly labour.

On the whole, we had reason to be much pleased with the courteous and intelligent answers not only of this respectable chef d'atelier, but of the ribbon-weavers whom we conversed with at St Etienne, and took care not to confound them with the mass of inferior workmen whose dissoluteness keeps them poor, and

whose outbreaks have done so much to injure and drive away the trade of Lyons and its neighbourhood. No higher proof of the superior ingenuity and prudence of this class of men could be given than the single fact, that among a hundred persons who received prize medals for articles in silk, shown at the late Parisian Exposition, as many as ninety were manufacturers who had originally been chefs d'atelier, and consequently sprung from the ranks of the people.

During one of the days of our stay in Lyons, we ascended by a steep and winding path the height on the opposite side of the Saone, called the hill of Fourviers. From the lower part of the height, to near its summit, the difficult pathway is lined with a mean order of buildings, occupied chiefly as workshops and dwellings for the poorer class of weavers, and also as small shops for the sale of trinkets and offerings to the devout mortals who are on a pilgrimage to the church of Our Lady of Fourviers, which crowns the top of the hill. We reckoned not fewer than thirty shops, stalls, and booths of this order, and the trade they drove was considerable. Of miniature legs, arms, and other parts of the body in wax, candles six feet in height, rosaries of all qualities and prices, coloured prints of the human heart burning, and glazed pictures of saints, there was a vast abundance. Among the numerous prints was one of an aged priest, the Abbé Perrin, accompanied with a short account of his life and character; and as we had heard much of this remarkable man, we purchased a copy as a memorial of our visit to the hill of Fourviers. It is always pleasant to hear of unostentatious and pious philanthropy. The Abbé Perrin, who died in March of the present year, at the age of ninety-one, was renowned for the exceeding benevolence of his character. Originally a poor lad, by dint of hard study and frugality he attained the rank of priest in his native parish, where he remained till expelled from the country by a revolutionary decree. Returning to France in 1798, he was appointed chaplain of the prisons of Lyons, a post which he occupied till the period of his decease. Devoted to his calling, his philanthropy and disregard of self appear to have been analogous to that of the benevolent Howard. Wherever there were suffering and misery, there was found the abbé, administering relief and consolation. Not content to remain at home till sent for, the abbé was incessantly on his feet, seeking for objects to whom he could beneficially offer his ministrations. In hospitals, prisons, the 'fatale charrette,' everywhere, was the abbé the counsellor and consoler of the miserable. Pressed at any time for means, he did not scruple to divest himself of an article of attire to relieve the wants of the poor. One rigorous day in winter, in crossing one of the bridges in Lyons, he took off his shoes, and gave them to a pauper who was suffering from the want of these articles. The good deeds of the abbé at length reached the ears of royalty, and the king forthwith sent him a cross of the legion of honour in acknowledgment of his public services. Considering the commonness of the gift, this was no doubt a small act of condescension; but, insignificant as it was, it was something more than we ever heard of being dispensed in England for services any way beneficent in their nature.

We were now, after two or three zig-zags, at the threshold of the church which was attracting so many passengers up the ascent, and we entered it like the rest. The scene was strange; not, however, from the crowding of worshippers, but from the walls being covered all over, from near the ground to the ceiling, with small pictures, legs, arms, and other objects, such as we had seen exposed to sale upon the hill. As there was a great number of candles—perhaps two hundred—burning before the shrine of Our Lady, the atmosphere was too oppressive to be borne more than a few minutes. I believe no one is more tolerant of all forms of belief than I am, but I found it impossible not to blame the ignorant devotion which could inflict such bodily harm as was manifested in this den of horrors, where the inhaling of foul air must be continually encroaching on the lives of devotees. Neither can I admire, or speak with any degree of patience of the authorities of Lyons, for inscribing such trash as the following over the doorway of the church:—A. N. D. de Fourviers, Lyons reconnaisant d'avoir ête par son intercession preservé du cholera 1832 et 1835. (To the intercession of Our Lady of Fourviers, Lyons acknowledges itself to have been preserved from cholera in 1832 and 1835). So long as delusions of this kind are impressed on people's minds, it cannot be expected that they should trace maladies to their true proximate causes—cholera to filth, for instance—or adopt the proper means for insuring their removal.

Beside the church of Our Lady of Fourviers is a lofty tower, erected as a look-out by a Lyonese citizen, and admission to which is a matter of payment. Ascending, by means of a winding stair, to the top of this structure, which is about seven hundred feet above the level of the town, we were rewarded with an enchanting and extensive view over the country around, with Lyons in the centre of the scene, its rivers and numerous bridges. The country is almost a dead level in a north-easterly direction, to the boundaries of Switzerland and Savoy, and exposed to us, gleaming amidst the clouds, the white summit of Mont Blanc. In the midst of a hilly tract in a south-easterly direction, by means of a telescope, we had a singularly distinct view of a range of broken arches, built of brick and stone, the remains of an aqueduct which had been in use by the ancient Romans when they inhabited the hill of Fourviers.

Lyons having been an important provincial capital of the Romans after their conquest of Gaul, the town and its neighbourhood have yielded a plenteous crop of antiquities to the archæologist. The town museum, which we spent half a day in roaming over, is an extensive quadrangular edifice, with its central court, arcades, and galleries filled with as many Roman altars, stone coffins, inscriptions, mosaic pavements, and other relics, as would set up a dozen museums in England. In the same handsome square which contains this palais des beaux arts, is the Hôtel de Ville, a large and elegant building of the Renaissance, where the Revolutionary Tribunal under Couthon and Collot d'Herbois held its infamous sittings. This structure, and the Hôtel-Dieu on the quay fronting the Rhone, are the finest public buildings in Lyons. The Hôtel-Dieu, which occupied us an afternoon in walking over, is an hospital of great antiquity, for the reception of all kinds of poor patients, whether sick or hurt. Besides the façade which overlooks the river, the house consists of several diverging lines of building behind, lighted from interior courtyards, the whole divided into floors centering at one point in an octagonal chapel. In the midst of this chapel stands an altar, which can be seen from the further extremity of each diverging gallery, and here divine worship is performed within sight, or at least within hearing, of the numerous patients early every morning. At the time of our visit there were fifteen hundred patients in the house, all of whom, as far as I could see, were under a careful and comfortable superintendence. The most remarkable thing in the economy of the establishment is, that it is under the entire guidance of Sisters of Charity, of whom a hundred and fifty are constantly on duty, without fee or reward. How frequently, abroad, has one reason to admire the diligent and practical piety of this wonderful sisterhood. We found them in detachments, and in different parts of the house, performing the most varied functions. While certain sets attended in the sick wards, others were occupied as cooks in the kitchen, and some acted as apothecaries in weighing and dispensing drugs in a large laboratory surrounded with bottles, jars, and retorts. The way in which they seemed to blend secular with religious duties, struck us as something not very common in the officers of such institutions. Their guiding principle, apparently, was never to be doing

nothing. The instant that any piece of work was executed, down they either sat to a book of devotion, or, falling upon their knees, commenced a series of orisons, in which the mind was seemingly lifted above all mean surrounding circumstances. The spectacle of a kneeling nun in the midst of coppers and stew-pans was no doubt grotesque; yet, is not the whole world a temple, and may not a prayer uttered in a kitchen be of as great efficacy as one offered up in the most splendid tabernacle ever made with hands?

TRIFLES.

The oft-observed importance of trifles as exercising a remarkable power over human destiny was lately illustrated in a striking manner in the life of M. Lafitte, the eminent banker of Paris, and one of the most conspicuous public men of his age. Originally poor, he owed the employment which first opened up to him the path of fortune, to his one day picking up a pin which he saw lying at his feet. As very small incidents will thus sometimes lead to the most brilliant results, so will they occasionally produce the most dismal misfortunes. How often has the use, or probably misuse, of a particular word led to the destruction of life! Instances of important consequences following upon such trifles are familiar to all; yet they do not exercise much influence over human conduct. The reason is, that men in general require motives more immediate and pressing than are supplied by a consideration of occurrences which may or may not have great results. There is, however, another class of trifling matters, important in their real character, and having a more immediate bearing upon human happiness, which we may do some good by adverting to.

Johnson is a poor tradesman; and as he has a wife and family, he finds it a difficult matter 'to make both ends meet.' By dint of hard labour, however, often continued into the middle of the night, he succeeds in keeping them and himself from absolute want. So precarious are their means of subsistence, that the morning frequently finds the head of the family unable to provide the funds necessary for the expenses of the day; and at no time is he enabled to say, 'I and mine may now bid defiance to want for a week, for I have sufficient by me to maintain myself and them for that period.' Under such circumstances, it was a matter of some moment to him to receive immediate payment for the work intrusted to his execution; and thus among his neighbours, who, like himself, were poor, and knew what poverty required, were many who were punctual in the discharge of their bills. 'Poor Johnson,' they would say, 'wants the money, and it would be wrong to keep it from him longer than we can help.' It so happened, however, that Johnson did not work for poor people alone. Though his shop made no show, and he had neither brass-plate on his door nor plate-glass in his window, the fame of his workmanship had gone abroad, and he was occasionally honoured with the patronage of the gentlefolks in the vicinity. These he found by no means such 'good pay' as his poorer neighbours; and many a dunning application was Johnson forced to make, ere he was enabled to obtain from them the amount due to him: not that they were dishonest—that of course was impossible—but they were simply careless. It happened on a particular occasion that Johnson, late at night, reviewing the state of his funds, found they were at so low an ebb, that he would not be able to provide his family with the requisite food for the next day. He had, however, work still on hand, which, if he could complete that night, and deliver early next morning, might relieve himself and them from difficulty. Accordingly he continued, and completed it ere he went to bed. Early next morning he delivered it, and was told to call again for payment. Unhappily for Johnson on the present occasion, his work had been performed for one of the wealthiest householders in the neighbourhood; one of a class of persons who, not knowing what poverty is, take very little thought of the necessities of the poor. To 'call again,' on occasions like the present, was a matter of course; and fortunate was the tradesman who had to do so but once. Johnson was not so fortunate. He did call again; but the master 'could not be disturbed about such a trifle then.' 'It is not a trifle to me,' muttered Johnson; but the servant abruptly closed the door, and he was compelled to depart without his money. What was to be done for the day he knew not. Work he might probably have; but he could not hope to receive, perform, and get paid for it in the same day. What, then, was to be done? He leaned his head upon his hand when he returned home, and thought over the matter till his brain ached. 'There is no help for it,' said he at length; 'I must pledge my coat. My family must have bread; and when this gentleman pays me, I shall be able to redeem the coat.' The garment was pledged, to be redeemed in a fortnight, and his family were provided with food. During the day he obtained his usual quantity of work, and so on for a week. At the end of that period his account was paid; but when he went to redeem the coat, he found that, though the money which he had received would have been sufficient to procure himself and family food for a day, it was not sufficient to do that and pay the high rate of interest on the loan he had obtained. He cherished the hope, by working hard, to be enabled to make up the balance deficient in a week, and thus save the garment from forfeiture; but he was unable to do so, and it immediately became the property of the grasping pawnbroker. I need not dwell on the inconveniences which resulted to the poor man from this loss. Enough has been said to show that the amount of his account, though a 'trifle' in the eyes of the wealthy householder, was in reality a matter of importance, and should have been dealt with as such.

Again—Wallace is a young man of unexceptionable connexions and character, some property, and considerable parts. These qualifications are in themselves sufficient to procure the favourable regards of most damsels; but to these he also adds a pleasing style of address, which gives him an immeasurable advantage with the fair sex over the young men of his acquaintance. Ellen Travers is a cousin of Wallace's—a first cousin; there being just that degree of relationship between them which is supposed to be the most dangerous; as open to familiar intimacy as that of brother or sister, and yet capable of being united by closer ties. Ellen, without being a positive beauty, or yet an angel in petticoats, was the centre of attraction whithersoever she went. Was a partner for the dance required? Ellen Travers's hand was earnestly sought after. Was a party on foot? Ellen Travers, above all other ladies, must be of the number. Amid the general homage which was paid her by the male portion of her acquaintances, there was much of sincerity and much of fashion. Neither the one nor the other, however, appeared to yield her any particular delight. Gratified, no doubt, she was; but she seemed at all times ready to quit the circle of her admirers for a quiet conversation or promenade with her 'cousin Wallace,' and often had recourse to him as a protection or shield from the too minute attention which was occasionally paid her. With respect to Wallace, he was too much flattered by this apparent preference not to take advantage of it. Evenings would pass away, and he would be content to seek no other society but that of Ellen, until at length the 'world' began to whisper that they were engaged. Wallace, however, in truth, regarded Ellen in no other light than that of a very pretty relation, and one who, being a belle, it was a proud distinction to be seen with. He also thought it his duty, under the circumstances, to pay her such attentions as gallantry dictated and society seems to uphold. Those attentions are trifling, but they are calculated to make a powerful impression on an already predisposed mind.

It was on the occasion of a brilliant party, at which both Wallace and Ellen were present. The latter was

as usual the belle, and Wallace also, as usual, was at her side. 'How charming you look, Ellen,' he observed in the course of the evening; 'I have positively lost my heart.' Ellen had some such idea, and smiled. On parting for the night, he whispered, 'Dream of me, Ellen.' Ellen dreamt; it is not surprising that her dreams were of him.

Months passed away, and matters continued much in the same state—Ellen dreaming, and Wallace attentive and thoughtless. A friend of the latter at length took occasion to congratulate him on his conquest. 'What conquest?' he inquired. 'Ellen Travers,' replied his friend. 'What! my pretty cousin? She's no conquest of mine, I assure you, and I never thought of making one.' 'Impossible!' 'Truth, believe me.' 'Then you have been dealing very unfairly with the girl.' 'How do you make that out? A few trifling attentions, such as one in her position expects, are all that I have paid her.' 'What do you call a constant attendance on her movements for the last six months?' 'A trifle, my dear fellow; not more than happens to any other girl half-a-dozen times in her life.' 'What do you consider the confession of having lost your heart, for I overheard it?' 'Another trifle—a mere joke—such as is made every day. The fact is, you attach too much importance to these matters, and Ellen thinks no more of me than I do of her.' But it was not so. Ellen Travers loved, and loved in consequence of the 'trifling attentions' (trifling, indeed, in one sense of the word) which had been paid her. She shortly after discovered the error into which she had fallen, and, possessing sufficient strength of mind, overcame the consequences; but there are young women who have not been thus fortunate, and whose peace has been disturbed, and health injured, by such 'trifles.'

One more example, and I shall have said enough for the present. It was the season when nature abroad looks loveliest, and the green fields and gay flowers attract parties into the country, with the view for a time to forget the cares and bustle—the smoke and dirt—of the capital of the world. Our friend, whom we will call James, as anxious as many of his acquaintances to avail himself of so pleasing a change, was not in a condition, like them, to leave his business for a week or a month, and retire into the country. Nevertheless, in these days of rapid and frequent communication from place to place, abundant facilities are afforded for a flying visit to sylvan glades and balmy groves, the favourite resorts of the now forgotten deities, Pan and Flora. Accordingly, our good cit resolved on getting up a pic-nic, and taking his family and certain other of their young friends to one of these beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of London. A day was fixed for the occasion, and, as if the aforesaid deities had interested themselves favourably with those who were supposed to control the weather, it was an unusually fine one. When the hour of departure drew nigh, the bustle of preparation began. As it approached nearer, the bustle increased; but the ladies were by some means not yet ready, although there was little time now to lose. Our friend, who, like other business-men, placed punctuality in the first rank of duty, had endeavoured to impress upon them the necessity for being ready at the proper time, and was now by no means patient at the delay. At length each made her appearance but one, and that his youngest daughter. 'You are always so fidgetty, papa—I'm coming,' she replied to one of oft-repeated summonses. 'It wants but three-quarters to the hour when the train starts,' said her father, 'and the omnibus takes half an hour to reach the terminus. We shall have to go on without you, or be late, I am afraid.' 'La, papa, there's no great hurry after all. We have, you see, a quarter of an hour to spare.' Still she fidgetted at her toilet, and there was presently but ten minutes to spare. Her father again called out rather angrily; but she 'could not see why he should be vexed at such a "trifle."' Down she came, however, and the party started for the omnibus. The stand was not far off, and it was soon reached. 'Have you room for six?' cried our friend to the conductor. 'You are five minutes too late, sir; we have now only room for two.' With a look at his daughter that told how annoyed he felt, he inquired when the next omnibus would start. 'In ten minutes, sir,' was the reply. 'In ten minutes! it might as well be to-morrow. Rachel,' said he to his daughter, 'this is your doing; we must take a coach.' A coach was therefore called, and they all got in—our friend's temper by no means improved, in consideration of the increase thus occasioned to the expenses of the day. Away, however, they rattled, and they might have arrived at the terminus having a few minutes to spare; but the pavement was being repaired in one street, which rendered a detour necessary, and a stoppage occurred in another; so that when they reached the railway station, they heard the last tinkling of the bell usually rung, and saw the tail of the crowd of passengers disappearing in the several carriages of the train. 'Half-a-dozen tickets immediately,' cried our friend; and having received them, away the whole party scampered as for their lives. A porter demanded their tickets, and threw open one of the doors of the carriages; in they all rushed, as it was thought; the door was shut, and on rolled the train. 'Are all in?' inquired our friend. His offending daughter, anxious to conciliate him, immediately exclaimed, 'yes;' and then looking around to see whether she had replied correctly or not, discovered that one of the party was absent. Pale as death itself, she called out to her father to 'tell them to stop the train, for one of the party had been left behind.' There was no stopping the train, however, and on it whirled, with another thorn in the side of their enjoyment of the day's excursion. The party had to go on by water, and would transport themselves from the train to a steamboat, to be in attendance at a certain stage. Arrived there, they got out of the carriage, and went on board the steamboat. Anxious eyes were bent, and earnest inquiries made among the passengers relative to the missing one, but with no satisfactory result. 'She will no doubt come on by the next train,' modestly whispered Rachel; and in this hope they proceeded on their journey, although our friend was strongly disposed to return. But, unfortunate Rachel! the sum of the misfortunes consequent on her trifling away five minutes of time was not yet complete. Those who journey by these steamers are aware that the passage-money is not collected on embarkation, but during the passage. If parties have come from the trains, they will have paid in the first instance, and have received tickets to be handed as vouchers when called on for payment on board the steamers. When the collector came to our party for the amount of their passage, our friend had no tickets to present, those which he had received having been taken from him. He was told that they could not have been the right tickets, but tickets for passage only as far as the terminus of the railway. Here, then, was another difficulty. The passage-money to the pier at which the boat would call was as much as had been already paid; but the same must be paid over again, 'as the railway and steamboat were two distinct concerns.' 'Here you are again, Rachel,' muttered her father, as he reluctantly paid the amount; 'this will teach you that waiting your time is no "trifle." If you had been ready when I told you you should be—nay, five minutes before you were so—we should have been in time for the omnibus, and saved coach-hire; we should have had abundant leisure to see that our tickets were correct, and not have had to pay our passage twice; above all, we should not have lost one of our party. How, under all these circumstances, we can pass our time pleasantly, I do not know; and therefore, should our young friend not come down by the next train and boat, it is my determination to proceed no farther, but go back immediately.' The young lady did go down by the next train, but was too timid to proceed by the steamer alone; she therefore returned to London, where she was subsequently joined

by her friends. 'Never,' observed James to his daughter, as they parted for the night—'never again, Rachel, think that loss of time, under any circumstances, is a "trifle." In the present case, it has resulted but in the extra expenditure of a few shillings, and grievous disappointment to us all. On another occasion, however, far more serious consequences may follow.'

Mature reflection will lead to the conclusion, that few things may be correctly designated as 'trifles;' and that though some, taken alone, may appear so, there are many circumstances which naturally render them otherwise. To form a correct estimate of them, we must be placed in possession of those circumstances. The following practical general remark may, however, be made: what are usually termed 'trifles' are no longer so, but important affairs, when there is a possibility of their taking a serious turn—when they create a difference, or irritate the temper, or when likely to be misconstrued, or to interrupt good relations.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

BERNADOTTE, KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The subject of this sketch was born in an obscure town at the French foot of the Pyrenees, the son of a village-lawyer—he died king of two important European nations. These circumstances imply, simply as they stand, a career of personal energy and vicissitude which, if not unexampled, was extraordinary. A record of it, compiled from authentic sources, will not only prove interesting, but instructive.

Charles John Bernadotte was born at Pau, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, on the 26th of January 1764. His father, an attorney of that place, appears to have treated him in early life with some degree of harshness; the old lawyer evincing so decided a partiality for an elder son, that, at the age of sixteen, Charles quitted his paternal roof, and enlisted as a private in the royal marines. He went immediately to Marseilles, whence he was ordered to Corsica, off which island he first saw active service. At the end of nine years, steadiness and good conduct had promoted Bernadotte to the highest rank it was possible for a private soldier under the old system to attain—namely, that of serjeant-major. Thus, at the age of twenty-five, his prospects in life were settled. To rise higher in the world seemed an impossibility. But the Revolution of 1789 broke down the barriers which stopped promotion, and, like most young soldiers, he sided with the new order of things. The first shock of the Revolution which was felt at Marseilles, where the marines were still stationed, exhibits Bernadotte in a most respectable light:—the soldiers of many regiments having deposed and imprisoned their officers, and chosen new ones from amongst themselves, the marines followed the example, and selected Serjeant Bernadotte for their commander. Having accepted this new dignity, he assembled the regiment, and thanked his comrades for their confidence, of which, he said, he felt and would prove himself worthy. 'Above all,' he thus concluded his speech, 'I must impress upon you, that, without discipline, no military body can subsist; and if I am to command you, and to operate efficiently for your welfare, you must promise me absolute, implicit obedience.' 'That we will!' cried the men with one voice. 'It follows of course, then,' resumed the serjeant-colonel, 'that whosoever does not instantly obey my orders, shall be punished according to the laws of war. Do you swear this?' 'We swear it!' responded the soldiers. Bernadotte immediately took a company—the one to which he belonged—put himself at its head, led it to the prison, and brought out the officers, with whom he proceeded to the front of the still assembled regiment. 'Soldiers,' said he, taking the hand of the colonel, 'you have, of your own accord, conferred on me the command over you, and sworn obedience to me. I now command you to recognise again your former colonel and officers. Let us not disgrace a good cause by rebellion and disorder. My command is at an end—I resign it to our former chief.' The latter, however, had seen too much, and was too well informed of what was going on in Paris, and throughout all France, to accept the proffered command again. He declined it, and with most of the officers quitted the regiment. Nor could the ex-serjeant be induced to fill his place: till the end of 1791 we still find him of no higher grade than that of adjutant.

In times of revolution, energy and personal bravery are qualities best calculated to obtain advancement. These Bernadotte possessed in an eminent degree, and his rise was rapid. In 1792 he was promoted to a colonelcy, and as such served in the campaign of the Rhine. After the battle of Fleurus (26th May, 1792), to the gaining of which he was mainly instrumental, Kleber, the commander-in-chief, promoted him on the field to the rank of general of brigade. A few years after, Bernadotte performed one of those dashing exploits which are so captivating to the multitude, and which invariably secure the popularity of the actor. In one of the battles on the banks of the Rhine, the division under his command began to falter. In vain he tried to rally them by his example and his commands. At length, finding them still inclined to retreat, he tore his epaulettes from his shoulders, and threw them into the ranks of the enemy. 'Now to recover them!' he exclaimed, and dashed into the thickest of the fight. Those who witnessed the feat were ashamed to desert him; they followed, inspired the others with courage, and the enemy was routed. At the end of this campaign—which lasted till 1797—the French Directory wrote to him very flattering encomiums on his conduct.

While these events were passing in Germany, a Corsican sub-lieutenant of artillery, who began his career at Toulon, had rendered his name quite as famous as that of Bernadotte. His sphere of action had been in the south of Europe, and he was now so far advanced in military honours as to be intrusted with an important command in Italy, whither Bernadotte was ordered with an army of 20,000 men. General Napoleon Bonaparte (the recent subaltern of Corsica) and his new colleague appear to have been jealous of each other's fame. They had never met previously, and, in recording the first interview, Bernadotte wrote thus:—'Having entered the head-quarters, I was introduced to a man of from twenty-six to twenty-seven years of age; but he appeared to possess all the attributes of a man of fifty. These characteristics bode no good for the republic.' The jealousy of the two generals afterwards became so detrimental to the public service, that, after the peace of Campo Formio, with which the Italian campaign concluded, Bernadotte was removed from military command, and appointed ambassador at Vienna. The impetuous and daring soldier seldom makes a good diplomatist, and Bernadotte proved a little too fiery for his office. When the Austrians began to arm against France, they tore down the tricolour flag displayed at the residence of the French embassy; the envoy demanded reparation in an imperious tone; it was refused, and he was recalled. On his return, he found the government arming for an expedition against Egypt; and during these preparations, he wooed and won a young lady of as humble origin as himself—Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a merchant at Marseilles. Her sister had previously married Bonaparte's brother, Joseph. Hence, both these fortunate young ladies eventually became queens.

To trace our hero through the so-called 'glories' of his military career in Belgium, Austria, and Prussia, would only be making a chronicle of bloodshed, with which we have little sympathy. Against the consulate of Napoleon he revolted; but when his great rival became emperor, he so far acquiesced in his wonderful rise, as to accept at his hands the rank of Marshal of France; and after the battle of Austerlitz, the title of Prince of Ponte Corvo, in Italy. At the peace of Tilsit, the Emperor Napoleon appointed Bernadotte governor of the Hans Towns.*

* Lubec, Hamburgh, and Bremen.

'This epoch,' says one of his biographers, 'was the most honourable of his existence. By a conciliating and wise administration, he repaired as much as possible the destruction caused by war. His moderation, integrity, and justice, inspired all the people under his government—and especially those of Hamburgh—with the utmost respect and regard not only for himself, but for the French in general.' Whilst governor of the Hans Towns, Bernadotte's military services were once more called into operation, and against a people whose sovereign he soon after became. It happened that, although all the continental nations had laid down their arms, Gustavus IV., king of Sweden, determined—against the wishes of his subjects—to engage single-handed in a war with France. Bernadotte marched against him, and would have inevitably conquered and ruined the whole nation, had not the rash king been deposed in time by his own people. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent Bernadotte obeying the strict orders he had received from Napoleon, which were, to overrun and despoil the country. With a wise forbearance, however, he disobeyed orders, and suspended hostilities the moment he learned that Gustavus was deposed. This act of moderation the Swedes never forgot. His name had already been rendered popular in the country by his kind treatment of some Swedish prisoners during the campaign of 1806.

This circumstance opened the enmity between Napoleon and Bernadotte afresh; but powerful as the emperor was, he knew that the popularity of Bernadotte, not only in France, but throughout Europe—materially increased as it was by his brilliant victory at Wagram (17th May, 1809)—was too great to admit of any open act of hostility towards him. In fact, of all the men to whom Napoleon rose superior, Bernadotte was the only one whose influence he feared. The emperor, nevertheless, abstained not from inflicting all the petty annoyances on the Prince Ponte Corvo he could safely subject him to. When the latter returned to Paris, the council of the empire selected him to oppose the English at Walcheren; but Napoleon reversed the order, and commanded the prince to return instantly to his principality of Ponte Corvo. Bernadotte appears to have treated the order with contempt, for he took no notice of it. Tired of the excitement of which his past life had been made up, he desired—so far from resuming the state of a viceroy—to live in comparative retirement. He remained, therefore, in Paris, in the midst of his family and friends.

One morning—while thus peacefully leading the life of a private citizen—two Swedish officers called upon him. They had an important piece of intelligence to communicate, which was, that the Swedish nation, through their representatives (assembled in solemn diet at Orebo), had unanimously chosen him as heir-apparent to the crown; that, on the demise of the reigning monarch, Charles XIII. (uncle and successor of the deposed Gustavus), he might ascend the throne. It was thus they desired to reward him for the moderation and humanity he had previously evinced to their nation.

Though Bernadotte was extremely desirous of accepting the reversion of their crown, offered by the Swedish envoys, yet it was difficult to know what effect such a step would work upon the emperor, whose subject the new crown-prince still was. He took the proper course, and formally applied to Napoleon for his permission to accept the proffered dignity. The answer was one of those dramatic epigrams in which Frenchmen so much delight:—'Elevated from the French people myself,' answered the emperor, 'I dare not oppose the choice of another people.' The reply was equivocal, and so were the after-proceedings of Bonaparte. He delayed the official documents necessary to release Bernadotte from his obligations as a French subject as long as possible. Several interviews took place between the two enemies; but the future king of Sweden gained his point at last. He resigned his Italian principality, and certain possessions he had acquired in Poland, in exchange for a promise of three million francs (L.120,000); no more than a third of which did he ever receive. The farewell interview was exceedingly stormy. The last words were uttered by Napoleon. 'Go,' he exclaimed, 'that our destinies may be accomplished!'

Bernadotte took his imperial rival at his word, and departed immediately. On arriving in his adopted country, he was received with every mark of regard and honour. This was in the beginning of 1811. Two years afterwards, he was placed in a most difficult position. Of the sovereigns who allied themselves to crush the power of Napoleon, Charles XIII. of Sweden was necessarily one. The military talents of the crown-prince were too great to be dispensed with, and he was called upon to take the field in behalf of his adopted, against his native land. It is said that this terrible necessity caused him a mental struggle of so violent a nature, that he was thrown on a bed of sickness, which threatened to terminate fatally. But he recovered in time for action, and took a prominent part in the battle of Leipsic. Here his position was singular. By his former successes in Germany, he had mainly contributed to the annexation of the German states to the French republic and empire. Now he appeared amongst France's enemies, to undo all he had previously done. The battle of Leipsic proved a sweeping day of reckoning for the French, who were defeated with unusual slaughter.* On that day Bernadotte's triumph over his ancient enemy must have been complete. In fact, Napoleon always spoke of Bernadotte as the proximate cause of his downfall. 'He was,' exclaimed the exile of St Helena to General Las Cases, 'the serpent nourished in our bosom.'

That the struggles of conscientious feeling attributed to Bernadotte were sincere, is proved by his conduct immediately after the triumph at Leipsic. On arriving at the banks of the Rhine, the scene of his former achievements, in pursuit of his old companions in arms, he stopped, and determined to renounce his adopted country. With this view he entered Paris with the allied sovereigns after the abdication of Napoleon; but his reception was so discouraging, that he immediately hastened back to Sweden. At Stockholm, his return was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm; and from that moment he became in heart a Swede. He entered with warmth and zeal into the political contentions in which the country was then involved with Norway, striving to conciliate the contending powers. His efforts were successful, and, mainly by his judicious interference, the two kingdoms were united.

On the 5th of February 1818 Charles XIII. died, and Bernadotte was proclaimed king of Sweden and Norway, by the title of Charles XIV. On the 7th of the following May he was crowned at Stockholm. At this ceremony a flattering and somewhat poetic mark of attention was paid him. The throne was very elevated, and approached by steps. On each step was embroidered the name of a victory in which he shared, beginning with Fleurus (on the Rhine), and ending with Leipsic; for it was by these successes that he had, in a great measure, reached the throne. On the 7th of the next September he was crowned again at Drontheim as king of Norway. So highly esteemed was he abroad, that every important European power, without a single exception, sent to congratulate him on his accession, and to consolidate it by its alliance.

Happily, Charles XIV. proved himself worthy of his elevation. Although professionally a warrior, he hated war for its demoralising effects, and turned the whole energies of his mind to the peaceful arts. Sweden and Norway having been joined politically, he determined to unite them physically; and for that purpose caused a gigantic road to be cut across the Scandinavian Alps. He also opened a canal which united the Baltic and the

* At this frightful carnage no fewer than 80,000 Frenchmen were slain. The battle was fought on the 19th October 1813.

North Sea. He tried by every means in his power to gain the affections of his subjects; and, lest he should be accused of partiality, would not employ a single Frenchman in state affairs, always discouraging them from settling in the country. 'Altogether,' says M. Lemoire, whose biography we have before quoted, 'the reign of Bernadotte must be reckoned as amongst the most prosperous in Swedish history. Under his auspices agriculture and manufactures flourished, and commerce arose from a long and injurious inactivity.'

In private life, the new king, though generally amiable and respected, had his foibles. The rigid notions of a military martinet betrayed him into exacting an inconvenient number of small ceremonies and absurd etiquettes. He had also a taste for public speaking, and for literary controversy; hence he constantly involved himself in little paper wars with the public journals. His son, Joseph-François-Oscar (of whom we have as yet been unable to speak, but who was born at Paris on the 4th July 1799), was—as usual with heirs-apparent—opposed to his father in many of his little contests with the legislature and the press. Having too great an affection for the young prince to blame him openly and harshly, the king took the amiable expedient of desiring all the clergymen in the kingdom to preach from the fifth commandment on one of the young man's birthdays.

The greatest and cleverest of men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near him; and it is well known that King Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Charles John is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance, that a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn in pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. The king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The crown-prince had a very beautiful hound, which had been trained, as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, 'the king is coming,' to run away; or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Charles John, king of Sweden, enjoyed excellent health up to his eightieth birthday, which was on the 26th of January 1844. On that day he was struck with apoplexy, and he expired a few weeks after, universally lamented. His successor, Oscar I., is a man of great acquirements. His time has been employed for years in improving the criminal and punitive code of the two kingdoms. He is the author of a valuable work on 'Punishments and Prisons,' which has been translated into French and German. He married in 1826 the eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, who was the son of Napoleon's first empress, Josephine. Oscar and his consort were crowned at Stockholm in September last.

THE WORKING-MAN'S WINTER EVENING.

What can a working-man do best with his leisure after the toils of the day? This question can be answered in various ways. If he be a married man, he should spend his evenings with his family. Whatever recreation he may have at command he will enjoy with double zest, if shared by those nearest and dearest to himself; and this really is the way in which fortunate operatives, with good wives and comfortable homes, *do* spend their evenings. But unfortunately these form but a small number of the mass: the greater proportion of working-men have not enticing homes—some are unmarried, with nothing better than a cheerless solitary lodging to retire to. Others—especially workmen employed directly or indirectly in building operations—are frequently sent to 'jobs,' which are to be executed miles from their settled residence. In large cities or towns, they may readily avail themselves of those useful, and generally well-conducted establishments for the sale of ready-made tea and coffee, where the most healthy kind of recreation is provided by books and periodical works. It is, however, to be lamented, that in small towns and villages no such accommodation exists, and the only shelter offered to the hard-wrought labourer is the public-house. Exposed for a whole day to the cold and wet of an inclement season, it is impossible for him at night to resist the attractions of the tap-room. There he finds a cheering fire, and companions, whom for the time he deems agreeable ones. The only drawback consists of evils which, at the moment the temptation is presented to him, he does not feel—namely, the chance of drunkenness, and the certainty of a pecuniary expense he is not able to afford. Besides, if he be a mere visitor to, or occasional workman in the place, he has positively nowhere else to go to. Till, then, some better nightly asylum is open, as attractive as the tap-room, it is not just, to men so situated, to blame them for intemperance and imprudence.

It is gratifying now to find that a commencement has been made in providing a remedy for this evil. We are informed by a correspondent at Hampstead, a picturesque village about three miles north of London, that a reading and refreshment-room has been there opened for the sole accommodation of the labouring-class. The manner in which the plan was begun and carried out will afford a proof of how easily the example might be followed. It was observed by a gentleman of Hampstead, that during the winter evenings, and after their daily toil, many respectable workmen and labourers were either lounging about or frequenting the public-houses. Deploring this state of things, he and his friends opened a subscription, and, with the concurrence of the clergyman of the parish, succeeded in establishing the following useful, though humble source of evening amusement for the poor man:—'Two rooms,' says our correspondent, 'well lighted, with fire, and other requisites, have been taken; one for reading, the other for refreshment and conversation. In the former, your own publications, some of the most respectable papers and periodicals (not of a controversial religious nature), and such works as appear most sought or fairly suited to those who frequent it, are placed. In the other, with equal comforts, tea and coffee are supplied if asked for, but at cost price; and only such general rules in both cases are enjoined as tend to general enjoyment. Each visitant subscribes 2d. a-week, to be spent in stock for their own use, in addition to the subscribed fund. The good result aimed at is this: the idle hour is profitably spent; shelter, amusement, and profitable reading, with every fair social pleasure, are combined for those who would at any time, more particularly at this period of the year, go to the tap-room. It is, in short, a kind of humble club, in which the principle of association is applied to the comfort and occasional amusement of respectable but poor men, without aiming at the greatness of literary, scientific, or mechanics' associations.' The comforts and advantages of such a place must be obvious to all well disposed working-men, and even the lover of undue excitement must be staggered to find his neighbours obtaining so much enjoyment for so little money: let us hope that he will look in, and allow himself to be convinced by experience that sober and moderate pleasures are the best.

We would sincerely and earnestly recommend the establishment of such a club-room in every town and village where there are people to profit by it. The good they would do negatively—in withdrawing workmen from a bad use of their leisure; and positively—in supplying them with wholesome recreation—is incalculable. What more easy than for some influential person in every English town or village—say the clergyman of each parish—to set on foot an equally humble and in-

structive place of resort as that commenced at Hampstead?

Such pleasing and improving means of employing the working-man's evening are, though novel, not unprecedented. In Scotland, they are not unknown,* and in Ireland, the temperance movement has been the cause of creating one such room in many of the smallest villages. In Germany, almost every town has supported one of them for years. In the last, however, temperance principles are largely infringed by the national vice of tobacco-smoking.

MISSING THE POST.

[From the Glasgow Citizen.]

BEYOND all question, the gravest thing which can happen connected with the business of a newspaper is that of 'missing the post.' If the editor be shot in a duel, his place is easily supplied. Everybody knows how to conduct a newspaper. It is not like cabinet-making, or plasterwork, or the measuring out of ribbons, or the tying up of sugar-plums. All these things require an apprenticeship. Newspaper editing, on the contrary, comes by instinct, like grazing to a colt. 'Miss the post,' however, and the calamity is irreparable. It would be a thirteenth labour of Hercules to put salt on the tail of a railway train in motion. Accordingly, the struggle to catch the post is a terrible heat against time. A ship-launch, the opening of a railway, the first night of a new pantomime, are nothing to it. Such running to and fro—such shuffling in loose slippers—such shouting—such knocking over of ink-bedaubed imps! It beats an ant's nest or an assaulted bee-hive. A shoal of Lochfine herrings fluttering their silver scales in the sunshine is tameness in comparison. 'Who's at the murder?'—'another birth!'—'hand here that fire!'—'has anybody the cholera?'—'more marriages!'—'correct Prince Albert!'—'here's an elopement!'—'out out Sir Robert Peel!'—'more hands for this shipwreck!'—'tie up O'Connell!'—'now for the chase!'—and a thousand other mysterious sounds, are bellowed forth in confused jumble. An alderman's kitchen on a feast-day—a sempstress's work-room on the eve of a public ball—the desperate search for missing hats and cloaks on the breaking up of an assembly—are but faint types of the scene. It rivals the clangour of a fair—the deck of a seventy-four during an engagement—or the feverish activity and dire struggle of the populace at a midnight conflagration. It is an occasion in which elbows are poked into ribs, and the sanctity of corns is invaded. And is all unavailing? Hark! the clock strikes!—it booms upon the spirit like a convent-bell; a hush—a murmur—a muttered exclamation follows; further struggle is vain—the nerves are relaxed, and the perspiration is wiped from the forehead! Five minutes would have done it, but less would still have been fatal. Mercutio's wound was neither 'so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door,' but it was enough. Every one feels as if an iron gate had been suddenly slammed in his face, and arms are folded in the resignation of helplessness. The thing is all up—knocked on the head—done for—as settled and irrecoverable as spilled milk. In a word—'the post has been missed.'

But does the disappointment end here? Drop a pebble in the lake, and ask whether a single tiny ring is all the commotion it produces. To obscure nooks, and far-distant localities, the feeling gyrates. Old men in chimney-corners don their spectacles in vain—the lodge-bell of lordly mansion is as undisturbed as the bait of the invalid angler fishing from his arm-chair in a tub—the postman passes the door of the hamlet-politician with a mortifying shake of the head—girls trip down green lanes and along cross-roads only to carry back the intelligence, 'No newspaper!' An evening of *ennui* is borne to five hundred hearths. A thousand of the queen's loyal subjects are doomed to distressing ignorance as to whether her majesty walked on Wednesday last with Prince Albert on the slopes. The village baker is half-ruined from not knowing the price of grain. The country dabbler in stocks, deprived of expected information, foregoes his night's sleep, falls ill, and dies. Nothing is known. The great world is a blank. Has Mrs M'What's-her-name got a son? Is O'Connell caressing or cursing the English?—which at present? Any more revolutions in Spain? Does the Prince de Joinville see anything offensive in English windmills?—(if he do, let him assault them—the achievement would not be without suitable precedent.) Has a French admiral at Tahiti bitten his thumb at a British officer? Has Sidney Smith keel-hauled brother Jonathan? Has Lord Brougham filed an indictment against *Punch*? Has poverty driven Father Mathew to the bottle? Any accidents?—fires, storms, shipwrecks, assassinations, massacres, or wars? No answer—no newspaper! Husbands and fathers are busy losing their temper, solely because they have nothing else to do. Wives are accordingly scolded—children thrashed—young ladies' lovers snubbed—matrimonial negotiations broken off—and the destinies of families revolutionised. A correspondent of ours wonders if his paper has cut its way through the mail-bag, like certain leeches which were lately despatched by post, and which were never again seen in the flesh! The same friendly writer, after expressing his disappointment, says—'But *I* am not the only disappointed party; for so highly do I appreciate the ——, and so deserving of circulation do I deem it, that, after perusing it myself, I either read or lend it to nine friends, on an average, each week. Now, dear sir, consider that here are ten of us, "young men and maidens, old men and children," from whom a weekly supply of intellectual food is suddenly stopped. How can I show my face this evening in a certain house, whither I am wont to repair every Saturday night, with the —— in my pocket, and where the old man, although professedly indifferent to newspapers and all that they contain, is sure to be seated in his arm-chair, beside a bright fire, with his spectacles wiped carefully for the occasion? His worthy old partner, too, although the frequent promulgator of a theory of her own, that newspaper stories are "*a' havers*," is sure to be seated on the other side of the fire, ready to hear the news, having brought the week's cares to a close, so that no "house affairs" may "draw her hence." I need not say anything about another member of this family—an only daughter—with whom the —— and myself are very great favourites, and to whom, in another apartment, I generally read the poetry and other nice bits, which the old man is apt to skip. Again, what a disappointment will a certain legal friend of mine experience to-morrow! He is one so accustomed to *take in* people on the six working-days of the week, that he must take in something—if it should only be a newspaper—on the Sunday too; and not being fond of *paying* for a newspaper (or anything else), I lend him mine for nothing. Then, on Monday, what will become of another reader, a fair and faintly-tinged-with-blue friend of mine, and enthusiastic admirer—not of your bodily man, my dear sir, for neither she nor any of us has ever beheld it, but of that' * *

A clean collar, John, and French polish for our boots. The passage omitted is not inappropriately represented by stars. On reading it, our first impulse was to wear our dicky à la Byron, and cultivate ambrosial curls. With the lawyer referred to in the extract given, we cannot profess much sympathy; but for the rest—well, no matter—better folks than ourselves have missed the post ere now. Cast your eye on that elderly maiden—(goodness forefend that we should be personal!)—the traces of beauty are visible in her countenance; she had lovers *once*, but she hesitated too long—she expected—she hoped too much—she lingered proudly past market-hours—and now, with a crushed heart and withered affections, she feels that she has 'missed the post.' Whose gray head is that? Why, old Singleton's. He always thought of marrying, but he first wanted a little more money—the little more money brought with it a little higher ambition—and when at last he *did* make up his mind, a fair and buoyant damsel — radiant as Jupiter's own cup-bearer—looked up laughing in his face, and told him he had 'missed the post!' Make way there for Mrs Heavysides!—where's the coach?—gone—round the corner—to catch it is impossible: my dear madam, you have infallibly 'missed the post.' But we need not multiply examples. Suffice it, that, by this simple act, many a golden vision has been dissipated—many a fortune lost—many a bright jewel of happiness for ever dropped into the sea. Reader, in whatever station of life thy lot be cast—whatsoever business thou hast on hand—or whatsoever bright vista thou mayest look through in thy sleeping or waking dreams, beware of rashness on the one hand; but never forget, at the same time, that there is an opposite error—perhaps still more to be avoided—we mean 'MISSING THE POST.'

* Mention is made of one of these reading and coffee-rooms in 'A Day at St Andrews,' in No. 3 of our new series.

NUTRITIOUS FOOD.

A very interesting report on the comparative nutritive properties of food was lately presented to the French minister of the interior by Messrs Percy and Vauquelin, two members of the Institute. The result of their experiments is as follows:—In bread, every hundred pounds' weight are found to contain 30 lbs. of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 31 lbs. in 100 lbs.; French beans, 30 lbs.; pease, 23 lbs.; lentiles, 94 lbs.; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 lbs. of solid nutritious substance in 100 lbs.; carrots, 14 lbs.; and, what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 lbs. of potatoes only yields 25 lbs. of substance valuable as nutritious. According to this estimate, 1 lb. of good bread is equal to 2½ or 3 lbs. of best potatoes; and 75 lbs. of bread, and 30 lbs. of butcher meat, are equal to 300 lbs. of potatoes. Or, again, 1 lb. of rice or of broad beans is equal to 3 lbs. of potatoes; while 1 lb. of potatoes is equal to 4 lbs. of cabbage, and to 3 lbs. of turnips. This calculation is considered perfectly correct, and may be useful to families where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

AN EXILE'S ADDRESS TO HIS DISTANT CHILDREN.

[From 'Literary Leaves,' by D. L. Richardson.]

O'er the vast realm of tempest-troubled Ocean—
O'er the parched lands that vainly thirst for showers—
Through the long night—or when nor sound nor motion
Stirs in the noon of day the sultry bowers—
Not all un'companied by pleasant dreams
My weary spirit panteth on the way;
Still on mine inward sight the subtle gleams
That mock the fleshly vision brightly play.
Oh! the heart's links nor time nor change may sever,
Nor Fate's destructive hand, if life remain;
O'er hill, and vale, and plain, and sea, and river,
The wanderer draws the inseparable chain!

Fair children! still, like phantoms of delight,
Ye haunt my soul on this strange distant shore,
As the same stars shine through the tropic night
That charmed me at my own sweet cottage door.
Though I have left ye long, I love not less;
Though ye are far away, I watch ye still;
Though I can ne'er embrace ye, I may bless,
And e'en though absent, guard ye from each ill!
Still the full interchange of soul is ours,
A silent converse o'er the waters wide,
And Fancy's spell can speed the lingering hours,
And fill the space that yearning hearts divide.

And not alone the written symbols show
Your spirits' sacred stores of love and truth,
Art's glorious magic bids the canvass glow
With all your grace and loveliness and youth;
The fairy forms that in my native land
Oft filled my fond heart with a parent's pride,
Are gathered near me on this foreign strand,
And smilingly, in these strange halls, reside;
And almost I forget an exile's doom;
For while your filial eyes around me gleam,
Each scene and object breathes an air of home,
And time and distance vanish like a dream!

Oh! when sweet memory's radiant calm comes o'er
The weary soul, as moonlight glimmerings fall
O'er the hushed ocean, forms beloved of yore,
And joys long fled, her whispers soft recall;
At such an hour I live and smile again,
As light of heart as in that golden time
When, as a child, I trod the vernal plain,
Nor knew the shadow of a care or crime.
Nor dream of death, nor weariness of life,
Nor freezing apathy, nor fierce desire,
Then chilled a thought with unborn rapture rife,
Or seared my breast with wild ambition's fire. * *

Though this frail form hath felt the shafts of pain—
Though my soul sickens for her native sky,
In visionary hours my thoughts regain
Their early freshness, and soon check the sigh
That sometimes from mine inmost heart would swell,
And mar a happier mood. Oh, then! how sweet,
Dear boys! upon remembered bliss to dwell,
And here your pictured lineaments to greet!
Till Fancy, bright enchantress, shifts the scene
To British ground; and, musical as rills,
Ye laugh and loiter in the meadows green,
Or climb with joyous shouts the sunny hills!

Calcutta, September 4, 1834.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

The affections which bind a man to the place of his birth are essential in his nature, and follow the same law as that which governs every innate feeling. They are implanted in his bosom along with life, and are modified by every circumstance which he encounters from the beginning to the end of his existence. The sentiment which, in the breast of any one man, is an instinctive fondness for the spot where he drew his early breath, becomes, by the progress of mankind and the formation of society, a more enlarged feeling, and expands into the noble passion of patriotism. The love of country, the love of the village where we were born, of the field which we first pressed with our tender footsteps, of the hillock which we first climbed, are the same affection; only the latter belongs to each of us separately; the first can be known but by men united into masses. It is founded upon every advantage which a nation is supposed to possess, and is increased by every improvement which it is supposed to receive.—*Elements of National Character.*

PROGRESS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

In our schools mere children are now taught truths the attainment of which has cost immense labour and indescribable efforts. They smile when we tell them that an Italian philosopher wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that the snow found upon Mount Etna consists of the same substance as the snow upon the Alps of Switzerland, and that he related proof upon proof that both these snows, when melted, yielded water possessed of the same properties. And yet this conclusion was really not so very palpable, since the temperature of the two climates so widely differ; and no one in those days had any notion of the diffusion of heat over the surface of the earth. When a schoolboy takes a glassful of liquid, and, placing a loose piece of paper over it, inverts the glass without spilling a drop of the contents, he only astonishes another child by the performance; and yet this is the identical experiment which renders the name of Torricelli immortal. It is a variation of that experiment with which the burgomaster of Magdeburgh (Otto von Guerike) threw the emperor and the princes of the empire at Ratisbon into speechless astonishment. Our children have more correct notions of nature and natural phenomena than had Plato! They may treat with ridicule the errors which Pliny has committed in his Natural History.—*Liebig.*

WELSH PEARLS.

The river Conway in Wales has long been celebrated for its pearls, which are even enumerated among the temptations which induced the Roman invasion of our island. *Large* pearls, says the Mining Journal, are occasionally found in the *Unio margaritifera* of the fresh-water portion of the river, and *small* seed-pearls are obtained in considerable quantities from the edible mussel (*Mytilus edulis*), of which there are large beds at the mouth of the estuary. The use to which these small pearls are applied, and the channel through which they are disposed of in London, have hitherto remained a secret; and the secret has conferred a monopoly of the traffic on parties who purchase them of the peasantry by the ounce, at such a price as renders the work of collecting them a source of remunerative labour, not only to women and children, but to men. The mussels, when collected, are boiled in large caldrons, to cause the opening of the shells; and, the mass being stirred and washed, the pearls are found at the bottom of the vessel.

THINKING.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment.—*Locke.*

Published by W. and R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh (also 98 Miller Street, Glasgow); and, with their permission, by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

☞ Complete sets of the Journal, *First Series*, in twelve volumes, and also odd numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.—A stamped edition of the Journal is now issued, price 2½d., to go free by post.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 51. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1844. Price 1½d.

REMEDIABLE EVILS.

We can scarcely listen with wide enough ears to the fact stated by the Sanitary Report, that 'the annual slaughter in England and Wales from *preventible causes* of typhus, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, appears to be *double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo.*' This is the doing of but one disease, though that is a potent one. There are many other causes of mortality in the country, which are capable of an almost indefinite diminution, if proper measures for that purpose were adopted.

These are matters to which little attention was given long ago. Now, they are amongst those which most engross the minds of reflecting persons. Almost every day some new fact is presented to our notice, illustrating the extent of public and particular evils which are capable of remedy. In a recent statement respecting Manchester,* which we pitch upon merely as an example, it is shown that there are, every year, in that town, 3147 deaths above what ought to take place, if Manchester were circumstanced like other places where mortality is at the average of the whole nation. Of these, 1908 are of persons above twenty. Every person in Manchester thus may be said to lose about nineteen years of his life; that is, the life he would have, living in a place of average mortality. Reckoning the industry of the 1908 persons at only ten shillings a-week, Dr Playfair calculates that there is, from their deaths, and from preventible sickness, in Manchester, an annual loss of L.981,189, or nearly a million sterling. Nor is this the end of the evil. As in all places where more than the proper number die, more than the proper number are born. Manchester has annually 1656 births over and above the number which the average of the whole nation says she ought to have. And the effect of the two circumstances together of course is, that there is a greater proportion of children to be supported in Manchester than in places where the mortality is nearer a natural amount. The useful productive members of the community are thinned; and the diminished numbers which survive have more than a usual burden from the young and chargeable. Add to all this the mental distresses consequent upon the loss of relatives, the impoverishment often arising from it, the harm to children in being deprived of parental care, and the tendency of all these circumstances to lead to further evils—and we shall have some idea of the tremendous amount of wretchedness and affliction implied in the words, 'an excessive mortality of grown persons to the amount of 1908.' And yet the whole of this amount of evil need not be incurred as far as the arrangements of Providence are concerned: it is purely and unequivocally the effect of errors which human beings commit, and which they might avoid.

Man is naturally tender of his neighbour's life. When a steamer goes down with fifty passengers, the whole nation feels it as a shock. We cannot even hear of one death from accident occurring near us, without an earnest sympathy. This being the case, with what horror and consternation should we hear of a town like Carlisle being overwhelmed by an earthquake, or drowned by the sea, with every one of its inhabitants! And yet this is just about the amount of annual loss of life incurred in England by preventible fever cases.

The loss of children is felt by all naturally-constituted minds as one of the most poignant of distresses. Even an infant, that has breathed but an hour, cannot be resigned into the clay without feelings which wring tears from hardy men. This is an evil, too, of vast aggregate amount. According to Dr Combe — 'The average mortality of infants among rich and poor in this country (and with little variation throughout Europe) is about 1 in every 4½ before the end of the first year of existence.' But this is a department of mortality liable to great variation in time and place. In the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, the deaths of infants under five years of age reach the enormous proportion of 57 per cent. to those of the whole population. From answers returned to queries by five hundred married operatives, it was found to be almost a universal case, that there had been five children, of whom two were dead.* Such a result cannot be surprising when we learn that in this town, as in Manchester and many other seats of industry, besides all the usual agencies fatal to infant life, there is a prevalent custom of administering an opiate cordial called *Infants' Quietness*, or, more commonly, *Godfrey*, for the purpose of inducing torpor in babies, so as to allow of their mothers attending factory labour and other duties, or at least making them less burdensome as a charge to the little girls and old women who are employed in keeping the infants in the absence of the natural protector. To resume Dr Combe—'So directly is infant life influenced by good or bad management, that, about a century ago, the workhouses of London presented the astounding result of 23 deaths in every 24 infants under the age of one year. For a long time this frightful devastation was allowed to go on as beyond the reach of human remedy. But when at last an improved system of management was adopted, in consequence of a parliamentary inquiry having taken place, the proportion of deaths was speedily reduced from 2600 to 450 in a year. Here, then, was a total of 2150 instances of loss of life occurring yearly in a single institution, chargeable, not against any unalterable decrees

* Letter of Dr Lyon Playfair, in Manchester Guardian.

* Report on the Sanitary Condition of Ashton-under-Lyne. By John Ross Coulthart, Esq. Ashton: Luke Swallow. 1844.

of Providence, as some are disposed to contend as an excuse for their own negligence, but against the ignorance, indifference, or cruelty of man.' Many facts might be adduced to support this conclusion. 'In the 20 years subsequent to 1730, out of every 100 children born [in London], 74½, or nearly *three out of four*, died before they were five years old. In the succeeding 20 years, the proportion of deaths was reduced to 63 in 100, or less than two-thirds. Between 1770 and 1790, it was only 51½ in 100, or little more than one-half. In the 20 years succeeding 1790, it was further reduced to 41½ in 100, or little more than two-fifths. And between 1810 and 1830, it was no more than 32 in 100, or less than one-third.' Dr Carpenter, in one of whose able works these facts are mentioned,* quotes from Dr Combe a remarkable illustration of the possibility of reducing the amount of ailment and mortality in children. The Orphan Asylum of Albany (New York) was opened in the end of 1829 with 70 children, the number being subsequently increased to 80. 'During the first three years, when an imperfect mode of management was in operation, from 4 to 6 children were constantly on the sick list, and sometimes more; one or two assistant nurses were necessary; the physician was in regular attendance twice or thrice a-week; and the deaths amounted in all to between 30 and 40, or about one in every month. At the end of this time, an improved system of diet and general management was adopted; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages inseparable from the orphan state of the children, the results were in the highest degree satisfactory. The nursery was soon entirely vacated, and the services of the nurse and physician no longer needed; and for more than two years, *no case of sickness or death took place.* It is also stated that, since the new regimen has been fully adopted, there has been a remarkable increase of health, strength, activity, vivacity, cheerfulness, and contentment, among the children. The change of temper is also very great; they have become less turbulent, irritable, peevish, and discontented; and far more manageable, gentle, peaceable, and kind to each other.'

As in children, so in grown-up people sickness and premature death are, generally speaking, only the exponents or external and proving results of living in a manner out of harmony with our natural constitution. The human frame, as it comes from the hands of its Maker, is no imperfect machine. Disorders are only induced by the ignorance and wilful errors of man himself. We allow ourselves to speak strongly on the subject, because no modified terms could have a chance of rousing the attention which it deserves; and it seems to us that all kinds of philanthropy are concerned in seeing remedies applied to the merely physical calamities of mankind; for where there is great wretchedness, there can be no right cultivation of the higher feelings. The preventibleness of a large portion of these calamities is, we think, fully proved by the improved health which invariably follows improved conditions. Mankind have, upon the whole, made an advance in this respect since early times. It is pretty clearly ascertained that the average duration of life among the modern English is as 3 to 2 of what it was amongst the ancient Romans; that is, says Dr Carpenter, 'out of thirty Romans, as many would have died in a given time as out of forty-five Englishmen.' Ever since Dr Price constructed the Northampton tables of mortality, which constitute the basis of calculation in a great number of life-assurance offices, human life has greatly improved. From the generally superior conditions in which the people of England now live, it has resulted that the plague does not now break out with the desolating virulence known in former times; although, it must be admitted, the typhus, which never leaves our masses of humbler population, is only a modified kind of plague. The same truth is well evinced by the contrast of mortality in different sections of the population of certain places, and in different countries. In Ashton-under-Lyne, the mean average duration of life among the operative classes is 16 years: among the upper classes it is 30! In Leeds, there is one district where the annual deaths are 1 in 28, while in another they are only 1 in every 57. The first report of the Registrar-General showed, for the year 1838, a variation of the annual mortality in different districts of the metropolis, amounting to 100 per cent.! 'When we examine,' says Dr Carpenter, 'the abodes of squalid poverty, and witness the filth, destitution, and wretchedness which prevail there, we cannot but feel that a yet greater improvement is destined still to result from any measures that shall convert these into the dwellings of a cheerful, clean, well-fed, thriving population. It appears from the examination of the tables of mortality in France, that the number of deaths per annum, among the poor, is *more than twice as great*, in proportion to the whole number, as it is among those in easy circumstances; and it can scarcely be doubted that the same proportion holds good in this country. If the average duration of life, and freedom from sickness, among the poor, could be raised to the standard which prevails among the higher classes, the whole average mortality of this country would doubtless be reduced, by an amount at least as great as it is already less than that of the most unhealthy countries of Europe. Whilst in England and Scotland no more than 1 in 58 now die every year out of the whole population, 1 in 45 annually die in Germany, 1 in 39 in France, 1 in 30 in Turkey and in Italy in general, and 1 in 28 in the Roman and Venetian states; so that it would almost seem that, the more favourable the climate, the greater carelessness is there respecting the other means that conduce to the preservation of life and health.'

It also appears—and the fact is extremely instructive—that in the countries where plague still holds its ground, those who live most in accordance with nature's institutions are least liable to be its victims. 'When the plague breaks out,' says Dr Bowring, 'its ravages are always greatest among the poorest and least civilised of the population. The proportion of Europeans who are attacked is invariably small, and the cities and the parts of cities which are most distinguished for comfort and cleanliness are seldom attacked at all. In Constantinople, Pera and the Frank districts enjoy almost an immunity against plague. In Damascus, it is mainly in the close and crowded portions of the city that the plague breaks out; the neighbouring villages, some of which are neatly and judiciously built, are generally retreats of safety. When once conversing with the governor on the subject of the health of the city and the establishment of lazzarets, he agreed that the unhealthiest parts of the place were those where dead dogs and camels and heaps of decayed vegetables were deposited, and acknowledged that it would be desirable to try the experiment of removing them. At Cairo, in the plague of 1835, when 33,733 persons died, only 515 were Christians. In the plague in Alexandria in 1835, the grade of opulence and of social position determined the amount of mortality. Among the English, French, Russians, and Germans, the classes possessing the greatest amount of comforts, the mortality was five to the 1000. Among the Italians and Maltese, who occupy the lowest position of European society, the mortality was seven to 1000. The Turks among the Mussulman races are by far the best off, and the mortality there was twelve to 1000. Among the Arab soldiers, fifteen; among the Egyptian peasantry (Fellahs), sixty-one in 1000; and in the lowest social scale, the negro population, the mortality was eighty-four in 1000, being nearly seventeen times greater than among the richest classes of Europeans.'†

* Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science—Animal Physiology. W. S. Orr and Co.: London. 1844.

† Speech of Dr John Bowring on submitting his resolution relative to the Quarantine Laws, in the House of Commons, July 23, 1844. From Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

We have here pointed to but one class of remediable evils, but it is nothing more than a type of many others. One principle rules throughout all—that the evil depends for its existence on human ignorance, superstition, indifference, or wilful error. And it is equally clear in all cases that the remedy is in man's own power, if he would only use the powers which his bountiful Creator has bestowed upon him. There is a false spirit of resignation to many of these evils, which can only be spoken of patiently for the sake of the *true* spirit with which it is connected, or for which it is mistaken. It may be treated with mildness, but it should receive no encouragement, and every effort should be made to substitute for it a desire to struggle against and extinguish the evils to which it refers.

FACTS AND TRADITIONS CONCERNING SHAKSPEARE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE London life of Shakspeare awakened a crowd of brilliant and interesting associations; yet, in exploring it, we are compelled to grope among a few dry or doubtful facts, dates, and traditions. Here, in the society of the great, the learned, and the witty, we should expect to find written memorials of the poet by some of his gifted associates. There were the poets and wits of the Falcon and Mermaid—the gallant Raleigh, Ben Jonson, young Beaumont—the 'well-mannered' Daniel, Michael Drayton, his countryman, Dekker—nay, even Spenser; from none of them have we remaining a letter or memorandum concerning the greatest of all their band. No report of the 'wit combats,' with their jests and sallies, 'so nimble and so full of subtile flame'—no note of the crowds or cheers at the Globe or Blackfriars—or of the smart sayings of the young nobles, the court, or the critics, on the first night of 'Will's last new play.' Ben Jonson, indeed, came forward when Shakspeare was no more, to tell us of his love of the man, and his admiration of the poet; but we have no contemporary record of his familiar life, or of the impression made by his wonderful dramas. Shakspeare is supposed to have quitted Stratford for London in 1586 or 1587. He might have gone earlier: his twin children were baptised at Stratford on the 2d of February 1585, and probably this double addition to his domestic burdens and responsibilities prompted him to active and immediate exertion. This is the more likely, if we believe he was noticed as a dramatist by Spenser so early as 1590. After publishing the first three books of his Fairy Queen in January of that year, Spenser returned to Ireland, and next year his publisher collected and printed some of his smaller pieces, 'dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself.' One of these poems is entitled 'The Tears of the Muses,' in which the 'sacred sisters nine' are introduced as lamenting the decay of genius and taste. Thalia, the muse of comedy, gives a woful description of the state of the drama, from which had been banished

> 'Fine counterfesaunce and unhurtful sport,
> Delight and laughter decked in seemly sort.'

Then follows the passage which is supposed to allude to Shakspeare:—

> 'And he, the man whom Nature's self had made
> To mock herself, and truth to imitate
> With kindly counter under mimic shade—
> Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late,
> With whom all joy and jolly merriment
> Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.'

The poet adds, that 'scoffing scurrility,' and 'shameless rhymes,' and ribaldry, had taken the place of wit on the stage—

> 'But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
> Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
> Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
> Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
> Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
> Than so himself to mockery to sell.'

This character applies exactly to Shakspeare—'our gentle Willy,' who could mock Nature herself—and it applies properly to no other dramatist of the day. Neither Drayton nor Daniel (whom Spenser might be willing to compliment) was then a dramatist. Lyly was the precursor of Shakspeare, but his plays are feeble, mythological, or conceited performances, containing musical lines and classical imagery, but without real nature. Peele and Green were dramatic writers, not without talent and poetical fancy, but their comedy was poor and farcical. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that, in the short space of four or five years after Shakspeare's arrival in London, he could have so distinguished himself by the production of genuine comedies; that these, again, should have been overpowered and driven from the stage by low and scurrilous performances; and, finally, that, disgusted with the public taste, the poet should have withdrawn to 'sit in idle cell.' To Shakspeare, however, the praise must belong—such was the opinion of Dryden—and high praise it was from the inspired laureate of Elizabeth!—at the age of twenty-six, the youth of Stratford had overtopped all his university-bred rivals and contemporaries, and was hailed with kindred feeling and cordial panegyric by the greatest poet of his age. When, seven years afterwards, Spenser was carried to his grave in Westminster Abbey, 'his hearse attended,' as Camden relates, 'by poets and mournful elegies, and poems, with the pens that wrote them thrown into his tomb,' we may be sure that Shakspeare was among the number of the mourners!

The author of the Fairy Queen is supposed to have made another allusion to the great dramatist in his pastoral poem, 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' written in 1594 or 1595:—

> 'And then, though last, not least is Action;
> A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
> Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
> Doth like himself heroically sound.'

Malone (who considered the former quotation as applying to Lyly) gives this unhesitatingly to Shakspeare. The martial name and romantic dramas of the poet certainly seem pointed at; yet we have sometimes thought that Spenser intended the honour for the fine old poet, William Warner, whose historical, legendary, and descriptive poem, 'Albion's England,' was first published in 1586, and was exceedingly popular. Warner's name has also a heroic sound, and his muse had both high and rich thoughts.

Towards the close of the year 1592, we have allusions to Shakspeare much clearer than those of Spenser, and informing us of his reputation both as a writer and an actor. These are the well-known passages by Robert Greene and Chettle. Greene, in his pamphlet, 'A Groatsworth of Wit,' mentions Shakspeare indirectly as 'a crow beautified with the feathers' of other dramatists, and as 'an absolute Johannes Factotum.' Chettle gives distinct and favourable testimony:—'Myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides (he adds), divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art.' From these passages, we may gather that Shakspeare had been employed in adapting old or inferior plays for the stage, and that he had also given evidence of his 'facetious grace' in original composition. That he was 'excellent in the quality' he professed, namely, as an actor, is confirmed by the tradition mentioned by Aubrey and others. He was inferior, perhaps, to the great tragedian Burbage; and he had too much dignity of personal character for low comedy; but he excelled in grave and lofty characters. He must soon, however, have been aware that poetry was the peculiar vocation for which nature had designed him. His two poems, Venus and Adonis (1593), and The Rape of Lucrece (1594), are works evincing great facility of versification and command of poetical resources. They seem to have been hastily thrown off

—the *setting* is not equal to the value of the materials—yet the easy vigour and prolific fancy of the dramatist are seen in these sketches.

Of his great dramas, and the marvellous prodigality with which they were poured forth, it is not our intention here to speak. Criticism and admiration have been almost exhausted on the subject. He, in fact, created the English drama; for though his contemporaries are sometimes sweet in style, and redundant in fancy—though Marlowe had his 'mighty line,' and bold sweep of passionate delineation—their works have no consistency, judgment, or truthful simplicity. In art, as well as genius, Shakspeare soared above all his contemporaries. He had the true unity—not of the schools—but of nature and wisdom. During the progress of those marvellous works, we have one or two glimpses of Shakspeare's residences and style in London. In 1596, as appears from a paper which belonged to Alleyn the player, he lived in Southwark, near the Bear-Garden. From this he seems to have removed to the parish of St Helen, Bishopsgate, where is Crosby Hall, and where, in the church, are the monuments of Sir John Crosby and Sir Thomas Gresham, and of other worthy citizens. Mr Hunter publishes an assessment-roll of the 40th of Queen Elizabeth, or 1598, for levying the first of three entire subsidies which were granted to the queen; and 'William Shakespeare' is rated at 13s. 4d. In 1609 he was residing in the Liberty of the Clink, in Southwark, and he was assessed, at the very highest rate, to a weekly payment for the relief of the poor, at the rate of sixpence, being one of five assessed at this sum; while even the 'Lady Buckley' paid only fourpence. In a decayed portion of a letter written by the wife of Edward Alleyn, 20th October, 1603, Shakspeare is mentioned; and this incidental allusion to the great poet, as moving about in ordinary life, is not without strong interest: 'About a week ago there came a youth who said he was Mr Francis Chaloner, would have borrowed L.10 to have bought things for —— and said he was known unto you, and Mr Shakespeare of the Globe, who came —— said he knew him not, only he heard of him that he was a rogue —— so he was glad we did not lend him the money.'*

In 1835 Mr Collier published some 'New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare,' derived from the manuscripts at Bridgewater House, belonging to Lord Ellesmere, whose name is well known as keeper of the great seal to Queen Elizabeth, and lord chancellor to James I. Unfortunately, these papers are of doubtful character, and are supposed to have been fabricated by Steevens, on purpose to mislead Malone. One of them represents Shakspeare as a sharer or proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre as early as 1589, there being fifteen others in the company, eleven of whose names precede his in the list. The next of these documents is an estimate of the value of the whole property in the theatre at the Blackfriars, and of each particular sharer in it, made in 1608. Shakspeare is represented as holding four shares, the same as his fellows Burbage and Fletcher, which he valued at L.933, 6s. 8d.; in addition to which he was owner of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, for which he asked L.500—the whole being equal to between L.6000 and L.7000 of our present money. The last of these papers is a copy of a letter purporting to be addressed to Lord Ellesmere, signed only 'H. S.,' supposed to be the initials of Henry Southampton, the noble patron of Shakspeare. The object of this letter is to solicit the kind offices of the lord chancellor in favour of 'the poor players of the Blackfriars,' whom the lord mayor and aldermen were anxious to displace. Shakspeare is mentioned as 'till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English plays.' There are discrepancies in these documents, and statements at variance with known facts, which tend to throw a doubt over the genuineness of the whole; and Mr Hunter considers they have very much the appearance of papers such as those with which, it is well known, Steevens (who had access to the Egerton papers), in the perversity of his humour, was accustomed to abuse the enthusiasm of his Shakspearian friends, and to perplex the judgment of the more knowing.

Some of the recent commentators have made Shakspeare visit France and Italy. Mr Brown, in his work on the Sonnets of Shakspeare, gives him in imagination a direct line of travel from Venice, through Padua, Bologna, and Florence, to Pisa—perhaps going a little out of his way to visit Verona, the scene of his own Romeo and Juliet. This is being precise enough. Miss Martineau and Mr Knight have also come to the conclusion that the poet visited Italy. The conjecture rests solely on the internal evidence of some of the plays, particularly the Taming of the Shrew, in which the notices of Italian manners, the names of the characters, distance of places, &c. are accurate and minute. The Merchant of Venice is also full of national painting: 'Shakspeare, in addition to the general national spirit of the play, describes the Exchange held on the Rialto, the riches of their merchants, their argosies

> "From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England;
> From Lisbon, Barbary, and India;"

some with silks and spices richly fraught. He represents the trade and profit of the city as consisting of all nations; he talks familiarly of the masquing mates with their torch-bearers in the streets; of the common ferry which trades to Venice, where Portia is to meet Balthazar, after he had delivered the letter to Doctor Bellario, at Padua, the seat of law; and

> "In a gondola were seen together
> Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica."'*

It is certainly pleasing to find the beautiful poetry and exquisite fancy of this play united to correctness of costume and colouring. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that the poet took a trip to France and Italy (then common enough among the higher English); but we conceive him rather picking up his knowledge from books and men in London, and visiting only the banks of the Avon. He is equally at home with the ancient Romans, and with almost every other mode of life. His nautical phrases in the Tempest are so true and technical, that they would seem to proclaim him a sailor; he is an adept in horticulture, was acquainted with all modes of rural economy, and abounds so much in legal terms, that he is supposed to have sat for years in his youth at a lawyer's desk. To such a person—mixing with all classes, and studying all that could bear upon his subject—the manners of Italian life would present no difficulty. The same remark, in our opinion, applies to the supposition that Shakspeare had visited Scotland.† In the winter of 1599 a company of English players arrived in Edinburgh, at the request of King James; and in October 1601 the regular drama was for the first time produced in Aberdeen, by Queen Elizabeth's company (evidently the same that had been in Edinburgh). A special letter from his majesty secured them a most favourable reception: they were entertained at supper by the magistrates, and received a reward of thirty-two merks; while the freedom of the borough was bestowed on their manager, Lawrence Fletcher, afterwards associated with Shakspeare in the patent granted by James on his accession to the English throne. Had Shakspeare been of the party, we should have had him presented with the freedom of the city as well as Lawrence Fletcher. King James would have specially noticed and recommended one with whose poetry and plays he must have been familiar. So eminent a writer would not have been unnoticed either in Edinburgh or Aberdeen. But we know that Shakspeare had no desire to make himself 'a motley to the

* Collier's Memoirs of Edward Alleyn.

* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems. By C. A. Brown: 1838.

† The arguments for the contrary supposition are stated in a paper in No. 17, new series.—Ed.

view,' or distinguish himself as an actor; and he had then no occasion to undertake a strolling excursion with his fellows, being at that time the owner of New Place, and 'possessed of no small gains.' We have no doubt he remained to superintend his flourishing establishment at the Blackfriars, while Lawrence Fletcher and some of the inferior performers were 'starring' it in wild Scotland. It has been argued that Shakspeare took his description of Macbeth's castle in Inverness from local observation. We suspect he was no such venturous scene-hunter. A journey of above a hundred miles, either from Perth or Aberdeen (allowing the poet to have been with his fellow-comedians in Scotland), through the wild passes of the Highlands (then with scarce a bridle road), or along the bleak and stormy east coast, was a task both of considerable danger and fatigue. King James sentenced one or two contumacious preachers to banishment in Inverness; but assuredly Shakspeare did not voluntarily travel, in the wet month of October, to that northern region, to take the altitude of a hill, or survey the ruins of a castle. His exquisite description of the scene of Duncan's murder, with its 'loved mansionry' and 'pleasant seat,' is a mere fancy picture, drawn with consummate skill, to heighten the effect of the deed of blood by the force of contrast. There is nothing in Macbeth of local painting, manners, or superstition, which Shakspeare did not find in his Holinshed, or other books, or could easily conceive in his teeming imagination.

In the sonnets of Shakspeare, we have a record of his mind and feelings, at a time when he was in the fulness of his manhood and his fame. It is a painful record, and we would fain believe, with Mr Knight, that many of these heart-stricken effusions are written in a fictitious character. Some of them had been circulated before 1598, in which year Francis Meres, a collector, mentions Shakspeare's 'sugared sonnets among his private friends.' They were not published till 1609, when Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller, gave them to the world with this curious dedication:—'*To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth.—T. T.*' Mr Brown considers these sonnets as forming a series of poems, the greater part addressed to some male friend for whom he entertains a passion amounting to idolatry, and the remainder to a female, his mistress, whom he charges with infidelity. They are full of passion and true poetry, but also marred with the conceit and hyperbole so common in that age. The chief interest attaching to them is the curiosity to know what person of the times was the object of Shakspeare's enthusiastic regard? To whom did he unbosom himself in such confiding strains? What man was worthy of such implicit devotion? The self-abasement of the great poet is marvellous: the passion which seems for a time to have been so fatal to his peace, was also destructive of the manliness and integrity of his character. 'Mr W. H.' is supposed to have been William Herbert, afterwards the Earl of Pembroke, a nobleman of talent, but ill deserving such homage. The only biographical particulars to be deduced from the sonnets are, that their author regretted that his profession was that of an actor, whence 'his name received a brand;' and that his friend seduced from him his mistress—which offence the poet forgave! The mystery which hangs over these sonnets, their careless and confused arrangement, and the uncertainty as to the person to whom they are addressed, make us glad to forget that in them Shakspeare seems to speak in his own character. We would fain see them wholly, or in part, proved to be the work of some other poet of the age of Elizabeth; and we rejoice to think that there is no evidence that Shakspeare sanctioned their publication.

'Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses
Hung on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show;
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.'—*54th Sonnet.*

The tendency of all the recent researches and discoveries as to the chronology of Shakspeare's plays, is to show that they were written earlier than was formerly supposed. The Tempest was long considered to be his latest production, and hence it possessed, as Mr Campbell finely said, 'a sort of sacredness;' as if 'conscious that this was to be his last work, the poet had been inspired to typify himself as a wise, potent, and benevolent magician.' The Tempest, however, as has lately been ascertained, was acted at Whitehall in 1611. Othello and the Twelfth Night were produced before 1602. Macbeth and the Roman plays were not printed till after the death of their author; and we have no information as to their first performance on the stage. Perhaps about the year 1605, or his fortieth year, may be considered the period when his mind had attained its full maturity, and his imagination received most of its wondrous stores of knowledge, drawn from reading and observation. He was then prepared to achieve—and he did achieve—the greatest efforts of human intellect in the wide realms of poetry. The last mention of his name as an actor occurs under the date of April 1604: and he must have been resident wholly at Stratford before 1613; for in an indenture executed by him on the 10th of March in that year, for the purchase of a dwelling-house in the precinct of the Blackfriars, he is described as 'William Shakspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman.' He would not have been so designated in a London deed, if he had continued to reside in the metropolis. 'He would find still living at Stratford,' says Mr Hunter, 'all the families of the better condition whom he had left there—the Combes, Nashes, Reynoldses, Quineys, Sadlers, Lanes, Bishops—who would form for him a social circle, in which he might find more true enjoyment than in the intercourse which he had with the ingenious and the great, or in the triumph of his matchless genius over the envious people by whom he had been surrounded.' He would also occasionally meet his brother poet and friend, Michael Drayton, who was a frequent visitor at Clifford, only a mile from Stratford. The poet's own means were ample, and such as would enable him to practise a liberal hospitality. The income of Shakspeare could not be less than L.1500 per annum of our present money. His fellow-comedians, Alleyn and Burbage, were equally wealthy; so that the gains of a theatrical manager and performer were in those days, under prudent management, superior to those of most ordinary occupations. Genius and prudence have indeed rarely been so combined as in the case of Shakspeare. As an author, he had no idiosyncrasies to mar the even flow of his conceptions, or distort his views of nature; and as a man, he seems to have been distinguishable only by his unaffected cheerfulness and good nature.

Our notices respecting the life of Shakspeare would be incomplete without the passage from Ward's Diary, first published in 1839. The Rev. John Ward was vicar of Stratford from 1648 to 1679. He knew nothing personally of the poet; but writing forty-six years after his death, he thus recorded a tradition as to that event:—

'I have heard that Mr Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of L.1000 a-year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merry-meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.'

The *art* of Shakspeare has been canvassed more fully

and wisely since the days of this incurious vicar; but there may be an *adumbration* of the truth in the report of the merry-meeting between the three poets. 'The will of Shakspeare was begun on February 25, 1615–16, and completed on March 25, 1616. Shakspeare died on April 23d following. There was time, therefore, to have re-copied the will; and this must have been intended. He describes himself as in perfect health when the will was made, yet he dies so soon afterwards. This looks as if his sickness and death were sudden, and gives some countenance to the tradition concerning his death preserved by Ward.'*

The corrections and interlineations in the will seem to prove that it was a first draught, intended, as Mr Hunter supposes, to be re-copied, while the feeble and trembling handwriting of the poet, seen in the signatures of his name, betokens haste no less than the pressure of mortal sickness. The last warning had come, and there was no time for delay—

> 'Some say, the Genius so
> Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.'
> —*Troilus and Cressida.*

And Shakspeare died on his birthday, and was interred in the church where he was baptised. The affection of his relatives raised a fitting monument to his memory. But the whole church may be considered his mausoleum; and its tall spire rising above the woods of the Avon, shall, for generations yet to come, fix the eyes of the pilgrim-poet and the wanderer from many lands.

THE BANKRUPT'S SON.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

It sometimes happens that the characters of individuals assume a decided form by the intervention of an unexpected incident, or the being placed in new and responsible situations. Few, indeed, whose lives have been marked by uncommon energy and determination, tending to the accomplishment of a definite purpose, but may trace the starting point—the crisis in their history—to some event which, by rousing their dormant faculties, or exciting some hitherto slumbering motive, has given a new turn to their habits, and a new colour to their lives.

George Belmont was in his nineteenth year when he received a summons to attend the sick-bed of his father, who, after maintaining a high reputation as a tradesman during the greater portion of his life, had failed in business, and whose constitution, already shaken by cares and disappointments, sunk under the combined evils of poverty and a keen sense of the degradation he believed attendant upon his bankruptcy. George was his eldest child. He had received a liberal education, and been intended for a physician; but his father's difficulties having deprived him of the means of completing his professional studies, he had obtained a situation in the counting-house of an extensive manufacturer in the town of C——. Up to this period of his life George had manifested no extraordinary energy or ability, but was regarded by his employer as a steady well-disposed youth, possessing merely business talent sufficient to enable him to discharge his duties in a satisfactory manner.

Young Belmont, who was considerably disappointed in not being able to follow the profession he had chosen, and who imagined that he had a distaste for mercantile affairs, contented himself with the bare performance of his prescribed duty, indulging secretly the hope that something might yet turn up more congenial to his wishes. From this dream of the future he was, however, effectually aroused when standing by the bedside of his dying father—a sense of the responsibility attaching to him as eldest child, and only son of a widowed mother, came home to his understanding and to his heart. On George's arrival at home, he found that his father had been some hours speechless, though it was evident to his afflicted relations that he retained full possession of his faculties. With the anxious searching look so common to the dying, he gazed now on his wife, now on his little daughter, and then his eager eye sought the countenance of his son, who, struggling with emotion, made a vigorous effort to conduct himself with manly fortitude. Replying to the wistful and touching look fixed on him, George said—'My dear father, I will, by the help of God, endeavour to supply your place to my mother and sister. I am young and strong. For your sake and theirs, I will devote myself to business, and do not doubt but I shall be able to make them comfortable.' And as the youth uttered these words, in a voice tremulous with grief, he bowed his head, and tears fell thick and fast upon the almost rigid hand he held in his own.

But it now became evident that, though George had in part rightly interpreted his father's wishes, something yet remained unexpressed, which disturbed his last moments; for he made violent efforts to speak, and with much difficulty articulated—'I wish to say more—something more.' George stooped to listen, but could only catch the words—'Should it ever be in your power—my son, promise me——' It was agonising to witness his ineffectual efforts to proceed; but just then the truth flashed across his son's mind, and he exclaimed with earnestness—'I understand you, dear father; and I do most solemnly promise, that if it should be in my power, I will pay your creditors to the uttermost farthing; and may God prosper me as I fulfil this promise.'

A beam of joyful satisfaction illuminated the countenance of Mr Belmont. He grasped the hand of his son, and appeared to invoke a blessing upon him. The weight removed from the mind of the sufferer, he peacefully closed his eyes, and in a few hours George Belmont was fatherless.

This sad event proved an epoch in the life of the young man. The affecting scene he had witnessed, the solemn engagement he had entered into, together with his new and heavy responsibilities, combined to endow him with strength of purpose to apply vigorously to business. Though very young, he soon rendered himself useful and even necessary to his employer, who was glad to secure his services by such an increase of salary as, joined to a trifling annuity secured to the widow, enabled the family to live in comfort and maintain a respectable appearance. Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs Belmont removed to C——, where she not only had the advantage of her son's society, but was also enabled to place her daughter Emily at a good day school.

It is well known that success in any employment naturally begets a fondness for it; and thus it proved with George Belmont, whose activity and devotion to business increased with increasing years. Nor did his prosperity tempt him to swerve even in idea from his intention to pay the debts which so heavily weighed down the spirit of his poor father; but George had yet to learn that there may be opposing motives, which may render the performance of duty distasteful and difficult. This lesson he was taught by painful experience.

Amongst Emily's schoolfellows there was one with whom she formed a close intimacy, and from whose society she derived both pleasure and advantage. Anna Burton was about three years older than Emily. Her father was a solicitor, and though not rich, he moved in society to which the Belmonts had not access. Childish intimacy ripened into friendship as the two girls approached womanhood. Through the interest of Mrs Burton, Emily, when in her eighteenth year, obtained a situation as daily governess, which furnished her with the means of independence, and enabled her still to enjoy the society of her mother and brother. The amiable qualities of Miss Burton, her beauty,

* Hunter's Illustrations.

talents, and, above all, the attention she paid to Mrs Belmont and Emily, won the esteem and affection of George, and inspired him with fresh motives to exertion. Receiving as much encouragement as a timid and respectful lover can expect so long as his sentiments remain undeclared, George for a time indulged in blissful anticipations of future happiness, though without distinctly examining the foundation on which they were placed. A cessation in the visits of Miss Burton first led him into a train of uneasy reflections on this subject, and compelled him to deal faithfully with his own heart, and to investigate his intentions. From his sister, George learned that there was no diminution in Miss Burton's regard for *her*. On the contrary, Emily declared that she found her increasingly kind and attentive, with this only difference, that she avoided all occasions of intercourse with her brother. It was evident, then, that she was influenced either by coquetry or the wishes of her friends. A little consideration convinced George that the latter was the true reason.

And now followed a struggle between duty and inclination—the most severe, perhaps, to which a young man similarly circumstanced can be exposed. From the period of his father's death, young Belmont had observed the most rigid economy, denying himself even the reasonable and proper indulgences suitable to his age, in order to lay by part of his earnings towards the accomplishment of that object which he looked upon as the most sacred and important of his life. Though this pious fund was not yet sufficient to enable him to redeem his pledge, he was master of a sum large enough to place him in a situation to ask the hand of his beloved Anna. Delay might endanger the happiness of his whole life. He could not bear that the woman he loved should labour under the imputation of indulging a preference for one who did not possess the sanction of her parents, or who was regarded by them as an inferior. Besides, it would only be delaying the payment of his father's debts; his intentions would remain the same—his exertions receive additional stimulus from Anna's approval and sympathy. With such arguments did George for a time endeavour to persuade himself that he might, without injustice, defer the execution of his long-treasured project; but, finally, a sense of right triumphed, and his renewed determination to redeem his pledge imparted to his agitated and troubled spirit a degree of peace to which he had been for some time a stranger.

The affection which George Belmont bore his mother operated as a powerful motive to his perseverance in the path of duty. Her confidence in him was, he knew, unbounded. The hope that he would be the instrument of wiping away the only blot upon the memory of her beloved husband, had hitherto proved the cordial which had sustained and cheered her during the seclusion and privations of her widowhood, imparting to her declining years something of the hopefulness of youth, as she fondly pictured the time when, through the medium of the son, the honour of the father should be fully established, and her children receive the reward of their virtuous exertions and self-denial in the respect of the wise and good. To disappoint these cherished hopes, and betray the trust reposed in him, George felt to be impossible; and he regarded it as most fortunate that, just at this time, he was requested by his employer to undertake a journey to America. The mission about to be intrusted to him was important and confidential. The period of his stay was uncertain; but, on the other hand, the pecuniary advantages it held out were considerable; and it was even hinted that a partnership might prove the result of a satisfactory arrangement of the business.

When George communicated to his mother the offer he had received, she at once advised him to accept it, adding, that the loss of his society would be more than compensated for by her conviction that both his bodily and mental health would be benefited by the change. With cheerful alacrity did this judicious parent superintend the necessary preparations for his departure, wisely avoiding all unnecessary and sentimental regrets; and whilst both mother and son refrained from explanations respecting the principal reason which reconciled them to the separation, they fully understood and appreciated the generosity and delicacy of each other.

We hope our readers will not condemn George if we confess that he actually sailed for New York without making a single effort to communicate with the object of his affections; and Anna—but we forbear investigating minutely the state of the lady's feelings; it will suffice to say, that, allowing for the due proportion of the self-inflicted torments to which lovers are liable, she believed that she discerned the true state of the case, and, strong in faith, she hoped for the best.

We will pass over the eighteen months spent by Mr Belmont in the United States, and introduce him again to our readers at the end of that time, greatly improved both in manner and circumstances. Extensive intercourse with the world, joined to the information he had gained in his travels, had done much to correct the too-retiring and almost bashful demeanour of the clerk, whose sedentary and retired habits had kept him ignorant of the forms of polished society. Having skilfully transacted the business on which he was sent, he had received as the reward of his exertions a small share in the lucrative concern to whose interests he had unremittingly devoted himself for the last ten years; and though but a month had elapsed since his arrival in England, he had had ample time to prove the truth of the proverb—'Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself.'

'A month! can it be only a month since my son's return home?' thought Mrs Belmont, as she sat awaiting the return of the young people from an evening party given by George's late employer, for the express purpose of introducing Mr Belmont to a select circle of his friends; 'and yet how many events seem crowded into that short space. My dear George a servant no longer, but a partner in the most extensive concern in C——; his long-hoarded and hardly-earned savings increased to an amount sufficient to enable him to call together the creditors of his father, and satisfy all their just demands; and my daughter—my modest, affectionate Emily—enabled, by his means, to mix on terms of equality with the society she is fitted to adorn. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me," and my "mourning is turned into rejoicing."' As these and similar reflections passed through the mind of the mother, her heart swelled with emotions of gratitude to Him who has styled himself the God of the fatherless and widow. She was aroused by carriage-wheels, and in a few minutes was joined by her children.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed Emily, as she warmly embraced her, 'you should have been with us this evening to witness your son's triumph. I assure you Mr Belmont has created quite a sensation, and been the lion of the party.'

'Nay, you do injustice to the successful debut of Miss Belmont,' observed her brother gaily; 'what think you, mother, of our little demure governess setting up for a belle?'

'But, seriously,' pursued the young lady, 'it has been highly amusing to witness the polite attentions we have both received from persons who lately would have treated us as inferiors. Mr Burton, especially, was extremely cordial, and so pointed in his behaviour to George, that Anna was evidently distressed by it, and I thought her unusually reserved. If I am not mistaken, he gave you a pressing invitation to his house, Mr Belmont?'

'Yes,' replied George, 'I am happy to say he did. And now, mother, if you are not too tired and sleepy, I should be glad to ask your advice on a subject of great importance to me.'

'I understand you, my dear son, and my advice is—marry. Hitherto your position and circumstances have prescribed silence as your wisest and most honourable

course. Now your altered situation and excellent prospects leave you at liberty to urge your suit. I hope and believe you possess the esteem of our dear Anna. You have my cordial approbation and blessing.'

'Thank you; this is only what I expected from *you*, dear mother; but I feel far from sanguine as to my success. I think—that is, I hope—Anna and I understand each other; but, notwithstanding Mr Burton's apparent cordiality, I apprehend some difficulty respecting the disposal I am about to make of my ready money. You know I cannot marry without funds, and I fear he will neither make me any advance, nor sanction the necessary delay. In that case, what I am to do is the question.'

'Would it not be advisable to wait until you have met the creditors, and settled the business?' suggested Mrs Belmont.

'Dear mother, no. I cannot consent to keep Anna longer in suspense. I am no stoic, and my experience this night has convinced me that it would be unjust to her to postpone my declaration. No, no; I will seal my fate to-morrow; and if Mr Burton raises objections, Anna will at all events know that I am not to blame.'

Having made this magnanimous resolve, George went to bed, but not to sleep. Excited by his recent interview with Miss Burton, whose unaffected delicacy and womanly reserve had charmed and touched him, and agitated by doubts and fears as to the result of his interview with her father, he lay ruminating upon his prospects; and when at last he fell into an uneasy slumber, his dreams were but a continuation of his waking reveries.

With a beating heart did our hero knock at the door of Mr Burton's house on the following morning, and request a private audience of that gentleman. On being ushered into the library, George at once explained the object of his visit with the eloquence which true feeling never fails to inspire, urging his long-cherished affection, and touching slightly upon the pain and anxiety he had endured whilst following the course he deemed honourable with his sense of the relative positions of Miss Burton and himself. So far all seemed prosperous. Nothing could exceed the urbanity of Mr Burton, who warmly commended the line of conduct pursued by his young friend, and expressed himself much obliged by it; but when George proceeded to state briefly and simply the obligations which devolved upon him, previous to his settlement in life, he was listened to with constrained politeness. In vain did he pause in his relation for an expression of sympathy or look of approbation. A silent bow was the only token vouchsafed by his auditor. Embarrassed, he scarcely knew why, George found himself at the end of his story with a consciousness that he had utterly failed in making the impression he had desired. After a pause of a few moments, during which Mr Burton appeared waiting in expectation of some further communication, he said, 'You are not so young a man, Mr Belmont, nor so ignorant of the world, as to entertain any romantic notions respecting love in a cottage, I presume; I am therefore at a loss to understand your precise motive in honouring me with this explanation.' With increased confusion George replied that he had hoped for Mr Burton's advice (he had well nigh said assistance). He considered it his duty thus explicitly to state his circumstances previous to making any attempt to ascertain the sentiments of Miss Burton towards himself, a point on which he felt naturally most solicitous; and his prospects being now good, he trusted a little delay would not prove a serious objection.

'Certainly not,' was Mr Burton's reply; 'but since you have expressed a wish for my advice, you must allow me to say, that I think the intention you entertain relative to your father's affairs, though it does great credit to your filial feelings, is rather singular, and the obligation more imaginary than real. It is well known that your father's misfortunes were the result of untoward circumstances, and not of any misconduct on his part. He acted throughout in an upright manner, and no blame can possibly attach to his memory. It appears to me unnecessary that you should inconvenience yourself for the sake of doing what neither law nor equity requires of you.'

'I will not attempt to argue the point with you, sir,' George modestly answered; 'but I must remind you that I am bound by a voluntary and solemn promise, given at a time when such engagements are deemed most sacred.'

'Well, well,' rejoined Mr Burton, 'there is no need of hurry. Let me recommend you to take time to reconsider the matter. Do nothing in haste, my young friend. A few years cannot affect the spirit of the promise. Allow me to recall your words, I hope a little delay will not prove a serious objection.' Here Mr Burton indulged in a patronising laugh; then rising, he added, 'In the meantime, I shall be happy to introduce you to Miss Burton, with whom you can talk over this weighty affair. The influence of the ladies is, we know, most powerful; and should you decide to make use of the cash for a time, I shall raise no obstacle to your wishes, and regret that my affairs will not admit of my doing more at present.'

The mortification and disappointment George had experienced during this conversation were amply atoned for by the cordiality with which Anna sympathised in his views, and strengthened his purposes. Had her father commended his intentions, and offered to find him means of marrying without delay, he could not have had a lighter heart, or more buoyant spirits, than were the results of his explanation with the daughter, in whose affection and constancy he felt unbounded reliance. True, their union must be postponed, and that to an indefinite period; but they should commence life free and unshackled, indebted to their mutual prudence and self-denial for that independence which they only can appreciate who have known the misery arising from a load of debt.

About a week after George's interview with Mr Burton, that gentleman, whilst seated at breakfast, glancing over the county newspaper, observed, to his no small surprise, an advertisement addressed to the creditors of the late Mr Belmont, appointing an early day for the examination and discharge of their respective claims. With a mixture of sarcasm and vexation, he commented upon what he styled the quixotic folly of the cool and unimpassioned lover he congratulated his daughter on possessing. To his remarks Anna listened in silence; but the expression of her fine countenance, and her whole demeanour, evinced such perfect contentment, such calm and settled happiness, that the man of the world was abashed, as the conviction flashed across his mind that his child enjoyed a felicity superior in kind, and more lasting in duration, than ever could result from the realisation of the most brilliant schemes of a merely selfish nature. There are moments when the most worldly characters are compelled to believe in the existence of disinterested virtue; and it is seldom such belief reaches the understanding through the medium of the affections, without exercising a beneficial and softening influence. Certain it is, that from this time Mr Burton refrained from any allusions to George's folly; and though he stood aloof from rendering active service to the lovers, he offered no obstacle to Mr Belmont's visits as his daughter's affianced husband.

A little more than a year elapsed after Mr Belmont's return from America, before he found himself able to offer a home to his beloved Anna. It would doubtless have required a much longer time, had not her wishes and views been moderate as his own. Who can describe his happiness as he sat by the clear bright fire on his own hearth, his wife by his side, fully alive to the sweet influences of home and domestic enjoyment, heightened by the consciousness that to his own persevering exertions he was indebted for his present position and prospects.

The young people had been married only a month,

and had that day returned from their wedding tour. The friends assembled to welcome them were departed. The skill and good taste of Emily, who had during their absence arranged their little establishment, had been warmly commended by the bride, who was by no means insensible to the importance of being mistress of a house she could call her own. It was Saturday evening. The morrow must usher them into the little world of which henceforward they should form a part; and there are few young couples, with affection as true and strong as theirs, but regret the termination of the marriage excursion. To mix in general society, give and receive the visits of mere acquaintances, and engage in the every-day business of life, appears, under such circumstances, no inconsiderable sacrifice. So thought our bride and bridegroom, who discussed their future plans, and indulged in past reminiscences on this evening with as much seriousness as if they apprehended it was the last they should spend alone.

'And now, Anna,' inquired George, 'tell me candidly, do you not regret advising me to reject the offered loan of my partner, that we might have commenced life with a little more style?' 'No, indeed, I do not.'

'But, dearest, only consider the remarks your genteel acquaintances will make on the very plain and unpretending furniture, and the smallness of the house.'

'Fortunately I shall not hear their remarks,' returned she laughing; 'and if I did, I could assure them that I have more pleasure in knowing that what we possess is truly our own, than all the borrowed style in the world could afford me.'

'To say nothing of the pleasure your generous heart experiences in the sacrifice you made for my mother,' added her husband with tenderness.

'Oh, George, let that subject never more be mentioned between us. You humble and mortify me by such allusions. I must indeed be selfish to hesitate between the comfort of our dear parent and a silver tea-service, which after all would have been rather out of place here.'

'Yet your father gave you money for that express purpose, and how can you account to him for its non-appearance?'

'Oh, as to that, I shall preserve a discreet silence. I hardly expect he will inquire into the history of my magnificent dowry.'

'If he should, I will provide you with an answer,' said George, rising and unlocking a small closet placed in a recess, and displaying to the astonished gaze of his bride a handsome collection of plate, consisting of tea and coffee equipage, salver, cake-basket, and candlestick.

'My dear George, how came you by these expensive articles?' she inquired.

Her husband placed a letter in her hand, and gently drawing her to the sofa, sat by her side as she read it. It was from the creditors of the late Mr Belmont, and was dated two months previous to the time of George's marriage. Its purport was to inform him that, wishful to offer him a testimonial of their esteem, they had made a selection of plate, which they trusted would prove acceptable in the interesting circumstances in which they understood him to be placed. To this announcement was subjoined a list of the articles. Various were the emotions of the young wife as she read. Feelings of gratified affection, however, predominated; and, finding no words to express them, a few unbidden tears fell on the letter as she quietly refolded it. Her fond husband kissed them away.

'You do not inquire why I kept this affair a secret,' he remarked.

'I suppose you wished to give me an agreeable surprise?' she replied.

'I did at first; but when your father presented you with money to purchase plate, and you insisted upon applying it to my mother's use, I loved you so dearly for your self-denial, that I almost feared to break the charm by telling you of our riches; so I put it off, that I might the longer admire my wife's superiority to the foibles of her sex.'

'Your wife thanks you; but you overrate my philosophy if you imagine that I shall not feel pride and pleasure in the possession of this delicate and well-timed present.'

'Then you will not think it out of place even in our small house, eh, Anna?'

'No, truly; I can think nothing out of place which serves to remind me that your noble and disinterested conduct has gained the esteem and approbation you so well merit.'

'Rather, my dear wife, let this costly gift serve to inspire us with a thankful recollection of the past, that, in all our future struggles between inclination and duty, we may be enabled to exercise the self-control which at this moment so greatly augments our happiness.'

With such views and principles, it is almost needless to add that the Belmonts continued a prosperous and happy family. In the course of time Emily married, with the approbation of her mother and brother. In the house of her daughter Mrs Belmont found a comfortable home, and lived many years, surrounded by her children's children, fully realising the truth of the wise man's saying—'The just walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him.'

'MOLLY DOODLES.'

A SKETCH OF IRISH CHARACTER.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

I DO not know why the active, quick, intelligent, and most decidedly *clean* little beggar-woman I remember in my young days was called Doodles. Doodles must have been one of those nicknames which the Irish, from the highest to the lowest, are so fond of bestowing. If ever begging was a principle, rather than a necessity, it was in the case of poor Molly. She could knit, spin, sew, and she would do all these occasionally, and for a brief time; but nothing could induce her to accept payment for labour; and if asked for assistance, she would invariably take 'huff,' and absent herself altogether for a month or more from those who would have acted as her taskmasters. The Bannow cottagers knew this; and the dwellers on the moor managed to keep Molly Doodles frequently occupied, by leaving 'a rock of flax' untouched on the wheel, or a stocking just 'set up' on the needles, or a shirt half made on the table, when she came in sight, knowing full well that the little woman's activity would prevent her sitting quiet. She would enter the cabin with the usual benediction of 'God save all here'—be immediately invited to take an 'air of the fire,' or a '*shock* of the pipe.' And after she was sufficiently warmed and comforted, she would untie the blue cloak which draped the 'hump' of sundries—meal, potatoes, a blanket, tea-kettle, and a change of clothes—that were strapped over her shoulders. She would then loosen her pack; and, without any invitation, begin to sing a song. Of course the household crowded round Molly, to listen to her wild and pleasing melody; and after a little time, without breaking off, she would draw to 'the wheel,' or take up 'the needles,' or the shirt, and work away—never putting down what she commenced until it was finished. Her knitting was a sort of magical performance; her thick little fingers flying like lightning—twist, over—twist, over; while the ball rolled until it reeled from unusual activity.

Molly's gray restless eyes were as unceasingly employed as her tongue and fingers; yet she bore the amiable character of never fetching or carrying, 'except for good.' She had a purely benevolent mind; seldom begging for herself, but begging boldly for the infirm and helpless of her multitudinous class. Her features were large and coarse; but there was no resisting the wrinkled expression of humour that folded and folded around her mouth. The voice in which she petitioned was soft and musical; and Molly's sad stories were always concluded by a gush of tears. For more than

three years she was invariably accompanied by a long, lean, ugly dog, that was disliked not only by the well-fed creatures of its own species, as a matter of course, but by all Molly's friends and patrons.

'Molly,' I said to her one day, 'I wonder you endure that horrid dog.'

'Sure, if I didn't, no one else would, miss.'

'Yes, that is quite certain: it's very ugly.'

'The ugly and the handsome are sent into the world together; and if the Lord above gives a share of the univarse to them both, sure we have no right to take it from them. Besides, what's ugly in your sight, miss (saving yer presence), isn't ugly in mine. The craythur hasn't a shimmer of light in his poor ould eyes, and yet it would be mighty hard, when he turns their darkness on me, to refuse him—the bone of the piece of meat ye're going to order me this first of the blessed month of May; and poor Judy O'Lynn, and her five fatherless children, waiting for it, and they not able to raise their heads after the fever for want of a little nourishment.'

'Molly, you could get plenty of work to do, and earn money for Mrs O'Lynn and her family, if you pleased.'

'It would be a long time before I could earn the price of the meat your ladyship's going to order me. And, sure, the only pleasure I have in life is doing a hand's turn, just for love—that's all. There's no use, dear, in yer evening any sort of slavery to me. I'll walk night and day, and go on my bare knees from this to Newry, to serve any poor Christian that's in throuble, let alone you, or the likes of you; so give me the meat, and God reward you. And there's Reddy the Ranger, poor man. Well, darling miss, I know he takes the drop sometimes; but he's ould, dear, and his wife's left him.'

'When, Molly?'

'The other day, miss, that's all. She died, dear, of a suddent; and to kill the grief, alannan!—ah, sure it isn't that 'd excuse it—for it's a sin and a folly—but, my darling, the heart throuble and the temptation; but he's as good as booksworn at the priest's knee against it, *when the first month's over*. It's the only way he has to quell the throuble; and I'll not say a word for him now, dear, until his month's up for the drink. If he keeps another month from it, then you'll ask your grandpapa, dear, to give him a pair of trousers. Mr Gray has promised me a coat—one of his scarlet hunting-coats, avourneen; and I have a waistcoat for him in my tea-kettle, so that the craythur will go dacent to his grave! Do, dear; that's a darling. It's mighty tall ye're growing, and like yer grandmother, jewel—the heavens be her bed!'

Molly was a heroine too; though her heroism was not rewarded, it was long remembered. She was wading through the Scaur one morning, when she saw a gentleman well known for his parsimony, and distinguished from the numerous family of Whites, of which he was a member, by the name of 'White Shadow'—a lean, thin, pinched up, hungry-looking man, with a full purse and an imperturbable heart. He was coming down the pass when she first saw him; and just as she had waded through the water, White Shadow entered it. Several cockle-gatherers were busied in 'the slob,' and stood still to see him pass over on his half-starved steed. Whether the horse was too weak to encounter the current, or some spirit moved it to get rid of its master, it is impossible to tell; but in less than two minutes the Shadow was struggling with the salt sea current, and crying for assistance. 'Will none of you help him?' said Molly Doodles, unfastening her bundles of beggary. Some of the men shook their rags, and laughed, while the half-naked urchins screamed like frighted sea-mews; in another moment the brave little woman had plunged in to the rescue, swimming strongly and stoutly, until she brought him to shore amid the shouts of the cockle-gatherers, who, though they made no attempt to rescue the man, had saved the horse.

'Good woman, Molly; good woman,' exclaimed the dripping and shivering White Shadow, looking more than ever like the wreck of debased humanity. 'Good woman—dear me, how warm, and stout, and rosy you look!' and then he fumbled in his pocket, and at last, while the cockle-gatherers crowded round to see what Molly would receive as a reward for her bravery, he drew forth a coin, and placed it in her hand.

'Show us, show us; is it gold, Molly; is it gold?' they inquired.

Molly opened her palm, still swollen from the exertion of saving a drowning man, and there, shrinking into the smallest possible compass, as if thoroughly ashamed of itself, was a solitary old-fashioned silver sixpence!

'And is that all, is that all?' they exclaimed.

'ALL,' repeated Molly, looking at the Shadow from head to foot, wretched and miserably miserable as he was—'ALL, boys dear; *and isn't it enough for saving the likes of him?*' She turned off with a light scornful laugh, and bestowed the reward upon the next beggar she met.

The miser was no longer called the White, but the Sixpenny Shadow; and the name continued with him, and to his memory, to this day.

Molly flourished in the old times of Irish beggary; but of all the beggars I ever knew, she possessed the most originality, the most ready and gentle wit. If you refused her one thing, she would ask you for another; if you denied that, for a third. It was impossible to get rid of her, for no one had the heart to treat harshly the poor beggar whose benevolence was so eager and earnest, and who was never suspected of falsehood or selfishness. The door was never shut against her; and her singular—indeed I may well call it *peculiar*—cleanliness was always a pleasure to witness. She was also the champion of all the 'great ancient ould families;' and if you asked her what she got last at Mr O—— this, or O—— the other, who were known to be of fallen fortunes, Molly would answer, 'Troth, dear, I never go near the place at all at all now; I wouldn't take the bredth of my nail from 'em—not I indeed; I only pay my duty to the fine old gentleman as he comes from mass, dropping down on my two bare knees, and praying for him heart and *sowl*, as he passes by: and my spirit is such, that I'd knock every head off that would wear a hat before him; cock 'em up with hats, indeed, to cover their *cooluns*, and the like of him to the fore! No, dear, my heart's too sore for his honour to trouble him with a sorrow, which now—God help us!—he couldn't cure!'

When Molly's dog died, she adopted a little blind boy instead of her blind quadruped, a fatherless and motherless child; but her love for him did not make her forget the necessities of others. She tormented us just as usual. The boy, she said, was taken care of by all who took care of her; but that was no reason why she wasn't to speak a word for the poor *travelling* Christians, who were, like herself, the pilgrims of beggary to their life's end.

She was very liberal in her promises of rewards hereafter to those who complied with her requests, praying for 'God to mark 'em to glory,' to 'lighten their path, and pour blessings down on 'em day and night.' 'Crowns in heaven' were always insured to those who bestowed their gifts cheerfully—the heavens were certain to be their bed; and they were secured all manner of earthly joys—the fruits of the blessings of the poor: but these are the ordinary prayers of beggary. Molly often soared higher; and her promise concerning the clothes she begged for Reddy the Ranger, to enable him to walk dacent to his grave, is worth remembering. It was many months before Reddy continued a month sober; but at last he did so, and then Molly set about recovering her 'claims.' She slung the jacket and waistcoat over her shoulder in triumph, and called forth her eloquence to obtain the other garment. 'Sure it's not leaving him trusting to a coat and waistcoat to walk dacent to his grave you'd be! I'll go bail he'll not go back to the whisky. Oh, then, wisharogue! if St Pathrick had only banished it out of the country! Now do, yer honour, give it for him, and the Lord will increase yer store every hour of yer life. Ah, sure, it

isn't hardening yer heart you'd be against the poor! The young lady said she'd ax it from you, after he'd had his fling for a month, and then took up with dacency and quietness for another: do, and may the Lord bless and prosper you. Sure yer honour wouldn't be worse than the other gintlemen that's helping him; an' if yer honour can throw in a thrifle for the widow Gillispie's son that has the sickness, we'll be ever thankful, God help us!'

At last a bargain was struck, that if the required garment was given, Molly was to ask nothing else during the next six months. This she promised, cunningly qualifying it with, 'I'll ask nothing else *from yer honour*,' which left her at liberty to torment every other member of the family. At length the trousers were bestowed.

'There!' she exclaimed, 'there, Reddy, it's in luck ye are, ye ould villain of a craythur! but that's a poor thing—that's a poor thing in comparison—a poor thing to yer honour's share!'

'*My* share, Molly?' inquired the good-natured old gentleman; 'and what's that, I pray you?'

'Ye're here now!' continued Molly, apostrophising the garments; 'ye're here now; but *ye'll be in glory before him*, ye will; and isn't it in luck his honour will be then, when ye *give evidence of his charity!*'

Poor Molly! the last time I saw her she was old, but still companioned by the blind boy she had fostered when a child. They were sitting by the road-side, and he was playing on the flute the airs she used to sing. I inquired if she still begged for others, or asked charity for herself? 'Not for myself,' she answered; 'every one likes this boy's music, and he's very good to me—God bless him! So now I only beg *for coffins and shrouds for those who must soon die!*' Poor old Molly!

PROVERBIAL SAYINGS—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

JOHN RAY, in the preface to his collection of English Proverbs, remarks that a proverb 'is usually defined as an instructive sentence, or common and pithy saying, in which more is generally designed than expressed; famous for its peculiarity and elegance, and therefore adopted by the learned as well as the vulgar, by which 'tis distinguished from counterfeits that want such authority.' Proverbs, therefore, generally consisting of such quaint and apt phrases as are easily retained in the memory, have been used by all nations to convey some piece of moral advice or warning. So universal are many of the most popular of them in their application, that the same appear, with slight modification, in nearly every language that is spoken upon earth. Equivalents for many of the most striking of the proverbs used in this country are found not only in Arabia, Persia, and Turkey, but in China.

An industrious and learned French author has compiled a very useful work on the proverbs of his own country in connexion with parallel adages of other regions;* from which it is our purpose to translate a few curious and entertaining passages having reference to English proverbs, adding such information from our own stores as will elucidate or illustrate the French text.

The first article in this amusing dictionary relates appropriately to the first letter of the alphabet. Many of our readers must have heard the expression 'A. 1' applied to some individual whom it is wished should be placed at the very head of his class. This is generally supposed to be a proverbial saying derived from the Americans, who borrowed it from the mark and number by which the largest and best merchant-ships are registered at the government offices. We find, however, from M. Quitard, that a similar distinguishing appellation has long existed in France; and an individual, eminent in his line, is said 'to be marked with an A'—(*Etre marqué à l'a*). The most probable conjecture as to the origin of the term, is the pre-eminence which has always been given to the letter A in the alphabet of nearly every language; and we learn that what we suppose to be a modern use of it, was in vogue amongst the ancient Romans. Martial, in his fifty-seventh epigram, speaking of a certain Codrus, distinguishes him above the other fashionable men of Rome by the splendour of his apparel, calling him *Alpha penulatorum*, which signifies 'the A amongst those who display the mantle.' The above French saying is supposed to have obtained currency from Alsace, where the prebends of the cathedrals were arranged, alphabetically, according to their pecuniary value; and the holders of them, or prebendaries, were called 'Canon A,' 'Canon B,' 'Canon C,' &c.

In another page, we find a more striking instance of the antiquity of sayings, supposed, from recent circumstances, to be quite modern. During the fifteen years that the French have possessed Algeria, nothing is more natural than that people at home should ask one another—'What is the news in (or from) Africa?'—(*Qu'y a-t-il de nouveau en Afrique?*) and that such a question should pass into a proverb, to be used when a person is angling for a topic of conversation with a friend. So far, on the contrary, from the recent Algerine war giving rise to the proverbial query, Pliny, the naturalist, explains it as in constant vogue in his day (A. D. 61–113), when the Romans, having invaded, had colonised a part of Africa. The colonists were so constantly meeting with casualties, the disastrous news of which reached the parent country, that it was quite common for one friend to ask another, *Quid novi fert Africa?* The proverb is even traced to a more remote origin; for, in explaining it, Pliny says it is derived from the Greeks.

'To dispute on the point of a needle' (*Disputer sur la pointe d'une aiguille*), applies to those very minute argumentations in which a certain class of small hypercritical minds delight. One learned French etymologist contends that this proverbial expression is derived from the very ancient game of which children are so fond—*pousette*—or what amidst our own sports and pastimes goes by the name of 'push-pin;' though in France it would appear the instrument used is a needle. From the difficulty occasionally experienced by the juveniles of ascertaining whether the point has been pushed into the cushion so as to count in favour of the player or not, frequent disputes arise, and from these little contentions the above sentence is supposed to be derived. To show the antiquity of the expression, a quotation is made from the works of a poet who lived in the sixteenth century (De Regnier), who says,

> 'Folks shake in their shoes when a lawyer they see
> Getting up, on the point of a needle, a plea.'

The habit of disputing on very slight and trivial matters, is designated in England as 'splitting hairs.' This form of the proverb is derived from the Latins, who said *Rapari de lanâ caprinâ*, 'To dispute concerning a goat's hair.' Thus Horace, in one of his odes, after noticing one individual, describes 'another' as always disputing on the hair of a goat—

> '*Alter rixatur de lanâ sœpe caprinâ.*'

The Greeks also had their form of this proverb, which ran thus—'To dispute on the shadow of an ass.' This took its rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to. 'A traveller,' he said, 'once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be the time of the dog-days, and at noon. He was exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun, and not finding so much as a bush under

* Dictionnaire, Etymologique, Historique, et Anecdotique des Proverbes et des Locutions Proverbial de la Langue Française, en rapport avec des Proverbes, and des Locutions Proverbiales des autres Langues. Par P. M. Quitard (Dictionary, Etymologic, Historic, and Anecdotic, of Proverbs and Proverbial Sayings of the French Language, with reference to Proverbs, &c. of other Languages). Paris. 1842.

which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the ass, and seat himself upon its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring that when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law.' After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this the orator commented severely on their childish injustice in devouring with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones, he was said 'to dispute on the shadow of an ass.'

One or two of the proverbial sayings current are traces—now happily almost obliterated—of the dissensions and enmities which formerly existed between France and this country. An unfortunate debtor, hotly sued by an exacting creditor, is said to be 'pursued by the English' (*Etre poursuivi par les Anglais*). According to the authority of Borel, this took its rise when France was occupied by the English. Having drained the country of all its ready money, our forefathers lent it back again, but on conditions so hard, that repayment was next to impossible. Yet, in case of failure, they pursued the unfortunate debtors to the last extremity. Other etymologists refer the origin of the saying to the extraordinary imposts which were laid upon the French people for the ransom of their king Jean, a prisoner in London. Etienne Pasquier traces the expression to the after-demands of the English, who pretended that the ransom—fixed at three millions of golden crowns by the treaty of Brittany—had not been fully liquidated. Marot, an ancient French poet, writes—

> 'Whene'er you know an Englishman's in sight,
> You'd better cry out "bail!" with all your might.' *

The origin of another proverb conveys a satire upon our tour-writing countrymen, which should not be lost upon them. It is this—'All the women of Blois are freckled and ill-tempered' (*Toutes les femmes de Blois sont rousses et acariâtres*), and is made use of as a delicate refutation when any one—drawing a general from a particular—condemns a whole species from an individual specimen. It is said that an English traveller, passing through Blois, stopped at an inn, the landlady of which was freckled and ill-humoured, and upon this he wrote in his note-book, that *all* the females in that town displayed similar characteristics.

Many French words and expressions have recently become so generally current in the country, that they are gradually weaving themselves into our language. Amongst those in most frequent use, we may name patois, naïveté, tableau, jeu d'esprit, cortège, savant, cabriolet, àpropos, &c. The last word is often given as part of a sentence, thus:—*àpropos de bottes* ('relative to boots'), when an individual is saying something very wide of the question in hand; like the man in the jest-books, who, while a conversation was going on concerning umbrellas, exclaimed, 'Talking of umbrellas, where's my snuff-box?' Again, when a person is conscious he is going to break the even thread of the current talk by introducing an irrelevant thought which has just struck him, he begins it with, *àpropos de bottes!* to let the company know he is quite aware that the new topic has nothing to do with the former one. As in the former instance, the origin of the term has been traced to the exactions of the English previous to the reign of Francis I. 'I remember,' says M. Quitard, 'to have seen a manuscript note on the margin of a book published before the time of the above monarch, which states the expression, *àpropos de bottes*, to have arisen when France was occupied by the English, who, having exhausted every reasonable pretension for their exactions, at last levied taxes for the avowed purpose of supplying themselves with boots and shoes.' This was so glaring an exaction, that ever after, when an unreasonable solicitation for money was made, the person applied to would ask whether the demand had anything to do with boots? It has since been used to signify anything done or said aside from the real purpose, or without a reasonable motive.

It is sometimes curious to observe how a proverbial expression travels from one country to another, and then becomes so completely naturalised in its new home, that it is claimed by the borrowers as purely national. We are surprised to find that the proverbial nick-name of 'The Vicar of Bray,' applied to a person who veers round to all sides of opinion, for the sake of self-interest, has been claimed by the French, who say of such a person, that he acts 'like the curate of Bray' (*faire comme le curé de Bray*).

Every one knows that the adage, 'The Vicar of Bray is the Vicar of Bray still,' originated in the individual who watched over the spiritual concerns of the people of Bray in Berkshire, towards the close of the civil war. To keep his living, he is said to have changed his doctrines four times—under Cromwell he was an Independent; he swore allegiance to Charles II. as a stanch Church-of-England-man; he turned Catholic to please James II.; and recanted back again to Protestantism to keep himself in office under the reigns of William III. and Anne. He became the subject of a popular song, the burden of which is—

> 'And this is law, I will maintain,
> Until my dying day, sir,
> That whatsoever king shall reign,
> I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.'

Whether it was the song or the saying which found its way into France, we know not; but ever since the end of the last century, the proverb has been much in vogue there. It happens that 'Bray' is the ancient name of a division of the department of the lower Seine. Never doubting that the expression was indigenous, the Abbé de Feletz gave the following amusing sketch of its supposed origin in an old number of the Journal des Débats:—'During the latter years of the unhappy reign of Louis XVI., the curé of Bray professed himself an ardent admirer of the constitution decreed by the Representative Assembly, often expressing himself in the most glowing terms on the principle of "Democratic Royalty," which it was supposed to have established. "Nothing shall shake my conviction," he would exclaim, "that this is the only true and rational form of government!" Presently the throne of France was overturned, and when the curé heard the news, he was delighted. A republican form of government succeeded; and he was still in ecstacies, declaring his intention of supporting it in his own little sphere to the last extremity. In 1793 his opinions underwent a fresh change. The constitution which was then proclaimed he declared to be the acmé of human wisdom; and when that constitution was overthrown by the revolutionary government, he publicly announced that event to be the most sublimely beneficial in the history of France. On the 9th of the following August *that* government was destroyed by the Committee of Public Safety, upon the members of which he lavished the most extravagant praises, for having, he said, saved his country! Finally, the constitution of the third year of the revolution fixed the vicar's errant opinions, because the Directory lasted as long as himself, and he died giving utterance to the opinion that the men who composed it were the only persons capable of governing a great nation. Amidst all these alterations, he had not failed to send in his adhesion and congratulations to the various opposing governments, and took the necessary oaths of allegiance with the most business-like regularity.' The French, like ourselves, apply the term

* 'Oncques ne vys Anglois de vostre taille,
Car, à tout coup, vous criez, "baille, baille!"'

'weathercocks' (*girouettes*) to persons who practise a similar sort of versatility to 'vicars of Bray.'

If the French have borrowed proverbs from us, and adopted them as their own, we have returned the compliment. The saying attributed to Dr Johnson, that 'he who would make a pun would pick a pocket,' long existed in France before the doctor's time, and in a form far more elegant and expressive:—*Faiseur de bon-mot—mauvais charactére:* 'Maker of jests—bad character.' We could enumerate several others, in which the French had evidently the priority of conception.

A great many proverbs taking their rise from the same idea, are expressed by different nations in different ways. Thus, when we wish to describe a person fond of boasting, we declare that 'all his geese are swans.' The French give a much wider scope to exaggeration, by saying that 'all his flies are elephants' (*Tout ses mouches sont éléphants*). Instead of saying, with Falstaff, 'Money is a good soldier, and will on,' our Gallic friends exclaim, 'Cash does everything' (*L'argent fait tout*). The English adage, 'The more one has, the more one wants,' is rendered by the following simile: 'Avarice is like fire; the more wood one puts on, the more fiercely it burns' (*L'avarice est comme le feu; plus on y met de bois, plus il brûle*). Again, 'Money cures all evils except avarice' (*L'argent est un remède a tout mal, hormis à l'avarice*). On occasions when it would be appropriate to say, 'No cure, no pay,' the French use a proverb which a happy change in our domestic regulations has rendered obsolete in this country, namely, 'No money, no servant' (*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*). Some of the French proverbs are identical with our own, such as, 'To seek a needle in a bundle of hay' (*Chercher une aiguille dans une botte de foin*). 'To worship the golden calf' (*Adorer le veau d'or*). 'Like master, like man' (*Tel maître, tel valet*). 'To throw dust in one's eyes' (*Jeter de la poudre aux yeux*). 'Those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned' (*Qui est destiné à être pendu, n'est jamais noyé*). 'All is not gold that glitters' (*Tout ce qui reluit n'est pas or*). 'One swallow does not make a spring' (*Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps*).

A RUN DOWN THE RAPIDS.

My dear ——, I wrote to you last from Kingston, the present capital of Canada—a title, by the way, of which it is very unworthy; but places as well as persons sometimes have honours cast upon them, and it should not surprise us if they are not always found deserving of such distinction.

There are three ways of getting from Kingston to this place: that most frequently adopted is by the St Lawrence, which is navigated by steamers, except in those parts where it is broken by rapids; these are passed in stages, over roads nearly as uneven as the water which runs alongside. Another route is by the Ottawa river and Rideau canal; it is considerably larger than the former, and at this season of the year not very tempting, as many of the lakes through which it is necessary to pass swarm with mosquitoes, which invariably pay strangers the most assiduous attention.

Having already travelled by both these routes, I was glad of an opportunity to try the third, the rapids, which presented the charms of novelty and excitement; so on Thursday last, at two P.M., I found myself and baggage under weigh in the steamer Charlotte, seventeen horse-power; a Lilliputian compared with the ordinary lake and river boats, but capable of affording stowage for a considerable number of passengers and a valuable cargo of flour. This was formerly the only route either for ascending or descending the river; but of late years, since the introduction of steamboats, the other routes have been opened, and the old method, the barges, has been abandoned.

On leaving Kingston, we entered the lake of the Thousand Islands, which number, I imagine, they greatly exceed. In size, they vary from rocks just large enough to support a single bush, to islands of several miles in extent. The greater number are granite rocks, which rise abruptly from the water; but others are nearly flat; and all are thickly covered with stunted trees and brushwood. I have had the good fortune to see them in nearly every season, and under a variety of circumstances; but would recommend, as the most favourable period for visiting this fairy region, a still evening in autumn, when the leaf begins to change, and the bright red of the maple mingles with the green of its more hardy brethren of the forest. It was here that the pirate Bill Johnson established his head-quarters during the disturbances of 1838–39, and where he continued to elude every attempt that was made to take him—a fact which will not surprise those who have once passed through this labyrinth of rocks.

I was here a good deal amused at an instance which showed that the feeling of contempt we all know a seaman entertains for a *fresh-water sailor* is amply returned. As the evening advanced, one of the sailors came up to the helmsman and told him he might 'go below;' then addressing me, he said, 'that chap's a *salt-water sailor*, and takes a deal of elbow-room, so it don't do to put him at the helm after dark.'

Soon after leaving the Thousand Islands, Brockville appears on the north, or Canadian side of the river. This is a well-situated village, perhaps I should say town, and one of the prettiest in the country. When passing this part of the river on a former occasion, I heard a circumstance which would lead one to conclude that a considerable change had taken place in the climate. A gentleman told me that when his father settled there, about sixty years before, all the produce was taken to Kingston on the ice; but that of late years, it has not been considered safe to travel at all upon that part of the river during the winter. Whether this change is to be attributed to cultivation, or to some other cause, I leave to the scientific to decide.

As we were anxious to see all of the principal rapids, which we expected to approach by daybreak, we retired early to our berths, formed of shelves fastened to the sides of the cabin, which during the daytime were taken down and stowed away. Our party appeared on deck soon after four next morning, and we found ourselves approaching the 'Long Sault.' An island divides the river here into two channels; that on the American side is alone navigated; and the occasional peeps which we had of the other, satisfied us that, if we had not chosen the most picturesque, we had at least taken that which was the least dangerous. The Long Sault is nine miles in length; the south channel for the most part runs between steep and thickly-wooded banks, the water running smoothly, though rapidly; occasionally there is a little hubbub, but not sufficient to alarm the most timid voyager. Barges are sometimes wrecked on this rapid, being forced on shore by the current when passing some of the short turns which so frequently occur in this channel.

After passing this rapid, we entered lake St Francis, a shallow lake, with flat banks, and a few rushy islands. To the south may be seen some of the high lands in the state of New York, which make a picturesque of what would otherwise be a most monotonous scene. We now also got into the French country, and could distinguish the small whitewashed houses of the Canadians. At Coteau-du-lac we took in a pilot, the most dangerous rapids being below this place. The first, the Coteau rapid, was passed without danger or difficulty; and though the water was foaming all around us, we threaded through where it was comparatively smooth.

The next rapid, the Cedars, is very dangerous on account of its shallowness. The rocks are easily discernible by the change of colour in the water, which appears of a reddish hue. When approaching the most dangerous part, the engine was stopped for about a minute. The channel here passes over rocks; and there being but a few inches between the bed of the river and the bottom of the vessel, the slightest error in steering would cause certain destruction. This rapid is something less than three miles in length, and the fall thirty-two feet: the distance was run in eight minutes. The next rapid, the Cascades, was more boisterous than any we had yet passed through; the steamer bent like a rod; but as there was plenty of water, and no rocks, there was no cause for alarm. At the bottom of this rapid the St Lawrence and Ottawa rivers meet, but do not *unite:* the clear green of the St Lawrence contrasts advantageously with the reddish slate colour of the Ottawa; the line dividing their waters is perfectly distinct, and as straight as if drawn with a ruler.

We now took in an Indian to pilot us down the Lachine rapids: he came off in a canoe with several others from the Indian village of Caughnawaga, the only striking feature of

which is a church, with a glittering *tin* spire. The rapids we were now approaching are by far the most boisterous on the river, and the most difficult to navigate; though, with a skilful pilot, they are perhaps less dangerous than the Cedars, as there is plenty of water in the channel, the only difficulty being to keep within it. As we approached, the passengers were made to sit down, that they might not intercept the view of the pilot. The Indian and three others stood to the helm; the current became more and more rapid, but was still smooth; the engine was eased—then stopped; we saw the breakers under the bows—a sudden plunge, and we were in the midst of them. Rocks appeared on every side, and it seemed impossible that we could escape driving upon some of them. Suddenly the helmsman sprung across the vessel, which as quickly obeyed the directing power. This, however, seemed but a momentary respite, as others, equally menacing, appeared directly before us; but these were also skilfully avoided, and we passed them without injury. The water was in the greatest possible state of agitation: rushing with fearful rapidity, it is intercepted by rocks, which causes it to boil and foam as if raging at the opposition they offer to its course. The vessel is hurried along by the current, and knocked about in every possible way by the irregular sea which is produced by the diversity of currents. One of the boatmen, who was sitting near me on the deck, appeared highly excited; he half raised himself by resting on one hand, watched the course the boat was taking with an expression of the most intense anxiety, and turning each moment to the helm, appeared ready to spring to it, as if he feared the four men already at it would not be able to move it quick enough. He was an old man, who knew the channel, and was consequently well aware how much depended on the skilful management of the helm. The Indians pass these rapids in canoes: a few years since one was upset, and several persons drowned—a circumstance which will not surprise any one who has once gone down them: it is far more surprising that any who attempt to pass them in such a manner should do so in safety.

This route will probably become very popular, as all idea of danger has already nearly vanished. At present, it takes about twenty-four hours to perform the distance (200 miles); but with boats of greater power, it might be done in nearly half that time. I remain, my dear ——

Yours, L. P. D.

MONTREAL, *Sept.* 1843.

MR SMITH'S VISIT TO LEWIS.

AT a recent meeting of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, the following interesting account of Lewis, the largest and one of the most distant islands of the Hebrides, was given by Mr Smith, late of Deanston. Mr Smith, it appears, had visited Lewis a short time since, for the purpose of reporting on its capabilities of improvement to an opulent and public-spirited proprietor, who had lately made a purchase of the island—and what a noble purchase as regards extent! a territory eighty miles in length by from two to thirty miles in breadth, and therefore larger than many a German principality.

The meeting might be aware (proceeded Mr Smith) that Lewis was the most northerly of the western group, and though it was generally spoken of as a distinct island, it was nevertheless connected with Harris by a narrow neck of land, from which circumstance they were sometimes called the Long Island. The rocks were of the primitive or granite formation; and the surface of the country had altogether a very peculiar aspect. It appeared that the peat-moss had begun to be formed immediately upon the granite rock; for, when you get to the bottom, you find at once a rough gravel, mixed with small quantities of clay, and hardly such a thing as a distinct alluvial deposit. Generally speaking, the subsoil was a rich gravel, and there were no remains of trees or coarse grass—nothing but mossy plants. They might be led to suppose that the country was a dead flat; but it was not so; for in Lewis there were interspersed beautiful slopes and valleys, through the centre of which various rivulets made their way. The whole surface was covered with bog, from two to ten, and in some places twenty feet in depth; although the general depth might be stated at about four feet. Upon the surface of this body nothing was grown but bent-grass and stunted heath; and on the whole it had a very dreary aspect. Not a tree was to be seen; all around there was the brown bent; and in the after part of the year, when it became decayed, the appearance was peculiarly bleak and desolate. The island was not without its beauties notwithstanding; for the sea-lakes which indented the coast, and the fresh-water lakes in the interior, imparted to it rather an interesting effect. The most remarkable thing connected with the island, however, was this, that the slightest improvement did not appear to have gone on for a very long period, and they were very much in the same position that the inhabitants of this country occupied a hundred years ago. They still used the ancient distaff, although it was a hundred years since it had been supplanted in this country by the Dutch wheel; and nothing amused him more than to have seen the women coming from Stornoway carrying with them the spinning-wheels, to commence what they conceived to be a novel and vast improvement. He might mention that the advantages which the best machinery of the day possessed over the distaff were as a thousand to one; yet, by means of the distaff, these people managed to manufacture their clothing, which, under the circumstances, was very comfortable.

Their cultivation of the soil was as primitive as their manufacture of the cloth. There was no such thing known as the young men going away from the island to push their fortune, and returning to it afterwards with wealth. From Stornoway, it was true, a number had gone out and distinguished themselves, but this was the exception. Still the inhabitants were not deficient by nature. They were a social people in their own way; they were kind to their children, kind to each other, and kind to their animals. As a phrenologist, he would say their heads were very good indeed—that is, for people not accustomed to habits of thought. In regard to their houses, they did not live in dwellings such as were seen in the mainland, for they were more like huts than anything else. The walls were from six to eight feet thick, composed of bog in the centre, and faced with stone inside and out. There was sometimes only one apartment, but generally two; and under the same roof the people lived and kept their cattle. There was this distinction, however; namely, a fall of eighteen inches from the apartment in which the family lived to the adjoining one, in which the cattle were kept. This might seem to some to be rather a queer arrangement; but the people themselves considered that there were points in it which contributed to their comfort. The room in which the cattle were kept was the entrance one, and as the air passed through it, it came into the adjoining portion of the house appropriated to the family in a warm state. Where ponies were kept, an outer hall or shed, beyond the cattle apartment, was reared for their accommodation. Some of the better houses had a division-wall, which separated the cow-house from the family apartment; but generally this was not the case. One peculiarity in the building of their houses was, that the roof was within the wall, instead of projecting beyond it; and in this way he had seen something like a series of terraces extending over half a town. One use of them was, that when the children became troublesome, or the mother was more than usually busy, the children were disposed of on these terraces or high places, and it was quite amusing to see the little *whitterets* looking down over the wall at what was going on below. The parents, however, did all this in the most kindly manner.

The Lewisians have done all they can to cultivate their possessions in the best manner. Their cultivated portions are those from which the peat has been cut away; they then come to the gravel, and gather soil from one part to add to another. They have done nothing in the way of draining; they have never attempted to penetrate the hard subsoil, which is often steeped in water. They have no system of winter ploughing, but just move the land immediately before planting the potato crop or sowing the seed; and the only preparation they made was that of sometimes pulling the weeds in the summer season. He would now describe to them some of the implements in use amongst this primitive people. (Mr Smith then exhibited the 'crass-croom,' or hand-and-foot plough. It is an instrument with a sole about fifteen or eighteen inches in length, thick behind and sharp in front, which latter, being the part which first penetrates the soil, is shod with iron. It is pushed forward by means of a long handle fixed into it, and also by a pin attached to the heel of the sole or sock, for the foot of the labourer. A more unlikely implement to have the name of a plough it is scarcely possible to conceive, and its exhibition created much interest and amuse-

ment.) The people lay the land over in furrows, by successive movements of hand and foot; but of course the line is not drawn in a continuous form. The great difficulty in providing their implements was the scarcity of timber, of which none grew in the island, and they had consequently to send to the mainland for it. As a proof of its value, he might mention that the shaft or handle of the 'crass-croom' (which is a piece of wood about the size of a broomstick) would cost 3s. 6d. From the scantiness of the soil, they did not of course produce heavy crops; but here he would instance the ingenuity of the people in making the best of their position. He had seen as good produce of potatoes, barley, or rather bere or bigg—for the new kinds of barley were unknown to them—and oats, as in any part of the country; and they managed to produce these results by the skill with which they prepared the manure. It was efficacious, in the first instance, in the raising of potatoes, and afterwards it produced a fine barley crop. When the barley was ripe, they did not cut it, as was the case elsewhere, but pulled it up by the roots, and tied the whole up in sheaves. When it was 'won,' and ready for the stalk, the straw was then cut from the sheaves below the band, which had this advantage, that it enabled them to stow away the grain in small bulk – a matter of no small moment in a country exposed to so much wind and rain. After the grain itself had been thus preserved, they took the straw which had been cut from it and placed it on the roofs of their houses. They laid it loosely on, just as the farmers here spread it over the top of a stalk, and then tied it down with ropes spun from the heath. In this position it was exposed to the smoke of their peat fires.

In Lewis there were no fireplaces such as we are acquainted with. The fire was placed in the middle of the room, and there were no vents; but instead, a number of holes were ranged round the top of the side-wall. When the smoke ascended, therefore, as it did by means of its lightness, and a portion of it was forced back, it escaped by means of these holes. A great deal of it, however, made its way up through the straw on the roof; and when approaching one of these little towns, he could compare its appearance to nothing more likely than that presented by the smoke arising from a cluster of heated grain stacks. This straw became very valuable, from the great condensation of ammonia and other products which took place in it. The people of Lewis planted their potatoes without any manure whatever; but when the plant had got up to the length of two or three inches, a general unroofing of the houses took place, and the straw which had been preparing there all the season was thrown upon the drills; it was rarely covered up, excepting in windy weather, when a slight sprinkling was put upon it to prevent its being blown away. Well, this manure gets into the soil immediately, and the potatoes forthwith come up with the greatest luxuriance. The people of Lewis, however, had another kind of manure than that described; they had the manure which was produced from their cows; and he might here mention, that in their care of it they evinced a degree of intelligence superior to that of farmers of much higher pretensions, for they kept it constantly covered up; and each and all had joined in the opinion, that if it was exposed, it lost to a great extent its efficacy. Some of the best agriculturists were about to follow this plan of keeping the manure constantly covered up. In Lewis they followed a strict rotation of cropping. They had first potatoes, then barley or bigg, and then oats—constituting a three years' shift. According to this rotation they had grown their crops for a hundred years, and one might naturally suppose that the lands would be worn out by it; but this was not the case, for they had generally good crops, and last year it was an extraordinary one. There had been inhospitable seasons certainly, in which the crops entirely failed, and great distress followed; but, generally speaking, their crops were excellent. On the whole, there was no doubt that if these people were properly directed in the best modes of cultivation, they would, with their habits of industry, make rapid progress. So much for the agriculture of Lewis. As to their manufactures, he might state that they made their own dishes or vessels from the clay found amongst the granite gravel. They fashioned the vessel merely with the finger and thumb; and the strength and thinness with which they were made, proved the quality of their clay. They turned over the neck or mouth, and by putting a cord, or rather a leathern thong round it, they were enabled to carry the vessel from place to place, containing water or milk; and they also stood the heat requisite to boil their contents when placed on the fire. (Mr Smith showed a specimen.) They also made their creels for carrying out their manure, and for other uses; and when he showed one of them, the audience would be surprised to hear they were made of the stem of the dock, or 'docken.' So much was this plant prized amongst them, that when it grew between the possessions of two farmers, the docks were carefully divided between them. There was not a willow in the island; and the dock, therefore, was very much prized for its usefulness. They answered for the women when they went to market, as well as for carrying potatoes and manure. Another mode of the people of Lewis was that of feeding their cows on sea-ware. It was just the dulse tangle, which they had often seen sold on the streets of Glasgow; and it was no unusual thing, when a woman went out to milk the cows, to take some of this dulse tangle, which the animal consumed with great satisfaction while the process of milking was in progress. The lecturer then exhibited a large bag in use in Lewis, which was made of the stem of the bent-grass, and spun in the long winter nights; they were used for keeping the corn in, and carrying such portions of it to market as they were able to spare for sale. He might state that there was only one distillery on the island, which took up all the surplus of the barley crop. After giving a few geological details, Mr Smith stated that the population extended to 17,000 souls, and there were 270,000 acres of land, which, if improved as it might be, would maintain twice the number of people in more comfort than they were at present. He hoped that the period of this improvement was not far distant; and that when they went to visit Lewis, they would find it a green pastoral land instead of a dreary waste. Mr Smith concluded his lecture, and exhibition of specimens and implements from the primitive Lewis, amidst much applause.

TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand by me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher office and sure and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion, in a habit of reading well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet—'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.' It civilises the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.—*Sir J. Herschel.*

FIRE-FLIES.

As I gazed, the air burst into atoms of green fire before my face, and in an instant they were gone: I turned round, and saw all the woods upon the mountains illuminated with ten thousands of flaming torches moving in every direction, now rising, now falling, vanishing here, reappearing there, converging to a globe, and dispersing in spangles. No man can conceive, from dry description alone, the magical beauty of these glorious creatures. So far from their effects having been exaggerated by travellers, I can say that I never read an account, in prose or verse, which in the least prepared me for the reality. There are

two sorts: the small fly which flits *in* and *out* in the air, and a kind of beetle, which keeps more to the woods, and is somewhat more stationary, like our glow-worm. This last has two broad eyes in the back of its head, which, when the phosphorescent energy is not exerted, are of a dull parchment hue; but upon the animal's being touched, shoot forth two streams of green light, as intense as the purest gas. But the chief source of splendour is a cleft in the belly, through which the whole interior of the beetle appears like a red-hot furnace. I put one of these natural lamps under a wine-glass in my bed-room in Trinidad, and, in order to verify some accounts which I have heard doubted, I ascertained the hour on my watch by its light alone with the utmost facility.—*Six Months in the West Indies.*

THE BLOOD-FISH.

Our Indians caught with a hook the fish known in the country by the name of *caribe*, or *caribito*, because no other fish has such a thirst for blood. It attacks bathers and swimmers, from whom it often carries away considerable pieces of flesh. The Indians dread extremely these caribes; and several of them showed us the scars of deep wounds in the calf of the leg and in the thigh made by these little animals. When a person is only slightly wounded, it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving severer wounds. The blood-fish lives at the bottom of rivers; but if once a few drops of blood be shed upon the water, they arrive by thousands on the surface. When we reflect on the number of these fish, the most voracious and cruel of which are only four or five inches long; on the triangular form of their sharp cutting teeth, and on the amplitude of their retractile mouth, we need not be surprised at the fear which they excite in the inhabitants of the banks of the Apuré and Oroonoco. In places where the river was very limpid, and where not a fish appeared, we threw into the water little morsels of flesh covered with blood; and in a few minutes a cloud of caribes came to dispute the prey. The belly of this fish has a cutting edge indented like a saw; its body, towards the back, is ash-coloured, with a tint of green; but the under part, the gill-covers, and the pectoral fins, are of a fine orange. The caribito has a very agreeable taste. As no one dares to bathe where it is found, it may be considered as one of the greatest scourges of these climates, in which the sting of the mosquitoes, and the consequent irritation of the skin, render the use of baths so necessary.—*Humboldt.*

PREDICTION OF RAIN AND STORMS BY FALLING STARS.

A communication has been made to the Academy of Sciences by M. Coulvier Gravier, on the meteors vulgarly called falling stars. He thinks that all the changes which take place in the terrestrial atmosphere have their origin in the upper regions. 'If (says he) we watch at night the direction, number, and changes of colour of the falling stars, we shall be able to predict with certainty the wind that will prevail, and the rain, storms, &c. that will take place, on the following day.' M. Gravier declares that he has for several months passed entire nights in observing the falling stars, and that every morning at seven o'clock he delivered to M. Arago, at the observatory, his prediction for the day, without having been once in error. The name of M. Arago having been thus mentioned, he certainly owes it to the public to contradict or confirm the assertion of M. Gravier, and—with permission of course—to state what are the signs by which this knowledge, so important, if real, to agriculturists and navigators, is obtained.

THE HAND.

With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, intreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish; exclaim, indicate silence, and what not; with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.—*Montaigne.*

REASON AND KINDNESS.

The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain the affections, it wants that which is necessary to co the judgment. But let reason and kindness be unite discovery, and seldom will even pride or prejudice easy to resist.—*Gisborne.*

TO THE SKYLARK.

Now weel befa' the cloud that bears,
And weel the voice that sings,
And balmy be the early airs,
That wander round thy wings,
Where heaven's own dew, created new,
Is rich around thy way,
And shadows of the roses strew
The pathways of the day.

And thy pure heart beats 'mid the blue,
Beyond the cloud on high,
While seraphs look abroad to view
The hermit of the sky.
I've heard thee when young nature's ray
The primrose blooms would bring,
To plant them round the bower and brae,
The earliest of the spring.

I've heard thee from the greenwood shaw,
When summer suns sailed high,
And when the rainbow's tints wad fa'
To glorify the sky.
Thou, wee bold bard, durst make its fold
Of azure thine array,
And riot in its richest gold,
Though thou thyself be gray.

But be thy heart free as thy wing,
And heaven's own favour bless,
For I have never heard thee sing
In hour so sweet as this.
Ye welcome from the darksome room,
To all the earth and sky,
And from deep wo amid its gloom,
To love, and hope, and joy.

Yet thee I've blamed, when in the bower,
Thy lay came o'er the heart,
And said it is—it is the hour
When lovers leal should part.
I trowed thine own cauld or untrue,
That thou wouldst proudly boon
To sail the morning vales o' dew,
And leave thy love sae soon.

But now ye sing a lay mair sweet,
That aye would seem to say,
That lovers at the dawn who meet,
Should part not a' the day.
And I will blame thee ne'er again,
Till life itself be o'er,
If ye'll aye say, as now sae plain,
That we shall part no more.

And if I were in heaven itsel',
Methinks I'd harken down,
If ye wad aye these tidings tell,
When ye came sailing roun'.
Cauld, cauld it was to blame the bird,
That can alane unite
The sweetest words heart ever heard—
Love, liberty, and light.

November, 1844. HENRY S. RISDA

CHARITY.

Charity is a universal duty, which it is in every power sometimes to practise, since every degree of anee given to another upon proper motives is an charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a st imbecility, that he may not on some occasions bene neighbour. He that cannot relieve the poor, may in the ignorant; and he that cannot attend the sick, reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assi himself, may yet perform the duty of charity by infl the ardour of others, and recommending the petitio cannot grant to those who have more to bestow. widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold shall not lose their reward.—*Dr Johnson.*

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh 98 Miller Street, Glasgow); and, with their permission, by ORR, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHA Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'
EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 52. New Series. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1844. Price 1½d.

ADVERTISING CONSIDERED AS AN ART.

'Genius,' says Dr Johnson in the fortieth number of the Idler, 'is shown only by invention. The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity, and profound skill in the nature of man.' It must be a source of some regret to the advertising world, that the name of the inventor of their art has been hidden behind the veil of dim antiquity. Who wrote and published the first recommendation of his own intellectual acquirements, or of his own wares, cannot be ascertained; but whoever he was, he has found in succeeding ages a legion of imitators; and 'every man,' continues the learned doctor, writing three-quarters of a century ago, 'now knows a ready method of informing the public of all that he desires to buy or sell, whether his wares be material or intellectual —whether he makes clothes, or teaches the mathematics —whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.' After saying that advertisements were in his day so numerous, that they were very negligently perused, the Idler adds, that 'the trade of advertising is so near to perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement.' Time has proved that in this speculation the doctor was much in error.

The 'very numerous' collection of announcements which led him into these mistakes, was doubtless displayed in the pages of the Public Advertiser—a newspaper about half the size of this Journal, and which contained on an average from ten to fifteen advertisements in each number. The leading journal of modern times publishes on an average from 700 to 1000 announcements every day, or from 208,000 to 364,000 every year! As to the perfection which the art was supposed to have attained, the best specimen of advertising the doctor could produce was that of a wash-ball, which was declared to give an 'exquisite edge to the razor.' This, our readers will at once perceive, is surpassed by the most commonplace productions of the present day. The vender, also, of the 'beautifying fluid' mentioned by the Idler—who, with a generous abhorrence of ostentation, confessed that, though it possesses wonderful powers over cutaneous disagreeables, 'it will *not* restore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty' —would be utterly ashamed of his modesty had he lived to witness the flights of genius indulged in by the proprietors of modern cosmetics. As many persons, even of the present time, are as ignorant as Dr Johnson was of the science of advertising, we propose to give them some idea of the high condition to which modern literary skill has brought it.

The chief end and aim of advertising is notoriety. He, therefore, who can make himself most notorious, is the best advertiser; he, in short, who takes care that you shall not open a public print without his own name and that of his wares staring you full in the face; nay, more; if you go into the street, that the same words shall meet you at every turn. Men, looking like animated sandwiches—squeezed in as they are between two boards, conspicuously inscribed with huge invitations to 'Try Potts's pills'—slowly parade the streets. If you turn to look at the progress of a new building, you will see the boarding covered with 'Potts's pills.' If you make a purchase of a perfumer, you will be sure to find it is wrapped in a paper, setting forth the wonderful cures that have been effected by 'Potts's pills.' In short, you seem condemned to be perpetually taking ocular doses of Potts's pills, till you are as familiar with the name of Potts as you are with that of Newton or of Shakspeare. What is your case is nearly everybody's; and the name of Potts becomes famous throughout the empire. Thus it is that many men whose humble occupations would, without the art of advertising, have condemned them to the darkest obscurity, have become notorious, if not celebrated. No one can deny that the names of those very respectable blacking-makers of High Holborn, Messrs Day and Martin, are quite as well known to the public at large as Scott of Abbotsford, and Wellington of Waterloo. Such are amongst the glories of advertising, when that art is vigorously carried out!

At the same time, it must not be denied that the importunity of advertisers sometimes gives rise to a distaste for their names—too much familiarity has bred contempt. At the next unexpected view of the capital 'P,' which begins the ubiquitous name of Potts, you are apt to turn away your head, or throw down the paper in disgust. Hence the proficient artist, when he finds his name getting unpopular by having had it too ostentatiously paraded before the public eye, insidiously clothes his advertisements in an apparent anecdote, a paragraph of important information, or a piece of startling intelligence; by which expedient he leads on his readers to a perusal of the virtues of the article he sells, almost in spite of their eyes. Thus the unwary are sometimes entrapped into perusing a description of the wonderful effects of a new patent medicine, by means of such an enticing commencement as —'The witty Selwyn was once heard to observe,' or, 'It is related of his late majesty, when Duke of Clarence, that'—you read on, expecting some brilliant *jeu d'esprit* or amusing anecdote. Presently, where you ought to find the point of the joke or the gist of the story—when breathlessly anxious to know what Selwyn said, or what his majesty, when Duke of Clarence, did — at this precise part of the paragraph, the never-absent, intrusive, impudent, brazen capital P once more stares you

in the face, and you are recommended, for the ten-thousand-and-first time, to 'Try Potts's pills.'

In this department of advertising, literary resources of a high character are necessary; and it must be owned that the English professors of the art are far below their American and French brethren in point of skill. It would be difficult to select from the English press a better specimen of the insidious style than one which we have cut out of the New York Herald. It purposes to give an account of

'A CITY PARTY.—Two lovely girls met in the Park in the morning, both elegantly dressed, both beautiful, one almost magnificently so. "My dear Eliza," cried one, "how do you feel this morning, after the dance last night at Madame Bonville's party?" "Very well; we didn't stay late, you know. You seemed to enjoy yourself. By the way, Emma, that new dress becomes you, and is just the thing." "Oh, but, Eliza, how well you looked, and are looking now; I never saw such an alteration in any human being. You looked so dignified and queen-like." "Where is the alteration, my dear Emma?" said Eliza smiling, and looking indeed transcendently lovely. "Why, it seems as if your face and forehead had grown larger and broader." "It has, my dear; and if you wish, I will tell you a secret. I have entirely destroyed all the hair which grew down on my forehead, removed a part of my eyebrows where they joined over the nose, and freed my lips from what threatened to be a beard." "But how?—what magic has worked this transformation?" "No magic at all, but a scientific powder prepared by Dr Felix G——, and sold at Broadway." The ladies parted; and doubt not that Emma will avail herself of the most wonderful discovery which modern science has added to the toilet of beauty.'

Another specimen from the same print is of a more vigorous character. It is well known that paper-wars are carried on in America not in the tame, half-courteous style they are with us. There, newspaper editors indulge in an energetic style of controversy, designed apparently for nothing short of mutual destruction. Strong feelings infer the use of strong expressions, and these come of course to be expected by the public when any quarrel is in the wind. These things being premised, our readers may judge of the probable attractiveness of a paragraph commencing in the manner of the following:—

'☞ YOU PUSILLANIMOUS SCOUNDREL; whose meanness can equal yours? Look at your fair young wife, with her bright, sunny, healthy face! Look at your own, pitted with eruptions and blotches! Yet you are too mean to give fifty cents for a cake of the great Italian Chemical Soap, which would entirely free you from them, and make your yellow skin clear and healthy. Go at once and get a cake at the sign of the American Eagle, No. — —— Street, Brooklyn.'*

We are inclined to dwell on this department of the art of advertising, because, as has been before remarked, it is unquestionably its highest branch. The reader will perhaps admire the ingenuity with which cosmetics are advertised in the United States; but when we make him acquainted with the high state of the advertising art which has been attained in the French capital, the American announcements will possess about the same relative merit in his estimation as the poem of Little Cock Robin bears to Childe Harold.

* Both these advertisements are extracted from the New York Herald for April 15, 1844.

Advertising is in France an important branch of literature, and as such we must view it.

The literary men of Paris may be divided into dramatists, journalists, historians, men of science, poets, and—advertisement writers. Of the latter are demanded ingenious inventive powers, an unbounded play of fancy, and a subtilty of contrivance, which few branches of the literary art require in so high a degree; the great aim is to weave the various advertisements into the text without allowing the non-experienced reader to detect them. In the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, a publication exclusively devoted to dress and fashion, we have read a tale—with a regular plot, possessing indeed all the conditions imposed by Aristotle on the true epic, namely, a beginning, a middle, and an end—which was nothing more than a series of advertisements. Of this species of composition the following will afford no exaggerated notion:—

'THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

On a lovely day in August, the gay and fascinating Juliè de Balmont was reclining on one of those elegant fauteuils, for the sale of which M. Bergère (of the Boulevart Italien, No. —) has made his warehouse so famous, when Albert Fâtard entered her presence with more haste than ceremony. The truth is, that, after having been admitted by the *portière*, he rushed up the stairs four at a time—a feat which he certainly could not have performed had he not been provided with the elastic India-rubber braces and straps, of which the Brothers Bandes and Cie. of the Rue Montmartre (No. —) hold the exclusive patent. The moment Juliè beheld him, she became pale and agitated, and had it not been for a bottle of the exquisite smelling salts, sold by Dr Mogué at his fashionable dispensary in the Rue Castiglione, she assuredly would have fainted. Such, however, is the wonderful efficacy of that astonishing restorative, that Juliè was presently as composed and as calm as the beautiful sleeping baby, which has just been executed in marble for its bereaved mother, by that eminent statuary M. Cisel, whose residence is opposite to the principal entrance of Père la Chaise. Not so Albert. He was too agitated to speak; yet, amidst all his emotion, he could not look upon those roseate cheeks, the lily whiteness of that complexion, without feelings of the warmest admiration. These would, however, have been in some degree modified, had he known that for the latter Juliè was partly indebted to the exquisite *poûdre des pêrles* of M. Savon of the Passage Vivienne (two doors from the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs).

'Albert cast a withering look on the fair, exclaiming, "That bracelet—I mean the one you wore at Madame Pompadour's last evening. Say, was it not the gift of my rival?" The lady, as if not heeding the question, arose from her seat, and moving towards a casket—a specimen of Boiteur, the eminent jewel-case maker's best manufacture—said with apparent indifference, "Would you like to see it?" She then deliberately took the bijou from its depository, and placed it in Albert's hand.

'Two powerful emotions struggled for mastery in Albert's breast—hatred for his rival and admiration of the magnificent bracelet. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I see it all! In the chaste but brilliant design, in the exquisite workmanship, in the skilful assemblage of jewels, in the wonderfully artistic execution of the chasing; in short, in the unequalled *tout ensemble* of this gorgeous bauble, I perceive a fatal termination to my fondest hopes." At these words Albert's agitation was so great, that Juliè could scarcely restrain her own sympathetic emotion. "Too well I know," continued the lover, still gazing on the subject at once of his detestation and his praise—"too well I know that so perfect a specimen of art could only have issued from the atelier of one individual in Paris, nay, I may add, in Europe. That individual—cruel, false woman—has, I know, long been your per-

severing admirer. He is rich; worthy, I am bound to admit; for his wealth has been acquired by honest industry and superior genius. Yes, M. Jaques Orfèvre, of the Place de Napoleon, Numero Cinque, it was who has laid this inestimable token of his regard at your feet, and—you have accepted it!" The intense agony which Albert betrayed at this crisis could no longer be withstood by Julie de Balmont, and she determined to undeceive her afflicted lover. "I own," she said, "that it *is* a present——"

"Ah!" exclaimed the lover in a tone of despair.

"And," continued the lady, smiling blandly, "I also acknowledge that the bracelet issued from the studio of that unrivalled artist M. Orfèvre; but," she continued affectionately, laying her hand on the lover's arm, "it was not presented to me by that inimitable jeweller: it was bought of him by my uncle the general, whose gift it is!" On hearing these words, the feelings of Albert can be better imagined than described. He offered every apology, and——'

But we need not pursue this romantic series of advertisements any further. It only need be added, that the lovers' quarrel was settled, and that they were married a week after. The author, in describing the ceremony, acquaints his readers where each article of the lady's attire was purchased; who made the gentleman's coat; and where he bought his hat. The purveyor of the breakfast is very minutely chronicled; for a caution is given regarding a rival confectioner, and the public are particularly requested to copy the address. In short, there is scarcely a line of the denouement which does not contain an advertisement.

Looking at this department of imaginative French literature in a business point of view, we are told that it is decidedly the most lucrative of a notoriously underpaid profession. The author, instead of being remunerated as usual by the publisher at so much per sheet, is paid by the parties mentioned in his lucubration, according to a tariff bearing reference to the strength and force of the superlatives employed in naming their wares. It must be evident to the most innocent reader, that in the above instance the great paymaster was M. Orfèvre. The jeweller's warehouse in the Place Napoleon is the grand central piece around which all the other advertisements are grouped; and this fact helps us to an explanation of the mode in which such compositions are written. Fictionists who are so fortunate as to possess the quality of genius, generally build up their works upon some great inspiration, arranging minor fancies and incidents around a leading idea, either of plot or of character. Advertisement-wrights, on the contrary, do not depend on anything so capricious or uncertain as the workings of mere genius. Having obtained a leading commission—one sufficiently lucrative to form the basis of a romantic story—from some enterprising manufacturer like M. Orfèvre, they go round to the other shops in search of fresh ideas and more pay. By this means they realise, it is said, a handsome income. Supposing the writer of 'The Lovers' Quarrel' to have received only a moderate sum from each of the tradesmen he has named in that affecting *piece de societé*, he very likely realised about twice as much as Milton did for his Paradise Lost!

After this specimen of the advertising powers of the Parisian literati, *we* of the present day might perhaps be justified in expressing Dr Johnson's notion, that 'the trade of advertising is so near perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement.' But experience of the past makes us wiser concerning the future. Far be it from us, therefore, to dogmatise on this important subject with the rashness of the dictatorial doctor. When we see the extraordinary advances which are daily made, not only abroad but at home, in the art of advertising, it would be presumption in us to say to what a pitch of perfection it may not even yet be brought. England, we must admit, despite the number of her advertisers, is far behind France in point of delicate but unmistakeable inuendo; but when we look around—when we perceive that our native advertisers make up by perseverance what they want in high finish, we must admit that the art has made a rapid 'march' since the days of the Idler.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ACTINO-CHEMISTRY.

The alchemists—remarkable on many accounts in the history of science—had occasional glimpses of truth through the clouds by which, in their strange hallucinations, they were surrounded; and some of their speculations on the constitution of matter are founded on changes which they supposed light capable of producing in inorganic substances. These changes were hypothetical to them; but modern science has established the fact, that *a sunbeam cannot fall upon a body without producing a molecular or chemical change.* Homberg states the difference between gold and silver to be 'in nothing but in having the globules of mercury whereof it consists penetrated through and through, and being more fully saturated with the sulphureous principle, or the rays of light.' Thus, content with a bold speculation, this original thinker promulgates a delusion; when, had he, guided by his hypothesis, bent his powerful mind to the labour of interpreting nature by experiment, he might have been the discoverer of important truths which are only now opening to the world.

The title which appears at the head of this paper—Actino-Chemistry*—is one which has been recently proposed by Sir John Herschel, to distinguish that particular class of chemical phenomena which is immediately dependent upon the influence of the sun's rays. To this new branch of science we now purpose calling attention; but, in order that all the new features of the inquiry may be distinctly understood, it will be necessary to give some explanation of discoveries long since made.

In 1556, it was observed that a combination of chlorine and silver, called, from its appearance, horn silver, blackened by exposure to the sun's rays. This was the first step, beyond which no further progress was made, until, in the early part of the eighteenth century, Scheele of Stralsund, in Swedish Pomerania, discovered that this change of colour in the silver compound was produced particularly by the blue rays, little or no effect being produced by red or yellow light. Petit, in 1722, observed that light influenced crystallisation; and, somewhat later, Dr Priestly discovered the very interesting fact, that the solar rays assisted plants in decomposing carbonic acid, to which we shall more particularly allude. Many isolated observations were made, but few facts of any importance were added to science until after the announcement of the discovery of the Daguerreotype and photographic processes. Having, in former numbers of this journal,† given an account of these discoveries, we shall not allude to them any more than is necessary in the present article.

The Daguerreotype consists in acting upon a plate of silver by iodine vapour, by which a compound of the two elements—an ioduret of silver—is formed. A very short exposure to sunshine produces a change in this preparation, which causes it to condense vapour over its surface more readily than it did previously to exposure.

* This term is derived from the Greek substantive *actin* (ray), and signifies simply the chemistry of rays, or, strictly applied, of radiant light.

† Papers on the photographic processes will be found in No. 374 (March 30, 1839), and in No. 566 (December 3, 1842).

Hence the Daguerreotype pictures are formed by the deposition of the vapours of mercury over the different parts of the plate, in exact proportion to the amount of light which has fallen upon them. Several explanations have been offered of this phenomenon; but although many of them have been exceedingly ingenious, none are entirely satisfactory. If the exposure to sunshine is continued, the golden yellow colour of the surface of the tablet is changed to a deep olive. In practice, this change is not allowed to become apparent, but the balance of affinity, which appears to be exceedingly loose in this compound, is disturbed by the sun's radiations. This change in the chemical state of the ioduret of silver may appear at first sufficient to account for that condition which disposes the condensation of mercurial vapour; but it has been found by Moser, Fizeau, and Hunt,* that any body—as, for instance, a polished metal plate, a tablet of stone, or a piece of glass—exposed unequally to sunshine, undergoes some *molecular change*, by which it condenses vapours in the same manner as a Daguerreotype plate; hence it is clear that an atomic disturbance, rather than a chemical change, is the cause.

The photographic process of Mr Fox Talbot, as at first published, was nothing more than covering paper with the chloride of silver—the horn silver of the alchemists—which darkened unequally, according to the quantity of light to which it was exposed, the shadows being preserved still white; hence there resulted a copy of nature, but an incorrect one as regarded light and shade. By fixing the original picture, and using it to produce others, the greatest quantity of light passing through those parts corresponding to the natural shadows, pictures correct as in nature were produced.

Many singularly beautiful processes have been devised, particularly by Sir John Herschel. Amongst others, we would name the chrysotype, in which gold is the active ingredient; and the cyanotype, in which a paper, prepared with a salt of iron, undergoes such a change over the parts exposed to light, as disposes them, when washed over with a prussiate of potash, to form immediately Prussian blue, whilst the parts in shadow retain their original whiteness. Again, there are several processes, by the same philosopher, of a very remarkable kind, to which the epithet of amphitype† has been applied. In one of these, the picture produced by the sun may be kept invisible for any period, and developed at will, by simply breathing over the paper;‡ and in the other, which was described at the recent meeting of the British Association at York, the photographic picture, which is at first produced with incorrect lights and shadows, is converted into one having them quite correct by the agency of heat. These pictures undergo remarkable changes; spontaneously fading out, and, by some mysterious action, reproducing themselves.§ A great many analogous processes have been discovered, in which some chemical agent acts differently upon the parts which have been exposed, and those maintained in shadow. In nearly all cases, pictures with incorrect lights, or *negative ones*, as they have been called, are produced at first. The chromatype, discovered by Mr Robert Hunt, and announced at the Cork meeting of the British Association,‖ is a singular and beautiful exception. Papers being washed with a mixture of the bichromate of potash and sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) are exposed with engravings, botanical specimens, &c. superposed; all the parts uncovered, or those which correspond to the lights of the engraving, undergo some remarkable change; and if the papers are now washed over with a solution of nitrate of silver, they remain unaltered, but all the parts in shadow change to a deep red by the formation of the chromate of silver. These combinations are not, however, sufficiently sensitive to admit of their being used in the camera obscura. It was reserved for Mr Fox Talbot to discover the most sensitive process—the calotype—in which the slightest action of the solar rays induces such a change in the iodide of silver, with which paper is prepared, as occasions it to be immediately darkened when washed with Gallic acid.* By this process we are enabled in a few seconds to copy any architectural pile, or produce a portrait. Mr Hunt announced at York that he had found the common copperas (sulphate of iron) to produce the same change upon *any* of the salts of silver, by which we have the means of producing for ourselves, in a cheap and easy manner, truthful representations of any scene or individual. These are but a few of the discoveries connected with this branch of science; let us consider for a moment their value. All men of reading desire to possess faithful representations of the monuments of antiquity—the pyramids of Gizeh, the palace of Carnac, or the Cyclopean walls of Greece. We feel a pure and healthful pleasure in examining even the images of scenes made sacred to our memory by the deeds of heroes or the words of sages. The temples of Athens, the wonderful Acropolis, the mysterious ruins of Pæstum, and the fanes and arches of Rome, misnamed the Eternal, speak even from their pictures. Theirs is the still small voice of the past, speaking of the mutability of all things to the present. The lesson they thus give us—even those who have never crossed the sea which washes our island-home—is but little inferior to that which the traveller receives who contemplates the moral of a crumbling arch, or a broken column, on the very spots where once they stood, the glory of the age. Even in our own land we have temples which realise, in their consistent and beautifully elaborate architectural details, the poet's fancy of a 'petrified religion.' We have monastic piles hastening to decay, but beautiful even in their dissolution; and baronial halls whose battlemented walls are tangled with the ivy, and clothed with the moss of centuries; and these are hallowed by holy recollections, which cling, like the poetry of a pious superstition, to every British heart; and they cannot pass away until we have forgotten the history of our land, or ceased to enjoy the privileges won for us by our forefathers. Each and all of these we are now enabled to preserve in the strictest fidelity. Every stone will tell its own tale; and as the mind of the poet shines for ever from his production, so the very genius, the very spirit of the place, may now be impressed, by the subtle finger of light, upon tablets of metal or on sheets of paper, to speak to future ages as they speak to us. Again, we are now enabled to preserve the truth-telling portraits of our statesmen, our heroes, our philosophers, our bards, and our friends, with all 'the mind, the music breathing through the face.'

Such are the important uses of this discovery, viewed as an art; we will now consider some of the most remarkable features of it in its relations with science.

M. Niepce, to whom Daguerre was certainly deeply indebted for the progress he made towards perfecting his beautiful discovery, produced pictures upon plates of glass or metal, covered with resin, those portions of the resin becoming more soluble which had been exposed to light than the parts in shadow. Niepce also observed that these resinous plates had the power of restoring themselves to their original condition in the dark. This remarkable phenomenon has been noticed

* Moser—On Vision, and the Action of Light on Bodies. Translated from Poggendorff's *Annalen*. Scientific Memoirs, vol. iii.
Fizeau—Comptes Rendus. November 7, 1842.
Hunt—Researches on Light; a work which embraces all that is at present known relative to the chemical agency of light.

† This term implies that *both kinds* of photographs, those with lights and shades wrong, and the contrary, can be produced by one process.

‡ Report of the British Association for 1843, fol. 8.

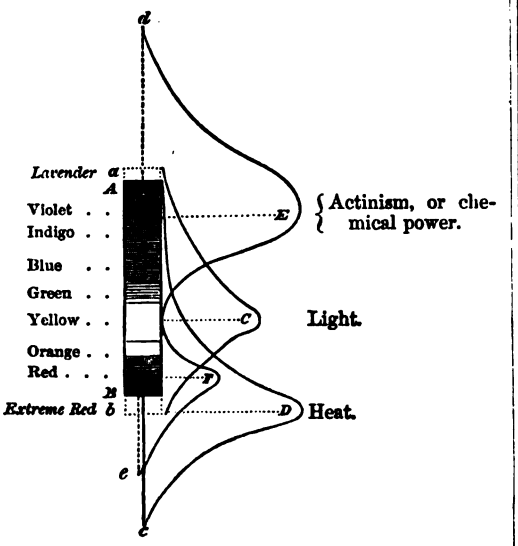
§ Athenæum. October.

‖ Report of the British Association for 1843, fol. 34.

* This process is carried to great perfection by Messrs Hill and Adamson of Edinburgh.

on some other bodies, but most strikingly on the iodide of platinum, which readily receives a photographic image by darkening over the exposed surfaces, but speedily loses it by bleaching in the dark. The ioduret of Daguerre's plate, and some other iodides, exhibit the same peculiarity. We are hence led to the detection of the singular and striking fact, *that bodies which have undergone a change of state under the influence of daylight, have some latent power by which they can renovate themselves.* Possibly the hours of night are as necessary to inanimate nature as they are to men and animals. During the day, an excitement which we do not heed, unless in a state of disease, is maintained by the influence of light; and the hours of repose, during which the equilibrium is restored, are most essential to the continuance of health. It has been shown that a sunbeam passing over a plate of iron leaves indications of its path. Instead of a few chemical compounds of gold and silver, we now know that copper, platinum, lead, nickel, and indeed probably all the elements, are equally liable to change under solar influence. How great, then, must be the disturbance over the face of our planet during the period the sun is above the horizon! How varied must be the developments of electrical, chemical, and calorific phenomena under this excitation, which, if continued, must eventually change the features of this planet and of its inhabitants! How beautiful is that design by which, during external quiescence, matter is enabled to resume its former state, and, during apparent rest, busily to restore to the balance that which it has lost! These are not mere speculations; the researches of the past three years have proved them to be truths. We would name a few other extraordinary changes produced in the condition of bodies by the same agency. All who are at all conversant with the details of chemistry, know that the two gaseous bodies, hydrogen and chlorine, may be kept together in the dark without uniting; whereas, if exposed to the sunshine, chemical union immediately takes place, and muriatic acid is produced. Dr Draper has discovered that chlorine exposed to sunshine is changed in its character, and the solarised chlorine will unite with hydrogen in the dark. Sulphate of iron is used by chemists to throw down silver and gold from their solutions, which it does slowly in the dark. Mr Hunt has observed that, by previously exposing either of the solutions to sunshine, and the mixture being afterwards made in the dark, the precipitation takes place instantly. Here is again evidence of either the direct absorption of some material agent from the sunbeam, or of an alteration in the chemical constitution, or atomic arrangement of the solutions, by the influence of some principle of which as yet we know but little. A case in which light appears to interfere with electrical action was stated at the last meeting of the British Association by Mr Hunt. A small galvanic arrangement was formed by putting a solution of the iodide of potash in a glass tube, one end of which was closed by a piece of skin; this tube was inserted in a solution of nitrate of silver, held in a cylindrical glass, the two fluids being connected with a piece of platina wire. Such an arrangement being kept in the dark for twelve hours, a very beautiful crystallisation of bright metallic silver takes place about that end of the wire which dips in the silver solution. If a similar arrangement is exposed to sunshine, no such change—no symptom of any crystallisation—takes place. These results are but the first links of a chain which we suppose to be of infinite extent. These few disclose such striking peculiarities, that, if confirmed by further observations, they must influence most materially the condition of physical science.

A question has arisen out of the discoveries we have been endeavouring to describe, of a very interesting kind. These phenomena, which have been usually attributed to the agency of light, have been considered by many to be dependent upon some secret power, which always accompanies, but which is to a great extent independent of, light; whereas others regard light, under peculiar modifications, as the sole active principle. We will briefly endeavour to explain the experiments upon which the idea of an independent agency is founded: to do which we must have recourse to the following woodcut, representing the image formed by passing a sunbeam through a glass prism, which exhibits the seven colours of the Newtonian or solar spectrum, in the order represented between *A* and *B*. Beyond these limits, under ordinary circumstances, no light or colour is detected; by certain arrangements of glasses, we, however, discover



another red ray at *b*, and a lavender ray at *a*. This coloured figure is a distorted image of the sun. The curved line C is intended to show clearly the points between which luminous effects are evident, the maximum being at the centre of the yellow ray *C*, from which point the light gradually declines until it is entirely lost at *a* and *b*. Sir William Herschel was the first to make any experiments on the heating power of the solar rays. This philosopher found that the greatest heat was given by the red rays beyond the ordinary red ray—a space represented by *D* in the above figure—from which spot it gradually declines, until at the violet end of the spectrum *A*, no heat is sensible to the most delicate thermometers. Sir John Herschel has also traced the well-defined influence of heat-rays far *below* the maximum point, down to *c*. Formerly, it was believed that the chemical power of the sunbeam was confined to the spaces within and above the blue rays; recent researches have, however, shown that this influence is far more extensive. The maximum of chemical action is somewhere about *E*; that is, if we put a piece of photographic paper in such a position that a well-defined coloured spectrum shall fall upon it, it will be found to darken with the greatest rapidity, and acquire the most intense colour at that point; this darkening will go on upwards beyond all the visible rays to *d*, where it entirely ceases. It extends downwards to the most light-giving rays at *C*, where a negative influence is exerted, the paper remaining white; after passing which, it again darkens, and a second maximum is found at *F*, the red rays usually giving a red impression, this chemical power ceasing entirely at *e*. We have now explained the condition of every beam proceeding from the sun. We find three very distinct classes of phenomena, light and colour, heat, chemical power, or, as it is proposed to call it, Actinism, involved. It has been a matter of discussion whether these very different influences are the modified effects of one cause, or are they three distinct causes. Melloni finds, by passing a sunbeam through

obsidian and black mica, nearly all the light is absorbed, but not any of its heat. Again, if it be passed through rock-salt, or alum, scarcely any of the light is lost, but it is deprived of its heat. It is therefore argued that light and heat are distinct principles; but, in opposition to this view, there are experiments which appear to prove that light and heat are convertible into each other. By looking at the diagram, it will be seen that the chemical power has three minima, *e*, *C*, *d*, and two maxima, *E*, *F*. It will be seen that the largest amount of chemical action is where there is the least light; and that where there is the largest amount of light at *C*, there no chemical effect is produced. Even from this it would appear that light and actinism were distinct *forces*, if that expression can be allowed. By causing a sunbeam to permeate a deep purple solution (copper in ammonia), we rob it of most of its light; but the actinic effect is not at all diminished. On the contrary, if we take a bright yellow solution (bichromate of potash), the whole of the light of the beam passes it freely, but scarcely any of the chemical principle; thus we have strong evidence that these principles are distinct in character, although united in action. It has, however, been supposed that we derive neither heat nor actinism from the sun, but that the solar emanations, or luminous waves, excite some latent property in matter which produces these effects. These very intricate questions the investigations of future philosophers can alone decide.

In immediate connexion with this very interesting subject of inquiry, is one to which we have already alluded, the influence of light on plants. Seed is placed in the earth; it is buried in darkness; under the influences of terrestrial heat and moisture it germinates, and a plant springs into daylight. It has been found that the influence of the most luminous—the yellow rays—even on the surface, is sufficient to prevent germination; and, on the contrary, that the most actinic, or blue rays, forward very remarkably this process. Plants in all conditions of their growth absorb, by their leaves and bark, atmospheric air, which is constantly contaminated with carbonic acid, produced during the processes of respiration and digestion by men and animals, and poured out in great abundance by all burning bodies. During the sunshine, this carbonic acid is decomposed by the plant; one of its constituents, oxygen, is given off again to the air, whilst the other, carbon or charcoal, is retained by the plant towards the formation of its woody structure. At night, this action nearly ceases; hence we see the important influence exerted by the sun's rays on the vegetable world. From the fact that seeds will not germinate under the influence of the yellow rays, and that these soon destroy the young plant, it has been argued that the actinic power, of which we have been speaking, is the most active in exciting this function in plants, which is so necessary to their healthful growth. To the vegetable physiologist this is a question of great interest.

We know that the glorious orb of day pours out upon this earth some principle on which the whole vegetable world depends for health and life. Without the *luminous agent*, the surface of this planet would be no longer beautiful; the brilliant hue of the flower (supposing the plant to have been produced by actinic power alone), and the refreshing tints of the tree, would be wanting; all would be colourless. Without the actinic power, the entire surface would be an eternal blank, a chaos as at first. It is equally certain that the animal kingdom are as much dependent upon solar influence as the vegetable world. Where the sunbeam spreads its genial influence, there life in all its myriad forms is found; where the sun-rays cannot penetrate, 'death holds her silent court.' At the surface of the ocean, for instance, marine animals, varied in form and beautiful in colour, are found abundantly; as we descend, we find the animals gradually sinking in the scale of organisation; and below a certain depth, varying probably in different latitudes, no creature stirs the ever silent sea. The influences of this power on inorganic matter are only now being discovered, and the importance and interest of the inquiry will be strikingly evident, when we reflect that on the creation of light this planet, previously revolving a mighty chaos, became an orb of beauty and animation.

COUSIN ANNETTE—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'I CAN'T think how it is that Cousin Annette has not got a husband,' exclaimed a young lady of seventeen, who doubtless thought that *not to get a husband* was the worst evil which could befall her. 'She is,' she pursued, 'so very pretty still, though she must be nearly forty, and so sweet-tempered, too, that I can't help thinking it a pity.'

'Her loss, if such it be, has at all events been our gain, my dear Fanny,' returned the sister to whom these observations had been addressed; 'for had Cousin Annette married, we should of course have been deprived of her instructions and her society.'

'That is very true,' the young lady rejoined; 'yet we cannot suppose that she made such a sacrifice for our interest, generous as she is; and there must be some love-tale connected with her early days. I have often been tempted to ask mamma, I am so curious to know.'

'And mamma would not have revealed it merely for the sake of gratifying your curiosity if you had done so,' exclaimed Mrs Stanley, who, unperceived by the sisters, had entered the room, and consequently heard the foregoing conversation. 'But,' she quickly added, 'if I could gain the permission of your cousin, I should be willing to do so, with the hope that a higher end might be gained.'

'You think, dear mother, that some instructive lessons might be learned?' observed the elder daughter.

'I am sure of it,' was Mrs Stanley's reply; 'and for that reason I have little doubt of gaining Cousin Annette's permission to tell it.'

'I should like to hear it of all things,' Fanny eagerly exclaimed.

'It is a sad tale,' Mrs Stanley resumed, 'and one which, to relate, would re-open wounds in your mother's heart long closed by time; but if it were likely to prove a salutary lesson to my children, I would not shrink from it.'

The volatile girl grew grave. 'We would not purchase the pleasure at the expense of your feelings, dearest mamma,' she cried; 'yet if you and Cousin Annette see fit that the relation should be made, I hope it will not be in vain.'

The mother and daughters parted, for the young ladies were preparing for a morning walk with their cousin (who acted the part of private governess in the family) when the observations here related were made; but they met again in the evening of the day, and then, with the full concurrence of their amiable instructress, Mrs Stanley commenced the eagerly-anticipated narrative.

'You have often heard me speak, my dear children,' she began, 'of the beautiful little villa in Devonshire called the Woodlands, in which I spent my early days. Your grandfather purchased it on account of my dear mother's declining health, and at the same time gave up his residence in the suburbs of London, he not being sufficiently rich to support two establishments. My mother's delicate state disposed her for the quietude of this lovely spot; and although he could not but miss the circle of friends with whom he had associated when near the metropolis, my kind father never uttered a word like dissatisfaction, but strove to make up for the deficiency of society by the cultivation of his grounds, and the superintendence of a little farm which was annexed to the estate. I and a brother, two years my senior (whom you may have heard me sometimes speak of as your Uncle Lewis), were the only survivors of a large family, and the affections of my dear mother, which were of a very powerful nature, consequently concentrated in us

It is a painful task for me to speak of her character, for I cannot do so without making known the errors which distinguished it; yet to you, my children, it is necessary that I should unveil the whole truth, otherwise I cannot hope to effect the end I have in view. Your grandmother was all that we could wish woman to be as regards the softer traits of the female character; but she was lamentably deficient of that firm and steady principle which should be the moving spring of our actions; and to this sad deficiency I must with justice ascribe most of the distresses which afterwards befell our family. You, my dear girls, who have had the advantage of instruction from such a mind as your cousin's, cannot fully enter into the pitiable reverse under which your mother laboured, in having every desire gratified, every whim humoured, and in never experiencing that wholesome discipline which it is so necessary for a parent or preceptress to exercise towards the youth under her care; but *I* have felt its influence through every stage of my life, and my poor brother was a far greater sufferer. Lewis was naturally possessed of strong passions, and a spirit which required powerful control; yet he had many redeeming points, and under judicious training, I believe, he might have been tractable. You may judge, my children, what a scene of misrule our otherwise lovely little mansion must have been—with my brother's self-will, my waywardness, my mother's overweening fondness, and, I must add, also my father's want of proper control; for though he was not so weak as to be wholly blind to the failings of his offspring, as was our maternal parent, he had not sufficient strength of mind to act in a determined manner with regard to the infliction of punishments, and thus angry words and threats were all that ensued after the most flagrant disobedience. I must acknowledge that love effected with me what fear could not have accomplished. I loved him too tenderly to bear his anger, and for this reason I seldom offended; but with Lewis it was not so; the injudicious interference of my mother when my father uttered what she termed words of unkindness towards her darling boy, set at nought the little authority he might otherwise have maintained, and made the parent who ought to have been venerated a mere cipher.

'Things remained in this state till I attained my tenth year, and Lewis his twelfth, when by a vigorous effort, of which I scarcely thought your grandfather capable, he succeeded in placing my brother at a public school. He had much to contend with in the boy's obstinate refusals, and his mother's tears and intreaties; but in this instance he acted firmly, and Lewis departed, though not without the threat that he would return. Just at this time the intelligence reached us of the death of my father's only and widowed sister, accompanied by a letter, penned on that lady's dying bed, recommending her orphan daughter to her brother's care and protection. Such an appeal was not likely to be disregarded by my kind parent; his heart was ever open to the distressed, and he set out on a journey to the north, that he might himself conduct his little niece to the Woodlands. I cannot express the delight I felt upon hearing that I was to have a companion in lieu of my brother, whose loss I had deplored with childish grief; indeed it was my first grief; but it was chased away in the anticipation of Cousin Annette's society. Judge, then, my disappointment when, on her arrival, I found her too much absorbed by her late sad bereavement to feel any inclination for entering into my pursuits and pleasures. I must have been devoid of feeling to expect it from her; but I did so; and felt a little angry at her refusals, though they were made in the most gentle and conciliating manner. My disappointment and chagrin were not, however, of long duration; for no sooner were they perceived by Annette, than she, with the self-sacrificing spirit which still forms so prominent a part of her character, strove to conquer her own feelings that she might contribute to my happiness; and begging me to forgive her for having been so unsocial before, proposed a stroll to one of my favourite haunts. I cannot express what I felt when she thus addressed me: exacting and wayward as I was, I was capable of appreciating generosity, and I loved her from that moment with an affection which has known no change.

'Although Annette Morden had then numbered only eleven summers, and she has now seen nearly two score, you may judge in some measure what she was at that time by her present appearance. There was the same calm placid aspect denoting equanimity of mind, the same sweet expression in her deep blue eyes, and the same lovely smile upon her lips. Her features were so faultless, and her form so symmetrical, that she was deemed by judges to be perfectly beautiful; and as she grew to womanhood, this became even more strikingly apparent. Of her character, it is unnecessary for me to speak, it is so well known to you; but if it were not, the events I am about to relate would better develope it than any description of mine could do. Cousin Annette's residence beneath our roof soon effected a change, for which I have reason to thank her. Hitherto I had grown up wholly ignorant of any of those branches of knowledge in which young people of my station in life are usually instructed. It is true we had a lady living with us, who was nominally governess of the family, but owing to my poor mother's weak indulgence, she was never allowed to exercise authority; and as neither I nor Lewis were studiously inclined, it is not surprising that we took advantage of the license given us. But Annette had been taught the value of education; she had already made considerable progress under the tuition of her excellent and judicious parent, and she gladly availed herself of Miss Wilmot's instructions, which stimulated me to some little exertion.

'The beauty and accomplishments of Annette won for her many suitors, notwithstanding the retirement in which we lived; but she firmly declined every offer, though some were from persons I should have thought in all respects suitable. The truth was, her affections were early and deeply engaged by one who was perhaps the last we should have expected could have been beloved by such a being; but there are mysteries in the affections which no skill can fathom, and it was one of these mysterious links which bound the heart of the high-souled but gentle Annette Morden to Lewis Irwin. To account, however, in some measure for this occurrence, I must tell you that the severe discipline exercised over my brother at school had wrought a wonderful change in his character, or at least appeared to have done so; and his vacations, which were always spent at home, gave so promising a prospect of his amendment, that we all forgot that he had ever been rebellious, or that he had caused us a pang. Annette, indeed, never knew aught of his boyish misdemeanours: I delighted to relate any anecdote which displayed his virtues, but I carefully concealed his faults, and thus she knew him but with his reformed manners. It is not surprising that the extraordinary beauty of his cousin, joined to her peculiar sweetness of disposition, should captivate a youth like my brother; and perhaps it was the entire devotion to her he from the first meeting evinced, which secured the grateful heart of Annette; be this as it may, that they fondly loved each other was apparent, and my parents, as well as I, looked with pleased anticipation to the time when a union would take place between them, deeming it would be the most effectual way of securing the happiness of Lewis.

'My brother remained at school longer than most young men, in consequence of having commenced so late; and when he left it, at the age of twenty, it was to study for the bar. My father visited London purposely to see him settled in his chambers in the Temple, and hoped that the wilful conduct of his boyhood was for ever past, and that he would now become an honour to his family and to his profession. Alas! my poor father judged from his wishes rather than from probability, or he would have entertained fears lest the errors of his early education would appear, now that he would be left

to seek his own circle of acquaintance, and without any control over his actions. Lewis was generous, open-hearted, and fond of society; his manners were affable, and his conversation full of vivacity; and such a youth, having unhappily no steady principle to guide him, was ready to fall into the snares laid for the unwary. So far from gaining honours in his profession, he, after my father's departure, scarcely gave it a day's serious thought, but spent his hours in the fascinating but destructive vortex of dissipation. The intelligence came to us in our quiet abode through the medium of an old friend, whom my father had requested to transmit an account of his son's conduct, so far as he had the opportunity of gaining a knowledge of it; and its effects were really serious upon the minds of all. My dear mother, who had for some years been better in health, declined once more. Annette said but little, but it was evident that she felt deeply, for the colour was seen to fade from her cheek, and her smile lost its happy expression. My father vented his sorrow in anger for a season; but it was soon over, and he set out to expostulate with his unworthy son. Of my own feelings I shall say nothing; dearly as I loved my brother, you may perhaps imagine them. But our distresses were increased when a letter from London informed us that my poor father had found my brother in a most dangerous situation, owing to an accident which had happened to him whilst engaged in some foolish and mischievous exploit.

'The culprit was brought to the Woodlands by easy stages, and there received, notwithstanding his misdemeanours, all the kindness and attention affection could bestow; and promises of amendment, if he were spared to return to his duties, were made by him in the most solemn manner. A few weeks' careful nursing from myself and Annette had the desired effect, and he left us once more, though not till my father had supplied him with the means to liquidate every debt he had contracted. For a short period, the accounts we had of him were highly satisfactory; but who can tell how soon the good resolves of those who have no strength of character may be overturned? Again he was drawn, though now it was step by step, into the same career of folly and vice; and this time the news came to us from his own hand, whilst he (being now of age) was the occupant of a prison. The sum which, upon inquiry, was found necessary to procure his enlargement, far exceeded that which my father had before paid, and it caused him much trouble and difficulty to procure it; yet he did so, and thus set the unhappy young man at liberty. "Lewis," he said, as he leaned feebly on his arm as they quitted his late abode of confinement, "if you make any further demands upon my income, I shall have no resource but selling the Woodlands, and you will turn me and your mother in old age out of our peaceful home. But I cannot longer trust your protestations," he added, "therefore forbear to make them." Lewis answered only by tears; and I doubt not that his penitence was sincere, though he had not strength of mind to resist temptation.

'It was distressing to witness the effect this second proof of weakness and want of principle in my brother had upon Annette. She had felt the first blow severely; but when he came, helpless and ill, to claim her tenderness, her womanly feelings predominated, and she framed all the excuses which affection can so readily find for this youthful error, trusting that it would not be repeated. But now the case was different: she began to see the character of him she loved in its true light, and the certainty that she could not find happiness in the companionship of such a mind came with it. The constitution of Annette had always been delicate, and her mind peculiarly sensitive; though so calm and unruffled was her general demeanour, that a stranger might have deemed her stoical. Had it not been that her principles had been strengthened by a judicious education—an education based on religion—she certainly would have sunk beneath the blow which was given to her affections; but piety taught her to submit, and fortitude enabled her to bear, those otherwise overwhelming griefs. Yet that she suffered, and suffered deeply, was too obvious to be overlooked by those who dearly loved her.

'One serene summer evening, some months subsequent to the events I have just related, Annette and I sat together in a little apartment which formed one of the gable-ends of our house. This was our favourite sitting-room, on account of the peculiar beauty of the landscape it commanded, and because it faced the west, and thus afforded us a view of the setting sun. My kind father had our musical instruments, drawing and writing materials, and books, removed there, and called it our boudoir; and as my mother's ill health confined her much to her chamber, and my father spent the principal part of his time in his farm, we seldom omitted passing a few hours there every evening. I recall the moments I spent there with pleasure, because there it was I first began to feel a relish for the refined pursuits I have since experienced so much gratification in cultivating. To your Cousin Annette I owe that relish; for, till her arrival, I had not a joy beyond the indulgence of those instincts which belong to the animal part of our nature. She it was who first made me feel that I had capacities for nobler pleasures; and whatever I am, intellectually or morally, I certainly owe it to her. But I diverge from the subject upon which I began. We were sitting as usual in this room—Annette opposite the window, which opened to the ground, that she might catch the gentle evening breeze, and I before the piano, whose keys I had been touching to some lively airs, in the hope of raising her drooping spirits—when I was startled, and not a little alarmed, by hearing a faint shriek; and turning quickly to ascertain its cause, beheld my brother. "Lewis!" I exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment; but I was prevented from adding more by his supplicatory look.

"As you love me, Ellen, do not make known my presence to any one," he said in a subdued tone.

'I was thunderstruck, and made no effort to leave my seat to embrace him as I was wont to do: he threw himself at the feet of Annette, whose pale cheek grew paler, and whose bloodless lips gave me apprehensions that she would swoon under the sudden shock the sight of him had occasioned. "Oh, Lewis!" I cried, and there was anger I know in my tones, "how could you startle us thus? See how you have alarmed our dear cousin."

"Have I alarmed you, Annette?" he inquired, taking her passive hand. "Pray, pardon me, but I knew not how to see you alone without seeking you here."

"And why should you desire to see us alone?" Annette inquired, now regaining her self-possession; "why should you visit your father's home by stealth?"

"Because my business is with you and Ellen," was his reply.

"What business can you have with us to which he is not privy?" she demanded, and her voice grew firmer, though her cheeks and lips still retained their ashy hue.

'Lewis buried his face in his hands; he could not meet Annette's gaze; and in an agony of suspense as to the object of his visit, I now threw my arms around him and wept.

"I deserve to be treated with coldness," my brother at length said. "I deserve reproaches, but I cannot bear them from you, Annette, whom I love dearer than any object earth contains. I am in distress: do not add to it by your upbraidings, or I will not answer for the consequences."

"Annette has not upbraided you," I pleaded; for I was alarmed at the import of his words; "we both love you too dearly to upbraid you; but tell us the motive for this secret visit?"

'Lewis looked in the face of my cousin before he ventured to answer; but judging by the tears which filled her eyes that she was softened, he made answer that a very distressing affair of debt, which involved his honour, had led him to seek their intercession with his father for the sum.

"I feared this," Annette exclaimed; "but to accede to your request is impossible. After the observations your father made to us, as well as to you, upon the payment of the last large sum, would you that we should ask him to quit his home in his old age, and beggar himself for your sake?"

"Annette, you are too severe," Lewis returned; "I desire not such a sacrifice. It is but a *small* sum I now want, not exceeding fifty pounds."

"That is too large a sum for him to spare just now," I interposed. "Oh, Lewis! what shall we do; can you not put it off?"

"My honour is involved in its immediate liquidation," was his reply.

"Lewis, Lewis!" Annette exclaimed, whilst every feature of her beautiful face was convulsed by strong emotion, "I too clearly see the evil into which you have fallen. Well may you shrink from personally requesting your father to pay these miscalled debts of honour."

'I looked at her in amazement. "Debts of honour," I repeated; "are not all debts debts of honour?" I asked, for I really was so ignorant as not to understand the phrase.

"No, my dear Ellen," she answered. "The debt a man incurs for value received is not so termed. It is one contracted at the gaming-table or betting-race, for which the laws of the country do not force payment." She spoke with a tone of bitterness unusual to her, and rose, as she did so, to quit the room.

'Lewis seized her hand to detain her. "You shall not leave me thus, Annette," he cried; "I cannot endure your anger."

"I will return in a few minutes," she replied, gently disengaging herself from his grasp.

'I could see that she was struggling forcibly with her feelings, and I whispered in my brother's ear, "Let her go." He resisted no longer, and she hurried from the apartment.

"Do you think that Annette really loves me?" Lewis abruptly asked when we were alone.

"I am sure she does," was my reply; "but she is grieved at your conduct."

"Do you think she can forgive the past?" he further asked.

"If there is hope of amendment for the future, I believe she can and will," I returned.

"Dear Ellen, you make me happy by that assurance," he pursued; "for, believe me, though I have erred in many ways, I can never cease to love *her*."

'After a few minutes' absence, Annette reappeared. Her aspect was now calmer, and her step less trepidated. She bore in her hand a little casket of curious and antique workmanship, and proffering it to my brother, she gently said, "Lewis, this is all the worldly wealth I possess, or shall possess until I become of age; and I give it to you in the hope that it will be the last time you will ever have a debt of honour to pay. In itself it is a bauble," she added, opening it, and displaying a beautiful set of pearls; "but I valued it for my mother's sake, whose dying gift it was. With this addition," she proceeded, drawing a ring set with diamonds from her finger—"with this addition, the sale will, I think, cover your debt; and if it cure you of the ruinous vice of gambling, I shall think the price but trifling."

'Lewis was for some moments unable to speak, and Annette sat down, and leaned her head upon her open palms, as if to cool the fever of her throbbing temples. I was the first to break the silence, and I did so by intreating my brother not to suffer his cousin to make such a sacrifice in vain. He appeared struggling with his feelings, and hesitating whether or not to accept of the proffered aid; but the dilemma in which he was placed for want of the money at length overcame all scruples, and taking the casket from the table on which she had placed it, and kneeling before the generous donor, he uttered a wild burst of gratitude. "I take them, dearest Annette," he said with passionate earnestness, "but only to deprive you of them for a season; I will redeem them if I lack sustenance to do it, and I will swear that it shall be the last time I will commit the vice which has cost you such a pang."

"Nay, swear not," Annette hastily interposed, as he was about to lay his hand upon a bible which stood in an adjoining bookcase. "If you have not strength of mind to keep a solemn promise, you will not regard an oath; swear not; I will take your word—farewell." As she concluded, she again arose, as if to hasten his departure. Lewis passionately embraced us both, and stole away like a culprit from his father's home, when, reseating herself, Annette threw her arms around me, and wept upon my shoulder more unrestrainedly than I had ever before beheld her.

'Not having further application for money, and not hearing of any fresh misconduct on the part of my brother, my parents fondly hoped that he had grown wiser, and more steady, and now for the first time ventured to express their wishes to Annette that the long anticipated union might take place. She was, they pleaded, just verging on one-and-twenty, he a twelvemonth older; and they thought that the most effectual way to confirm his good resolutions would be to place him in the constant association of such a mind as hers. His ardent affection for her, they said, would deter him from falling into those vices to which he was at present exposed, from the very fact of being lonely; and her society would make that of the vicious no longer desirable. Annette listened to their pleadings with many tears. "Alas!" she returned, "my own heart pleads with you; for I will not deny that, notwithstanding all that has occurred, he is still dear to me; but my conscience is altogether at variance with it. I cannot see that I should act rightly to rush into a connexion of so serious a nature with one from whom I cannot expect happiness; one whom I feel to be altogether unfitted for my companion for life; and yet it grieves me beyond expression to say this to you—you who have been to me as parents, and to whom I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay."

"You have, by your affection, more than repaid any kindness that has been shown you, my dear girl," returned my mother, tenderly embracing her; "and could I for a moment suppose that you would risk your happiness by a union with Lewis, I would not urge it for kingdoms; but I am confident it will not be so. Your influence would be so great with my erring son, that you would mould him to your wishes; your example would animate, your precepts would guide; nay, I am sure you would soon find him all you could desire."

'Annette would not wound the feelings of my poor mother by a reply; but I saw that she was unconvinced. I could not at the time enter into her motives and feelings; I even thought her unkind, and wanting in affection. My own romantic ideas—fed as they had been by the tales of fiction I had read—imagined it to be a delightful event to marry a man whom it would be my task to lead into the paths of virtue: I pictured the powerful influence my entire devotion to him would have over his conduct; in short, I thought like a lovesick heroine of romance, who deems it her destiny to wed and reform a rake: but far different ideas dwelt in my cousin's well-balanced mind. She had early been taught to form her judgment by her reason rather than by her wishes, and in the present instance that reason told her that the probabilities were against her. Her further knowledge of my brother's character revealed its weakness, and she saw it was too late to correct an error which the whole tenor of his education had fostered.

'When Lewis next paid us a visit, no mention was made of our having met since we parted from him after his indisposition. He came by the express desire of my mother, to plead his cause in person; for she felt certain that Annette could not long resist his intreaties, though she was proof against her arguments; but she little knew the heart of her high-principled niece. Accus-

tomed to be wholly guided by feeling herself, she imagined not that any but the heartless and stoical could act otherwise; thus she still dwelt upon the thought, and soothed herself into a temporary happiness.

'Annette, my brother, and I, were seated one evening, shortly after his arrival, in the apartment I before mentioned, when Lewis reverted to the events which had occurred when last we met there. "Dear Annette," he said, addressing his cousin, "I have not forgotten the evening when I parted from you in this room, nor the sacrifice you made to relieve me from my difficulties. I hoped to have returned you the gems ere this, but I really have not been able to raise sufficient to redeem them."

"The gems are comparatively of little value, Lewis," she made answer; "I have scarcely given them a thought since I placed them in your hands; but I must own I have often and anxiously desired to know whether the promise you gave me on the receipt of them has been faithfully kept."

'As Annette spoke, I turned an eager glance towards my brother, that I might read on his countenance, which I knew to be a bad dissembler, the answer to the implied question, and, to my bitter disappointment, I saw the colour heighten on his cheek. He hesitated, and that hesitation revealed the harrowing truth.

"If I have been weak enough to yield to strong temptations, the fault lies at your door, Annette," he said, with an attempt at gaiety I could see he did not feel; "for you know you would not permit me to bind myself to the fulfilment by an oath."

'Annette rose from her seat in great agitation. "Lewis," she said, as she passed him to quit the room, "if you could break a promise given under such circumstances, you would not regard any bond, however sacred; nor can I place confidence in you more."

'I stood for some moments in a state of bewildered amazement; and it was not till the door had closed upon her, and her receding footsteps had died upon my ear, that I recovered myself sufficiently to speak. "Oh! my brother," I cried, and I threw myself in a passion of grief upon his shoulder, "I fear you have, by this confession, severed the last link which bound Annette to you."

"Would you have had me tell her a lie?" he almost fiercely demanded.

"Oh no, no," I returned, weeping bitterly; "but have you nothing to plead in extenuation?" I inquired. "Surely it was the act of an unguarded moment; you are not—you cannot be—a confirmed gamester."

"You are more willing to extenuate my faults than your cousin is, Ellen," he evasively answered.

"I know you better than she does," I interposed. "I know that you are not really vicious. I know that you have been led into evil by others. But you will break off these habits, my brother," I passionately pursued; "you will yet become worthy of Annette, and we shall all be happy."

'Elated with the prospect my imagination had conjured up, I sought my cousin's chamber. I found her kneeling beside her bed; but she arose as I entered, and I perceived that although there were the traces of tears upon her cheek, she was now calm and composed. "Dearest Annette," I exclaimed, advancing and folding her in a sisterly embrace—"dearest Annette, you have been offering up petitions for my dear but erring brother?"

"I have been praying for strength for my own weak heart, dear Ellen," was her reply.

"But you will forgive him?" I pleaded; "you will not withdraw your affection wholly from him?"

"My dear Ellen," she returned, "your love for Lewis induces you to be unjust towards me. You think me unkind when I am acting as duty prompts. It is an easy task to forgive him; I would it were as easy to withdraw my affections from him; but I cannot—no, I dare not—unite myself to a gamester."

'Annette spoke in so decided, though so gentle and calm a tone, I felt it would be useless, nay, wrong, to say more. From that hour I saw that her resolution was taken to resist all further importunity, and I forbore to make it.

'Lewis, seeing that every hope of gaining his cousin's consent to a union was over, quitted the Woodlands on the morrow, leaving my mother overwhelmed with grief at the failure of her plans. I am pained to acknowledge that she reproached Annette, and even went so far as to say that she would be responsible for any excesses the young man might be afterwards led into, because she had opposed the only means of reform. Annette bore this injustice with her usual sweetness: it did not cause her to swerve from the path of duty; but it had a powerful effect upon her naturally delicate frame. She became seriously ill; and when my father, in alarm, called in medical aid, change of air and scene was prescribed as the only means of saving her from an early grave. My mother's grief and anxiety was now as intense for her niece as it had been for her son. My father conveyed her immediately to a little retired watering-place in the same county, leaving me to be her companion and nurse; for my mother was too ill to quit her home, and in a state of mind which required his presence to calm. In this peaceful retreat I strove to divert my cousin's thoughts from dwelling upon the past by every means affection could suggest; and I was happy to observe favourable symptoms of returning health, when a fresh incident occurred which had a powerful effect upon the minds of both.

'The house in which we lodged having formerly been the parsonage, was contiguous to the village churchyard, and this spot became Annette's favourite place of resort. It was the beautiful month of June, and the season being particularly fine, we would sit here for hours—Annette usually occupied with her needle, whilst I read aloud from one of our favourite authors. We had, however, from some cause, forsaken our usual haunt for several days, when, on our return, I discovered that a new grave had been dug near to the bank on which we usually sat, and fearing that the sight might tend to throw a shade of sadness over my cousin's spirits, I proposed that we should change our position for one on the other side of the church. Annette consented; but, ere she quitted the spot, stood for a few minutes in meditation over the new-raised mound. It was an infant's last resting-place, and fancy pictured the grief of the bereaved mother, which we each thought we could conceive. I led her away, and after finding a convenient seat, took up my book, and strove to divert her attention by reading. Thus we remained for some considerable time, when indications of an approaching storm warned us to make our retreat to the house. As we were closing the gate, I instinctively cast my eyes in the direction of the new-made grave, and was not a little surprised and alarmed to perceive a female figure lying upon it as if in a state of insensibility. She was evidently very youthful, but her deep mourning habiliments bespoke her to be the mother of the child, and that the intensity of her feelings had deprived her of consciousness, was the conclusion I naturally drew. No person being within sight whose assistance we could solicit, we applied the only remedy we had at hand, which was our smelling salts; but this failing in effect, I intreated my cousin to remain, whilst I ran to our lodgings for aid. The fainting lady was immediately conveyed to the house, where she was instantly recognised by our landlady as the daughter of the curate, upon which the venerable pastor was promptly sent for. He came accompanied by a medical attendant; but it was some hours before animation could be restored to the invalid, who had, it appeared, left her sick-bed unknown to her friends, to visit the grave of her departed child. Even when consciousness was restored, it was deemed unsafe to remove her at present, and as Mrs Jones, our landlady, had a spare apartment, it was proposed that she should occupy it till she became sufficiently convalescent to be taken to her father's home.

'The singular beauty, extreme youth, and melancholy situation of the invalid, awakened a powerful interest in both mine and Annette's breasts, and we found Mrs Jones nothing loath to reveal all she knew concerning her. "Miss Lucy had been," she said, "the prettiest and the most light-hearted girl in the village, till she visited a relation in London, where she unhappily met with a worthless young man of family, whom she married without her father's consent. His friends, he said, were too proud to acknowledge her, and he was too poor to support her as he could wish, so he kept her in a little mean lodging, and, it was believed, neglected her very shamefully, though she would never own it. She at last became so ill, that she wrote to her father, and asked permission to spend a few weeks with him in her native village, in the hope of regaining her health. The poor old gentleman," Mrs Jones continued, "was almost heart-broken to see the change which two years' absence had made in his child, yet he received her with great kindness, and promised to overlook her disobedience; but, poor thing," she added, "I fear she has come here to die; she has been getting worse and worse ever since she has been amongst us, and the death of her infant, which was always sickly, will probably hasten it."

"I trust not," Annette and I simultaneously exclaimed; "we will try what kindness and sympathy can effect, for woman alone can fully enter into the sorrows which her own sex endure."

'My cousin, weak and ill as she herself was, insisted upon sharing the task of nursing the unfortunate young creature who was thus thrown so singularly upon our care. She said that, to assist in alleviating the distresses of others, tended to wean her thoughts from her own sorrows, and consequently had a beneficial effect. The good old man expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms; but nothing could equal the thankfulness of the gentle sufferer; she seemed to regard us as angels sent from heaven to minister to her comfort. The fault she had committed, in having taken so important a step in life as the choice of a partner without the sanction of her judicious parent, had humbled her spirit, and she now meekly submitted to every trial, whether bodily or mental, deeming it but the just recompense for her offences. Annette's soothing tenderness had reasoned her even into calmness at the loss of her child, and she now acknowledged that it was taken in wisdom and in love; but though each day endeared us more and more to our interesting charge, we were convinced that she was not long for this world. It was still deemed improper to remove her, and had it not been that I feared the effect of the excitement upon the sensitive feelings of Annette, I should have been desirous that she should remain with us. Conscious that her end was approaching, she grew very communicative. It seemed to afford her pleasure to talk of her husband, whom she still loved with unabated ardour, though it was evident that he had (as Mrs Jones intimated) grown neglectful. She now requested her father to write to him, and tell him that it was her wish to see him if possible ere she died. The pastor promised to comply, and in the course of a few days a letter arrived, which informed her that he would be with her on the morrow. She read aloud a few passages from it, which she said proved his affection for her was unchanged, and then she proceeded to extenuate his conduct by remarking, that to have acknowledged his marriage would have ruined his fortune for life, but that she was sure he intended to do so as soon as he could see that it would be prudent. My cousin and I had our fears to the contrary, but we said nothing which could lead the unfortunate girl to surmise them, feeling assured that it would only add to her distress.

'The morrow came, and so powerful was the effect of the anticipated meeting upon the sensitive frame of the invalid, that we feared it would hasten her dissolution. In the evening, the pastor, Annette, and I, were seated around her bed, whilst the former read a portion from the sacred volume. Lucy listened with deep interest to the words of life which fell from the lips of her venerable parent; but we could not but perceive that her ear was ever and anon strained to catch some distant sound. At length the noise of carriage-wheels in the front of the house arrested the attention of all. The eyes of the dying girl lighted up with an almost unearthly brightness, and her pale cheek grew flushed. "It is he," she faintly murmured; "I shall see him once again;" and as she spoke, Mrs Jones gently opened the chamber door, and whispered that Mr Lawson had arrived, and begged to be admitted immediately. My cousin and I arose to leave the room; but ere we could effect our purpose, the stranger entered. "Oh, Lucy, do I find you thus!" he exclaimed as he rushed towards the bed. A wild shriek met my ear as he spoke; but it was not from the invalid; she had sunk fainting upon her pillow, from which she had by a great effort arisen to embrace him; but it was from Annette, who, in the stranger and the husband of Lucy, recognised my brother Lewis. I was too much agitated to notice his features; nor had his voice, choked as it was by emotion, struck me as familiar; but, surprised that my cousin, who was so distinguished for presence of mind, should betray such weakness, I led her from the room to the chamber we jointly occupied, and when there, the whole truth was shortly revealed to me. Annette's first action was to throw herself on her knees and utter a thanksgiving that she had escaped the horror which would have awaited her had she consented to the proposed union with Lewis; then throwing her arms around me, she wept convulsively. I said not a word to comfort her. I was stupified; nor could I really believe that my brother had deceived the unsuspicious Lucy by a marriage under a false name, and that he could be so depraved as to seek an alliance with his cousin at the same time, notwithstanding that Annette assured me her heart had too fondly cherished his image for her eyes to be mistaken. Our first impulse was to return home immediately; but we could not forsake the dying girl, who had now a still closer hold upon our affections. The task of administering to her comfort was, however, over; she lived but to embrace her erring husband, and when next we beheld her, it was in the long sleep from which no voice of kindness could awaken her.

'I must be brief with this part of my relation,' Mrs Stanley resumed, 'for the recollections are too much for me, even at this distance of time. Annette avoided a meeting with Lewis; but I had an interview with him of a most painful nature ere we quitted the village, which we were obliged to do in great haste, in consequence of receiving intelligence that the communication of the event had had an alarming effect on the health of my poor mother. She died broken-hearted—the victim of her son's misconduct and her own mistaken views of kindness; and she saw her fault when too late to remedy it. It was an awful lesson; one I can never forget; but I trust I have profited by it.

'The death of my mother was a great shock to the feelings of your grandfather, and he became an altered man. He no longer took delight in his farm or his grounds, and at length resolved to dispose of the Woodlands, and take up his residence once more in the suburbs of London. Annette and I left the beloved haunts of our childhood with regret; but we were willing to make any sacrifice for his comfort. Soon after our arrival in town, I became engaged to Mr Stanley; and as my cousin frequently declared to me that she would never marry, I left my father to her care. Her health still remained delicate, yet she devoted all her energies to his comfort and happiness, striving to subdue her own griefs, that she might lighten the load which oppressed him, and becoming to him as a daughter. I should here inform you, that my erring brother left the country soon after the news of my mother's death reached him. He had never liked his profession; and the offer of a situation, which would take him abroad, being made at the time, he gladly accepted of it. He doubtless thought that he had become an alien

to his family; but there was not one member who would not have received him, and forgiven the past, though Annette would not, I am sure, have become his wife. But he left us without an adieu, and the next intelligence we had of him was an account of his death. This was a fresh shock to our feelings; but it was softened in a great degree by the assurances we received of his penitence, in a few lines penned to Annette on his dying bed.

'My father did not long survive his wife and son, and then Annette took up her residence under my roof; and happy was I to have so able an adviser, and so steady a friend. She has since refused many eligible offers of marriage; the memory of her first and only, but unfortunate attachment, being, I believe, the cause. But you, my children, have benefited by her choice; and, having enjoyed the advantage of her kind and judicious instructions, will, I trust, strive to emulate her virtues. And now, my dear Fanny,' she added, turning to her youngest daughter, 'I hope you are satisfied? The tale has been, as I led you to expect, a sad one—one which has drawn tears from those eyes which seldom weep; but if it teach you the superiority a well-regulated mind has over weakness and indecision, and lead you to aim at the possession of that superiority, I shall not have related it in vain.'

LOITERINGS IN FRANCE—1844.

LYONS TO AVIGNON.

We spent about a week in Lyons, every day making an excursion to some spot of interest or beauty in the neighbourhood; among others, to L'Ile Barbe, a small island in the Saone, situated a few miles above the town. The banks of this river are much more beautiful than those of the Rhone, being generally steep, and well clothed with woods and vineyards; they are likewise ornamented with a number of white and pretty villas. The Saone, a broad and massive stream, crossed by numerous suspension-bridges, is comparatively slow in its current, and permits the daily navigation of steam-vessels as far as Chalons, a stage onward to Paris. The Rhone, into which this fine river falls immediately below Lyons, is very different in appearance. About twice the size of the Saone, it flows hurriedly past the quays of Lyons, as if fearful of losing a moment in the long journey before it, and this busy headlong character it seems to possess from its cradle in Switzerland almost to its grave in the Mediterranean.

My previous acquaintance with the Rhone had been made upon Lake Leman, where its waters, as they escape past Geneva, are beautifully blue. At Lyons, and all the way downward, this remarkable tint has disappeared, giving place to a dirty white colour, arising most likely from the chalky bottom over which it occasionally rushes in its course. Although augmented by the Saone, it still falls short of the Rhine in point of size, and is not to be compared with it in commercial importance. Its great misfortune is its rapidity of current, by which a regular traffic to and fro is greatly retarded. Steam-vessels go down from Lyons at a high rate of speed—sixteen miles an hour being common—and they are consequently well laden with passengers; but in coming up, their engines have a weary drag against the stream, and the passage is so tedious that few travellers adopt it.

Our object being to visit some places of interest in the lower parts of the river, we went on board of a steam-vessel which plied from the quay of Lyons, and started at the convenient hour of eleven in the forenoon: as the greater number of boats set out at three in the morning, in order to reach Marseilles at night—a run of about two hundred miles—we considered ourselves particularly fortunate in our choice. It being only about fifteen years since steamers plied on the Rhone, and as they yet remain a monopoly in the hands of two or three companies, the vessels have little to recommend them as comfortable means of conveyance. That in which we started was, as is usual in France, somewhat dirty, and crowded with a miscellaneous company, occupied in drinking coffee, smoking, and spitting. Fortunately, we succeeded in securing seats on deck, under an awning, and, with the assistance of an obliging steward, made ourselves tolerably comfortable during the day's journey. The mild air, from the rapid motion of the vessel, was pleasant; the sunny banks flew past us like an ever-shifting picture; and the hope of what we were to see in the south, added a relish to our sensations. Here and there we came abreast of a town, and after a short stay, shot again ahead. Occasionally, also, the vessel passed beneath the extended platform of a suspension-bridge, and the number of new bridges of this description we saw in the course of the voyage, showed that here, as almost everywhere else in France, improvement is steadily advancing. The banks of the river, though considerably less romantic than those of the Rhine, are not by any means spiritless. Besides a few old-fashioned towns, there are some castles on peaked heights, as rugged and ruined as an artist could desire: there are likewise some good snatches of precipice in the immediate vicinity of the river; and over the heads of tall poplars, on the left bank, are obtained striking prospects of the hills of Dauphiny, and beyond them, rising in Alpine grandeur, the snow-clad mountains of Savoy.

At Valence, about half-way down the river, we left the steamer, and stopped for the night at a little unpretending inn—the Hotel du Nord—where an old woman, the hostess, never seemed tired of showing us acts of kindness. Departing in the morning from this agreeable hostel, we were again on the river, in another steamer bound for the south, and were by it carried through fully more picturesque scenery than on the preceding day. Towards the afternoon, however, the banks shrunk in altitude. We had left the Cevennes on the right and the hills of Dauphiny on the left considerably behind, and were entering upon a new tract of country, in which mulberry-trees began to make their appearance, conclusive evidence that we had reached the southern division of France, in which silk is one of the staple products.

Interested as we should otherwise have been with these and other novelties, the circumstances in which we were involved unhappily contributed to destroy everything like gratification. The vessel, though large, and not without elegance in some of its furnishings, was a scene of filth and confusion. No attempt was made to preserve order. High and low, irrespective of fares, were commingled according to fancy in all parts of the vessel, and luggage and merchandise were strewed about in every direction. All this hubbub, however, was only a little droll. The terrible thing was the heat. The deck had no awning, and the sun glared down upon us like a consuming fire. Seated on boxes and carpet-bags, our only shelter was our umbrellas, which we managed to hold up in the throng, and beneath which, as I found from a pocket thermometer, the heat was 88 degrees. As we advanced, shooting along from point to point, the vessel seemed as if leaving behind all that was fresh, green, and beautiful, and entering on a hot and suffocating desert. The limestone hills and cliffs which at intervals bounded the narrow valley of the river, with the towns and houses which were perched on their sides, or nestled at their base, appeared as if suffering under a process of roasting. The whole earth was assuming a supernatural, whitey-brown aspect. To an imaginative mind, the vessel seemed freighted on a voyage to Pandemonium—was already within the ash-pit of a scorching furnace.

It was with no small pleasure that we anticipated a termination to this terrific torture by a speedy arrival at Avignon, which was announced to be at hand. Certain ancient and well-baked gray turrets were seen on the horizon, over the heads of some drooping willows; and, turning into a branch of the river towards the left, we were, to our great joy, brought in front of Avignon,

or more properly an old decayed wall, within which it was said the town would be found. In a few minutes, by the aid of a caleche in waiting, we were conducted within the walls of this curious old city, and had dived into the comparatively cool recesses of what we discovered to be one of the best inns in France. There was then, after all, yet a spot in the world where one could freely breathe. After our lengthened sufferings in the intense sunshine, the darkened apartments of the Hotel d'Europe were taken possession of with unbounded delight.

Six hundred years ago, when kings were at liberty to give away portions of their dominions to please a momentary fancy, a king of France made a present of a district in the south-eastern part of his kingdom to one of the popes, and these half-priests half-princes contrived some time afterwards to acquire from a distressed princess of Naples an adjoining district, including Avignon. Thus the popes, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, had established their civil sway in this quarter of France, of which they were not deprived till the Revolution, fatal to so many privileges, in 1790. Throughout the greater part of the fourteenth and part of the fifteenth centuries, Avignon was the metropolis of the Christian world, and a scene of ecclesiastical magnificence. On the top of a low hill within the verge of the city, the palace of the popes was erected, and the remains of it are usually visited by tourists in their passage down the river.

Desirous of seeing this ancient edifice, as well as some other objects of interest, we ventured out on the morning after our arrival; though not till, by a short reconnoitre from the vestibule of the hotel, I had ascertained that the streets offered a tolerable shelter from the renewed fiery intensity of the sun overhead. The thoroughfares, as we found on issuing out on our excursion, consisted entirely of lanes environed by tall and substantial houses, many showing the remains of fallen grandeur, but for the greater part prison-like in appearance, from their well-stanchioned windows, heavy portals, and the dreary dulness which prevailed in their precincts. Running in various directions, so as almost to be an inextricable maze, these lane-like streets offer a pleasant retreat from the noonday heat, and are therefore, like the narrow avenues of eastern cities, in perfect adaptation to the climate. In the streets chiefly devoted to business, and where a few people were moving about, the excellent expedient was resorted to of extending sheets of canvass between the top storeys of the houses on each side, and under these awnings, which were of different colours and sizes, you walked in a covered and cool avenue, in defiance of the raging heat beyond. Favoured by these grateful shades, and crossing sunny patches of street only when unavoidable, we reached the rocky height we were in quest of, and from which we had a momentary glance over the limestone region around, scorched wherever the land rose into protuberances, and green only where the madder plants and mulberry-trees could draw nourishment from the artificially-irrigated meadows. The surface of the irregular rocky height on which we stood was bare, and nearly as white as chalk. Not a vestige of vegetation was visible upon it. A broken stone-cross rose out of a limestone crag, a picture of desolation. The stones around were lime, the dust lime, everything lime. What a spot to be chosen for a palace! We first visited the cathedral, that being nearest the summit of the hill. It is a clumsy structure of different styles, with some portions said to have originally belonged to a temple of Hercules. The interior possesses some good paintings and carved monuments, and, like most of the churches I have visited in France, is at present in course of repair. The palace, a short way down the hill to the south, is a building of vast dimensions, and so irregular in character and shape as to admit of no useful description. It is, indeed, more like an old castle than a palace, and has stood several sieges. Much of the upper part is an open ruin, and here dungeons, halls, and oubliettes were pointed out to us as scenes of former oppression. One of the broken-down apartments was described as having been the seat of the Inquisition, and adjoining it are holes down which prisoners could be precipitated into gloomy abysses beneath. Possibly, the tales told by the modern conductress over the building partake somewhat too much of the marvellous to be altogether worthy of credit; but it is historically true, that the Inquisitionary tribunal was established in Avignon in the thirteenth century, and that a sufficient number of acts of tyranny were perpetrated to insure the infamy of the spot. The lower wing of the building, extended by some new structures forming an inner court, is now employed as a barrack, which can accommodate a thousand soldiers. We ascended by broad flights of stairs to the higher floors to see some pictorial remains on the walls and ceilings of the barrack-rooms, but they were scarcely worthy of the trouble. The whole place, at the time of our visit, was a hive of military, undergoing, I should imagine, an apprenticeship in being baked previous to being sent across to Africa.

Among other public edifices which we visited, was the museum of the department of which Avignon is the capital. As it is rich in antiquities and curiosities, I could here say much in the way of description, were I not aware that all such descriptions must necessarily be uninteresting; and I confine myself to once more offering a tribute of admiration to the French government for its encouragement of these provincial collections. In Clermont I saw one of great extent, abounding in natural and artificial objects illustrative of the locality; as, for example, specimens of every kind of rock discoverable in the department, and pictures and busts of distinguished natives. Here, at Avignon, the same kind of collection is found; and any stranger desirous of knowing what men famous in science, literature, or art the district has produced, he has only to visit the picture gallery of the town, and there he has them all before him. The library attached to the museum consists of upwards of forty thousand volumes, with some hundreds of manuscripts, the greater part the antique vellum-covered tomes of suppressed monasteries.

Few travellers possessed of a day's leisure quit Avignon without performing a pilgrimage to Vaucluse—the Vaucluse of Petrarch—situated at about eighteen miles' distance, in an easterly direction, from the town. Two motives present themselves for undertaking such an excursion—veneration, real or affected, for the memory of Petrarch; and a love of what is peculiar and interesting in natural scenery. Influenced by feelings of a mixed nature, we devoted a day to the journey, which being performed in a covered caleche, promised to be exempt from any serious annoyance from the enemy.

We were to set out at six in the morning, but it was eight before the horses were trotting with us out at one of the old gateways of the town, and taking the road across the plain. Shortly after quitting Avignon, we had the satisfaction of riding within the shade of long rows of mulberry and willow trees, which bounded the well irrigated and green fields, the irrigation, as far as we could judge, being by narrow rills conducted from the Durance, a river tributary to the Rhone. Further on, we ascended a height thin and rocky in the soil, and able only to give nourishment to the vines and olives with which it was covered. We now descended to another plain, well irrigated like the former; in this case the water-courses being from the Sorgues, whose fountain we were about to visit. The day was the 26th of July, and already the crops of the farmers had been gathered to the thrashing-floors, and all were now busily engaged in the important process of separating the grain from the stalks. And how primitive the operation! No barns, no thrashing-mills, no flails; there was, however, animal power. In what may be called the barn or stack-yard, a patch of ground is cleared and beaten as hard as possible with implements. On this, which we may compare to the ride of an amphi-

theatre, sheaves are spread knee deep from the centre to the circumference. The farmer now advances, leading a horse by a long halter, and taking his place in the centre of the ring, he drives the animal at a smart trot round and round, trampling and kicking up the straw at every step. To give every part a fair chance, he either shortens the halter, so as to limit the width of the circle performed by the animal, or he adds an ass half way between himself and the horse. In some cases we observed two horses at this kind of work, at other times two oxen, and in several instances a horse and ass, or a horse and mule. There are, in fact, a dozen ways of performing the operation, all equally barbarous; and one cannot but feel surprised how the French government, with its remarkable care for the fine arts, should take so little pains to improve the most useful of all arts, that of thrashing out the corn, which is in no respect advanced beyond what it was three thousand years ago in the land of Israel. Of course, this method of thrashing is most defective in point of cleanliness, and ruinous to the straw. It made us quite melancholy to see the confused mass of dirt, chaff, and broken straws left at the conclusion of the trot. Women were employed in shaking out the particles of grain, and here and there might be observed hillocks mingled with impurities, ready to be thrown up in shovelfuls against the wind, when the wind should happen to blow. In a few cases, we noticed that the people had got the length of having fanners; a step, it is to be hoped, to general improvement. In such a country, where capital is still excessively meagre, the introduction of any kind of simple hand-thrashing machine would doubtless prove a blessing to these peasant agriculturists.

In the course of our journey we passed through several villages, one of which exhibits a busy scene of water-wheels turning in the different branches of a stream, and being shrouded in trees, has a pleasant rural aspect. A ride along a cross-road now brings us to the valley of the Sorgues, up which we are conducted for the distance of a mile, the land gradually closing on each side till we reach the bosom of a vast dell in the range of hills. Hills rise on each side, bare and craggy, with projecting ledges, beneath which several dwellings have been venturously built, the roofs being large masses of flat rock adhering to the face of the precipice. We have, in the bottom of the vale on our right, the beautifully clear river Sorgues, employed here, as farther down, in driving mills, and the sight of which is refreshing in this land of heat and gray limestone rock.

As the carriage advances, we seem as if entering the bowels of the mountain; and this is indeed the case. In times long past, masses of the hills have fallen down and been washed away, leaving a great rude gap environed by precipitous acclivities, whose bare sides are only at intervals ornamented with fig and olive trees, or straggling vines. At the inner extremity, where the carriage-road ceases, we arrive at the village of Vaucluse, consisting of scarcely a dozen houses on both sides of the river, including two or three mills, one of which is used for a paper factory. Somewhere on the slip of garden-ground beneath the mills, on the left bank of the stream, stood Petrarch's house; and on the top of a bare knoll above, are the ruins of what is called Petrarch's castle, though it certainly never belonged to him, but was only the residence of one of his friends.

Just where the carriage draws up, in the centre of the small group of houses in the village, has been erected a monument, of the commonplace pillar form, to Petrarch, which it may be consolatory to the English to know is as effectually hacked and cut by visitors, as if it had been placed in Westminster Abbey. Passing this memento of the poet, we walk by a narrow winding path up the right bank of the Sorgues, ascending and descending till we arrive at the bold front of the rock, beyond which there can be no further intrusion. We are, indeed, at the head of the glen; limestone cliffs, jagged like the pinnacles of a cathedral, impend overhead, while beneath, to the verge of the water, is a universal wreck of stones and rubbish. That which attracts our attention, however, is a wide yawning gulf at the base of the rock, the principal fountain of the river. Where the water comes from, no one can tell; but it is evidently delivered by the hill, and gushes out at many different points, cold, pure, and delicious. At the time of our visit, the weather having been for some time dry, the water only half filled the grotto in the rock in which it lay, as still as a mirror; and it is chiefly in winter that it rises to the point of overflowing. Occasionally, as we saw by the stones and rocks in its course, it pours forth impetuously, and in great volume. Now, that the river received none from this head fountain, the water welled out from beneath divers rocks, a little lower down the glen, and almost immediately formed a stream of twenty feet in breadth.

The fountain of Vaucluse is one of the few things which does not disappoint the expectations of a traveller. The savage scenery of the hills, the quiet little village in the bosom of the dell, the variety of rare plants growing in the lower cliffs, the pretty and unsophisticated river just come so oddly into existence, a magnificent blue sky overhead, and into all the air of romance communicated by the long residence of Petrarch on the spot—all give the place a peculiar charm. The poet's house, as I have said, was beside the stream adjoining the village; and here, he tells us in his Epistles, he lived while he wrote his sonnets to Laura, in that species of solitude which poets frequently dream of enjoying, but so seldom realise. Writing to a friend, he observes—'You have often heard me speak of my warfare with the Nymphs, who reign at the foot of the rocks that lose themselves in the clouds. It is from these that the Sorgues, transparent as crystal, rolls over its emerald bed; and by its bank I cultivate a little sterile and stony spot, which I have destined to the Muses; but the jealous Nymphs dispute the possession of it with me; they destroy in the spring the labours of my summer. I had conquered from them a little meadow, and had not enjoyed it long, when, upon my return from a journey into Italy, I found that I had been robbed of all my possessions. But I was not to be discouraged: I collected the labourers, the fishermen, and the shepherds, and raised a rampart against the Nymphs: and there we raised an altar to the Muses; but, alas! experience has proved that it is vain to battle with the elements. * * * Here I please myself with my little gardens and my narrow dwelling. I want nothing, and look for no favours from fortune. If you come to me, you will see a solitary, who wanders in the meadows, the fields, the forests, and the mountains, resting in the mossy grottos, or beneath the shady trees. I detest the intrigues of courts, the tumult of cities, and fly the abodes of pageantry and pride. Equally removed from joy or sadness, I pass my days in the most profound calm, happy to have the Muses for my companions, and the song of birds and the murmur of streams for my serenade.' Happy Petrarch!

We roved about for an hour or two in the spot consecrated by these outpourings from one of the most eminent men of letters of his time; and having, as we thought, exhausted Vaucluse, retraced our way to Avignon.

ACCIDENTS IN MINES.

It is affirmed by competent authorities, that not fewer than 2500 lives are annually lost to Britain through accidents in mines—that every hour arrangements are in progress for further sacrifice; and all this without any national effort being made to remedy the evil. Looking at the simple fact here stated, one would be apt to think that, as a public, we were utterly destitute of humanity; but such is not the case. When a calamity of this kind occurs, there is no want either of sympathy or of beneficence; but here the matter ends, just where, under a more rational and active system of

legislative direction, the remedy ought to begin. The truth is, that with all our individual energy of benevolence, we are, as a legislature, most culpably slow. Commissions of inquiry are appointed; reports are made, canvassed, and laid aside; the evil goes on till some extraordinary catastrophe startles the public into renewed sympathy—and one would imagine, from the bustle of inquiry, and noise of the newspapers, that something was in reality to be done. But no; there are heartless men to be moved, pecuniary interests to be combated, and party squabbles to be adjusted, before matters of this kind can obtain a hearing; and thus it is that grievous wrongs remain so long unabated, despite of all our sympathy and clamour. To be sure, relief comes at last; but not until more suffering and wretchedness have been incurred than half a century of beneficence can atone for.

It would seem, however, that the Haswell catastrophe of September last—whereby ninety-five human beings were in an instant deprived of life—has at length attracted the attention of government to this subject. We hope no time will be lost in mere inquiry; for the causes of all such accidents have long since been discussed and ascertained; nor is the removal or mitigation of any of them beyond human ingenuity. It appears from a list of published cases, that explosions of fire-damp, choke-damp, falls of the roof, breaking of the rope or other apparatus in descent, fall of stones down the shaft, and bursting in of water from old wastes, are the main causes of accident. Now, all of these casualties are clearly capable of being either altogether prevented, or diminished in frequency. Many of them arise from carelessness or ignorance on the part of the workmen, and might be prevented by the appointment of an accredited agent, to whom the entire safety regulations of the mine should be intrusted. Were such an overseer regularly at his duty, the safety-lamps would be locked and kept in order, the proper working of the engines attended to, the ropes secured from malicious damage during night, no pernicious system of 'harrying' (removing all the coal-supports for the sake of the mineral) would be permitted, and, generally speaking, no work allowed to be proceeded with until everything was ascertained to be in ordinary conditions of safety. Such a system of oversight would be by no means an interference either with the due liberty of the employer or employed; it would tend to insure confidence in the one, and remove all anxiety and responsibility from the other. Besides, it would be doing nothing more in the case of mines than has been done with respect to factories, railways, and other branches of our national industry; and where the public in the end become the sufferers—by having an immense number of pauper widows and children thrown upon their care—the public have an undoubted right, independently of motives of humanity, to impose such restrictions.

The strictest human vigilance is, nevertheless, fallible; and with such subtle sources of accident as fire-damp and choke-damp, some principle ought to be adopted involving the unerring operation of natural laws. Fire-damp is lighter than common air, and will ascend wherever it has egress; and choke-damp, which is heavier, can always be driven from its lurking-places by a superior current of pure air. Hence the main object should be—no matter what the expense—to provide a full and free system of ventilation in connexion with the atmosphere. This we have already adverted to in No. 13 of our current series; but it is a subject that cannot be too frequently or too strongly urged upon public attention. What would be thought of the man who proposed to ventilate every apartment and gallery of his mansion by a single keyhole; and yet, in point of fact, the attempt would be quite as rational as the pretended ventilation of four hundred acres of coal-workings by a single shaft of eight or nine feet diameter. The idea is preposterous; and the only wonder is, that calamities, resulting from the present system of coal-working, are not more numerous than they are. Let the reader only imagine 400 or 500 acres of excavated space, extending to 30 or 40 miles of passages and galleries, at the depth of 1000 feet beneath the surface, and all this depending for ventilation upon a couple of narrow shafts, which are rendered still more contracted by the continual ascent and descent of tubs containing the coal, and he will readily perceive how fearfully liable every recess is to an accumulation of the explosive mixture. We do not pretend to decide what amount of space a couple of shafts are capable of ventilating—this must in each case be determined by the depth, nature of the coal, &c.; but certain we are that no thorough ventilation can ever be maintained where the workings are numerous, unless shafts be sunk at 300 or 400 yards distant. Were this done, fire-damp would find an egress as soon as generated, and choke-damp be expelled by the superior currents caused either by the natural ventilation thus produced, or by the artificial draughts created by fires and otherwise. A full and free connexion with the atmosphere above would not only annihilate the dangers of suffocation and explosion, but would render the occupation of the miner more healthy; for healthy it cannot be, so long as these gases mingle with the air he breathes, and so long as stagnation renders it liable to be heated to a temperature almost intolerable. But it may be argued that such a system of ventilation would be expensive in the extreme, and render the working of coal in deep mines altogether unprofitable. We can by no means arrive at such a conclusion. Our best and most abundant supply is derived from the coal-fields of Northumberland and Durham, where the mines are deepest; and so long as the domestic and manufacturing wants of the country continue in active increase, the article must be produced, no matter what the cost. And if, after all, it should be found that mining in certain localities was unprofitable; be it so. Better that this ground proprietor, or that company, should be without their profits, than that hundreds of industrious workmen should lose their lives, and their wives and children be thrown on the charity of the country.

While, therefore, we freely admit that accidents will occur in spite of all human precautions—that ropes may break, stones fall from the roof, and noxious gases lurk in corners unsuspected—yet we think all intelligent men will agree that a judicious oversight, coupled with a full and free ventilation, would go far to diminish the evil. Moreover, the legislative measure which provides for these safeguards, must also compel a rigid record of mines and mining operations. This indeed is a subject of almost paramount importance. Where workings are abandoned, there choke-damp, fire-damp, and water will certainly collect; and if there be no record or plan of the portion so abandoned, those who happen to work in the same field, at a subsequent period, may come upon these unknown wastes, and a single stroke of the pick let loose the pent-up gases and water to sweep their unsuspecting victims into destruction. Such catastrophes have occurred, and will continue to occur, so long as the present unconcern and carelessness prevail. The existing generation knows little or nothing of the position and extent of past workings; and they are leaving as little knowledge to those who may come after. Such a system, or rather no-system, is unworthy of an intelligent and accurate people, independent of the danger with which it is fraught; and to argue that 'those who succeed us must just look after themselves as we have done,' is irrationality and ignorance. Considering that the coal-fields of this country are limited, and that the demand upon them is every year increasing, a period will come—perhaps sooner than most people imagine—when the mineral will be exhausted; and it is only righteous and just that we, as well as our successors, should know what is and what is not available. It behoves government, therefore, to enforce a proper system of record—a mapping out of the entire mineral resources of our island—which shall show to the present, and to future generations, the fields worked and unworked, the pecu-

liarities met with, the difficulties and dangers, with all other knowledge which might contribute to safe and profitable mining.

That some such measures as we have hinted at are needed, no one will gainsay; that they will speedily be enforced, is more than likely. The prolonged existence of the present system of apathy and recklessness would be a disgrace to British intelligence and humanity. The safety and comfort of a valuable class of men call for better modes of inspection and ventilation; and if not from a spirit of benevolence, at least from motives of self-interest, the public should not rest for a moment till redress be granted.

CHORUS.

FROM THE JEPHTHES OF BUCHANAN.

[The following is a translation from one of the too little known dramas of George Buchanan, executed by Thomas Campbell in his youth, while residing in the capacity of *tutor* with a gentleman's family in Mull. We transcribe it from a letter addressed by Campbell to a college friend, now a minister of the established church of Scotland.]

Glassy Jordan, smooth meand'ring
Jacob's grassy meads between,
Lo! thy waters gently wand'ring,
Lave her valleys rich and green.
When the winter keenly show'ring,
Strips fair Salem's holy shade,
Then thy current broader pouring,
Lingers through the leafless glade.

When, O when shall light returning,
Gild the melancholy gloom,
And the golden star of morning,
Yonder solemn vault illume?
When shall freedom, holy charmer,
Cheer my long benighted soul;
When shall Israel, proud in armour,
Burst the tyrant's base control?

Ye that boldly bade defiance,
Fierce in arms, to Pharaoh's throne,
Can ye now, with tame compliance,
In a baser bondage groan?
Gallant Israel, nought appalled you,
Bold in Heaven's propitious hour,
When the voice of freedom called you
From a tyrant's haughty power;

When their chariots, clad in thunder,
Swept the field in long array,
When the billow, burst asunder,
Hovered o'er your sandy way:
Gallant race, that ceaseless toiling,
Trod Arabia's weary wild,
Plains in verdure never smiling,
Rocks in barren grandeur piled—

Whither fled, O altered nation,
Whither fled that gen'rous soul;
Dead to freedom's inspiration,
Slaves of Ammon's base control?
God of heaven! in mercy bending,
Hear the wo-worn captive's prayer;
From thy throne in peace descending,
Soothe their sorrows, calm their care.

God of power! whose voice commanding,
Bids the whirlwind scour the deep,
Or the waters smooth expanding,
Robed in glassy radiance sleep;
Though thy mercy, long departed,
Spurn thy once-loved people's cry,
Say, shall Ammon, iron-hearted,
Triumph with impunity?

If the sword of desolation
Must our sacred camp appal,
And thy chosen generation
Prostrate in the battle fall,
Grasp, O God, thy flaming thunder,
Launch thy stormy wrath around,
Cleave their battlements asunder,
Shake their cities to the ground.

Shall the heathen, haughty minded,
Swell with triumph evermore;
Race profane, that fury blinded,
Baal's unhallowed rites adore?
Hast thou dared in mad resistance,
Tyrant, to contend with God;
Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance,
Snatch us from thy mortal rod?

Wretch accursed! thy fleeting gladness
Leaves contrition's serpent-sting,
Short-lived pleasure yields to sadness,
Hasty fate is on the wing.
Mark the battle, mark the ruin;
Havoc loads the groaning plain;
Ruthless vengeance fast pursuing,
Grasps thee in her iron chain.

OLD AGE.

Old age is often querulous. It is one of its defects to be so; but let not this occasional weakness deceive you. You may be assured that, naturally, it has gratifications of its own which fully balance those of earlier days, and which, if cultivated, would carry on the stream of happiness to its grave. If life has been rightly employed, it will also have the visioned recollection of its preceding comforts to enhance the pleasures which it is actually enjoying. My own experience, in the sixty-seventh year of my age is, that notwithstanding certain ailments and infirmities, and the privations they occasion, it is just as happy as all the preceding seasons were, though in a different way—so happy as to cause no regret that they have passed, and no desire to exchange what is for what has been. If youth has hopes and prospects, and wishes that enchant it, age has no inferiority even in this respect.—*Turner.*

MUSIC.

That which I have found the best recreation, both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul; especially when I play myself; for then, methinks the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after-business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetliest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind. And hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious, by being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to all manners of discord, that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

WOMAN'S FORTITUDE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.—*Washington Irving.*

The present number of the Journal completes the second volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.
Sold by W. S. Orr, Amen Corner, London.

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 010 181 597

052
C445

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

DOC MAY 03 1995
MAR 2 8 1995
LUO FEB 17 1995
FEB 1 2004